

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 96-100

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

96 96–Bowed

When Marissa woke up in the morning, she was lying on his shirtless body, still warm in his embrace, @

“Se*xy!” She whispered and left the bed in high spirits after kissing his cheek.

Last night after getting done with the story, he joined her on the bed. Marissa who was twisting and turning before his arrival, didn’t take time to get into deep sleep.

It was almost a miracle.

A woman who couldn’t sleep peacefully in the last four years felt relief and instantly used to fall asleep in his arms..

While taking a shower, she remembered something from her sleep. She couldn’t tell if it was a dream, or if it really happened.

While combing his fingers through her hair, he had spoken very softly, “Marissa! I don’t know if after all this struggle you would choose me or not. But I’ll always choose you, love. Sometimes I get so scared. What if by the end of all this struggle, you don’t choose me? Where will I go?”

The words kept coming to her like he kept talking to her in her sleep.

No.

It wasn’t possible.

Those words must be from her dream as Rafael could get closer to her because of kids but he would never fall for her.

She turned off the shower and stepped outside. Rafael was still sleeping.

She went to him and let some water droplets fall on his face. He made a cute pout like a baby and frowned deeply.

“Aren’t we sleepy!” she remarked with laughter in her voice.

"Let me sleep!" his groggy voice reached her ears, "You also come here. Join. me in bed," he smacked the space near him on the mattress.

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"Yeah. Sure," She rolled her eyes and walked to the mirror to towel dry her hair. After the birth of the kids, she hardly used a hair dryer.

"Rafael. Get up. I don't want to get late today," she said applying a liner above her eyelids and then spun in shock, "Did you sleep late last night?"

"Umm hmm," he answered her and put the pillow on his face.

What if those words were truly said by him?

"Oh, brother. I can't afford to be late," she muttered when he raised his hand. from the bed.

"Don't worry. I'll submit two leave applications today. One for you, one for me!" Marissa picked up another pillow and hit it on his tight ass.

"Jerk!" he got up caressing his bottom under those cotton shorts.

"Brat!" he threw the pillow back at her that she dodged easily and smirked. when it landed near the door.

"Now go and stand under the shower but oh!" she face palmed, "you haven't gotten your clothes and there is a fair chance you can take me again to Kalaar. No! I won't go with you. I'll ask Sophie to drop me..."

She wanted to say more when he jumped out of the bed and pulled her to him, "Shh. You talk a lot, lady. Who makes so much noise at this early hour?"

He was snubbing her, but Marissa knew it wasn't serious. Because she had. more serious issues at hand.

For example, the biggest serious issue was the one thing that was poking her inner thigh from his shorts.

The little man, who was not so little, in his shorts, seemed to be hard at this hour making a tent of it.

Ouch! He wasn't even realizing it and was hugging her tightly trying to grind her to him.

Placing her palms on his chest, she pushed him away with a shy smile.

"Now get ready or I'll tell the whole office that you are the father of three mischievous kids," she threatened him, forgetting for a moment that it was

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her wish not to let the world know about their existence.

With a sigh, he moved back and called over his shoulder before getting into the bathroom, "And tell them, I have got a bratty wife too, milord!"

Before she could say something spicy, he had slammed the door behind him.

"And you are a jerk!" she yelled.

"Where are you taking the car?" she asked him when saw him turning the car in the opposite direction of the parking lot of the office.

"Kidnapping you again!" he teased her with a wink, and she turned in her seat.

to face him.

"No, Rafael!"

"Yes, Marissa!"

Marissa had seen the VIP parking lot already. But this one was marked as MSin President's Parking Space.

"Y—

you brought me here? To this parking space? It's solely yours. Right?" she asked him in awe, taking in the area.

"Not my parking space. Maybe yours," He pulled over the car and looked at her. She didn't understand what he was saying.

Two uniformed guards were there to open their doors, but Rafael rolled down his window and ordered the guard.

“No need to open the passenger door,” he said in a clipped tone and then got out. Marissa thought that he was intending to send her back.

Of course. This part of the office isn't for me.

However, she was in for a surprise when he rounded the car and opened her side of the door. Instead of saying anything, he offered her, his hand to help her out of the car and she wanted to remind him that they were not at Kalaar anymore.

Anyone could see them together. Even these guards could blurt out any

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secret.

“Don't worry,” he said in a hushed tone, “They are my men and faithful to me,” Rafael guided her to a private elevator and got inside.

“That day when I reached early, you took me on that VIP floor elevator,” She stated.

“Yeah. That day I thought I was the first one to reach the office. I usually don't like early morning interactions with anyone.”

She nodded in understanding when he told her, “Yeah. I have seen it this morning!” she said with a small pout, making him laugh.

“No. There is no such rule when it comes to you,” without warning he drew her closer to him. When he spoke, she could feel the intensity in his gaze and voice, “And, if there will be any rules then I'll happily break them for you,

Marissa.”

Before Marissa could say anything, the elevator doors slid open, revealing his spacious and luxurious office.

He had brought her through the direct route to his office.

She jutted out her lower lip, to show him that she was thoroughly Impressed and even showed up a thumbs-up sign.

She was turning away to exit his office when he stopped her, "Hey, ma'am. No thanks. No morning kiss for this driver who just dropped you safely to your office?"

Marissa tried to control the smile, and when she looked back, she found him leaning against his hip against the desk, with arms crossing on his chest.

"Thanks for what? Wasn't it your duty?" she said biting back her grin.

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"Duty?" he squealed in surprise, "Seriously?"

"Yeah, duty. I won't say thank you for dropping me, but I would rather be thankful for not taking me to Kalaar. So, thank you, Mr. Rafael Sinclair, for

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dropping me to the office and not taking I mean not kidnapping me to some alien beach."

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Alien!" his eyes were wide, "I thought you liked the place."

I did!" she nodded, pressing her lips together, "I like aliens."

Marissa!" he called her out and before she could say anything, her body was cooped up in his strong arms.

Rafael! Put me down!" she said in a hushed tone and then a look of ewilderment crossed her face when she saw where he was taking her.

Rafael... N-

no!" but he didn't listen to her protests and placed her gently on the president's seat.

Keep sitting, Marissa. Don't move," Instead of taking another chair, he knelt down close to it. With a hesitant smile she held the armrests of the chair, But this is disrespect, Rafael."

Nopes. There is no disrespect,” he murmured silkily, “You deserve this seat as much as I do. In fact, more than me.” While sitting there he moved up her skirt a bit and kissed her knee, “And you look so beautiful sitting on it. You are not made for this seat. This seat is made for you, milord.”

Taking a step back, he bowed to her.

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The event discussions were going on in full swing and all Marissa could think of was the kiss he did on her knee and told her that she looked good. sitting in his seat.

The way he bowed to her as if she was a princess and he was her loyal subject.

Nobody was aware that today she arrived with the president of the MSin through the VIP route. He not only showed her the way but also made her sit in his seat.

He kept insisting her to have coffee with him, but she didn't want to stay there any longer. The Rafael who used to shower affection on her was blind and this one. Staring back into his green eyes was the hardest part of this deal.

“Marissa. What do you think about this new proposal?” A man who was there to solve their technical problems asked Marissa, snapping her back to the present.

“Hmm? Sorry. Could you repeat that?” poor her, came out of her dream. world and tried to pay attention to the discussion at hand.

“You seem absent today,” Shang—chi chimed in, “we were just discussing the layout changes for the event. They want your input for it.”

Marissa tried her best to drift back her thoughts to the present, “Yeah. Sounds good to me.” Her mind wasn't even able to register whatever was being discussed there.

“Oh, dear,” Delinda breathed near her ear, “you seem a bit distracted. You should have stayed home today.”

“I'm fine. Really,” she insisted with a forced smile, her fingers brushing over her knee where his lips touched.

“Marissa. I have been asking you something and you still can't pay attention,” the tone of the man was not polite and had frustration in it.

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“I’m sorry, George. I’m not myself today,” it was best to apologize instead of being defensive about something where the mistake was hers.

They all looked at the door when saw Dean knocking on the open door of the hall.

“Hello, Ms. Marissa Aaron. Any news of Kate? Has she sent you any message about coming late?” Marissa shook her head. Kate never took her as her in charge and very rarely followed rules..

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“I’m sorry. I just checked my emails. There isn’t any from her. Should I call her?” Dean waved his hand at her query and left.

“Thank God she isn’t here today,” Delinda whispered, “just look how positive the environment is today in her absence,” She clasped her hands like a kid.

Before Marissa could remark on that, a middle-aged man casually headed towards her desk and pulled the chair across from her to sit on it.

“Hello, Ma’am. You must be Ms. Marissa Aaron. I have heard a lot about you,” He offered his hand for a handshake and Marissa didn’t take time to shake it.

“You are mister...” She trailed off giving him a chance to introduce himself.

“I’m Denzel,” he introduced himself, “I was appointed while you were on leave. And no one was ready to help me except Mr. Dean.”

Delinda eyed the man who came to her once and was quite rude to her.

“Oh,” Marissa moved her head, “You should have come straight to Delinda, and Shang-Chi. They both are sweethearts and will happily facilitate you.”

“I came,” he exclaimed quickly, and Marissa noticed his eyes were on Delinda the whole time, “but they said they were not authorized to help me.”

Marissa could detect a twinkle in his eyes, while Delinda **was** fuming sitting beside her.

The way, this man was twisting the situation and her words, Delinda was simply appalled.

“Ms. Marissa. Don’t they arrange any activities for their employees?” he

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asked her and started rotating his movable chair.

Instead of Marissa, it was Dean who answered him juggling with a pile of files on his one arm.

"We do arrange this stuff but before that, you are supposed to work, Denzel," Denzel chuckled. Marissa looked at him secretly and found him tall and

attractive.

Delinda was still huffing in frustration but didn't utter a single word in his presence. Marissa's eyes shifted between them and then a thought occurred to her mind.

What if I set them up?

"The thing is, Mr. Denzel..." Marissa leaned forward to place her elbows on her desk, "Ms. Delinda told me about you," her whisper was loud enough to be easily heard by Delinda.

The skin between the man's brows pinched a little, "She did?"

"What?" Delinda tried to open her mouth, but Marissa quickly squeezed her shoulder to make her stay quiet.

"Yeah. She did. And to tell you the truth she was too guilty about that."

Denzel gave a suspicious glance to Delinda whose eyes were now on her friend with no idea what she was up to.

"Umm. Ok... then I guess... I'll approach her," He licked his lips with his tongue while Delinda was looking for something nearby that could be used as an escape from the situation.

Maybe a folder, or a paper, or even just a pen so that she could hold it for some time and show herself busy.

Dammit. She wanted her hands to get occupied with something. This was embarrassing.

"So, if you need any help, Denzel," Marissa smiled, "you can ask her anytime. you want. Let me assure you. She is a sweetheart," The last line was said by

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Marissa with sincerity.

Denzel got back in the chair, and eyed Delinda openly, "Is that so? Can you help me with all those numbers and columns I asked you last time about..."

Delinda was speechless when found him looking at her and talking to her. She could only give a slight nod to her head.

"Great. I'll be back in a minute," He left the seat and went to his place which was on the corner of the hall.

"What are you doing?" Delinda hissed near her ear and Marissa found her utterly cute.

"I did nothing. He is an attractive man. Help him, Del!" she said biting back her smile.

"I thought we were friends," Del made a pout quite dramatically and Marissa placed her fist in front of her mouth to hide the smile that threatened to escape from her sweet friend who wasn't in the mood to be sweet at the

moment.

"You are enjoying it! Huh!" Del accused, narrowing her eyes at Marissa who was trying to pay cupid here.

Marissa took a deep breath, trying to compose herself, "Relax," she said reaching out to gently touch Del's arm, "Go and enjoy yourself. Life is too short to spend alone,"

Look who is talking! Someone from her head gave her a reality check.

Delinda bit her lip looking torn, "And what if he is married?" Delinda narrowed her eyes.

"Look!" Marissa turned her chair to face her friend, "If he is married just explain the stuff whatever he is interested in, and send him away. But if he isn't, then prolong that discussion and go for a cup of coffee. See! It's easier than you think," Marissa seemed to be in high spirits now.

Delinda opened her mouth to argue when they heard the same male voice, "Ms. Delinda. Can we have that discussion?" he was standing there carrying

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a folder in his hand like a high school boy.

“S—
sure. Have a seat,” Delinda stammered. For some reason, she was also feeling like a teenager.

“Dean!” Marissa called out to Dean when he was leaving the hall. He turned to look at her and raised his brow questioningly.

“They need to discuss something. Can you allot them a conference room so that they can have this discussion in privacy?” Dean thought for a moment, remembering the last time Mr. Joseph asked him to keep all the demands and requests made by Marissa Aaron on top priority.

No matter how unimportant it was and how silly it sounded.

Even if the president was busy in the conference room, he was supposed to vacate it promptly upon Ms. Aaron’s orders.

“Sure, Marissa,” he said sweetly and then directed his gaze towards Delinda and Denzel, “Please follow me. You can discuss it in the conference room.”

Dean had seen the cold side of Rafael Sinclair, and he didn’t want to be in his bad books. But today for the first time he felt bad for his wife.

Was Valerie Sinclair getting good treatment from her husband?

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98 98- Curiosity

Delinda and Denzel followed Dean and waited outside the conference room that seemed to be occupied at the moment.

“Is there a meeting going on?” Denzel asked nervously to no one in particular, but Delinda thought she had to answer it as she stood closest to him.

“Seems like, there is,” they saw Dean knocking on the door and got inside.

“If the president of MSin is busy in the meeting then it’s not OK to disturb him. Our discussion shouldn’t take more than half an hour,” Denzel spoke again.

Delinda stayed quiet.

Her silly friend sent her with Denzel to have privacy. The purpose was not to have a peaceful discussion but to open up in each other's company.

The office walls were soundproof, so they didn't have any idea what was going on inside the conference room.

What if they are having some kind of argument? If the president asks Dean what is our discussion about, then how will he answer that?

If Mr. Sinclair asks me, then how will I satisfy him?

Sir. Wa

room.

wanted to discuss the columns and report design in the meeting

Sorry, sir. We were just sent by Ms. Aaron to discuss this important issue of a report that Mr. Denzel designed...

Mr. Sinclair. We are so sorry. Marissa just wanted us to have some privacy. She is trying to set me up with this rude man.

Crap! What is going on inside? Delinda shuddered at those weird thoughts that were attacking her mind.

"Should I open the door, and see?" Denzel asked, eyeing her worried face. "And tell them what?" she raised her brows.

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98 98—Curiosity

"If they have an issue leaving the conference room then I can tell them that we'll be happy to have this discussion in the office café." This time she

watched his face with interest.

He was not bad looking and the way he wanted to solve the issue, she thought he looked... cute.

"Obviously if you have an issue with the café discussion then no problem, Delinda," he said raising his hand as if giving her the choice.

She felt like her name never sounded so good.

“N–no. I think this makes sense. We can talk about it in the café.”

For the first time, Delinda felt there was a man who wanted the exact same thing as her.

They both seemed to be interested in avoiding any kind of drama or a fight which was a good sign.

With a nod, Denzel opened the door and went inside with Delinda following him. A woman was talking loudly to Dean, and he was patiently trying to convince her.

“Are you mad? We booked this room, and you are asking me to take the team of my fifteen members in the other room?” her eyes then snapped to Delinda and Denzel, “How many people are there in the meeting?”

Delinda who wasn’t ready for this attack took time to answer her.

“Two,” Denzel told her confidently.

That woman looked at Dean like she wanted to kill him, “Is this a joke or something? Two people in the conference room?”

She then turned to Delinda, “I know you. Aren’t you the one of those who escaped from that reception area without your official cards, and it cost me my job?”

Delinda was speechless for a moment and then realized the woman looked familiar.

“M–mala?” she whispered her name.

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“Yes. I’m Mala. Mr. Sinclair gave me another chance on one condition that I won’t bully anyone and here you are, bullying me.”

“I’m sorry, Mala. You can carry on with your meeting,” in her haste, Delinda held Denzel’s hand, “We’ll go out.”

She took the step to walk out of the door when Dean stopped her, “Wait, Delinda.”

He then moved his attention back to Mala, "You are again doing the same. thing, Mala. Don't make a scene. I know it's wrong, but we are just following orders."

Delinda frowned while looking at Dean, "Why is Dean sounding like he is following the P resident's order? It was a request from Marissa. Wasn't it? Her friend will never want to disrupt the environment of the office like this," she thought to herself.

"Let them stay here, Dean," Delinda tried to speak to Dean. She was getting nervous by the looks she was getting from all the people sitting there. Not leaving Denzel's hand, s he got out of the room and exhaled a long sigh.

"You seem a little panicked," Denzel asked her and looked around to ask someone for water.

"Hey, you two! Is your discussion done?" Delinda closed her eyes when saw Marissa coming out of the hall holding her laptop.

"N—
no," Delinda noticed Marissa was looking down at something. Delinda followed her gaze and found herself still gripping Denzel's hand.

"Oh," She quickly dropped it from her grip and looked at Marissa.

"Dean is convincing the people inside the room to leave, and that lady is just arguing," Denzel told Marissa, "I don't understand. We are no longer interested in taking that conference room, but Dean seems to be turning a deaf ear."

A horrified expression crossed Marissa's face, "The conference room was occupied?" when her phone started making a buzzing sound, she balanced the laptop in one arm and received the phone.

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The call was from Rafael, "Where are you?" he asked her, "Interested in a coffee cup?" she tilted her head a little and whispered in phone.

"I'm busy here. There is some misunderstanding from my side and now... I don't know why Dean isn't listening. Just give me a minute to resolve this."

"What is it about, Marissa?" Rafael asked her but she had cut the call and went inside the room.

"Hey, Mala!" she greeted the lady who was now yelling at Dean for some reason and Dean was trying to cool her down.

"You! Again! Don't you get tired of it, Ms. Marissa?" Mala narrowed her eyes. when saw Marissa, "We keep getting punished for following the rules!" Marissa didn't have any idea why she was behaving so rudely. She was here to apologize to the woman and tell Dean sternly that he wasn't supposed to empty the room when it was already booked.

With a small click, the door opened, and someone came inside. A sudden silence fell over the room.

With curiosity, Marissa turned back and found Rafael standing there.

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99 99- Death Of Me

He wasn't asking anything, but his cold gaze was traveling on every person's face.

"Mr. Sinclair. Ms. Mala is leaving..." Poor Dean tried to smile, "She...she is ready to take her team to some other room."

But Mala being Mala didn't let him speak more, "Mr. Sinclair. He is trying to take advantage. This time he is the one bullying me."

Dean could not believe this. Just like last time she didn't want to listen to anyone. Again!

"Mala. You are taking it too far," he knew that Marissa held value in Mr. Sinclair's eyes and Mala wouldn't be spared from Rafael's wrath.

But the lady wasn't ready to listen to him.

"Mr. Sinclair," she cried, "this time again she is involved," she pointed towards Marissa, "she and her team..."

Dean closed his eyes. Now he wouldn't feel guilty before going to bed tonight. He tried to save Mala.

"Mala. Keep Dean out of it," Marissa placed her hands on the woman's shoulders, "Try to understand. It was me who didn't have any idea that you were using this room."

Marissa didn't know how to console a crying Mala. She was scared for Dean too. He might get fired because of her lame request.

“Fire her!” Rafael Sinclair roared and left the hall,
“and no one dare to follow me for changing my decision.” He barked.

After he left, there was just silence in the room except for the small hiccups.

of Mala.

“I’ll... I’ll talk to Rafael, Mala. I assure you, I’ll talk to...” there were gasps around her when they heard the name Rafael from her mouth, but she was only concerned about Mala.

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“You are taking his name as if he is your buddy,” Mala said trying to suppress her hiccups. But Marissa was more concerned about her job.

“Don’t worry. Let me go and talk to him, Mala,” she quickly headed to the door and gave an apologetic grin to Delinda and Denzel.

“I’m sorry,” she muttered but didn’t wait for their response and slipped into Rafael’s office.

A man from Mala’s team at last spoke, “Mala. Whether you get your job back or not. One thing is confirmed. Marissa Aaron is my hero. Just look at her! Such a bold woman she is!”

Everyone around them was nodding, while looking at Mala and Mala’s face had turned beet red due to the jealousy brewing in her heart.

Who was Marissa Aaron? Just a small entrepreneur who didn’t know a thing about the corporate world. Last time she did the same. Broke a rule and became a hero by giving my job back to me.

“Rafael!” Marissa halted in her steps when found him raging, sitting on a sofa. He was gripping the armrests tightly.

Without thinking she went to him and bent down to hold his face, “Easy. She is just a silly girl who doesn’t know...”

“Anyone who disrespects you, disrespects me, Marissa,” he said icily, “I can’t allow a random girl to insult you like this.”

“Raf- Rafael...” She was a bit scared of his anger but something in her heart told her that he wouldn’t harm her.

Closing his eyes, without warning, he drew her onto his lap. She didn't fight it and settled her ass by shifting her weight a little.

"If you keep firing them left, right, and center then they all will hate you!" she remarked.

"And I don't care!" he snapped, "I can't allow anyone to walk over you. Let it set as an example so that nobody dares to mess with you."

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"They might hate me too, Rafael," she muttered.

"Then let them!" he passed her a glare and closed his eyes drawing her into his embrace, "Damn, Marissa. If I hadn't gotten there, she would have kept throwing those insults at you."

Leaning her cheek against his chest she also closed her eyes.

"Rafael!" she attempted to convince him once again but this time he made her quiet.

"Shh. Just stay like that Marissa."

"Stay like that? Here? In the office?" there was amusement in her voice that cracked a few lines on the sides of his mouth.

"Yeah. In the office. This is fuc*king our office," it warmed her heart when he said our office. She knew he didn't mean it this way.

But still, she was happy.

"Rafael!" she called his name slowly.

"Hmm," the room felt heavy when he hummed.

"Were you serious when you fired her?"

"Damn woman!" he said softly and at last opened his eyes, "you won't give up. Will you?"

She shook her head with a smile.

Holding her hand, he raised it to give a gentle kiss on her fingertips one by one. She gulped hard and giggled.

"They might think you are giving me extra leverage," she chewed her lower lip, "I should go and let them know that she is back on her job."

"Fine. Have dinner with me then," he said with a lazy grin.

"I've been having dinner with you for the last few days, Mr. Rafael Sinclair," she pointed out while rolling her eyes, and this time he chuckled.

He didn't want to bring up the word date because she would straightaway reject it.

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"What I mean to say is... a dinner at some restaurant," he suggested kissing her palm.

"I hope that restaurant isn't in Kalaar," she said with a serious face, but he threw back his head and laughed hard.

"Marissa!" he brought her head down and kissed her hard on her lips, "you please me, Marissa. Your presence excites me. Go and tell that woman, never to mess with you. Otherwise, I'll get her killed."

Marissa was taken aback by the intense emotions and tone. The brutality in his voice had taken her by surprise.

No. I'm just imagining it! He wasn't serious.

She thought while jumping off his lap. She needed to get to Mala as soon as possible.

"Marissa!" she stopped but didn't turn around when he called her, "From next time if you need any room just take it. You don't need to ask anyone's permission."

Marissa was too hasty to listen to him properly and left the room after a nod. Rafael got to his desk and picked up the intercom receiver.

"Dean! From next time anyone in the office requires any room for the meetings or parties, they need to have Ms. Aaron's approval."

Without listening to his reply, he slammed the receiver.

Marissa Sinclair. You are the death of me.

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100 100- Biggest Surprise

This was the best night Kate ever spent in her life. The expensive hotel room, the ambience, and the non-sated hunger of John Harris made it all worthwhile. @

They didn't let each other sleep and kept enjoying their limited time in bed. And now she was fast asleep, sprawled across the bed.

John had a proud smile on his face when he realized that this exhaustion was due to him. He was the reason for this tiredness.

He had so many plans for the day but right now she needed to wake up to have breakfast.

Before going to bed around five in the morning, she wanted him to order something from room service because she felt hungry, but he didn't bother to listen to her.

And now he felt guilty.

"Wake up, Kate!" he shook her bare shoulder that was peeking from the sheets.

"Kate. Wake up. You should eat something now." She still didn't move.

"You need energy, girl. Going to bed empty stomach isn't good," he grabbed a feather from the roll pillow and twirled it between his fingers.

Reaching out, he brushed the feather against her cheek. Kate just scrunched her nose in irritation and then kept sleeping.

John rubbed his thumb on his forehead to think of ideas. He again tried to brush the feather to her ear this time.

"Mmm. Go away," she mumbled, still too sleepy to open her eyes. She extended her arm to get hold of the feather with her eyes still closed but he kept it out of her reach, pulling it away just in time.

"You were hungry, little Ms. Sexy. Now come on. You can sleep later," He whispered playfully brushing the feather along her jawline.

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100 100- Biggest Surprise

"Noooo," she groaned burying her face into the pillow, "I need to sleep. You didn't let me sleep throughout the night. Didn't let me have early breakfast." She complained, sending him again on the guilt trip.

"That's because," he brought his mouth near her ears, "that was for your benefit, Kate."

She frowned and looked at him through her half-opened lids, "My benefit? How come?"

"You'll understand soon," he said and started pulling her hand.

"You can go and have your breakfast. I need my sleep," Freeing her hand from his grip, she again hid her face in the pillow. She really wanted that sleep. "Kate. Honey," he crawled towards the foot of the bed and started kissing her feet. When she didn't move, he then started licking them.

"Urgh!" she got up and tossed away the pillow, "John!"

He was quick to reach her and kiss her lips, "According to our stay, our breakfast is free. Complimentary! And I never miss a free meal. Now move your ass!"

He slapped her shoulder and laughed when she threw another pillow at him, "You are impossible!"

She straightened and stretched her naked body not bothering that the sheets were pooled around her on the bed, giving his eyes a good show.

She tried to get up but then had to plop back on the mattress holding her head.

"You alright?" he showed concern that she dismissed with a careless wave of her hand.

"Just extremely drowsy," she said hoarsely.

"OK. Let me help you," before she could say anything or protest, he had lifted her naked body in his arms and tossed her over his shoulder like a sack.

"John," she squealed in panic, "put me down!"

100 100- Biggest Surprise

"Now, now. Are you awake, baby?" he asked her, slapping her bare bum and she squealed again.

"Put me down!"

Once reaching the door, he did let her down, "Don't take long. I'm too hungry," He gave a hard stare at her naked body and stepped back.

In the hall, there were other guests too and they all looked so polished and so rich that Kate wanted to be a part of them.

“Soon, little bird! Soon,” she blushed when heard John behind her.

Once her plate was full, she went back to the table and started eating without waiting for John who was still busy filling up his plate.

The most challenging part was to eat food with the same decency the others were accustomed to. She was starving and John didn’t order anything at that time.

Now she understood.

He didn’t want to spend an extra dime on her and wanted to wait for the complimentary breakfast.

Once she was rich everything would change. She wouldn’t be waiting for complimentary stuff anymore and could order room service any time she wanted.

“You didn’t even wait for me,” he remarked when he placed his plate on the table. Kate observed his face carefully.

He didn’t look mad.

“This wouldn’t have happened if you had ordered some snacks for me at five a.m. Now stop complaining and try their Hash Brown.”

She put some Hash Brown pieces on his plate and got busy with her food. “Kate,” she didn’t raise her face when heard him calling her name.

“Hmm?”

100 100—Biggest Surprise

“Eat slowly,” he suggested in a whisper.

“What?” she looked up with a full mouth, her cheeks felt like two small

balloons.

“I said, eat slowly. You are eating too fast,” she continued eating as if she didn’t hear him.

He smirked, "You are dreaming of being a billionaire and here you are gulping down this food, attracting all the attention!" Was it the hint of sarcasm in his voice?

He shrugged and started cutting the fried chicken breast, "Fine! I just wanted to warn you. There are things that do not always work out as we plan or expect."

Now that was odd. Why was he saying such a thing?

Her gaze slowly observed her surroundings. He was indeed right. The way she was eating her food like a hungry wolf was alien to most of the people. She bent her neck too low not to face anyone, trying to avoid any eye contact, and started taking small bites from her cheese omelet.

"Fu*ck. Don't they have anything better to do than observe me?" she spat in anger, "Are they planning to write a journal on my way of eating? Or will I be their next topic for PhD?"

"They are filthy rich, Kate and they have enough time to observe the people around them. That's their only job. They point out mistakes, judge them, and then even ban them from their lot. So yes. Nowadays, filthy riches do give a damn what the others are doing."

Kate hoped that they all would forget her face once she would be one of them.

"Should we change our table?" she asked John who was taking a sip from his coffee.

"Now don't be a fool. Just take it easy. Have your breakfast and get back to the room. Don't you need your sleep?"

She agreed and got up to take another serving of her breakfast.

30.48

100 100–Biggest Surprise

However, those subtle remarks from John were quite disturbing.

Why was he passing that absurd remark?

I just wanted to warn you. There are things that do not always work out as we plan or expect.

Soon she would come to know what he meant by this! Soon she would get his biggest surprise of her life.

