

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets Chapter 81

81 81- My Weakness

“Where are we exactly?” Marissa asked Rafael rolling down the window. She hadn’t seen this part of Kanderton city.

She was still not understanding. After leaving behind so many high-end restaurants, Rafael brought her here to this alien place. where most of the people looked like the working class.

“You tell me,” He kept his eyes ahead on the road, “You have been living in Kanderton for quite some time and I’m the one who is a newcomer,” throwing a smile on her way, he slowed the car.

It looked like a small town and the lane they were in, was getting narrower.

Suddenly a long row of cottages came into view that seemed small but neat.

Rafael stopped the car in front of the first cottage and killed the engine.

Without offering any explanation, he got out of the car and came to her side to open the door.

“Rafael?”

“Come out, strawberry. Trust me!” he offered her, his hand and she held it with a little hesitancy and got out.

“Does anyone live here?” she asked him when he went inside, holding her hand, “whose place is this?”

Inside the cottage, she seemed a little taken aback.

It was not only furnished but had modern furniture. The décor was

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minimal and cozy.

A woman wearing a grey uniform welcomed them, "Good morning, sir? Y-your luggage?"

"Luggage?" Marissa shot her a panicked look, "We are not here on vacation. We just want to have breakfast. Right, Rafael?"

She asked him and then turned around to confirm it.

His face was telling another story. He seemed uneasy.

"Rafael. I'm asking something," she walked over to him and touched his arm lightly. The woman who was apparently uncomfortable due to the presence of the couple, tried to maintain a welcoming smile on her face. The poor thing was feeling odd in their presence.

"Please call me if you need anything," with that she left them in the room that looked like a living room.

"What's going on.... I think there was some misunderstanding..... I thought you were going to buy me breakfast."

Rafael ran a hand through his hair, and then gently held her hand, "That too... but I just wanted to spend time with you... some alone time..." he squeezed her hand.

"Alone time? Rafael, do I need to remind you that we are parents of small kids?" If last night was good, then the morning felt better due to his presence.

But maybe she gave him the wrong signals. She liked his touch, but

she knew that someone else deserved those touches.

"Can you please sit down?" he reached for her shoulders, but she

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shrugged off his hands.

"No. Talk to me. Tell me, Rafael," She said through gritted teeth, "What's going on?"

“Ok. Fine! Here is the deal,” He snapped, “I booked this place for us. I wanted to spend some time with you. But Marissa didn’t seem to be in her senses anymore, it looked like she had turned deaf.

“Spend time with me? Without kids?”

“Listen, honey. Having kids doesn’t mean, we can’t have our alone. time. The kids are back home, all safe and in good hands. I already talked to Sophia last night. Thankfully she was awake and agreed to help me in taking care of the children.”

“Without asking me? Their mom?” there was hurt in her eyes, “what do you think of me? A kid. An elder sibling of those kids? Their nanny?”

She was trying her best not to cry.

“Marissa! Listen, honey. I thought you were liking it... with me... like... God! This is harder than I anticipated,” he threw a punch on the nearby wall.

“This... it was supposed to be a surprise, Marissa... Last night, when I touched you, I thought...”

“When you touched me then what, Rafael? Let me make one thing clear, Rafael Sinclair. Those kisses. The last night’s sleepover. It was all due to the kids’ sake,” she gulped down her saliva and almost choked, “There... is nothing between us, Rafael. Nothing!”

In her emotional state, she didn’t even notice his stoic face.

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His expression had hardened. His eyes were flashing with a mix of rage and annoyance

“Is...

is that the only reason? Really?” his voice turned low, “Are you sure?”

She was taken aback by the intensity in his voice. Just a few moments back he was all cheerful, trying to tease her. And this

Rafael?

This one was the same one who trusted Valerie and asked her to

leave..

“Y...yes. Kids... are the only reason,” she stuttered badly. No matter how much she worked on her personality, but this man was

capable enough to make her stutter.

Rafael stepped closer, his green eyes piercing her soul, “I doubt that!” he muttered icily but then went still when saw tears. streaming down her face.

“You... after all these years... you think that... you can just walk back into my life and pretend that nothing happened?”

She wiped her face a little brutally with the back of her hand, “I ... I gave you the chance because of kids. Because Alexander needs a father. Ariel was desperate for a dad because all her friends had dads... Abi... Abigail, she needs you... she is not well she needs you...” She hid her face and sobbed brokenly, “My kids need you. Abigail needs a good doctor ...” he heard her muffled cries and it did something with his heartstrings.

Rafael wanted to touch her. To hold her.

He wanted to tell her that he didn't come back just for the kids. He

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was there for her too.

But how to tell this when he was the one who pushed her through all this pain?

The moment he would tell her about his feelings, she would shove him away from her and their kids' lives.

She suffered a lot and now he didn't want her to get hurt because of him.

“Marissa! Strawberry!”

“Don't call me that!” she hissed moving away her hands for a moment, “don't ever call me Strawberry. I'm NOT your straw... Oh, God!” she again started crying, and standing there Rafael realized one thing.

He could see her in rage and could endure her slaps or kicks or hits or even her punches. And insults too!

But not her tears!

Oh, Lord! She is becoming my weakness.

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

82 82- Water

“Can you please stop crying,” just a few minutes back she was teasing him and laughing with him and here he had made her cry again.

She was still hiding her face behind her palms, and he could see her shaking shoulders.

“Y—you haven’t even eaten your breakfast and now

you are crying like this...” He closed the distance between them and held her hands to pull them away from her face.

“Marissa... listen...” he tried talking to her wet face, but the hands were back to her face...

He didn’t give up and pulled her hands again with all his might.

“I can’t talk to you without looking at your face. Move away your hands, girl!” he pleaded to her, but she placed her hands back.

“Jeez, Marissa. Is there a machine installed in your arms? Your hands automatically move to your face...” his annoyed voice somewhat made it look funny to her. The crying session didn’t take time to turn into a laughing one.

She bent down while laughing giving him almost a heart attack.

“Gosh! Rafael!” she managed between her laughing fit and Rafael looked at her as if she had gone crazy.

“You don’t look alright to me!” he whispered, and she shook her head trying to control her mirth.

“I’m good, Rafael. I’m good,” She at last took a long breath and

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placed her fingers on her forehead.

“Sit down!” when she didn’t comply with his request, he

approached her to lift her in his arms. Marissa’s eyes widened in shock, and she squealed when her body landed on top of him on the big couch.

“You are hungry, and we are not talking about anything else unless you eat something ...” When she raised her brow, he quickly explained, “Eat food... I mean...”

He started wiping her wet face with his fingers and glanced over to call the maid loudly, “Emily! Food!” he looked back at her after issuing the order.

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“I’m sorry. I’m almost a mess,” Marissa tried to sit back just like she did in the car. At least there wasn’t any witness there. Here the maid could easily see that she was sitting on his lap, leaning into

his chest.

She didn’t want rumors.

There was no need to show the maid where she might get the impression that they were a couple.

Holding his shoulders, she tried to put her ass on the couch but unlike in the car, he didn’t let her shift this time and kept her steady.

“Rafael. It would be easier for us if we sit ... on this couch... properly... you have been driving for quite some time... and must be... tired,” she tried to hide her timidity by looking down at her

lap.

“I’m not at all tired,” he tucked her hair behind her ear and pinched

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82 82–Water

her chin, forcing her to look up and meet his gaze, “I just want you to have breakfast. I saw how you were nibbling that sandwich. With three kids, a business to run, and then the home chores. Don’t you think you should give yourself some care?”

“Sir! Breakfast,” the maid whose name was Emily started placing pancakes with the toppings along with frothy coffee in the two

cups.

Marissa tried to ignore this constant, strange smell in the air. It was too familiar, but she chose to ignore it.

“Please let me know if you need anything” Emily stated with a smile. Rafael gave a curt nod at the offer dismissing her and then his attention was back to his wife.

“Here. Open your mouth, Marissa felt as if she was a kid, and he was offering her cereal. The pancake piece was stuck on the fork.

Nobody in her life tried to offer her a meal like this. Never! Not even her mother who was fonder of Valerie..

“I am not a baby,” she chuckled, “now let me leave your lap and eat my food because I just realized that I’m truly hungry.”

Like a stubborn brat, he kept the fork near her mouth waiting for her to open it.

With a groan, she reluctantly opened her mouth and took the pancake piece.

“See? You not even bothered to dip it in that syrup,” she

complained, “nor you topped it with cream...” his mouth curled up in a smile and this time he did remember to glaze the next piece. with the caramel syrup and cream.

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82 82–Water

Her eyes rolled back in ecstasy, and she moaned loudly. Rafael’s face had gone serious, and he was trying to control his labored. breath.

“You should taste it, Rafael,” she leaned a little to cut another piece. and brought it to him, “this is good. Eat it.”

“Eat what!” he whispered, and Marisa had to clench her core to control the delicious sensations. She couldn’t maintain eye contact with him and did what she thought could bring her mind out of the

gutter.

She forced the fork inside his mouth and then placed it down.

He kept feeding her small pieces silently not remarking on her sudden lack of participation in the conversation.

However, he didn't stop and kept sharing with her his office troubles and what she could do to run her business with more

wisdom.

The benefit of this conversation resulted in her being easy and comfortable around him.

He at last let her go when she had eaten every last morsel.

She got up and asked Emily to guide her to the bathroom. It was an attached bath with the only bedroom there.

It was small but super neat. She closed the door behind her and leaned against it, taking long labored breaths.

It was good that she had a good cry outside. The truth was his closeness was making her crazy. The way he was taking care of

her...

82 82- Water

He used to do it even when he was blind.

After splashing a good amount of water on her face, she came out and found him eating his pancake. For an instant, she felt guilty but then she was not supposed to take every problem on her

conscience or her shoulders.

She already had enough on her plate.

The moment Rafael saw her, his face lit up, "Feeling better?"

He finished his plate and wiped his hands from the napkin.

“Let’s go out. You started crying and I couldn’t show you the backyard,” he dragged her along and she couldn’t help but laugh.

But then she felt herself freezing when she saw what it was in the backyard. Turning her neck, she eyed him all speechless and he wore a proud grin on his face.

“Surprise!” he exclaimed putting on his shades, “Happy?”

They were not standing in a backyard but on a beach. Those cottages were made on the shore of the Kalaar village outside Kanderton.

He had brought her outside Kanderton city to a small village. And now she understood the oddly familiar smell she felt in the air. It was the aroma of saltwater drifting with the breeze.

“Th... this...” she pointed to the soothing waves, “w... water...”

“Yes, honey,” he gently placed a finger under her chin, tilting her face upwards, and kissed her cheek, “this is called water,” he

winked.

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82 82- Water

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

83 83- Fire

“Are you sure, you talked to Sophie about this... this plan of yours?” Marissa tilted her head to look at him, sitting next to her on the recliner, rubbing the back of his neck.

Emily had arranged two recliners on the back patio where they could see the sea. It was an odd combination where he had removed his t-shirt and only wore his cotton trousers that were rolled up from his ankles.

She was still dressed in her formal office attire, had kicked off her sandals, and was leaning back on the recliner. Even her chignon was fixed in its place.

“I did talk to Sophie,” he reached out for her hand and squeezed it gently, “And I’m sure I definitely talked to her unless,” he shrugged, “unless I’m suffering from memory loss.”

She slapped the hand, holding hers, and freed it from his grip.

“And why are we here? Of course, if our kids are not around then we both can drop the act,” This time when she spoke, thankfully there were no tears and no weak shaky voice involved.

He seemed to be too engrossed in his thoughts and she gave him time.

At some point, she needed to tell the kids that their parents were not a normal couple.

There was respect between them and friendship too.

But there was no love.

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83 83–Fire

She wanted to teach her daughters that not every time they had to choose love. It usually existed in the books and movies. The reality was far from it.

She jolted upright when felt her recliner move and squealed in

panic. Rafael was pulling it towards him closing the small distance between them. While still lying back, he was doing it so effortlessly and she had to swallow hard when she watched his muscles flex

slightly.

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“W...what do you you are doing?” she wanted to hold his shirt for support but realized too late that he wasn’t wearing any.

As a result?

She was holding his naked shoulder with all her might not aware that her nails were piercing his skin.

“Ouch! Marissa! This is not a good way to take revenge on someone,” Once her recliner was glued to his, he threw his arm around her shoulders and pulled her to him.

“It wasn’t revenge,” she retorted, “Now don’t dodge my question,”

He slipped his shades under his nose bridge and glanced up with narrowed eyes, “Which question?”

She passed him a warning glare, “You know too damn well, what I’m talking about. Now tell me... why...”

Before she could finish it, she was pulled into his embrace once again, “And you think it was an act for the sake of our kids?”

“Then what was it?” she placed her palms on the skin of his chest. without looking there. The man seemed completely immune to her

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touch and here she was. Trying her best not to give herself away. “Why are we here?” this time she didn’t get conscious of her skirt riding up. “I have known you for a long time, Rafael. Now I realize, back then I was a liar and took your advantage. Marriage is never about lying or undermining each other. It’s always about loving and respecting your spouse and the biggest of all? Staying honest to him or her...” she trailed off and he gently placed her down.

This time not on his lap. However, his hand stayed there around her.

“So, what do you suggest Marissa?” Marissa looked at the serious face of the man who was her first love. His face was intense and

filled with concern.

“I suggest...that you stay honest with your wife,” she sighed, “This is... highly inappropriate to give your valuable time to some random woman when your wife is back home waiting for you. This is dishonesty, Rafael. I did become a part of it once. But I can’t do it anymore.” She could feel his eyes on her face.

Initially, she did try to maintain eye contact but then she had to quit it.

When he didn’t speak for several minutes, she at last lifted her gaze only to find him staring back at her. His facial features had somewhat gone hard.

“Tell me this, Marissa,” he snarled, “Is there a man involved?”

“W...what?”

He shrugged and glanced up at the sky, “Are you involved with someone? Because if this is the case, I’ll step back.”

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83 83- Fire

Marissa thought of Gerard for a moment. He had been a great friend and loved her. But the love part had always been one-sided.

“Damn,” she heard Rafael cursing under his breath, and he left the recliner abruptly, “there is a man in your life!”

Marissa felt like his shoulders had slumped down a little.

“Asking me this question when you have still not answered mine, Rafael?” she asked sarcastically.

“What’s the use?” he turned, his hands now placed in his pockets, “you are involved in someone. Right, Marissa?”

“Oh, God! Goodness! I didn’t say that!”

“You took time that means...”

“Stop it!” she screamed, “Stop it, Rafael!”

He went quiet after that. He hadn’t seen her screaming like this ever. She had always been a soft-spoken girl.

“You threw me out of your life, Rafael. Got it? Then one day your conscience allowed you and you decided to barge into my life. because you know? Kids! Then you said it’s about kids and we need. to show them a healthy relationship among us. You came at night, stayed in my room, kissed me, and...”

Throwing up her hands she turned away, “And then you planned this surprise. I don’t know why you did that. So, tell me dammit. What do YOU want? Kids are no longer around, so be honest!”

“I want YOU! OK? I want you, Marissa!” that made her go quiet. She looked at his face in confusion and realized that the expression on his face was not of anger but vulnerability.

83.83–Fire

She had seen this before when she was staying with him.

“You can’t want me, Rafael,” she mumbled, “You are married to Valerie,”

She went to him and stood with her face high, “You...” she poked her finger in his chest, “You married her. If you have any other intentions towards me? Then it won’t happen when you are married to my sister. Sorry if you think that I’ll be a second woman.

Never!”

“Marissa!” she ignored him and swiftly headed inside the bedroom. Feeling him coming after her, she was quick enough to lock the

door behind her.

“Marissa. Listen to me, honey,” he was knocking the door.

“You better take me back to Kanderton, Rafael. And let me know about the plan. How long are we staying here? I’ll come out when you decide to sit in that car and leave Kalaar.”

“Can you please open the door?” Rafael’s hands were resting slightly on the door.

“No just tell me the damn period, Rafael!” she yelled and closed her eyes.

“If you are planning to stay here overnight, then you are mistaken!” She muttered to herself and fell on the bed, placing the pillow on

her face.

“Marissa!” Rafael started knocking the door again.

She tossed the pillow aside in frustration and shouted again, “How long **are we** supposed to stay here? Because **I’ll** come out after our

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83 83–Fire

booked period is over!”

There was again silence on the other side of the door. Why wasn't he telling her? She thought with irritation.

"Fine!" he shouted, "One week!"

Marissa thought she heard him wrong.

"W... what?"

"It's one week!" he barked again.

She marched to the door in a rage and flung it open, "Are you out of your fuc*king mind?" she yelled, the moment his face became visible, "One week? You expect Sophie and Flint to take care of the kids for one week? Are you crazy, Rafael?"

She wanted to say more when found him suppressing his grin.

"What's so funny!"

"Nothing," he showed her his white teeth, "we are just staying overnight."

She looked at him in confusion, "B...but... you just said..." she trailed off.

"I said to make you open the door. Didn't have any other choice," He shrugged with a cocky grin and Marissa wanted to bang his head on the wall.

However, he didn't give her a chance and wrapped his arms around her waist to draw her closer, "My strawberry has turned into fire. And I'm liking it."

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

84 84—Xerox copy

"What else do you know about this Marissa Aaron?" Inspector John Harris asked her while driving and Kate thought it for a moment.

"An opportunist!" she replied flatly, "She knows her way around men. Nobody knows much about her family except she is a single

mom.”

“Oh, she has kids?” he inquired, “How is she with you people? Like with all her colleagues.”

Kate pondered briefly before continuing, “She appears to be good but is a pro when it comes to internal politics. Just a few days back I asked our boss, the president of MSin Industries, to appoint one of us as incharge, sort of a team head. Everyone knows that I am the most qualified one for this position. Guess who got it?”

“Marissa Aaron?” he glanced over her for a moment and then his eyes darted back to the busy road.

“You got it right!” she raised her index finger, “But ultimately, I did get the recognition that I deserved. Mr. Sinclair... our respectable CEO awarded me a café for my ... umm. Services and my

certificates...”

Inspector Harris kept driving quietly, “How do you manage the commute to the office,” he asked thoughtfully.

“MSin has arranged the best cars for us along with chauffeurs. Though my fiancé does my pick and drop, usually. Even he is impressed and says he has never seen such protocols to a company’s employees.”

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84 84—Xerox copy

John Harris stayed quiet. Something was awfully wrong about all this.

He had heard a lot about Rafael Sinclair. His reputation was not good, as he was quite brutal with every person, no matter if it was

a man or a woman.

Though the Kanderton’s office head, Joseph was said to be his buddy, still there was a stark difference between the two.

Joseph might be a strict professional, but at least he had a heart.

John stopped the car in front of the said location and was taken aback a little.

Xander's Caterers?

Several times,
he and his colleagues got their lunches and snacks delivered to the office by them and were big fans of their chef.

Usually, home-based business owners used to take it lightly when they gained popularity. Most of them failed to maintain the quality of the food.

But Xander's had always aced it.

"I think you should wait here," John said getting out of the car. Kate hurriedly rolled down the window and took out her head, "Listen, inspector," that cute smile was back on her face with those puppy innocent eyes,

"Marissa is my colleague, and we are quite close. If by any chance she gives you a tough time, just call me in," she snapped her fingers in style.

The man smirked and walked over to the door to ring the bell.

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84 84—Xerox copy

Kate wished that she would get a chance to go inside. She couldn't wait to witness the insult and shame that Marissa would face from the police.

A smart person would never think of messing with any law-related figure. Because it only meant one thing.

Trouble.

She saw him waiting for the door to be opened and then got a glimpse of that old man who was there when she came to deliver the property file.

John Harris kept talking to the old man and at one point she thought they were arguing. She could feel excitement surging through her veins.

At last, the door slammed on John's face and he came back.

Kate could feel that bitchy happiness. His face was red due to the insult and when he came near the car, he told her just one thing, "Come out. I need your help."

"Who was it?" Sophie who was playing some board game with kids gave a concerned look to her grandfather whose face had turned blotchy due to some reason.

"Some fu*cker who was calling himself a police officer!" he roared, and Sophie stood up in panic when he heard the F word.

Kids whose eyes were fixed on the board started exchanging meaningful glances with each other.

"Grandpa!" Sophie gave the old man a warning glare, but he was

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84 84—Xerox copy

too furious to even acknowledge it.

"You people go to your room. I'll join you in a while," she handed over the board to Alex and helped the kids with other stuff.

"What is it, Grandpa? Who was at the door?" she asked him after closing the kids' room door.

"That policeman was asking about Marissa. I told them she is not home and is in the office, but he was adamant that she is here, and we are hiding her."

"Policeman? What the fu*ck!" This time Sophie also didn't realize it when she cursed.

"Exactly! What the fuc*k! That moron was saying that ..."

He could not finish it when the doorbell rang again.

“I think he is back,” Flint wanted to go to the door when Sophia stopped him.

“Wait, Grandpa.”

She went to the door and was shocked to find the man along with the same lady who was at their place a few days back to deliver the property file.

“Yes? How can I help you?” Sophie folded her arms on her chest.

“Ma’am. We are looking for Ms. Marissa Aaron,” the uniformed man

stated.

“She isn’t home,”

“Where can we find her?”

“Her office, I guess. I can give you the address.”

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“Address? Ma’am, we are coming straight from the MSin office. She isn’t there.”

Sophie

reminded herself of what Rafael told her last night. Crap! He never planned to drop Marissa at the office.

“I’m sorry. Can you tell me what it is about?” she asked the man.

“I need to see her. She has got something that is reported stolen,” Sophie tried to keep herself calm while all she wanted to do was to get wings and fly to Marissa and warn her.

“Sir. She isn’t home. You can meet her once she returns,” Sophie was about to close the door when Kate stuck her foot in between the door and the frame.

“Is she also in the police?” Sophie snapped at the man, “What is this attitude?”

The policeman tilted his neck and gestured down, “Can you please move away your foot, Ms. Kate? I am just here to talk not to create a scene.”

Sophie wanted to crush the woman’s foot, but she tried to control her rage.

“Listen, ma’am,” this time he kept his tone soft, “We don’t have any search warrant or a n arrest warrant with us. I’ll just ask you a few questions and leave. I promise.”

“Fine! But this woman is not allowed in my home!” she responded sharply.

He didn’t take time to ask Kate, “Please stay here.”

Kate was slightly offended but then she gave a little nod and

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84 84–Xerox copy

stepped back. Harris went inside but Kate didn’t bother to sit back in the car.

She wished they had taken her along because she was sure, Marissa was inside and must be hiding.

She kicked a stone in anger and looked up. That was when she found three small faces looking down the window. Two girls and one boy.

The girls giggled and pulled themselves back. But the boy?

He stayed there and kept staring hard.

What the *actual fu*ck!* *He is a Xerox copy of Mr. Sinclair.*

What game is Marissa *playing* here?

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10:54

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

85 85- Smart

When Kate went home, Amir was still there watching TV like a couch potato.

“How was your day, Hun,” he asked her, yawning loudly and didn’t even wait for her answer. He just turned up the volume of the

show, he was watching.

She showered and changed into a comfy cotton shirt and tights. Moving around in her apartment that green-eyed kid remained in

her mind.

John Harris had dropped her off at the MSin building and wanted to invite her on a date though she already told him that she was engaged.

“Like all others, he must be attracted to me,” She thought for a moment and smiled to herself. But then her thoughts were again consumed by Marissa.

For her office colleagues, she was a miss-good-two-shoes. But Kate needed to tell the whole office about the real girl.

So that was the reason that Mr. Sinclair showed partiality to her.

Maybe she was still warming his bed or maybe she was now his ex-mistress and must be blackmailing him.

Kate made two cups of coffee and sat on the couch beside Amir, along with her laptop. She needed to search for Rafael Sinclair.

“Why coffee? Shouldn’t you have dinner right now?” his fiancé asked her without detaching his gaze from the TV screen.

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85 85–Smart

“I need to work on something,” she grumbled along with pressing the laptop keys like a machine. The soft clicking sound grated on Amir’s nerves a little.

“Love. Shut this laptop and eat something. You will lose your health if you keep acting like a workaholic.”

Kate knew this was not out of concern, yet she stayed quiet. She didn’t want to remind him that this place belonged to her.

And if he was expecting her to cook dinner for both then he was mistaken. She glanced at the laptop screen where everything about Rafael was displaced.

Amir moved his eyes from the TV to the laptop and then frowned when found a big picture of Rafael Sinclair covering the whole screen of the laptop.

He was wearing a black suit, and his one hand was inside his pocket. The man didn’t need to pose, and it was a natural act caught by the lens of the camera.

He had a small smile on his face.

Amir felt jealous, “You work in his office and after returning home, you are still eye fucking this asshole!”

Kate didn’t respond to the insult. She kept searching for the man.

“No kids,” she muttered, “A wife who likes spending money. He got

married five years ago.”

This time Amir did mute the TV and leaned over to have a better look.

“What are you looking for?”

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85 85—Smart

Kate turned the laptop screen to him, “We don’t have anything solid on this man. Why?”

“Why do we need it? Are you planning to adopt him, love? Ha–ha...”

Sometimes his bad humor used to play with her mind.

“He can easily adopt us, Amir. Now order something for me because I’m starving,” She retorted and kept visiting different websites for her desired information.

“By the way, the adoption part was supposed to be a joke,” he offered the lamest excuse but then cleared his throat when got that death stare from her.

He sighed and pulled out his phone, “Alright, alright. Pizza and beer, I think. Will it do?”

“Hmm,” Kate mumbled, not looking up from her laptop.

She heard his faint voice ordering a large pepperoni pizza and a couple of beers.

As he finished, he glanced back at Kate, “The food will arrive in thirty minutes,”

When she didn’t say anything, he again plopped beside her to have a better look at the screen. This time there were several pictures of Rafael.

Amir was getting peeved now, “Seriously though. Suddenly you seem to be a lot interested in the guy.”

She didn't look up, "There is something about his life that we don't know of," this time she did look up for a moment, "There is

something about him that nobody in the world knows about.

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85 85—Smart

Something is missing and I need to find it out."

Amir rolled his eyes, "Just relax. He is a billionaire. Someone with a loaded background can't be without any secrets. The pizza is on its way, and you need to take a break."

But she didn't take his advice seriously.

When the pizza arrived, Amir was the one who had to fetch the plates and still, she wasn't ready to put down her laptop.

Amir had to force shut it and convince her to have food.

"You see suddenly obsessed with the guy," he offered her the pizza slice on a plate and opened the beer bottle.

Unlike her usual self, she was taking big bites to finish her food quickly. Her focus was solely on Rafael Sinclair which made her choke on her food.

Amir quickly offered her the beer.

"Here. Drink it."

She took big chugs from it and then continued eating her meal without a word.

"Share it!" Amir snapped.

“Hmm?”

“I said share it. Tell me... what is it about?” he asked with a shrug.

“I went to Marissa’s place with this police officer,” she didn’t tell him that the policeman was young.

“OK. Then? Did he arrest her?”

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85 85—Smart

“No. She wasn’t home and didn’t attend office too,”

“Let me guess. If it was that old man Flint, then he must not have allowed you to set your foot,” Kate looked up at her fiancé in astonishment.

He chuckled and took another slice from the box.

“Amir. Have you met Marissa’s kids?” she asked him, and he thought for a moment.

“Very rare. But yes. Why?” he took a big bite and then washed it down with the beer.

She tilted back to reach her laptop and ignored it when heard him cursing, “Fuck! Again, this laptop? Finish your food, Kate, your health...”

Kate just rotated the laptop screen towards him where there was again Rafael’s picture.

“Look at it carefully. Does he remind you of someone?” Amir’s brows wrinkled, and he stared at it with narrowed eyes.

“Who? I mean, who he should remind me of, Kate?”

She rolled her eyes and then pushed back her plate, “Think of Marissa’s kids, Amir. You need to think hard. Because once we

break into it then I think we can easily be millionaires. Just think, honey.”

Amir—made a pout and closed his eyes in frustration. The poor man didn’t know what had gotten into his fiancé e tonight.

But then his eyes went wide when he looked at Kate.

“Holy cow!” he muttered and straightened.

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85 85—Smart

Kate was already looking at him when she saw the expression on his face change from confusion to realization.

Marissa’s kid resembled this man.

“We need to get deep and contact his wife, Amir,” She nodded, and this time took his beer bottle to finish it.

Amir didn’t mind. He just couldn’t believe that his wife-to-be was so smart.

She was right, indeed.

They could become millionaires.

Comentario 7

Ver todos

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R

Posted by **admin**d, ? Views, Released on July 6, 2024

86 86- Chance

Marissa didn't have clothes, so Rafael asked Emily to buy some for her. They all were knee-length summer dresses and most of them were floral.©

The young maid also managed to arrange slippers along with a pair of fresh underwear. After changing into a floral dress, Marissa went out to the back patio where Rafael was waiting for her.

She still couldn't believe that he brought her here. He looked back when he felt her presence behind him and reached out for her hand.

"I don't want to go into the sea," she said. It was quite dark now.

"You don't have to," he whistled to call the maid and asked Emily to bring them blankets. Marissa saw as he started spreading the blanket on the sand and tried to suppress her grin.

He didn't want Emily's help and had sent her away. When Marissa tried to touch the blanket, he asked her to step back because he wanted to do it himself.

Now the breeze which was no longer soft was making it difficult for him to manage on his own. He tried to pull one corner, but the other corner flew and folded into a tangle.

At last, when she saw the shirtless man not giving up, she walked over and started helping him with it. But there was again a

problem.

Her summer dress was now getting out of control due to the wind which was lifting it. She hadn't gotten a pair of shorts and right now the skimpy panties she was wearing, were getting visible

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86 86–Chance

again and again.

“Damn!” Trying to hold the blanket, she struggled to control her sundress too.

He glanced her way and then being a gentleman about it, draped a blanket around her.

“Here. Take it,” she sat there holding the blanket together while Emily emerged again with another house help. They were holding heavy cushions and huge roll pillows.

When they placed them on the blanket, it stayed in place. Emily set a picnic basket near her and when Marissa looked at her questioningly, Emily explained with a smile, “Cheese and crackers along with some granola bars. It has also got some fresh grape juice.”

There was another spare blanket, and she was expecting Rafael to use it around him. But no. He was Rafael Sinclair, and one could expect the unexpected from him.

He set the heavy pillows behind her and then sat down to share the same blanket with her. Taking her in his arms, he wrapped the blanket around them.

“That’s better,” he muttered. Marissa felt a little conscious. Her dress had again ridden up above her thighs and he was only wearing shorts.

She felt the touch of his muscular arms on her upper thighs when he pulled her up on his body but stayed quiet.

Her heart slammed in the cradle of her chest when their legs touched. She was leaning back on his chest with his strong arms

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86 86-Chance

around her.

His chin was resting on her shoulder, when she heard his whisper, “Your body is tensed . Just let it go.”

She smirked nervously and then exhaled a long breath.

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“Relax,” he held her chin and made her turn her head towards him,

“I didn’t bring you here to seduce you, Marissa. Just keep breathing. You are safe with me.”

She turned back and then closed her eyes when felt his lips touching her temple.

She trusted him and let herself melt into his embrace.

“You asked me why I brought you here,” instead of giving him any response she stayed still when heard him, “You think that I expect you to act cool around kids? But you are wrong Marissa.”

She heard his words, holding her breath.

“I don’t want anything with you that has to be fake or dramatic. I want to give us time. I want you to try something with me for the sake of our kids, but it has to be something so lid. It should be for

us.”

He breathed near her ear, “You said you want honesty from me for my wife because you think you are a third wheel,” this time she did twist her body a little to let her look at his face, “You are not a third wheel. Or have you forgotten? You are my wife!”

This time she attempted to speak with a shake of her head, “B– but Valerie... she is your wife...”

“No!” he said sharply, “You are. Weren’t you the one who held my

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86 86–Chance

hand when I was blind and said those vows in that church?”

She tried to hold back her tears and looked ahead where the waves were glowing under the moonlight

“Answer me, strawberry,” he glued his nose to her cheek, “you changed your name, Marissa. You called yourself Valerie and changed your identity for me. I was never married to her. It was you. This is the time to give—
respect and honor to our relationship. Our kids deserve that, Marissa. You. Are. Not. The. Third. Wheel. Marissa...” he put emphasis on each and every word.

“She is the one who is a third wheel in this,” Marissa’s eyes shot up

to meet his.

“Rafael!” she whispered.

“I’m here, with you, Marissa. Valerie is not a problem here. I’m ready to pay her with all my wealth or whatever it takes to stay with you. I just want a chance...” she tried to look at his face when he heard his teary voice. It was too dark to make any assumptions.

Was he crying?

Her hand raised and started touching his facial contours softly. He whimpered when her fingers touched his lips, and he didn’t take

the time to kiss them.

“I swear,” he breathed, “I swear if there is anyone else in your heart then I’ll step back. But I won’t go far away. I’ll be around you... just to keep an eye on you and the kids. To assure you all that you are safe. All I need is a chance, Marissa.”

He leaned his forehead against hers.

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86 88—Chance

Marissa didn't know she had also started crying. This was too much for her.

He used to be *the* most eligible bachelor and even today girls were ready to drop their panties for him but he...

All he was begging for, was just a chance with her.

Comentario 1

Ver todos >

B

Publica tu primer comentanc

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

87 87- Surprise

The kids had gone to sleep, and Sophie and Flint were still awake.

"Have you tried her phone?" Flint asked her in worry. Sophie left her seat and came to crouch down close to his rocking chair.

"Rafael told me that there won't be any signals. I think we should wait for them to return, Grandpa." She started rubbing his hands with hers.

Flint sighed, his eyes still filled with concern, "I am just worried about this situation. Why was a policeman looking for Marissa? Sometimes I feel she is always occupied with troubles. When one problem gets resolved then the other one arises."

"Grandpa. Your blood pressure might shoot up. Please control. I think with Rafael in the picture, we can take a sigh of relief. He won't let anything happen to her."

Grandpa hummed and closed his eyes.

The kids might be a handful but all of them always cooperated in the absence of their mom. He wished they would meet their father more often.

“As a father, he should have left a contact number so that in case of emergency they could be reached out,” This made sense. Sophie made it a point to tell this to Rafael for their future escapades if there would be any.

She had kept her fingers crossed.

She wished Valerie and Nina would get a surprise when they found

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87 87–Surprise

out that Rafael and Marissa were not only together but were getting stronger day by day .

The couple just needed time to figure out everything.

“Don’t worry, Grandpa. Marissa isn’t alone. We all are with her. Once she finds the number of missed calls on her phone, she’ll definitely contact us.”

Flint got up from the rocking chair and headed to his room but then he stopped to look at Sophie who was still crouched down in the same position.

“That girl. Kate. The one, who was here to return the file. She is bad news, Sophie.” Grandpa made an act of slashing his throat and then went into his room.

Yup, grandpa. Something is fishy about the girl, and we need to warn Marissa about it.

Marissa opened her sleepy eyes to the dimness and looked around in confusion, struggling to understand where she was.

The smell of sea hit her nostrils and she looked down only to find two strong arms tied around her.

She was half sitting, and half laid between his two legs, her back still leaning on the naked chest.

With bewilderment, she turned her head, only to find Rafael sleeping while holding her as if she were made of glass.

The light snoring was a telltale sign that he was deep in sleep while they were still on the blanket.

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87 87–Surprise

She smiled and tried to sniff his chest which still had the fragments of the male cologne. This time instead of placing her

head back on him, she turned her body a little and leaned her cheek on the chest.

Hmm. That felt better..

She hadn't realized when she slipped into deep sleep last night. The last thing she remembered was, he wanted a chance with her and then they both cried in each other's arms.

Glancing up she found his half-opened mouth quite cute and

kissed his rough chin.

Whatever it was. Whether he wanted a chance or to try a

relationship with her for the sake of kids.

Everything could be discussed tomorrow instead of worrying about it right now.

Every now and then she tilted her head to kiss his chest and then started to rethink about him.

She was trying her best to go back to sleep when she realized that maybe she won't.

Tonight was again this chance when he was asleep, and she could take a better look at his face as much as she wanted. Just like she

used to do when he was blind.

Very slowly, she lifted up her body to admire that gorgeous face.

Her eyes first landed on that strong chest. It was muscular, yum and was rising and falling with his every breath.

Those cheeks were smooth and warm. Once she used to kiss them

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87 87–Surprise

at every opportunity she got.

Those lips felt so soft and silky when he kissed her, Damn! She had never seen such inviting lips in her life,

Those thick lashes shouldn't belong to him. They were a girl's dream. Why wasn't there any imperfection in his face?

Those eyes were so green that they reminded her of the forests. The combination of green eyes with those thick black lashes had always mesmerized her.

Wait a minute! Green?

She glanced back to his face and was horrified to find him looking

at her with amusement.

“Checking me out? Huh?” his lazy grin made her heart thump in her

chest.

“No! Why would I do that? I was just thinking about something and didn't realize what I was looking at... it happens. When you are too engrossed

in your thoughts then you can't think straight..." She kept blabbering non-stop. Her voice was slowly dropping into a whisper when she saw his face gradually lowering towards her.

She felt her heartbeat quicken in embarrassment.

The blanket around them had already fallen and the only warmth she was getting was from his body.

She swallowed hard when along with his arms, his legs also locked her body.

When his face was deadly close, her eyes fluttered shut thinking that he might want to kiss her but the only thing he did was brush

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III

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his hips against hers.

It was a gentle yet teasing touch that sent shivers down her spine.

The feeling of his hot breath on her skin made her breathless and her heart raced in her chest.

She opened her eyes slightly just to find him regarding her face with open tenderness and longing

Raising one hand, he cupped her cheek while the other arm was still around her waist, almost grinding her to him.

"You are beautiful!" he whispered huskily, and Marissa thought she heard him wrong. She knew she could be anything but not beautiful.

Yes, she was beautiful in the eyes of her kids but even Gerard never told her that she was beautiful.

"Is it a change of heart? You call me beautiful?" she asked him with a playful grin and saw the skin between his brows pinching.

"Why? You don't believe me?"

He chuckled when she shook her head, "It's too dark to claim that, she said softly. Though in this not so pitch black darkness she could guess that he wasn't convinced.

He was now quietly looking into her eyes. She was very conscious of his thumb brushing her cheek gently.

His hand from her cheek dropped down and he held her waist to melt her body into his. His soft lips had started kissing her cheek and her earlobe.

He might not have said anything further, but his actions spoke

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volumes.

Marissa closed her eyes to enjoy his touch, not realizing that her hands had also taken a life of their own and were now roaming on

his naked skin.

She bent down to kiss the nipple on his chest and then stayed there closing her eyes. This might be a surprise for him because she felt his body going rigid under her.

"M... Marissa..." his voice was barely audible to her.

"You asked me for a chance, Rafael. Didn't you?" her mouth was still on that sexy nipple, and it took quite a willpower to detach her mouth from there and sit straight.

"Fine. I'll allow you the chance," She felt good when saw his face radiate with joy.

"Marissa... seriously? You..."

But then she quickly covered his mouth with her hand, "But I have a condition, Rafael Sinclair."

Rafael was so happy that he didn't take time to kiss her palm. She brushed her fingers on his chin until they traveled down to his neck and then chest.

“I accept all your conditions,” he just made her aware that he had
blind faith in her.

“I want you to get closer to your kids as much as possible and maintain a friendly relationship with me.”

He opened his mouth to speak
but she didn't let him, “And you will not talk about this arrangement to Nina or Valerie. If you accept it,

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87 87–Surprise

then yes. We can have a chance and start it off with friendship between you and me,” she raised her hand offering it for a

handshake.

He took his sweet time to consider it and then his lips broke into a smile, “Friendship? Then fine. We'll start with a friendship,” he said grasping her hand and kissing the back of it.

His thoughts?

I'm *ready to be your friend*, Marissa. Because I'm *planning to make you fall for me*. Soon, your *name will be changed from Marissa*

Aaron to Marissa Sinclair.

Her thoughts?

Get closer to the kids as much as possible, Rafael. Because when tomorrow Nina wants to use you against me or your kids, you'll protect us. I'm sure of that.

Whatever these women did to me, I'll take revenge.

They snatched my rights and my kids' rights. I might have forgiven them for what they did to me, but I'll never forgive them for what they did to my kids.

So, Nina and Valerie! Be ready for a surprise.

Comentario 4

Ver todos >

10:55

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

88 88- Missing The Look

Marissa watched Rafael wearing his wristwatch. The man who made her squirm quite intimately in his arms was now busily getting ready so they could leave.

They just had breakfast, and Marissa was happy he brought her here. Yet she regretted that she wasted most of her time in complaining about the past.

She was back in her office attire.

After wearing his watch, his focus turned to her and he halted for a minute, "Why this look, strawberry!"

He held her earlobe and gave it a little pull.

"This place is so nice, so quiet..." she said hugging herself.

"You like it here?" He questioned and held her hand, "Should we plan to come here again?"

Marissa clicked her tongue and shrugged.

Before she could say anything, Rafael reached to her and fixed her blouse near her shoulders. That made her freeze momentarily.

This was exactly how she used to do it when he was her husband, just as an excuse to touch him.

"Ready?" he brushed his forefinger at the tip of her nose and picked up her purse. She quickly went ahead to take it from him.

"I'm sorry. Let me hold it," She was aware of how men despised holding ladies' stuff.

"It's ok. I don't mind holding your purse for you. Ok?" he ruffled her

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hair.

88 88—Missing The Look

“Ms. Marissa?” Marissa spun around when heard a familiar voice behind her.

“Emily!”

Rafael mentioned to her subtly that he was waiting for her outside and left.

“These are your clothes,” Emily handed her the shopping bag, but Marissa didn’t take it.

“Keep them, Emily. Take it as a gift,” The girl beamed while clutching the bag to her chest.

“Thank you, Ms. Marissa. If you don’t mind, can I ask you something?” When Marissa nodded, she tried to smile, “Are you both... like... is he your boyfriend? You two a couple?” Marissa’s heart skipped a beat but then she controlled her emotions and didn’t let it show on her face.

“N—no. We aren’t. We... we are just friends,” she said what they’d mutually decided last night.

“Forgive me if I’m crossing the line... but he seems smitten by

...

you,” Marissa looked over her shoulder where she could easily see Rafael who was leaning against the car instead of starting the engine.

“You might be imagining it, Emily. He shows his care to everyone,” Emily didn’t say anything else to persuade her.

But her face showed that she wasn’t convinced.

“Take good care of yourself, Ms. Marissa. Please come again, I’ll be

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88 88—Missing The Look

very happy to serve you.” Marissa took the girl by surprise when she hugged her.

“Bye, Emily.”

Emily stayed glued to the window when she saw the couple leaving.

Ms. Marissa must be blind to not see it all. It’s as clear as the day.

The man is a heartthrob and has feelings for her.

They were sitting quietly in the car busy in their thoughts when she decided to at last break the silence, “I liked these cottages. Ours was a corner one. Who does it belong to?”

She asked him when he was taking a sharp left turn with quite

ease.

“A friend,” he said busily trying to drive through the narrow passage that was occupied by a truck.”

Maybe Joseph?” She thought for a minute.

“Interested in coming back someday?” he glanced at her for a moment before moving his attention to the road ahead.

She had a hint of a smile when she shrugged, “Don’t know. It’s a good getaway from everyday life and kids will definitely like it

here.”

She noticed that he was thinking hard about something. Her eyes wandered to the folded sleeves of his shirt exposing the strong arms. The same arms that held her close to him last night.

Get a grip, Marissa! Get a grip!

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88 88—Missing The Look

She had to jerk back to reality when their phones started making constant pinging sounds.

“Crap! What is that!” she fished for her phone in panic when Rafael reached over to hold her hand.

“Relax. We are getting the signals back. Remember? We were without any network for more than twenty–four hours?”

Marissa inhaled a deep breath. This made sense, still, her fingers were trembling slightly while she unlocked her phone.

Tons of notifications flooded her screen.

“Bingo!” she heard Rafael’s teasing voice and chuckled.

Feeling overwhelmed, she scrolled her screen to find a mix of messages, social media notifications, and missed calls.

“Oh, brother. Rafael. Missed calls from Sophie,” She quickly dialed Sophie’s number, and this time she did find tension on his face too.

“Sophie! Hey. What’s up? Are kids alright?” she closed her eyes praying silently that it was nothing to worry about.

“Mar! No! All is good,” her friend assured her cheerfully, “and don’t worry about those missed calls. I was looking for my laptop charger and wanted to ask if you had seen it. Ariel told me later that she had it as she wanted to place it around her little plastic pony whose robe was broken due to constant pulling.”

Marissa took a sigh of relief. After looking at Sophie’s missed calls, her first thought was about the well–being of her kids.

Thankfully there was nothing to worry about.

“Hev Mar. Umm. I have got an offer from a private hospital. Can

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88 88—Missing The Look

you ask Rafael to check his messages? I have sent him some details and he is the only one who can check their credibility.”

Marissa found it absurd. Was Sophie taking Rafael’s help for a hospital job?

“What credibility?” she asked her.

“It’s a newly constructed building and I want to know if they are genuine people or just a hoax. Can you ask him to check my messages?” Marissa nodded as if Sophie could see her through the phone and disconnected the call.

“Everything good?” Rafael asked with concern.

“Yeah. Kids are fine. Sophie wanted to talk to you so maybe she was trying to reach both of us. She has been offered a job in this newly constructed hospital and wants your help regarding that.”

Rafael nodded. Though he felt odd.

Why would Sophie want his help in doing this kind of digging? This didn’t make sense.

Marissa had again gotten busy catching up on her notifications and Rafael was glancing her way now and then.

These last twenty–four hours! This one day!

It was the most precious day of his life. Marissa looked up when she saw him slowing down the car.

She gave him a questioning glance and then got back to her phone when he mouthed, “Fuel!”

Before getting out of the car, he leaned quickly to kiss her.

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88 88—Missing The Look

“Rafael!” she exclaimed, her jaw nearly dropping in surprise at this unexpected kiss.

“You said we are friends. It’s called the friend–zoned kiss,” he

explained with a wink, and she slapped his shoulder.

He went outside and held the hose to fuel the tank.

“As*shole!” she muttered to herself with a grin before paying attention to her phone almost missing the look on his face when he took out his phone from his pocket to check something.

When he locked it back, his jaw was clenched, and a nerve was ticking in his temple.

Comentario O

10:55

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

89 89- Hell And Back

The rest of the ride Marissa kept thinking what went wrong. He was still responding to her questions but had gone suddenly quiet.

When they reached home, he turned off the engine and leaned back tilting his head towards her.

“We are home,” he muttered in a low voice. Marissa glanced

outside the window and then turned to him.

“Will you come inside to meet the kids?” she asked.

Instead of answering her, he unbuckled his seat belt and bent over to unbuckle hers too. However, he didn't straighten and stayed there near her.

His hands were placed on both sides of her seat. And his face was dangerously close to hers.

"I want to," he said looking into her eyes, "but something came up. An emergency. I'll come to meet kids soon," he murmured brushing away her black hair off her face and tucking it behind her ear.

When his hand brushed her cheek, she had a feeling that he was using her hair as an excuse to touch her face.

His fingers lingered a little longer near her lips and Marissa felt her breath hitch.

"Rafael!" she whispered, her heart racing.

He smiled, his eyes never leaving hers, "I'm right here for you. No matter what it is. Just call me or message me. I'll come over. No questions will be asked. I promise."

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89 89–Hell And Back

He again raised his hand to brush it over her forehead. Marissa's

fluttered shut for a moment as she savored the feeling of his

eyes

touch.

This is not a dream. Right? This is all real.

"I know, Y—you..." she kept her eyes closed, "You will be there for us. You are the best father and ..."

She gasped when felt him gently holding her face between his fingers and thumb. It was not a tight hold but firm, pressing his cheeks, "Yes. I'll be there for our kids as well. Open your eyes,

Marissa!”

He commanded her and when she gave in to his command, his face was still close, “You come before everyone, Marissa,” He

emphasized each word, “You ARE before everyone. I do love my kids, but you are before everyone.”

She gulped and tried to ignore her heart that was dancing in there after listening to those words.

“Got it?” he asked her softly and she could only nod her head.

“Thank you,” she said holding his wrist, “And I want to tell you that I liked that cottage,” turning her head a little she kissed his wrist, “And someday I would love to go there again.”

Here! She said it. Being a man when he was openly expressing himself then why couldn't she do it?

“Really?” she swiped her tongue on her lower lip and his eyes dipped at the action.

“Th—that’s good,” he chuckled and looked up, “We’ll definitely... go

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III

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89 89–Hell And Back

there... again...”

Marissa offered him a tightlipped smile, “I think I should go home now,” she said a little awkwardly still conscious of his gaze.

When he didn't say anything, she spoke again, “I might manage to get to the office before lunch...” She trailed off when she saw him shaking his head.

“What!”

“You are not going to the office, Marissa. Nopes!” his lips smacked at the P sound.

“Wait! What? But why?” she asked with a frown.

He shrugged nonchalantly making a pout, “Because I said so.”

She abruptly slapped his arm, “And who are you to say that?”

“Your boss!” he rolled his eyes, “and stop hitting me! Why would you inflict this physical abuse on me?”

“Well!” she also rolled her eyes, “Because I’m your friend. Or have you already forgotten?” with that, she again attempted to hit his chest, but he held her hand this time. She didn’t mind it and tried to free her hand, “Hah! Very funny! Now leave my hand. Let me go!”

He pouted, thought for a minute then gave a shake to his head.

“Rafael!” her eyes widened, “Let me go!” this time she tried to suppress it, but he didn’t miss the laughter in her voice.

“Fine!” he kissed her nose bridge, “Go!”

“Ouch!” she scrunched her nose when he nibbled it a little with his teeth, “Behave yourself, Mr. CEO. Like, look at you. President of

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89 89–Hell And Back

MSin. Huh!”

They both did not realize that they were seated in the car for so many minutes and Sophie standing in the window was continuously observing the couple.

She had to admit that she was enjoying the view.

She wished she could go down and shake them hard.

Sigh!

She wished she could also get a man like Rafael.

She made a sensible move when she sent a text message to Rafael instead of Marissa, telling him about the police officer who came

with Kate.

Instead of telling everything to Marissa, she preferred to confide in Rafael. As soon as he got the signals, he responded to her

messages and assured her that Marissa would be safe, and no one could even lay a finger on her.

His messages were:

I'm on the fuel station and haven't shown any message to Marissa. Don't let her know whatever happened. Let me handle everything

first.

Send me the name of that police officer. How dare he set foot in the house where my family resides!

Don't worry, Sophia. I will never let anything happen to her. Because if someone will dare to harm her, I'll break his arms.

Sophie was happy for her friend.

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89 89–Hell And Back

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Now it was just Marissa who needed to realize that they were made for each other. Sophie saw the car door opening and found Marissa coming out of the car.

But then Marissa rolled her eyes when she found her hand in Rafael's grip. She was laughing continuously and then she did something unexpected.

She hit her purse on Rafael's arm. Sophie didn't know what Rafael was saying but she could look through the windscreen that he was holding his hand quite dramatically as if he was in immense pain.

Sophie couldn't help the grin forming on her lips.

"Bless you, Mar. This man would go to hell and back for you."

Comentario O

10:50

R Deja el primer comentario para este capítulo

Vote

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ENVIAR REGALO

Deslizar a la izquierda para continuar >

5/5