

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

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"Petty?" she hissed, "This looks petty to you, Dean?" Dean's brows furrowed in confusion. Somehow it looked like an overreaction.

She huffed and turned away, stepping briskly towards the hall entrance. She ignored Dean calling her name, her mind already focused on the task ahead.

Sitting at her desk, she was still fuming when she got another message from John,

"What's the news!"

Instead of sending a text, she called him, her fingers drumming on the desk impatiently as she waited for the call to be received.

"Hey!" John answered.

"Stop sending me messages asking me about her again and again," she snapped with her frustration spilling over, "I'm not your secretary!"

"Ouch! Looks like someone got up on the wrong side of the bed," He tried to tease her, but she wasn't in the mood.

"Can you come down?" he asked, his tone was all business now.

"What? You are here?" Kate sounded surprised.

"Yeah. I am. Now come down and don't make me wait," He insisted.

"I'll be there in a minute," She stated before hanging up.

She stood up, smoothing her dress and adjusting her posture. She quickly made her way to the elevator when bumped into someone.

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"Oh! Be careful, Kate. I'm so sorry," Delinda exclaimed in concern but then Kate's bitter expressions stopped her from saying anything else.

“You need to be careful Delinda. Who walks blindly in a multinational company?” Kate snapped taking Delinda by surprise but then she reminded herself that she needed to stay in everyone’s good books.

‘I’m sorry, Delinda,” she held her shoulders. ‘I’m upset due to some family problem. Please forgive me.”

Delinda blinked, taken aback by the sudden shift in her behavior, ‘No. I’m sorry as I didn’t see you coming,” there was sympathy on her face, “don’t worry. We all have our struggles to fight for.”

Kate shook her head and offered a small sincere smile. “Thanks for understanding. Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to go.”

She rolled her eyes when Delinda spoke again behind her, “If you ever need to talk, I’m here!”.

Kate wanted to strangle the woman’s neck, but she really needed to meet John.

“Good morning beautiful,” Kate curved down her lips when heard his flirtatious tone.

*Beautiful? Ha–ha,” she tried to laugh it off. No doubt the policeman was handsome and knew how to do flattery.

“So, no sign of Marissa yet?” he asked her.

They both were standing outside the building and Kate didn’t

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think Marissa would come today.

She glanced around to make sure they weren’t overheard, “Nah. She is still not here. The people living at her place must have

warned her.”

She then chewed her lower lip, “I need a favor from you, John,” she was a bit hesitant.

“Yeah. I’m all cars. Anything for a beautiful woman like you,” Kate smiled shyly.

Did he really think, she was beautiful?

So, shouldn’t she take the advantage of it?

“Why don’t you have coffee with me?” he asked her with that flirtatious smile.

“C—coffee?” how to tell him that these were her working hours, “I ... I don’t think ... that...” she threw a fleeting glance at her office building.

“Come on. I don’t think one cup of coffee might cost you your job. If they are such petty people, then you are better without them.

Yup. After all, it was just a cup of coffee!

She went to his car and sat inside. Her first impression was that he would take her to a nearby coffee shop, but she was wrong.

“Shouldn’t you have taken me somewhere close by?”

“A beautiful girl like you doesn’t deserve a common restaurant’s coffee,” he said looking ahead. Her eyes were wide in surprise

when she saw him taking his car inside the parking of a seven-star hotel.

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“You brought me here for that cup of coffee?” she was all

impressed. He was a policeman. How much he must be earning to afford a coffee cup here?

Holding his hand, she entered the lobby, looking at the décor that seemed to be made of glass all around her.

He seemed quite used to all this and took her to a cozy corner. He ordered coffee and Kate couldn't even smile when found him observing her.

"I never came to such a place. Excuse my ignorance."

"It's ok," he said holding her hand that was on the table, "Now tell me. What was this important talk you wanted to have with me?"

She searched for some appropriate words, but the grandeur of the hotel had made her almost speechless.

"Say it whatever it is, Kate. I promise I won't arrest you," she chuckled at the jibe quite awkwardly because she knew she was treading on thin ice.

"I need information on someone. And ... I think ... you are the best person to go to in this situation."

"What kind of information do you need?" he frowned.

"It's about Mr. Sinclair's wife. I need contact details about Valerie

Sinclair," When his eyes didn't even blink, a nervous giggle left her lips, "I don't want it to be misused. We all are arranging a grand event party and Mr. Sinclair is the chief guest. We want to invite his wife too. But as a host..." she gulped hard and tried to smile.

"As a host, it doesn't look good to ask for her phone number from

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her husband. We don't want to involve him much in the event before time." That was the best explanation she could come up with.

"Isn't there anyone from the office who can do it for you?" he asked.

She pursed her lips in a thin line, "We tried... but... Mr. Sinclair is quite secretive about his wife. You know about possessive rich husbands... H a-ha."

Oh, please. She wanted to sound convincing. John was quietly examining her face.

"Do you know something, Kate?" he had left her hand and was leaning over the table with a serious face, "There is a price for everything. If you are ready to pay the price, then I'm ready to give the contact details of his wife."

Kate felt like she would faint. Was it that easy?

She could ask Amir to lend her some money and she would soon return it when she would be a millionaire.

Easy peasy! Lemon squeezy!

They got quiet when the waiter started placing their coffee cups in front of them.

"Wh— what is the price? I'm ready to pay!" this time there was something on his face that she couldn't decipher.

When he remained silent, she spoke again, "Tell me the price, John. I'm ready to pay for it."

John eyed her and then sighed, "Fine. If you say so. Here in this

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hotel..." he paused for a moment, "you need to spend a night with me. An intimate night!" he whispered.

Kate felt she heard him wrong, "W—What?"

"Yes," he nodded and took a sip of his coffee, "Spend a night with me in this luxury seven— star hotel room and I'll provide you the contact details of Mrs. Sinclair. If you agree then we can go ahead. If you don't agree then we can still stay friends and go our separate ways."

After making the offer, he kept drinking his coffee while Kate's coffee was forgotten by her. She needed to decide if she wanted to stay faithful to Amir or pay the price to become rich.

Whatever it was. She needed to decide quickly.

Comentario 5

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