

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 93-95

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 17, 2024

93 93- Resist His Charms

Marissa juggled a crying Abigail on her hip while she handed over a fruit plate to Alex, “Go, share it with Ariel,” she

instructed him and then moved back her attention to Abi.

“Abi. Honey!” Ever since her return, Abi had been too irritated for some reason. Sophie swore that all of them behaved well in her absence but now Abigail wanted her mom to carry her around like a baby.

She was constantly glued to her mom’s hip.

“Stop crying, sweetheart,” she cooed the little one, kissing her head. The back of her hand was automatically touching the child’s forehead again and again for any sign of fever .

“Mommy. Look! Ariel is looking at me,” the girl pointed to her sister who was busy putting an apple piece in her mouth with

the fork.

“No, little one. She is having fruits and saying something to Alex. Why don’t you join them and get back your energy,” Instead of replying to her, Abigail hid her face in the crook of

her mom’s neck.

Marissa closed her eyes when heard the ringing phone. She started searching for it. “Where is it?” She muttered, looking

around.

It was not on the table. There was no sign of the phone on the

kitchen counters too.

10:

93- Resist His Charms

“Goodness! I just saw it somewhere,” exhaling a tired breath she called Alex, “Alex! Be a sweetheart and find my phone

please.”

Alexander who was telling something to Ariel looked at the drained face of his mom and smiled softly, “It’s in your hand,

mom!”

Good God! Marissa wanted to hit her head on the wall.

Without looking at the screen, she received the phone call,

“Yes?” She answered in a strained voice and gave a little

bounce to Abi.

“Marissa? It’s me, Delinda. How are you?” concern was laced in

her friend’s voice.

“Yeah. I’m good. How are you?” she pressed the phone between

her shoulder and the neck and used the other hand to brush Abigail’s head.

“We are good and missing you. Thank God, girl your phone responded. Shang–chi and I were getting super worried about

you.”

How to tell her friend that she couldn’t send any message because Rafael never told her where he was taking her?

She did get ready for the office but landed in the cozy cottage of Kalaar Beach.

“No, no. Don’t worry, Del. For some reason, the phone stopped working. That’s the reason I couldn’t send you people any messages.”

03- Resist His Charms

Marissa explained. She could imagine that a few of her colleagues might resent her, thinking she was being irresponsible.

"Yeah, I understand. At least you submitted two days' leave by sending them an email. That's what counts. I took a sigh of relief when I saw that. Kate didn't look happy about it."

Marissa scrunched her nose in confusion.

Leave? I sent them an email?

"Oh, hey, Delinda. I " Marissa began but Delinda cut her off.

"You just focus on getting back your health, Mar. Don't overthink about Kate. People like her look for chances to make people fall. You won't believe what happened today. She was again rude to me..."

Delinda was speaking nonstop but Marissa's head was still stuck in the word 'leave application'.

"Listen, Del," Marissa cleared her throat, "What application are you talking about, by the way?" Maybe she heard wrong.

"The same one where you mentioned that you need off because you are not well," Delinda explained to her in a brisk

tone.

"Off?"

"Yeah. Two days off. Now I think I need to go to Shang-Chi and let him know that I at last talked to you. You take care of yourself, girl. Bye."

"B-But Delinda I..." Marissa tried to speak but Delinda had

10:45

93- Resist His Charms

already hung up the phone. Marissa stood there bewildered, and the phone was still pressed to her ear.

She looked at Abi's head who was now thankfully calmed down, "I didn't send any application, Abi. Who sent it on my behalf?"

While setting the plates on the dining table, Marissa thought of Rafael who didn't try to contact her on the phone.

She checked her phone a few times and then stopped looking at it altogether.

“My lifelines! Dinner time!” she announced and then darted to the kitchen to get the pasta dish. Sophie and Flint were not home and weren’t supposed to join them for dinner.

Ariel and Abigail who were helping Alex in cleaning the contents of his toolbox, got up.

“Hey. Help me with it!” he called after them, annoyed at his sisters.

“After dinner, brother. We promise!” Abigail assured him while walking backwards when the doorbell rang.

The girls ran to get it before Marissa could stop them.

Though the kids were trained to not open the door before their mom’s permission but right now they seemed to have forgotten all the rules.

She wanted to go after them when she heard excited squeals from the hallway.

3—Resist His Charms

“Daddy!”

“It’s you!”

“Wow!”

“Mommy! Look! It’s Daddy!” Ariel yelled from the door. Marissa saw Rafael entering the living room carrying both his

daughters.

He had a wide smile on his face when he placed the girls down and came to her straight

.

“How is my friend!” he held her by her waist and pressed a kiss

on her forehead.

Marissa thought he was mentioning the word ‘friend’ in a fun way, but he looked serious

.

“Damn! I took you to Kalaar so that you’ll be fresh, but you look exhausted!” he regarded her face carefully and then held her

hand.

“Come. Let’s have dinner together,”

For some odd reason, Marissa felt her exhaustion melting away. He made the children sit on their respective chairs and then pulled a chair for her.

Throughout the dinner, he and the girls kept pulling each other’s legs.

When the dinner was finally over, Marissa started to stand, reaching for the plates, but her wrist was held by a strong

hand,

93- Resist His Charms

“Whoa. Hold on there,” Rafael said gently, “Just go and sit on that couch. You’ve done enough for today.”

Marissa tried to protest, “B—but the kitchen...”

“No buts,” he interrupted. Getting to his feet, he reached her and guided her to the couch, “I’ve got this. You need rest.”

Marissa sighed. A man who wanted to help the mother of his kids in the kitchen and around the house must be declared as a knight in shining Armor.

She examined Rafael’s face who was answering Abigail’s questions while setting soft pillows behind her back.

He positioned a stool ahead and held her feet to help her, placing them up on it.

“Ah,” she sighed in satisfaction, “the best place for my legs.”

His eyes twinkled in mischief, “The best place for a beautiful woman’s legs is,” his voice dropped to a whisper, “around his man’s naked waist.”

Rafael had turned away while Marissa could feel the unexpected dampness in her core.

The man could easily make her feel things by his mere words and she didn’t know for how long she would be able to resist his charms.

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 17, 2024

94 94- Valerie’s Name

Marissa giggled when she saw how Rafael was handling kids along with chores. He was stacking all the plates in one arm quite expertly and asked the kids to carry over empty dishes one by one to the kitchen.

"You are supposed to place it by the sink," he ordered, and Marissa observed. Alex who was following his dad's commands with a constant frown on his face.

He was still resisting opening up to his father.

Ariel rushed over to Rafael, "Now what else am I supposed to pick, Daddy?"

"Umm. Glasses sweetheart. Take one only. And use both your hands to hold it."

Like an obedient kid, she picked that up though Marissa knew kids could handle multiple glasses as they were simple plastic ones, but she didn't interfere with any of it.

She was there to enjoy the show.

"I'll tuck the kids too. Don't move from that couch," he said over his shoulder and went inside the kitchen. She could see how he was directing them to place the dishes in the washer.

The spot where she was sitting, everything was visible from here.

He was now asking Alex if he could manage to clean the table and Alex just nodded and came out with a washcloth.

She was aware Alex would never be able to clean it properly, but Rafael seemed more interested in training the kids.

"Daddy. Will you tell us a story?" Abigail asked him while hugging his legs.

"Sure princess," he lifted her up and kissed her cheek and then eyed the other kids, "can you all get ready for bed without our help? Then I'll come over to tell the story."

"Promise!"

10:46

94 94—Valerie's Name

"Yes, daddy," they yelled in chorus.

Marissa leaned back when she saw kids going inside their room after getting kissed by her. Rafael plopped beside her and leaned into her side.

"You are really good with them, you know?" she watched him with a small smile playing on her lips.

"Thanks. I'll tell them a story then I'll be back. Any movie plans?" he asked her innocently and this time she moved her head from side to side.

"You think it's the weekend? Tomorrow is my office, Rafael!" he leaned back his head on the backrest and tilted his face a little to look at her.

"We can choose a short movie!" he shrugged, and Marissa held his t-shirt by the collar and pulled him to her, holding back her grin.

"Tell me the truth, Mr. Sinclair. Are you planning to throw me out of that office building? Because with this nonseriousness, I can get fired."

He tucked his finger in the neckline of her green blouse pulling her closer, "And are you forgetting who that company belongs to?"

She chewed her lower lip for a minute before answering him, "You?"

Instead of responding to her answer, he kept staring at her face quite intently.

She looked puzzled for a moment, "The office belongs to you. Right?"

He gulped, his Adam's apple quite noticeable, "Nothing!" he tried to smile.

"Wh-what? The MSin doesn't belong to you?" with a smile he shook his head.

Goodness! *The company is in Valerie's name, now? Isn't it my kids' right?*

She thought but then shrugged off the stupid thoughts from her mind.

"It's ok," she placed her hand on his rough cheek.

"Is it OK that the company is not in my name?" he asked the question somberly but for some silly reason he looked amused.

Marissa felt nervous, not sure why he was asking this.

10:40)

2/5

"Yes. It's OK," she nodded her head.

"You are not worried about our kids' future?" he again asked her and there was a strange expression in his eyes. She didn't know what to name it.

"Why should I worry about kids' future? They have got you," she tried to giggle and that was when she found the smile on his lips vanishing. Now his face felt like he was on the verge of tears.

"Rafael..." she tried to speak. She just wanted to know if he was alright.. However, he didn't let her speak and placed his forefinger gently on her lips.

"R-Rafael... I..."

"Shhh..." he leaned in, his lips hovering just inches away from hers, "Don't say anything. Just stay quiet."

Marissa was taken aback by his intense voice. She had never seen tears in his eyes and now his teary voice was doing something to her heart.

eyes

"I just want you to know, Marissa," his finger pressed a little more into her lips, "that how much you mean to me."

Marissa's breath was caught in her throat. She could feel the intensity of his gaze on her face and the warmth of his finger on her lips, "R-Rafael you..."

"No. Don't say anything. You don't have to say anything right now. Just know that I'm here for you always."

Marissa's eyes welled up with tears. She nodded unable to find the right words.

Taking her by surprise, Rafael wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her close. She smiled through her tears when she felt his lips kissing her hair. They sat there holding each other forgetting for a moment that they were the parents of three naughty kids.

"Daddy. We are waiting for that story. Alex has already gone to sleep, and Ariel is yawning so loudly!" Abigail yelled in irritation making her parents jerk in embarrassment.

10:40

3/5

94 94- Valerie's Name

"Damn!" Rafael cursed under his breath and stood up abruptly.

"I'm coming, sweetheart," He called out. Abigail marched back to her room and Marissa was aware, that the magical moment between them was over.

She couldn't place her finger on it. Why did he get so emotional?

What did she say or do to earn this closeness?

"Don't go to sleep," Rafael leaned forward to kiss her cheek, "I'll be back after telling them a story."

She nodded but then quickly held his hand to stop him.

He threw a questioning glance her way.

"Today my friend called me. She asked me if I was well and said that she saw an email of my leave application for two days. I never submitted any."

Rafael scratched the nape of his neck with his other hand and a sheepish smile got to his lips, "I did it!"

"W-what?"

"I said I did it," this time he gave a quick peck on her lips, "Now stop worrying about getting kicked out of MSin Industries. Nobody can do that. Not even me."

Not even him?

Not even Rafael?

But surely Valerie could easily do it.

Right?

After all, the MSin Industries is in Valerie's name.

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 17, 2024

95 95- Lead

Kate was staring at the ceiling without a speck of clothing on her body. The room that was given to them was so gorgeous that the only word that came to her mind was...

Classy.

More than a hotel room, it felt like a movie set. The bed was a massive canopy thing, draped in silky sheets and cushions.

She was sure that it was so soft and so pristine that she must have dirtied it by merely touching it.

Her eyes glanced up to see the massive crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. It literally felt like it was throwing sparkles everywhere in the room. The carpet was so plush that she needed to hold John's arm to reach the bed. This was so overwhelming. This super posh space was giving her royal vibes. She was already feeling like a princess.

That would be the life, she would have, once she got to Valerie Sinclair. Once she would be a millionaire, she would like to stay in such hotels while traveling.

"What are you thinking?" John Harris emerged from the bathroom wearing only his boxers. After such a long time, Kate was looking at a man who didn't have a wiggling pudding-like belly in front of him.

Except in movies. Of course.

Being a police officer he was a fit man. While making love, he stayed gentle with her and kept showing her, his concern for her.

Kate felt strange when he entered her. The slapping sounds were different when she used to be with Amir. His tummy skin also made a smacking sound against her.

Being with John, there was only one slapping sound.

95 95- Lead

She straightened when heard him clearing his throat, "I asked you a question, love. What are you thinking?" he said sitting beside her.

She wanted to say, 'you' when he raised his hand, "And please don't say, you were thinking about me. You were thinking about money."

She twisted her body to face him, "Money?"

"Yeah. The one you'll get after taking Mrs. Sinclair's number," he finished with a meaningful smile.

Kate felt her heart rate slowing down. How did he guess that?

“Y—you... are... m—
mistaken...” she tried to tuck her hair behind her ear when he laughed.

“No, I’m not. Working in Sinclair’s office means that you can easily take her number. Anyone could provide that to you. So, I know you are after something else, and it involves money. For inviting your boss’s wife, one never sleeps with a random man. Especially if that woman is engaged.” Kate felt odd.

She wrapped the sheets around her to hide her nakedness. Suddenly she felt cold. Exposed!

“If you knew that I was lying then why did you agree to help me?” she asked him with haughtiness.

He closed one eye and then regarded her. Instead of answering her question, he reached out to the nightstand to pick up his cigarette pack.

Taking out one cigarette, he
got hold of the lighter and lit the cigarette after placing it between his lips.

Just like he held her nipples between them a few minutes ago.

“What?” she smirked, “taking time to answer me? You don’t have anything to say?” her tone got sarcastic.

“It’s not what you think, Kate,” he blew the smoke on her face with a playful grin and gripped the sheet that was tightened around her chest.

“Then explain,” she cocked up a brow “What was 10 1

95 95- Lead

and still agreed to do this.”

He pulled the sheet towards him, causing her to bump into his chest because she was holding it too tightly.

“What the...” she mumbled and settled herself properly.

“You asked me the reason?” he brought his face near hers, “The reason is you.”

Kate who was adjusting the sheet near her chest went still for a moment.

“Me?”

He nodded, "Yes, it's you. You are a beautiful woman, Kate. Plus..." he smiled, "I'm also interested in that cut. Take it as my commission for helping you."

He winked but she slapped his arm, "Your commission?" she retorted, "You have already taken that!"

She pointed to the scattered clothes on the floor, "What more do you want?"

"According to the laws, blackmailing is a sin, Kate. I can help you with all the laws and regulations," John waited for her response.

Kate thought for a minute. Amir also wanted the rewards, but he was not ready to help her in any way. He only wanted to do one thing with her and that was banging her mercilessly.

Here John was at least offering his help to her.

He was right.

She might need guidance with all the legal issues so that she wouldn't make silly mistakes. Because if Rafael or Valerie would report her, she might land in jail.

John can help her to avoid that.

"Moreover," he spoke again, "you might be thinking about millions here."

Her eyes snapped to his face, "Millions? Yes."

He nodded in understanding, "But I'm thinking about billions, Kate."

Kate's eyes went wide when she heard him.

<

95 95- Lead

"B—billions!" she whispered, and he nodded with a smile.

While she was thinking hard there was a light buzzing sound in the room. It was her phone that was in vibrator mode.

Amir was calling her, maybe worrying about her.

Thankfully when she went home, he wasn't there. It got easier for her to get her basic stuff to meet John in the hotel.

Thankfully, the absence of Amir meant no more prying questions.

He must be now in her apartment and wasn't expecting her gone.

The phone that had gone quiet again started buzzing. Kate not only canceled the call but switched off her phone too.

"What's the plan?" she asked John who smiled and then lifted his hips to get rid of his shorts.

Kate tried not to look there where his co*ck was again hard for her. He was waiting for her answer.

Her bank balance would be in billions..

She would be able to stay in seven-star hotels. She might find a better guy than Amir. And...

Leaving her home-based cooking, she might start her own business. Or maybe she would never have to work in her life.

Or she might buy the Kanderton branch of MSin Industries and be happy after making Marissa's life miserable.

John Harris was still waiting for her answer, and she didn't make him wait any longer. She got rid of the sheets that were wrapped around her body. This was the answer John needed.

This time he wasn't planning to make gentle love to her when he pounced on her.

She squealed in excitement and fell back, letting him feast on her body. This time she let him take the lead.