

## Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets Chapter 90

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Usually nothing excited Kate about going to the office but this morning it was different.

John Harris had asked her to let him know when Marissa reached

the office.

They might not arrest her officially but if she wouldn't cooperate, they might have to force her to talk to them.

"What are you planning to do?" Amir asked her, his eyes darting to the huge building of MSin Industries offices.

He was here to drop Kate and now they were sitting in the car.

"I need to tackle Marissa, today," she said thoughtfully, "Can you contact some of your influential sources or friends and ask for Mrs.

Sinclair's contact number?"

Amir considered her request for a moment. He had friends who belonged to good, well-off families but none of them was as

influential to have Rafael Sinclair's wife's contact number.

"Honey. I know it sounds wrong, but you have better access to the people who can do this job for you..." Kate passed him an annoyed glance when he came up with this excuse.

He was too lazy to do anything in life except get his hands on people's properties and make them beg him.

Whatever business he started never made it, because he never got serious, or the product quality was so below the belt that no one was ready to buy it.

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“Amir. If you want a cut in MY hard–  
earned money, then you better forget about it. You’ll only get what you deserve. OK? And that’s nothing...” she slashed her hand through the air, “Nothing!”

“Fine!” he raised his hand to stop her, “But look at it logically, Kate. You work here. Any one can give you that Sinclair girl phone number. Dean. Mr. Joseph. Even John Harris might help you by looking into his private database.”

Amir had a point, but she would die rather than accept it. He always had the best excuses not to work.

She quietly got out of the car, ignoring her name being called by him.

It was better to face that dim-witted Marissa instead of Amir.

“Hello! Kate,” someone from the admin department greeted her  
and she waved at him.

*Once I’m able to contact Mrs. Sinclair, then  
this building might belong to me. Either I might blackmail Mr. Rafael or Ms. Marissa  
Aaron too.*

*She thought with a smirk, If Rafael is the father  
of Marissa’s kids, then he would do anything to hide those illegitimate kids from his wife  
and this society.*

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The moment Kate stepped onto the sleek polished VIP floor from the elevator, she already felt like a millionaire. Just by imagining all the money, she was feeling giddiness in her heart.

But she groaned inwardly when found the people she disliked

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most after Marissa, standing there

Delinda and Shang—chi were near the reception desk, busy in some serious conversation.

She wanted to pass without attracting any attention from them, but Delinda's eyes found her, "Good morning, Kate."

The woman had a warm smile on her face, but Kate was in no mood to engage in any unnecessary conversation.

On the other hand, she needed to stay good in the eyes of her colleagues.

"Hello, Delinda. Shang—chi," She nodded keeping her voice cool and composed, "Any news of Marissa yet?" she didn't bring any urgency in her voice.

Delinda shook her head, a light frown creasing her forehead, "No. She hasn't been responding to our calls. Hopefully, she'll come today."

Kate's eyes narrowed slightly, "She better comes today. She was appointed as our in charge for a reason and ..."

Gosh! If Marissa doesn't appear today, my plan to get her insulted in office will fail. She thought in frustration that was bubbling in her heart. It was getting difficult for her to maintain a calm

exposure.

John Harris had instructed her to let him know as soon as Marissa showed up. They might not arrest her officially but if Marissa won't cooperate, they might force her to talk.

More than the arrest chaos, Kate was interested in the humiliation

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Marissa would face. Imagine!

The woman who was just made head of the newly formed small department would soon be either demoted or kicked out of the building.

How would it feel when Marissa's pictures would be published in all the newspapers throughout Kanderton?

No one else would dare to take her side. She would be all alone.

Kate made her way to the hall assigned to her along with other event employees. Her mind was buzzing with the different possibilities.

She sat at her desk, opening her laptop. She needed to kill time by keeping herself busy with her work.

She quickly scanned through her emails and kept checking her phone for any of Marissa's messages.

“The bitch seems to be smart. What if someone has already warned her about the arrest? What if that woman and that old man from

her house warned her in advance?”

She shut the laptop close.

She had to tell John that they needed a policeman to keep an eye on Marissa’s house.

“Still, no sign of Ms. Goody-two-shoes!” she muttered tapping her fingers on the desk.

Just then her phone buzzed. It was a text from John Harris.

“Any update on Marissa?”

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Kate quickly typed back, “Not yet. I’ll inform you the moment she arrives.

Setting her phone down she looked up to see Dean passing by the hall. She quickly raised her hand to get his attention and called out, “Dean. Can I have a word?”

Dean walked in looking slightly puzzled, “Sure. What’s up?”

Kate stood up from her seat, “Any idea where Marissa is? I need to discuss a few things with her, and she hasn’t arrived yet. Have you tried contacting her?”

She asked him in one breath due to her urgency. Dean chuckled and raised his hands, “Relax. You can discuss it with me whatever it is.”

She looked around before grabbing his arm and pulling him along with her out of the hall.

“Dean. Why was she appointed as an in charge when she can’t be around for us? Telling you about our problems means that we need to supply you with all the necessary information and background all over again.”

Dean regarded her for a minute. She was right.

“OK. Let me discuss it with Mr. Joseph and then I’ll get back to you...” he trailed off when saw her rolling her eyes.

“Why Mr. Joseph when you can talk to Mr. Sinclair?”

He was taken aback by the suggestion,

“Whoa! Lady. You want me to approach Mr. Sinclair directly for such a petty issue?”

Petty? Kate was exasperated.

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He thought it was petty?

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