

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

71 71- Biggest Surprise

Marissa **was** still fuming when she stepped into the reception area. The reception girl was wearing a badge that said Zara. She was walking ahead, and Marissa could see how well-toned her hips

were.

Now stop thinking like a pervert, Marissa.

She scolded herself and got to the phone. The receptionist took her seat and Marissa didn't know how to give Rafael a piece of her mind in Zara's presence.

"Hello?" She almost snapped into the receiver making the

receptionist shoot a curious glance at her.

"Hi!" Rafael's voice came out of the receiver making her feel giddy.

As always!

"I was in a meeting," she hissed and then gave a friendly smile to

Zara.

"Oh, ok. By the way, how are you?" he was so casual as if he did nothing and it was routine for him to call her to the reception just

to talk to her.

"I need to go back as I just told you I was in a meeting," she repeated in a sharp whisper.

"OK. But it won't hurt you to tell me how you are doing. You sent me a hi message, so I take it that you are missing me a lot."

Marissa wanted to roll her eyes but then Zara's eyes were constantly roaming around her, so she had to be careful. The

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hardest thing was to keep her expressions friendly... and normal. “No, I am not,” she managed a fake smile.

“Why are you talking like this? Is there someone around you?”

“Yeah. The whole office. I’m in the reception area or are you forgetting that you sent that receptionist to fetch me.”

“Ok. Hand over this receiver back to Zara.”

Marissa wanted to do that and leave. She didn’t want to miss the meeting, “Oh. Thanks for understanding.”

“No, no. Stay right here. Ok?”

She gave the receiver to that beautiful receptionist and waited.

“Sure, Mr. Sinclair,” Zara placed the receiver back on the cradle and turned to her, “Please follow me, Ms. Aaron.”

Marissa followed her and was horrified when she saw her going inside the main office that belonged to the President of MSin.

“I... here...”

“Yes. You can easily discuss the official things here. I’ll connect the phone and you can take... this seat,” she pointed towards Rafael’s

head seat.

Marissa gulped hard and pointed to the seat, “That one?”

“Yes. Because the phone that will be connected for you lies here. He doesn’t have any problem as he thinks this discussion is very important.” She explained with a professional smile.

Marissa nodded like a fool and went to his seat but instead of

sitting on **it** she just kept standing there.

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Zara had left the room and after a few seconds, the phone placed there rang.

Marissa quickly picked it up, “Yes!”

“Now we can talk better. How are you?” Marissa closed her eyes when heard his voice.

“Why are you disturbing me in between a meeting? And who keeps interrupting in the middle of the meeting by the continuous calls? Obviously, I was busy that’s why I wasn’t attending them!”

She heard his chuckle, “See? You talk better when we are alone.

But this didn’t answer my question. How are you?”

Marissa shifted on her feet, “I’m good.”

She looked for the closest seat where she could carry this phone or could pull the receiver th at long.

“What’s the matter?”

“I want to move this phone to the nearest seat.”

“Why? Isn’t there a chair? Call Zara again. Just hit that bell and she’ll arrive ...”

“I know. B...but it’s your seat,” She stuttered, and that made him go quiet.

“There is no, your seat or my seat, Marissa,” he said in a low whisper, “That’s our seat.” Marissa felt her heart going wild.

She felt his voice going husky by the end of it.

“Sit on it, Marissa,” she looked around as if she was a thief, “Don’t worry. It’s just a seat. Not my lap.”

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“Shut up!” she snapped and sat down ignoring his laughter on the other side.

“Now back to my question. How are you?” this time she made a pout and tried to let **go by** leaning back on the luxury sea

“I’m good.” his next question was quite expected.

“How are kids?”

“Naughty. As always. **This** time she smiled when heard **his** chuckle.

That’s great. Now just relax back and keep talking to me.

“No!” she bolted up. “Why should I?”

Yeah. **Why** should you? Because I **am** missing you here! Marissa wanted to laugh it off, but he wasn’t joking

His tone was dead serious.

“**Why?** Where is your wife?”

“She is in **my** office. **sitting on** my seat. Talking to me.” Marissa gasped and got to her feet.

“Jerk! Is this a joke **to** you?” she didn’t know **why** she felt tears stinging behind her eyelids. “I wasn’t talking about the sham who lived **with** you during your blindness. **I’m** talking about the woman who...” she gulped and couldn’t continue.

“**Damn** you. Rafael. Say hi to Valerie and fuck **off!**” **with that** she almost slapped the receiver and left the room.

In the bathroom, after quickly throwing some water on her face, she tried to look **normal**.

No. **This must** be her sleeplessness playing with her mind. For **him**,

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she was nothing else but just the mom of his kids.

When she returned to the meeting room there was some intense discussion going on, about how to advertise the small business.

It could have been beneficial if she had attended it.

Damn you, Rafael. You don't need such things because you are already rich, but I could have learned a lot.

"I guess you again need that second cup of coffee," Delinda said placing a cup on her desk. This time she couldn't hold it and one or two tears managed to come out on her face.

"Marissa!" Delinda quickly pulled her chair to her seat and sat down, "Don't cry. You need to be very strong."

Marissa nodded. She liked the fact that Delinda didn't try to pry about the reason and just offered her support.

"We women need to have some me time so that we can hold this world by its throat. When was the last time you had your me time?" she got stern by the end of it.

This time Marissa tried to stifle her laughter, "Last night. We did gaming and I even lost the first match."

Delinda grinned and teased her, "You lost? Really? What about the second match?"

"I won it because it was with an amateur," Delinda started laughing when she imagined Flint's face last night.

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"At least you won!"

Marissa chewed her lower lip looking at Delinda with a thankful expression, "Life has been unkind..."

"I know, love," Delinda got up from her seat, "But we need to face it if we want to win. Because if we will show it that we are amateurs then it will take advantage. People will take advantage."

Yes. Delinda was right. Rafael was one of those who might be taking advantage.

"Not everyone tries to take advantage, Marissa. Don't mix the two," Marissa felt as if Delinda could read her mind,

"There might be sincere people too. Don't try to push them away. Thinking that they are using you, creating hurdles for you. Sometimes we are the ones who put hurdles in our way. Sometimes we are our biggest enemies, Marissa," before turning away Delinda managed a small smile, "The crush who was trying to call you. I'll say give him a chance. Not everyone tries to keep a check on us when we are busy in meetings." With a wink, she walked away.

What Delinda couldn't tell Marissa was, she was about to get the biggest surprise of her life.

Something that could open Marissa's eyes.

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

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Delinda's words kept playing in her head again and again.

Not everyone tries to keep a check on us?

'But then people don't even bother to be with you when you're carrying their kids and delivering them while facing death," she told this to her image standing in the office bathroom.

After washing her hands, she was turning away when Kate came inside and placed her bag on the sink slab.

"I need your help, Marissa," Marissa didn't answer but waited for her to speak, "Please ask Mr. Sinclair to give the furniture contract

to Amir."

Marissa opened her mouth to say no, but Kate stopped her, "I know. I know about those entrepreneurs. But Amir... we are hand to mouth and Amir won't marry me if we don't get money."

“So, you expect me to take someone else’s job to help you marry. that sleaze bag? Why marry a man when his love is based on such absurd demands, Kate?”

Kate groaned at her remark, “Urgh. I am not here for your

suggestions. Amir is regretting about the furniture quality he last delivered. But believe me. He is not as bad. Don’t you see how he gave you the file without any complaints?”

Marissa went quiet for a minute. She didn’t understand about this couple.

Amir had been making dirty passes on her and abused Akari

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se*xually to keep Marissa off the contract.

“Ask him to take the file back if this is the price he wants for getting the contract. I don’t want anything at the price of the happiness of the people who are here to feed something good to their family,” With that, Marissa left her there.

If she had looked over her shoulder, she would have found a raging Kate who wanted to eat her alive.

“Someday I would like to meet your kids,” Delinda told her, and Marissa adored it internally when she felt Delinda was giving her space.

Anyone from MSin industry would guess at one glance that Rafael was the father.

“Sure. Soon, I hope,” Marissa and Delinda were coming out of the office building. There was a car waiting for Delinda that she used to share with the other three colleagues.

“I thought you take cab to go home” Marissa remarked but then Delinda shook her head , “That’s the best thing about this job. They arranged this luxury car for our commute. These girls share the same route,” Delinda then eyed the other car that was supposed to take Marissa home, “You also share the ride with other

colleagues?”

Marissa looked back and then tucked her loose hair behind her ear, “No. Nobody lives on this route I guess,”

“Lucky you,” Delinda waved goodbye to her when Marissa stopped her suddenly.

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“Del!” The older woman stopped and regarded her face.

“Yes, Marissa?”

“How do you think we should know that this is the right one? He is the one for us? There should be some way,” she shrugged.

Delinda had a knowing grin on her face, “This one must prefer you and choose you every time. He would leave everything for you no matter how busy he is. Even if he is seven seas apart, he should cross oceans for you and should reach you in time of need. Even if you would tell him that darling... it’s ok. Stay there. I can manage. He’ll be there for you, Marissa. No matter who tries to stop him.

Even if it’s the flu, he’ll arrive.”

Marissa nodded and kissed her cheek.

“Thanks, Del.”

Her friend had gone home while Marissa was still standing there

on the sidewalk.

The right one would prefer me and will cross oceans for me? Gerard once wanted to reach her because she had flu. But then

she stopped him.

She said she could manage. And he stopped. He didn’t come.

Delinda might be talking about some alien species. Nobody does that for anyone.

No such man existed.

She looked at the sky and decided to call Gerard. Flint was right. She must find a man for herself.

She got in the car and then dialed Gerard's number "Today has to

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be my luckiest day!" she smiled when heard his voice, "Where are you?" he asked her.

"I'm going home. You?"

"Ah. I have still some meetings lined up. Will you have dinner with me this weekend?" He spoke what Marissa wanted to hear.

"Yes, sure."

"Thanks, beautiful. I'll pick you up around seven," Marissa disconnected the call and that's when she saw missed calls from

Rafael on her phone.

Thirteen missed calls.

And then he had called on the main reception.

After she rudely scolded him and banged the receiver, he didn't try to contact her back but sent just one message.

"Are you OK? Still angry?"

Marissa gulped her saliva and then typed a message.

"I'm good. Just a little flu," and then placed her phone inside her purse. Leaning back her head on the seat she looked outside.

This was childish. She didn't know why she lied.

Was she expecting him to come here after crossing oceans? She thought bitterly. Delinda must have been delusional when she said that. Why was she taking her so seriously?
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“Mommy! Would Daddy come to meet us this weekend?” Ariel asked her when she was tucking them in their bunks.

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“Yes, mommy, I’m also missing him Abigail also complained.

Marissa made it a point to ask Rafael to talk to the girls. After kissing their foreheads and saying goodnight, she went out and found Sophie having ice cream.

“Gerard has asked me for dinner this weekend?” she told her and

snatched the ice cream tub from her hands.

“That’s amazing. Wear something sexy, she winked and tried to take back the tub, but Marissa dodged her.

“Rafael should at least call the kids, I think they are missing him,” she said, and Sophie just shrugged regarding her face carefully,

“Maybe he wants your go-ahead on this. Where is he, by the way?

How is it in office?”

“He is not here. Maybe abroad. In Sangua,” She took the spoonful in her mouth and closed her eyes in bliss.

“Sangua? Whoa. Now give me back that tub. I need to stay awake the whole night.”

“Whole night? Why?” Marissa asked her in concern.

“I have gotten a bomb assignment and need to complete it before morning. They are paying handsomely,” Marissa got up and handed

her the tub.

“Good luck. I’m off to bed!” she said with a wave and came to her room. By now she was so tired that she just wanted to pass out.

The home and office were making her tired, but she had started enjoying the office environment too.

Before going to sleep she thought of Delinda's car. MSin neonle

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seemed too generous for giving every employee the pick and drop facility. Usually, she had heard that offices provided vans and fuel allowances, and the people in managerial positions used to get car allowances.

Her last minute

Rafael.

thought before going into deep sleep was about

She was in deep sleep but didn't know what woke her up. She tried to look around with half-closed lids that was when she felt

something heavy resting on her belly.

What was it?

She frowned looking down when heard a raspy, sleepy voice very close to her, "Go back to sleep, Strawberry."

Her heart missed a beat.

No! This must be a dream. How come Rafael was here and...

She touched the hand lying on her and turned her neck to find herself looking into those greenest eyes.

"R-Rafael? I-Is it y-you?"

"Umm hmm. It's me," he said tenderly, "Go back to sleep," he whispered and started brushing his fingers through her hair.

"B... But... how... Wh...what..." she was stuttering badly.

"You said you had flu. I had to come to you. Are you feeling better? Did you take any medicine?"

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

73 73- Her Only Haven

Marissa thought she was dreaming. She had dreamed about him for so long during the last four years. Lying beside her and telling her things she longed to hear in her reality but couldn't.

He wasn't wearing a shirt, and his washboard naked chest was so close to her that she could easily move forward and lick it. She could touch and feel it. Just like she used to do when they were together.

She propped up on one elbow and eyed him with uncertainty.

"What are you looking at?" He murmured looking into her eyes. hand raised and held the long black hair lock in his grip that was touching his cheek.

His

"I'm trying to understand if this is a dream or reality," she tried to control her tears, "I missed you so much."

"I missed you too," his hand got up to hold her chin, "I missed you too, strawberry..."

Her

lips curled up in a smile and he couldn't move his eyes away from her face, "You are so beautiful."

She didn't respond and started leaning down slowly.

"What are you doing?" his voice was barely above a whisper.

"Something I can never dare to do in reality," placing her palm on his hard abs, she touched her lips to his, moving them gently over his.

Feeling its softness.

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73 73—Her Only Haven

She smiled against his lips when heard his moaning, "M..."

Marissa..."

But Marissa wasn't ready to open her eyes.

Her lips were now opening wide trying to suck in his mouth. This mouth... she always missed its taste.

By now her hand crawled up to hold his rough cheek.

She groaned when felt his arm snaking around her waist pulling her to him more tightly. With another hand, he held the side of her face and pushed his tongue inside her mouth

Marissa's eyes

eyes were rolling back slowly in ecstasy.

Tightening his hold around her, he flipped their bodies, lying on top of her. But now he had stopped kissing her. His forehead was leaning against hers and they both were panting.

"Y... you need to go back to sleep," he whispered, "I don't want you to regret this in the morning."

She closed her eyes and chewed her upper lip in embarrassment, "Then promise me you'll come to my dream again."

Her hands were holding his naked waist quite tightly. Her fingers were dying to move lower and see if he still felt that hot around her fingers.

"I promise, I will. If you'll allow me," He gave a quick kiss on her lips.

She kissed him back and he started dropping butterfly kisses on her face.

"Go to sleep otherwise... oh, God!" he pulled her slim figure intensely in his embrace and started brushing her soft hair with

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73 73—Her Only Haven.

his fingers.

Marissa could feel his hardness against her thigh.

Up till now, this one was the best dream, and she couldn't wait for the next night to come. She was planning to ask him shamelessly to

make love to her.

They never made love when his eyes could see her. It was always done when he was blind.

Sniffing in, his scent she slowly drifted into a deep sleep, momentarily forgetting about her wet panties.

The last thing she remembered was him brushing his lips over hers softly.

Marissa stretched in her bed with a wide smile and got up. The last night's dream was still fresh in her mind.

She looked down at her disoriented gown and shook her head. Claspng it together, she looked up at the wall clock.

Kids must be sleeping by now. If Sophie would be awake, she could ask her to make a cup of coffee before going to the bathroom.

As expected, Sophie was furiously typing on her laptop.

"Good morning!" Sophie who wasn't expecting her presence jumped up in fright, "You scared me to death. I'm already typing a report about dead bodies, and you are making it worse. God! This is the second time someone tried to do that!"

She closed her laptop and started doing some stretching exercises.

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73 73—Her Only Haven

"I'm sorry. Needed some coffee if by any chance you are making it for yourself."

Sophie examined her face, and a mischievous grin etched her lips as she got up from the chair, "Coffee? Uh—huh?" she bumped her shoulder to Marissa, "How many should it be? One cup or two cups...she then nudged her shoulder again, "or maybe three?" she winked.

Marissa looked at her friend in confusion. Poor her didn't seem alright after staying awake for so long.

“Umm. Don’t bother. I’ll make one for you,” Marissa placed her hand on her shoulder in sympathy and yawned loudly, “But first I need to go to the bathroom,” she was walking a way when her friend called

her name.

“Marissa!” she stopped and tilted her head, “how was the night?”

This time Marissa turned full one hundred and eighty degrees and placed a hand on her hip, “By any chance are you thinking that I made love to myself? Come on. I didn’t even use a vibrator for the last few nights.”

Ignoring Sophie’s silly smile, Marissa went inside her room. She badly needed to pee and take a shower. She grabbed a clean underwear from her drawer and headed to the bathroom. She was

about to twist the handle of the bathroom door but strangely enough, the knob took a life of its own and turned.

Marissa pulled back her hand in fright and saw the door opening by itself. She wanted to scream and call Sophie, but her voice got

stuck in her throat.

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73 73- Her Only Haven

What the hell was going on? Who entered her bedroom and was

now using the bathroom without her permission.

And now ... she was about to get a heart attack.

“R–Rafael!” she stuttered, “W... when did you arrive.”

She was trying her best to ignore his wet body where water droplets were running down his muscles, getting absorbed in the towel wrapped around his waist.

What was he doing in her bathroom?

“W...what are you doing here?” she managed to ask him. Rafael very casually looked over his shoulder.

“The same what most of the people do in the bathroom. Shower!” he came out of it to walk past her but at the last minute held her wrist dragging her along with him.

“When did you come? I didn’t even see you entering the bedroom,” she didn’t protest when he drew her close, shaking his hair and causing tiny drops of water to land on her face.

“Last night you were sleeping. But hey...” he winked, “you did meet me,” her eyes went wide in embarrassment.

We met?

For the love of... it was him! It was not a dream.

“Y...

you

took advantage of me... and you kissed me...” she tried to pin it on him.

“No. I wasn’t the one who took advantage of you,” he kissed her nose bridge, “I laid beside you like a good boy. It was you who

started touching all over my body and kissed me. Believe me. I

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73.73- Her Only Haven

liked the touch...” Marissa couldn’t hear it anymore and pushed

him aside. She was quick to dart towards the bathroom and lock the door behind her.

For now, it was her only haven.

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Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

74 74- Soft Body

Leaning to the wall of her bathroom, she was trying to control her hammering heart.

Last night...

Last night, he was the one she kissed. He was the one she felt under her palms.

He was the one who made her stop otherwise she wanted to go further.

She took the shower absent-mindedly and then didn't know how to come out. She shouldn't have shown him her weakness.

Standing on the bathroom floor in nothing but her robe was making her sweat again when someone knocked on the door.

"Marissa," she heard his gentle voice, "Come out."

"I'm not done yet," she called out tiredly.

"Yes, you are. There has been no shower sound for the past few minutes. Come out!"

He was right. She couldn't spend her whole life in the damn bathroom.

She opened the door slowly and thankfully he was dressed now. All skin was covered under that t-shirt and cotton trousers.

The moment she was out, she found him leaning against the wall outside, waiting for her. When he saw her, he held her hand and moved her closer to him.

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"What are you worried about? Huh?" he gently moved back her wet hair and kissed her forehead. Until yesterday he was managing a distance between them.

But after last night he was touching her like they were old buddies. and were easy around each other's presence.

"Are you worried about last night? When you thought it was all a dream?" he was asking her like he was talking about someone else.

Marissa was very self-conscious of his thumb that was gently moving on her cheek, "Don't worry, Marissa. I also dream a lot of things that... don't sound decent in practical life."

"You do?"

"Yes," He then bumped his nose against hers and looked into her eyes, "But that doesn't mean I need to be embarrassed about it,

Marissa."

Marissa's senses were slowly taking their leave. That's what his presence used to do to her. She took a lot of advantage when he was blind but not anymore.

Now he could see how she was looking at him as if she wanted to eat him alive.

His muscles were making their presence known under that t-shirt. where her palm was placed.

"Why are you here?" she asked him and then realized this must sound rude, so she chuckled lamely, "Of course. For the kids."

This time he drew her more into him a little brutally and took his mouth near her ear, "I'm not here because of kids. I'm here

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74 74–Soft Body

because of you."

She frowned and tried to pull back when he hurriedly spoke, "Remember? You said you had flu. I couldn't stay there any longer."

That moment Marissa's heart was doing summersaults.

He was here because of her? Because she had flu?

Breaking their eye contact she closed her eyes and then opened them again only to focus on his lips.

He smirked and when he spoke Marissa couldn't hear him. She had zoned out again and could see his lips moving.

Shaking her head, she smiled and leaned her forehead to his chin.

It still felt like a dream. He came to her just because she had the damn flu.

Oh, Delinda. I underestimated you.

"It's... it's... their wake-up time," he knew she was talking about their children.

"Let me wake them up... or maybe come with me. Let's do it together," She nodded and let him drag her across the living room to get to the children's room.

She didn't miss the wicked glint in Sophie's eyes. Now she understood why she was asking her weird questions.

She was the one who let Rafael in.

"Abi! Ariel! Alex! Wake up!" he started making noise, the moment he entered their room. The kids who used to take their sweet time

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74.74-Soft Body

in waking up opened their eyes in an instant.

"Daddy!"

"I can't believe it!"

Even Alex seemed shocked, and this time couldn't hide the expressions.

Both the girls stood on the mattress because they wanted to jump up and down but due to Abi's health, Rafael quickly scooped them up together.

“Now no more monkeys jumping on the bed!” Rafael’s line from their favorite nursery rhyme made them laugh.

“Go and brush your teeth and then we’ll have something good for breakfast,” he announced.

“How about waffles with ice cream!” Abigail screamed and Marissa showed her, mommy eyes.

“We already had it a few days back, sweetheart if you remember,” she took her from her father’s arms and placed her down, “Now go and wash your face.”

Alex who was rubbing his left eye, looked at her, “Mommy. Won’t you go to the office today?”

“Why not? I have to go to work,” she told him softly and then

smacked his buttocks, “Now off to the bathroom.”

When she came out of their room, Rafael was behind her, and she was very much conscious of his presence.

“After giving them breakfast, I’ll get ready for the office. Will you stay here longer, or you go to your place first?”

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Instead of answering her, he held her hand and brought it to his lips, “I’m thinking of something else. Why don’t you take a short leave today?”

“And what excuse will I give to them? I already took short leaves due to Abi and Delinda.”

She wanted to free her arm from his grip and go inside the kitchen. when instead of leaving her wrist, he pulled her to him until she bumped into his hard chest.

She wanted to issue him a stern warning, but his cocky grin made her stop.

“Stay here for a minute. Let me see you,” His eyes were making her nervous.

“W—why?”

“Why? Because in a few minutes, our children will be around us and we won’t get a chance to have this moment, Marissa.”

Marissa felt her heart sinking. He was behaving like they were real

spouses.

Putting his arms around her neck, he kissed her cheek, “You are... still so soft...” he muttered, and she felt his voice going teary.

Her eyes snapped to his face, but he didn’t give her a chance and clutched her face to his chest.

“Rafael,” it didn’t sound like a protest to her own ears.

“Marissa. You need to give me a chance. Remember I asked. just give me a few minutes of your time? So that we could talk...” she just nodded her face bumping her head to his chin, but he

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74 74—Soft Body

didn’t seem to mind,

“I beg you to let me talk. There are so many things you don’t know about me.”

“For example?” her voice was muffled against him.

“For example... I haven’t forgotten how your soft body felt against me.”

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Hello. I don’t think if anyone is reading my *book* as there are no reviews. So *i’m* planning to kill *Rafael* and pair Marissa with Dean or Joseph. Or maybe Amir?☺

Any thoughts?

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

75 75- Seventy-five Percent Share

“**What** are you thinking?” Ethan asked Valerie and turned into the bed to face her. She was looking up at the ceiling too engrossed in her thoughts.

“We have been looking for him for the past few days and haven’t been able to find him. I don’t know why this location app is giving us the wrong address,” she expressed her concern in a harsh tone.

They were still in San Francisco, and she was feeling like she would go crazy.

Instead of using this time to enjoy her time with Ethan, they were roaming around in the streets of San Francisco in the cabs trying to keep tabs on Rafael.

Nina had confirmed that he hadn’t reached Sangua, nor he was in Kanderton.

The location app always said he was in a restaurant or a mall or a local market and then the moment they used to reach there he would have moved somewhere else.

This cat-and-mouse game was going on and had started taking a toll on her mental health.

Last night Ethan wanted to make love to her, but she was so tense that she couldn’t even move her rigid body.

What was going on with her?

Didn’t she want physical intimacy anymore?

She did feel attracted to Ethan and he was handsome but not as

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75 75–Seventy-five Percent Share

gorgeous as Rafael.

“Oh, God!” she sat up and held her head in both hands, “why can’t he stay in one place ? What is the location saying right now?”

She asked Ethan and thanked him with a kiss on his cheek. He had been so patient with her and never showed any tantrums in this wild goose chase.

In fact, he seemed to be enjoying it a lot.

“Right now?” he brought the phone to the bed and checked the location.

“He just entered a restaurant,” he informed her. “Maybe for an official lunch or... it might be a date too.”

He said meaningfully and that gave her body an energy boost. As expected, she jumped out of bed in her little skimpy sleeping attire and scurried to the bathroom.

“I won’t take more than ten minutes!” she called out before closing the door.

“Are you sure this is the place?” sitting in the back seat of the cab. she slipped down her dark shades to the bridge of her nose and looked above the frame.

“You can check here! See?” he showed her the phone screen. There was a distinctive blue teardrop on the screen at the same restaurant location where they were standing.

“Let’s go...” she got out of the car and waited for Ethan who was paying the fare to the driver. She smiled when he held her hand

10 51

28

75 75—Seventy—five Percent Share

and started walking inside.

“Do you have a reservation, sire?” the manager asked Ethan who pinned him with an intimidating look.

“No, we haven’t. We are guests and need a fine dining experience here,” he then offered him his visiting card.

The manager looked at it then his eyes darted to the man standing

before him.

“Mr. Ethan... Oh!

Lockwood Industries? Please follow me,” Valerie had a proud grin on her face. She wished she could give a little shake to Marissa or Nina and tell them that see! I’m the one who

can effortlessly attract so many loaded handsome guys. It’s just my looks.

And you, Marissa! You were indeed an ugly duckling of the family.

She wished she could show off Ethan to the world. He was taking care of her just like Rafael used to do when she was dating him.

“Sweetheart! Can you wait here? I need to use the lobby bathroom,” he asked kissing her cheek. She felt a little irritated but then didn’t say a word.

“Please. I’m right here,” She gave him a little playful push and started pacing around in the lobby. Shouldn’t Ethan wait for her to

take a seat at their table?

Maybe it was urgent.

She thought with a shrug and decided to approach the manager.

“Excuse me, Mister. I am accompanied by my ... friend. Can you take me to our seat? He is using the bathroom.”

76

75 75–Seventy–five Percent Share

The manager good-naturedly bent his head down with a cordial smile and guided her to their respective table.

She placed her purse on it and took her shades off. She didn’t want to forget that she wasn’t here to eat but to look for Rafael.

She was about to order some iced water when she saw someone as broad-shouldered as Rafael exit the dining hall.

“Goodness! It’s him! Where the hell is Ethan?”

She hurriedly picked up her purse and raced towards the exit.

She also got a glimpse of the girl who was accompanying him. A brunette!

My! My! Ethan was right. Rafael was having an affair indeed. The brunette looked so much like Marissa,

The same long black half-curly and her figure was also on the chubbier side.

Her heart pounded as she pushed through the doors and scanned the area.

If she were lucky and would catch him red-handed, his

seventy-five percent would belong to her. She tried to remind herself she was here to get her share.

This struggle was nothing but **an** effort for her fair share of the property.

There was no sign of Rafael. Where should she go now? It meant that the location was showing the correct place.

For a moment she had sensed that maybe the location app was playing with her.

10:51

75 75—Seventy-five Percent Share

She was so engrossed in her thoughts that she didn't realize, she had crossed the exit main passage of the restaurant and now was standing on a sidewalk.

She was about to turn back casually when she spotted him again across the street.

"Rafael!" with her full might, she shouted his name. The same woman was walking beside him holding his hand.

Unfortunately, her voice was lost in the noise of the vehicles and the crowd around her. She could now feel odd glances from the people around her.

She quickened her pace to cross the road, nearly jogging now, desperate to catch up. Just then a bus before her eyes blocked her view for a few seconds. When it finally moved on, there was no sign of Rafael or that woman.

“Damn it!” she cursed under her breath scanning the area frantically.

Her phone which was inside her purse, buzzed. She pulled it out to see a message from Ethan, “Where are you? I’m at our table.”

She quickly typed back, “Just saw Rafael. Lost him. Come out.”

If Rafael is here, then we'll be able to catch him. We have to! I might love him. But I love seventy-five percent share more!

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

76 76- Finish It First!

“For example?” Marissa’s voice was muffled against Rafael’s chest.

“For example... I haven’t forgotten how your soft body felt against me.”

Marissa felt herself turning into a block of ice.

Her soft body against him?

When he saw a lack of reaction, he leaned forward and pushed her back a little to kiss her lips softly.

“I’m sorry for doing it without your consent,” his voice was barely audible, “but standing here like this... so close to you, your mouth is tempting me.”

His eyes dipped to her lips, “Can I kiss you again?” he asked her, and she felt as if her lips had gotten glued and had made it almost impossible to speak.

“Tell me, Marissa. Can I kiss you?” he leaned over bringing his lips to hers, “Not the soft one I just did... though I enjoyed that too...”

“R... Rafael...” her eyes were fluttering close. The way he was speaking in low hoarse whispers, it was making her core soaked in juices.

“Hmm?” she felt him bumping his nose with hers, “Answer me. May

1?"

"Y...yes..." Marissa managed between her labored breathing, "Yes..."

Y-You... c...can kiss me..."

Yes. She wanted it. She wanted his touch.

10:51

15

76 76-Finish It First!

He was asking for her consent but...

She had to close her eyes when felt his hot breath against her face against her cheek. She felt the wetness of his lips there.

"The consent was for the cheek or lips?" he asked her, "Tell me, Marissa."

She wanted to say 'both'.

She wanted to beg him not to move away his arms from her waist.

"I'm waiting," she felt the tip of his tongue against the corner of her mouth and suppressed her moan.

"Ariel! Alex! See! Daddy is kissing Mommy!" Abigail screamed at the top of her lungs. She was so loud that not only her siblings came running but Sophie who had just fallen asleep like a dead came out with bloodshot eyes.

Marissa and Rafael jumped at their place and Marissa could feel herself blushing to the roots.

"What happened?" Sophia asked her, her hand placed on her chest, maybe to control her rapid heartbeat.

"Nothing!" Rafael sighed, "Something was about to happen."

Marissa was expecting him to step back but then he not only pulled her tight but also smacked her lips loudly in front of the audience.

“Here! It’s not done the way I wanted it. But I’m not wasting a chance to kiss you. Nopes!” he walked out of the kitchen and lifted up Abigail.

“You are going to give a heart attack to your family, someday, little

25

C

76 76–Finish It First!

one...” Marissa clasped her lips tightly to control the grin forming on her lips.

His touch was the same. The taste of his tongue was the same.

She broke free of her thoughts when Alex hugged her legs, “You look happy, Mommy.”

The innocent smile on his face made Marissa’s heart melt. She crouched down near the boy and ruffled his hair, “Your mommy is always happy, Alexander. She loves you all.”

“I know,” he cupped her cheek with his little hand, “but I want to see you genuinely happy. And I want to do whatever it takes to

achieve that.”

Then accept your father’s presence in your life, honey. She pleaded. to him silently but then couldn’t say it out loud.

It was unfair to the little boy.

He deserved to take his own time and accept Rafael at his own pace. In no way, she could force him to accept something or someone against his will.

She had already guessed that her son was quite intelligent in the technology field and could do wonders if he was guided properly.

Marissa had prepared egg and chicken sandwiches. Instead of preparing three, she had made for four.

Rafael could notice her graceful moves while walking in and out of the kitchen. He had made the kids seated at the table and now

they were waiting

plates to arrive. for the

10.51

25

76 76–Finish It First!

“Here are your sandwiches,” she was carrying all four plates quite expertly and started putting them in front of everyone.

She placed his plate last and was about to turn around when he abruptly held her wrist, “Wait. Where’s your plate?” curiosity was evident in his eyes.

Before Marissa could say anything something unexpected happened. Alexander spoke.

“She doesn’t eat her breakfast. Though she taught us that it’s good

for health,” Marissa and Rafael locked eyes for a second.

At last, he responded to his father. That was a positive sign.

“Alex is right. If breakfast is healthy then you should have it too...” Before Marissa could protest, Rafael had pulled her on his lap.

“Rafael!” she called his name with wide eyes. Ariel and Abigail had started giggling.

“Eat it!” he then turned to Alex, “Hey Alex. From next time, if she doesn’t have her breakfast let me know. I’ll come over and feed

her.”

Marissa had to accept that Rafael was doing it smartly. Because Alex’s eyes snapped up to his father.

“You will? Just to feed her? What if you are abroad for some business purpose?” Rafael offered a soft smile to his son but then it was as short-lived. He needed to treat his son like a man of the house.

The role he took without anyone telling him. Rafael needed to talk.

to him eye to eye.

10 51

76 76–Finish First

If he wanted to win his kids' hearts, then he had to win over their mom first.

“That I can handle, Alex. I'll come home to feed Mom.”

This time Marissa knew he was not making it up. If he was telling his son, then he would fulfill the promise.

Rafael would never lie to his kids. This not only warmed her heart but also made her teary-eyed. She had momentarily forgotten where she was sitting when a hand came up and started wiping her eyes with his fingers.

She snapped back from her thoughts and saw Rafael picking up the sandwich and bringing it to her mouth.

She tried to smile but her lips quivered. Rafael nodded at her encouragingly and she opened her mouth to take a bite.

Right after that. Rafael also took a huge bite.

She tried to stand and move to the chair, but he placed his other hand on her thighs, pinning them, not letting her stand.

“Finish it first.” He commanded and she obliged while being very much conscious of his touch on the skin of her thighs.

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

77 77- Arrested

Today was one of those rare days when Kate was reporting earlier than usual. Ever since Rafael told her that she would get the café in the building, she had started putting efforts to win her bosses' hearts.

Today she just exchanged pleasantries and went to her seat. Sipping her hot coffee, she stared at her laptop screen.

Was

She had to finalize the menu report. Every chef had submitted it except her. Dean had been reminding her subtly, but she postponing it for some time.

Today she wanted to get it done.

However, no matter how much she tried to be attentive, her focus kept drifting. After spending hours sitting on her seat, she felt as if her ass had turned into stone.

This brain fog was not letting her work.

“Hey, Kate. How’s it going?” Shang–chi asked dropping by her desk.

“How’s it going?” she chuckled sarcastically not even bothering to look up, “Just trying to finalize this menu and look at me. It seems I have never cooked in my entire life.”

“Need help?” he offered but she shook her head.

“I just need some brainstorming. When all my colleagues are coming up with amazing ideas, here I’m trying to decide what to present because apparently, all my previous ideas are too common or not worthy enough.”

10

77 77- Arrested

“Relax!” he pulled a chair near her, “Discuss with me what you have in mind. We might come up with some ideas.”

“Thank you, Shang. And by the way, where is Marissa?”

She looked around searching for the face, she hated most but had to bear with it. Anyways. Marissa was clearly jealous because she didn’t get the café opportunity.

Shang–chi’s eyes also wandered around, “I don’t know where she is. She usually arrives on time.”

“I don’t think so,” Kate shrugged, her eyes fixed on the laptop screen carefully, “She took a short leave and a full leave and still you think... well... anyways... let’s not discuss her.”

Kate clicked her tongue inside her cheek and started typing. She kept discussing her menu with Shang–chi who kept grilling her until she did come up with some unique ideas.

“You are a honey bun,” lifting her bum from the chair, she hurriedly

kissed his cheek.

After he left, she took a deep breath and refocused.

She checked her watch for maybe a hundredth time, “I’m running out of time. Marissa might take this opportunity to fire me or insult me if I don’t prepare it soon.”

Muttering to herself, she kept typing the words. Talking to

Shang–chi did help her a lot. At last, after a couple of hours, she was done with the menu.

She also needed to mention the ingredients of each dish so that none of their guests would have any allergic reactions.

10-51

216

77 77- Arrested

“Urgh! I deserve a vacation!” she chuckled and saved her work. Getting to her feet, she stretched her arms, “Hey, Pete!”

She called the mural artist who was supposed to go to the venue earlier than them.

“Can you get me a printout please?”

While going to the Dean’s office that was adjoined to Joseph’s, her heels were clicking on the polished floor.

Standing outside, she shifted her weight and took a long, deep breath before knocking on the doorframe.

“Hey, Dean. Got a minute?” Her voice was confident but had a hint of tiredness too. Dean was leaning over a file as if he was trying to eat and digest it. Unconsciously he was brushing his fingers through his hair.

“Hmm. What is it?” he asked absentmindedly, without looking up at her.

“Can you review the menu? It did take my energy but thankfully it’s done,” she said with an exhausted smile and took the seat across.

from him.

Dean finally moved up his gaze, “I think you are with the wrong person?”

“Excuse me?” she blinked in surprise.

How dare he say such a nasty thing about Amir?

“Yes. You must go to Marissa and show her this report. She is the in charge of such stuff. You are approaching the wrong person” He

300

77 77- Arrested

pointed his thumb towards his chest. His eyes flickered back to the paper in front of him and he started nibbling the pencil he was holding between his fingers.

This time Kate did give him an over-brightened smile, “Ahan. Go to Marissa!” she leaned forward, placing her arms on the desk, “And how I’m supposed to do that? Space travel to reach her? Because she hasn’t arrived at the office yet.”

This time Dean frowned and gave her, his full attention “Marissa hasn’t arrived yet?”

Kate shook her head and got up from the seat, “It’s more like a game in this multinational office MSin. I was the one who suggested Mr. Sinclair to hire an in charge among one of us as you were too occupied. And look! We don’t have anyone to go to.”

She left the office with that wicked grin.

Marissa should have known whom she was messing with. After arriving at her desk, Kate almost threw her dossier onto it.

The sharp thud drew everyone’s attention.

“What’s the matter?” a colleague who was passing by, stopped.

“Nothing!” she retorted haughtily, “Mind your own damn business.”

She held her phone in her hands and started typing a message to her fiancé, “I’m sick and tired of this Aaron girl, babes.”

She was waiting for the reply to her text when her phone started ringing.

"It's good to hear your voice love. What's up!" after hearing his voice she wanted to forget about Marissa but that seemed to be

416

77 77—Arrested

impossible for the moment.

"What has she done now?" he asked her sleepily and she moved to a spot that could give her a little privacy

"She is in charge but knows how to take advantage of everything," Kate murmured her complaint with a pout.

"Don't worry, love. Do you remember the file you gave her?" she thought for a moment and rolled her eyes.

"Come on, Amir. That property belonged to her. Can't we discuss something else?" She didn't know who to handle first. Her boss or

her fiancée?

Both were pulling her like she was a rubber band.

"That's not the issue babe," she felt his voice dropping to a whisper, "the file you gave her wasn't the one."

"What!" she shouted and then covered her mouth with her palm, her eyes darting left and right. Thankfully there was no one

around.

"Yeah. You gave her the wrong file. The address was quite similar so you or that bimbo didn't bother to cross-check it."

"Uh—
huh. Th... that means... I have to take back the file... right? Mr. Sinclair would... push me... Oh, my God! Amir..." she trailed off not knowing what to say.

"Don't take the file back, honey. Do you hear me? Don't take the file.

back."

"But... but... why?"

“Because the man who owns the file has reported it missing. The
1051



7777—Arrested

Police are looking for the file and the person who has it.” he
chuckled meaningfully.

“And the person who has it?” Kate spoke in such a hushed tone that
for a minute she thought he hadn’t heard her.

Yeah. The person...” he laughed loudly. That person will be
arrested right away. Hahaha.”

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

78 78- Kidnapped!

While getting ready Marissa didn’t know if Rafael was planning to go home or skip the of
fice.

He didn’t have office clothes and was willing to drop her off at the
office.

“You have already provided me with an official car and a chauffeur. Then why go to suc
h pains?” she asked him, looking through the

mirror.

He was lying in the bed, with his arms folded behind his head,

She was applying a nude shade of lipstick and for some reason, all felt too intimate. She
felt like she was getting ready like a normal wife would get and he was observing her th
rough the mirror... like... like... like a doting husband.

it

Marissa avoided his gaze and kept her focus on her face. His eyes. were making her ne
rvous.

“Umm. You can go and sit in the car. I’ll be out in a few minutes,” she suggested trying to sound as nonchalant as possible.

But he had a knowing grin on his face, “Why? Is something wrong?”

She swallowed hard and tried to laugh it off, but he didn’t miss her fingers fidgeting with her blouse, “N...No... nothing is wrong. Why waste time when... you can do something more useful...” her voice wavered slightly.

He got off the bed and reached her in a jiffy. Circling **his** arms. around her from behind, he kissed her temple, “THIS is the most

10:57

16

78 78–Kidnapped!

useful thing I’m doing,” he murmured looking at her through the mirror, “But if it’s bothering you then I won’t do it.”

He kissed her temple again and Marissa felt her heart going wild at this closeness. She finally raised her eyes to meet his gaze in the mirror before flickering them away again.

“I’m going out to say goodbye to the kids. But I’ll suggest you get used to this. Because I’m not going away from my family ever again.”

Marissa’s eyes followed him until he left the room.

His words were still echoing in her ears.

She headed to the kids who were still finishing their breakfast. Rafael was cracking some jokes, and the girls were giggling nonstop. Alex had a poker face, but Marissa could detect a flicker of amusement in his eyes too.

Standing there, she tried to steady herself, smoothing the

nonexistent wrinkles of her blouse The sight before her eyes was a normal family scene where a father was sharing some secret, waiting for the mommy to get ready.

“Ready?” He asked her, his eyes taking in her appearance. For a moment she thought she witnessed intensity in that gaze but then shrugged **it** off thinking she must be imagining it.

She gave a quick hug and kiss to the kids, “Be good to Flint. Don’t disturb Aunt Sophia. She stayed awake all night.”

“Yes, mommy,” they chorused with full mouths.

10:52

26

78 78–Kidnapped!

When she stepped out, she found Rafael opening the door for her.

“I don’t understand why you are taking this pain. The chauffeur could have done this duty.”

His eyes narrowed into thin slits, “Now don’t tell me you are missing the chauffeur. Because if that’s the case then here he is...”

Before Marissa could understand, he bowed and gestured for her to sit in the car as if she was some royalty.

“Rafael...” she rolled her eyes.

“Ma’am. Your personal chauffeur here. Except you can’t sit at the back in the presence of this chauffeur,” he teased with a playful grin.

“Thank you, mister chauffeur,” she returned the same mischievous grin, “And please watch out. You are about to step on my shoe!”

Her remark made him cock up a brow, “Really? What a tease you are, Ma’am!”

He closed the door and rounded the car to get to his seat.

“So, ma’am,” he fastened his seat belt and turned to her, “Would you like to tell me where to take you or is it my choice?” he spread his palm, silently asking for her hand.

Not understanding she placed it there. He held it and placed a gentle kiss on the back of her hand.

Her smile wavered a little.

“Let me take you on a ride, you’ll always remember.”

Oh, brother. The only ride she could remember was... the one she

10.62

36

78 78–Kidnapped!

used to take ON HIM!

Bless her dirty mind.

She quickly looked out of the window to control her impure thoughts about him. My God. My body betrays me when he is

around.

She was a mess among this whirlwind of emotions and unspoken words. Finally, unable to bear the uncomfortable silence any longer

she turned to him.

Unable to decide what to say, she said the first thing that came to her mind was, “Kids birthday is next month.”

“Oh?” he looked at her sideways while keeping his eyes on the road too, “Really? Ask them for the theme. We should throw a grand birthday party.”

With a little hesitancy, she pursed her lips, “They never had a big birthday. We only celebrated it at home with a few kids from the neighborhood. However, this year I was planning to throw a proper party.”

He nodded, “That’s great to hear,”

Now she was at a loss for words again. When her phone pinged, she took it out from her purse, “Where are you? I think Kate is planning to make a scene.”

The message was from Delinda.

Urgh!

Marissa tossed the phone inside her purse.

Kate’s attitude got so much better in the last few days and now

16

78 78—Kidnapped!

again!

She heard Rafael clearing his throat maybe to get her attention. And when she gave him a questioning glance, he averted his

eyes.

How could someone look this handsome in a t-shirt and cotton pants, “Marissa!”

He called her name a little loudly when found her distracted.

“Hmm? Yes?”

+107

While driving, he kept stealing glances at her, his hand was resting on the car console between them.

“You know what?” he began, his tone light, “I read somewhere that holding hands can reduce stress.”

Marissa raised an eyebrow, “Oh? Are you suggesting....”

Without missing a beat, he reached over and held her hand that was placed on her lap. Not only that he also intertwined his fingers through hers.

Marissa looked down at their joined hands and felt a shudder run through her. If Rafael felt it, he didn't show.

He gave her hand a gentle squeeze, “What are you worried about?”

Before she could speak, she noticed the route ahead of her, “Where are we? This is not the office route, she turned her neck to look out of the window, “Isn't it taking longer today to reach the office?”

“Yeah. It is!” he said, “Because we are not going to the office.”

“W...what? What do you mean?” she tried to free her hand but

5/6

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78 78–Kidnapped!

couldn't do it due to his gentle but firm grip.

“What I mean to say is...” he murmured, his voice husky and

intoxicating, as he raised her hand and kissed it, “I have kidnapped. you, strawberry.”

Marissa felt her heart throbbing wildly.

Kidnapped?

Comentario 1

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

79 79- Warrant

“I think there is some chaos going on,” Delinda said sitting beside Shang–chi who was doing nothing but playing a silly game on his phone.

“And why are you playing game in your office timings?” Without warning Delinda snatched his phone.

“Hey!”

“What hey! Listen to me!” She scolded him and then gave him a stern look, “This chaos can't be taken lightly, Shang.”

Shang–

chi nodded with a somber expression on his face and then quickly grabbed back his phone without giving Delinda any chance. to even blink, “Whatever is that chaos, it has nothing to do with my game. Now shoo away and let me play.”

Delinda again tried to get her hands on his phone but this time he was ready and quickly dodged her.

“Shang. Kate is creating this chaos. We need to be alert,”

this time Shang did place his phone down on his desk and leaned towards her, “I think I know. I stayed at her desk a little to help her with the menu selection. She was getting irritated about Marissa's late

arrival.”

They both were so busy in that secret conversation that they didn't realize someone was standing close to their desk.

"Hey, you two buddies! Have you seen Ms. Marissa Aaron? I need help," he was another entrepreneur who was hired a little while

back.

100

79 79–Warrant

"You can tell us, if you feel comfortable," Delinda quickly offered her services, but the man pinned them with a sharp look as if they both were fools.

"She is our head and I need her approval in a few things," he stated, "and I'm sure you are not authorized to do that. Now tell me where

she is."

Delinda looked up at the rude man who was middle-aged just like her but had the attitude of a young man in his twenties.

Shang-

chi was about to tell him something when Delinda squeezed his hand secretly and gave a sweet smile to the man, "Mister. We don't know where Marissa is. We are not your servants, nor we are Mum and Dad of Marissa. So go and look for her yourself."

The last part was said with a deadly tone, and she turned back to Shang-chi without giving a damn what this man might think about

her.

She was just offering him, her help and he was being rude for no

reason.

The man scratched his head and this time there was a little amusement on his face, "Can you at least tell me if the columns of my report are according to their demands?"

He said placing his file on the desk.

Delinda leaned in slightly to observe the page closely while the new employee's eyes were observing her.

After taking her sweet time, she straightened and then glanced up, "Sorry. I can't tell anything about the columns of this report," she

20

shook her head with a pout.

He wasn't expecting it and seemed a little taken aback. Not after she wasted his time **while** looking **at** his report.

"Why?"

Delinda's eyes crinkled **at** the corners as she examined him.

"Because, mister. We are not authorized to do that."

She batted her eyes quite dramatically and turned to Shang-chi ignoring the rude **man** again.

So, what were we talking about. Shang? Ah yes. That coffee place is amazing. I'll definitely try that, she said with a smile.

The rude man was still standing there but Delinda was treating him like he was invisible. Poor Shang-chi was feeling like a cute puppy whose only job was to dart his innocent eyes between the two. His gaze landed on Delinda, who was waiting for his answer. Poor Shang hadn't even heard what she just said.

"W-What?"

Delinda felt a little irritated when Shang-chi asked her. The rude man wasn't moving away and she wanted Shang-chi to play along.

"The coffee place! Remember? The same place we were talking about, silly." Shang-chi didn't know why Delinda was moving her eyebrows.

"B...but weren't we talking about Kate?" he asked her, unsure why she closed her eyes and her expression turned murderous.

The man who was standing there looking at two of them suddenly laughed and walked away.

79 79-Warrant

“Shang—
chi! I wish it was not a crime to murder someone,” Annoyance was evident in her voice.

“You came here to tell me about Marissa and then you switched to

a good coffee place,” he pushed back his chair and stood up, “You know what that did to me? It made me yearn for a good coffee cup. Now get up!”

He held her arm and started pulling her up.

“I’m not going anywhere. There is so much work to do,” Shang—
chi placed his hand on his hip when she started making lame excuses.

“We both know, Del that we don’t have ANY work to do. So, move your lazy ass from that chair and accompany me. Moreover, weren’t you telling me something about Marissa?” his eyes twinkled with mischief.

“Oh. Yes. Speaking of Marissa...” she couldn’t finish it when he started shaking his head.

“Get up and tell everything about Marissa in that coffee shop. Now

hurry up!”

When they returned from the coffee shop, they were more worried about her friend.

“I did drop her a message about Kate but didn’t get any reply. Usually, she doesn’t take time to respond to my calls or texts.”

They both were passing the ground floor lobby when they overheard a man, “Ms. Marissa Aaron. I have heard she works

here.”

10.52

79 79—Warrant

Delinda and Shang—
chi both turned only to find a uniformed policeman standing at the reception desk.

Delinda’s cold hand touched Shang—chi’s, “Shang. What is going

on?” she asked him in a low voice.

Shang—
chi had gotten speechless. He had just shared with Delinda about Kate's subtle remark about Marissa and now Marissa seemed

to be in some trouble.

Holding Del's hand, he tried to look casual as he got near to the reception desk and picked up a broacher.

He made it look like he was discussing something with Delinda

from the broacher.

"Ms. Marissa usually reaches on time but today she hasn't arrived office," though the receptionist was cordial, but they could see her frown lines even from this distance.

"I hope you are telling the truth, ma'am," The policeman said, "I just need to ask a few questions from her. But if you or this company won't cooperate then I might have to bring a warrant along with my friends." He finished with a meaningful grin..

The receptionist's smile faltered a little, but she stayed composed, "Why would I lie, sir? She is not here. What warrant are we talking

about here? Search warrant?"

The policeman smirked and read the lady's name from her badge, "Ms. Julia? No. I'm not talking about a search warrant. It's an arrest warrant I'm talking about.

Posted by **admind**, 55 Views, Released on July 6, 2024

80 80- A Visit

Kidnapped?

Marissa stared at Rafael's face in disbelief. This was a very

immature thing to do.

"I need to be in office, Rafael. There are people who are dependent on me. You just made me an in charge and now this irresponsible behavior of mine might invite suspicions."

Rafael slowed the car and parked it on the side of the road, "Then tell them the CEO decided to make you in charge and he decided to steal you from the office... and by the way..." he turned his body in his seat to face her, "Why always worry about people?"

“Because that’s my bread and butter,” she said softly, “Not everyone is born with a golden spoon in his mouth like you.”

After saying it she realized she made a mistake, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to... look. We need to go back. Your office...”

He took her by surprise when he leaned forward to unbuckle her seat belt. Not only that but his arms snaked around her waist to pull her onto him.

She was almost on his chest, “For a moment... just for a moment, Marissa,” he pleaded, “Can you please forget about the office, in charge, work, your home, kids, home chores ... your car, your kitten, your puppy...” Placing her palm on his mouth, she laughed hard

Instead of joining the laughter, his eyes just stared at her face. When her laughing fit was over, she exhaled a long breath, “What

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80 80–A Vist

do you have in mind? Because I can forget everything but not our kids.”

He nodded in understanding, and she placed both hands on his chest to move back a little to put some distance between them, “So! What’s next?” she asked settling on her seat and trying to

control her accelerated heartbeat.

Just to show herself busy and to control her overwhelming emotions she took out her phone and then cursed internally partly due to frustration and partly due to embarrassment

“This area hasn’t got any signals. I can’t even call or message anyone,” She raised her phone to check the signals.

“That’s good!” he pinched her nose playfully and then fired up the engine, “This means kidnapping has gotten easier for me. Now you can’t call anyone for help.”

She slapped his thigh and folded her arms on her chest. She knew he would never do anything such thing.

She trusted him.

She could observe his strong hands on the steering wheel from the

corner of her eye.

Just then it occurred to her, "Are you taking me for breakfast?" because he knew she hadn't eaten enough. He must be hungry too.

"Sort of," he winked, "the abducted ones are usually not allowed to ask questions."

"Oh, brother. Fine!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in surrender, "Take me wherever you want!"

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He laughed when she gave up, "Buckle up, strawberry. Now you are at my mercy."

Delinda and Shang stayed quiet in the elevator.

A policeman was asking about Marissa. Why?

Shang-chi was continuously trying to contact Marissa to issue her a fair warning. When they stepped outside the elevator, she

reached for his arm.

"We need to inform someone here, Shang. Delinda finally managed to speak, "there must be some misunderstanding."

"No use. These companies usually don't support their employees in such matters. They are usually scared of their name being

tarnished. Talking to them will be fruitless."

Delinda's worry was increasing with each passing minute. She didn't want to get panicked.

"What if we talk to Mr. Joseph? He might be helpful."

“Where is your phone? Right now, what you can do is, go and leave a detailed text to her. I hope she will get our messages once she switches on her phone or gets it charged. Just do that.”

Delinda nodded, “I left my phone behind,” she headed to her desk to get her phone.

Shang-chi saw her typing frantically on her phone and started trying Marissa’s number. He wanted to leave a good amount of missed calls on her phone so that she would contact them back, as

soon as she would see her phone.

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80 80—A Vist

After typing messages, Delinda got up and took her purse, “Where do you think you are going?” Shang-chi inquired in confusion.

“I can’t sit here on my ass waiting for my friend to get arrested. I’m going to talk to Dean.”

“But Del. Her job might be in danger and ...”

“Why would it be in danger? If any such thing happens then I’ll get help from social media. When my son was sick, she not only spent her time with me but also talked to Dean to connect us with a good doctor. I didn’t have to pay a dime for my son’s treatment. If any such thing happens, I’ll be the first one to resign from MSin.”

“Hey. How are you, Delinda?” Dean was standing close to a shelf, looking for something, “please take a seat. I know today it’s a little chaotic due to Marissa’s absence but don’t worry.”

Delinda took the seat, “I need to talk to you, Dean. It’s important,”

Dean nodded when at last found the desired folder and turned to his seat.

“To be very frank, Marissa has taken half of my load. I hope

everything is good on her end. She isn’t even receiving my phone,” His eyes snapped behind Delinda.

She also twisted her neck and found Shang standing there. He came over with a sheepish smile and took another seat beside her.

“You also need help with something? Shoot it!” Dean leaned back in his seat and started revolving his chair.

“We are not here because of us. It’s about Marissa,” Delinda said

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after bending over a great deal.

“Like I just said, we are trying to contact her...” Dean trailed off when he saw their faces, “Is something wrong?”

“A policeman is downstairs asking about Marissa. We don’t know what the problem is. But he was talking about an arrest warrant.”

Dean’s face paled visibly. He quickly picked up his phone receiver and dialed a number.

“We tried calling Marissa, but her phone is not responding. It’s forwarding us to the voice message part,” She explained to Dean.

Attaching the receiver to his ear, Dean’s skin between his brows wrinkled, “Strange. Mr. Sinclair is also not responding.”

“Won’t he come to the office?” Shang asked him.

“Mr. Sinclair is not in Kanderton. He is traveling continuously and is always available on the phone,” He mumbled and started dialing another number.

“Mr. Joseph? This is something super urgent.”

“No, sir. I think you need to cancel that meeting and be here.”

“Sir, it’s about Ms. Aaron.”

“Hmm. Ok, sir. I’ll do that.”

He placed the receiver down, “Mr. Joseph is on the way. Once he arrives, we’ll let him know the details.”

Both Shang–
chi and Delinda took a sigh of relief. Though they were still concerned about Marissa but at least Dean seemed to be

willing to help.

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Kate was searching for the man in the lobby. According to Amir, the police must be there by now. He had a friend in the police department who informed him that Inspector John Harris was on the hunt and couldn't wait to meet Marissa.

The moment she spotted the uniformed man, her smile broadened. He was turning away from the receptionist's desk and was punching numbers on his phone when she waved at him with a smile as if he was an old acquaintance.

With a frown, he placed his phone back in his pocket and turned back to look behind him, thinking she must be waving to someone else.

Kate didn't want to approach him in front of the desk, so she preferred to exit the building. Inside there was the risk of CCTV

cameras too.

The inspector seemed sensible and followed her trail.

"Yes? How can I help you?" he asked the beautiful woman.

"I heard you talking there," she said politely giving him, her best smile, "You were asking for Marissa Aaron."

"Yes, I was. Do you know her?" The charm of her smile worked, and he found her quite appealing.

"Yes, I do," she shrugged, "Unfortunately, she hasn't arrived yet."

"OK. That's what the receptionist told me. Anything else you know about her?"

She raised her one shoulder and moved her hair off her face, "Of

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course," she smiled, "I know where she lives."

"Wow!" this time he did man