

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 101-105

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

101 101- A Lesson

Why was John saying that things usually don't work as we plan or expect?

No. It was just her imagination.

It was good that he warned her about the surroundings. He was a police officer, and he must have met so many people from different backgrounds.

This time she opted for sweet dash to satisfy her sweet tooth. In a way, she was thankful to John for waking her up on time.

Otherwise, she would have missed the fun of having this lavish breakfast.

One doesn't get a chance to have a meal or coffee or se*x or even a buffet in a seven-star hotel. She was lucky that John introduced her to this luxury otherwise she always watched such high-end hotels only from outside.

After filling her plate with pastries and egg pudding she came back to her seat.

"Excuse me," she called a waiter, "Can I have an iced caramel latte?"

The uniformed waiter was about to turn away after the nod when John stopped him, "Wait a minute. We'll order it later. Not now."

The confused waiter looked at her and then again nodded in understanding.

"Wait! I need to have an iced latte now," with a smile, Kate turned to the waiter, "Bring one for me, please. He can have it later."

When the waiter left, she found him regarding her face with an odd expression. She just shrugged and started swallowing the cupcake.

"You know? I'm just trying to make things easy for you," She didn't get his absurd explanation.

"What do you mean?" she tried to talk to him with a full mouth.

"This cold latte is not included in the buffet menu. You need to... I mean I can't pay for anything extra."

Her mouth, which was busy chewing the cake, stopped for a moment, "Oh,

101 101—A Lesson

sorry."

No, she wasn't.

What kind of a man he was?

He brought her here to get intimate with her and then didn't order snacks to the room and now didn't want her to have an iced latte too.

Why?

Just to save his damn money!

She wished she could get Valerie Sinclair's contact number more easily.

The hidden billionaire in her wasn't taking well all these things.

When they reached the hotel room, she jumped on the mattress and giggled like a baby. She was planning to reach the office late.

There were only a few hours left and she wanted to get some sleep on this soft bed. Her phone was still switched off and she wasn't aware if Amir was still looking for her or was busy getting his beauty sleep.

"What are you doing?" John who came behind her, asked her with a frown.

"Planning to sleep. Why?" he shrugged and then took off his shoes, "I thought soon we'll check out by noon so instead of sleeping on this bed, we should use it for some better purpose."

Kate wanted to roll her eyes.

The man wasn't ready to feed her snacks or buy her an iced latte but wanted to use her body without any limit.

"Uh—

huh. I know that look," he pointed out and fell on the bed beside her, "Don't forget I'll be helping you in getting billions. Or have you forgotten?" he started brushing her arms lightly.

tly, causing those goosebumps on her skin. Oh, dear. He was right. He was her key to unlocking more wealth. Once she gets the money, she might get rid of him.

“How long will it take to arrange her contact number?” she asked him and

10:40 –

101 101–A Lesson

started peeling her clothes slowly off her body.

In her mind, it would take at least two to three days to get that damn number.

He swiped his tongue on his dry lips and chuckled, “Just one phone call from me and it will be done,” He said meaningfully and started taking off his clothes, “Just do remember. I’m a man and I can do anything to get what I want. And right now, my body wants you.”

He started crawling on his knees and elbows but his statement...

What did it even mean?

This was the second time he said such a weird thing.

She lifted her hips in a sexy way to take off her panties in a careless way. A loud moan escaped her lips when he started touching her.

After a few minutes there was nothing but groans, moans, and the screaming of their names.

“Oh, John. Oh, John. I am cuming. I’m... Oh hell...”

“Uh, Kate. Cum for me baby. You are so tight... cum for me... Uh– huh... I’m so sorry... Cum for me...” Kate this time ignored this odd apology.

She was too busy in getting her pleasure.

“Can you wake me up around ten?” she asked him with a loud yawn and then turned her head only to find him already fast asleep.

“John!” she hit his bare back.

“Hmm?”

"Can you wake me up at ten? I need to go home, shower, and get ready for office," she again yawned loudly.

"Sure. Don't worry. I will," he said patting her cheek softly, "I also need to report to work. Go to sleep." Taking her in his arms, he started snoring loudly.

But Kate didn't mind. She was more interested in getting her beauty sleep.

101 101—A Lesson

After all, she needed to get to the office that would soon be under her rule.

She changed her side and smiled to herself. Without any idea, what time it must be, she reached out to touch John's body.

He wasn't there.

"John!" she called his name sleepily when there was a loud tapping on the door, "John. There is someone at the door." She called out, thinking that he must be in the bathroom.

"Ma'am. Please open the door," Kate looked around and got up from the bed. She quickly scooped up her clothes and started wearing them.

"Wait a minute!" She yelled.

Where was John?

After she dressed up, she went to the door to open it. Thankfully the door chain was still intact.

"Yes?" she saw a uniformed man who must be from the hotel staff standing there with a friendly smile, "It's time to vacate the room, ma'am. We were informed that you are planning to check out today."

Kate looked over her shoulder to check again for John and then nodded at the man, "I'll leave in a few minutes."

Where had he gone?

She didn't need to shower right now, nor she had anything for luggage. She just took her purse and switched on her phone.

There were tons of messages from Amir, but this wasn't the time to read them. After checking the bathroom, she left the hotel room and went to the lobby.

“Excuse me, Miss,” A man came running after her, “Please go to the reception counter to clear your bills.”

“Excuse me? What?” she wasn’t ready for this shock.

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101 101- A Lesson

“Miss. You need to pay the full amount. The room reservation was done on a twenty-five percent advance payment. The rest of the payment has to be done by you,” Kate didn’t understand what was happening.

She headed to the reception desk in a dazed state.

“M...My friend... he... might be close by... and can clear the dues,” she said with a smile that had uncertainty in it.

“Oh, your friend? He already left, ma’am. And said that the rest of the amount will be paid by you.”

“W...What?”

“Sorry, ma’am. You need to pay the full amount otherwise we will have to call the police,” Kate felt her head reeling.

What was going on?

John brought her here to have a good time and then left her here on her own. After taking pleasure from her body, he left her behind to pay the remaining dues.

All his absurd remarks started coming back to her.

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

Just do remember. I'm a man and I can do anything to get what I want.

I'm so sorry... Cum for me

You know? I'm just trying to make things easy for you.

The asshole was trying to help her by not letting her order late snacks or an extra coffee cup.

“Jerk!” he muttered, “I’ll teach you a lesson, you fu*cker!”

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102 102- Her Body Wanted More

Almost everyone had left for home and here Marissa was talking to a crying Mala.

"You need to get a grip, sweet girl. This job is yours. Stop fretting about it," Mala nodded and wiped her nose.

She was still shaken from the announcement, Rafael Sinclair made earlier.

After lots of counseling from Dean and Marissa, she felt enough strength to manage her self to go home. After sending her, Marissa started packing her things. She placed her laptop in the desk drawer and locked it.

While aligning her files on the desk, she felt Dean's eyes on her.

"Am I looking beautiful?" she fluttered her eyes making him chuckle.

"You are funny. You are sensible and you care for others..." Marissa seemed shocked by all that praise coming from him, "And yet..." he trailed off thinking hard.

"And yet?" she asked him lightly.

"And yet I don't know enough about you. Who are you, Marissa Aaron?" the way Rafael Sinclair was treating her, if it was some other woman she would have been taking advantage of her position.

Instead, Marissa was trying to make it easy for everyone. When his intercom rang, Dean furrowed his brows, "Is Mr. Sinclair still in there?"

He thought, picking up the receiver.

"Ask Marissa. Why is her phone not responding?" Rafael barked on the phone.

Dean pushed the receiver away from his ear and raised his face to look at the woman who was checking something in her purse. Inhaling lots of Oxygen, he asked her, "Marissa. Where is your phone? Mr. Sinclair is asking."

"It's dead. Rest in peace!" she made a pout and waved her hand, "Bye Dean." "Ask her to stop," Rafael ordered Dean on the phone, and then the door to his

10:40

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102 102- Her Body Wanted More

office opened with a thud, “Marissa. Come with me!

Marissa who had almost crossed the hallway passed a bewildered gaze to Dean.

“Th...thank you, Mr. Sinclair. The office car is ready, and the chauffeur might be waiting for me.”

“Come along. I’m also using the office car,” He teased her, “take me as your chauffeur, but Marissa was too conscious of Dean’s presence.

“That’s good. Go ahead. I’ll go in my car. Like... my official car and the official chauffeur ...” with wide eyes, she got into the elevator ignoring the existence. of the President.

Dean felt like he wasn’t standing in the office but in a drawing room or rather a bedroom to be specific. He had seen Mr. Sinclair’s friendly side when he used to be with Mr. Joseph. But with Marissa? It was something else.

While talking to her not only his lips but his eyes also smiled a lot. It didn’t seem something casual.

A man never stays with a woman solely for lust if his kids are involved. Yet, he will definitely stay with her as a sense of responsibility.

But the face of his boss didn’t belong to someone who was just fulfilling his responsibility to his children’s mother.

Dean wished he could shake some sense into his boss.

Someone from the Sangua city office told him that he was rarely seen with his wife and often attended events without her.

They didn’t have any baby and three years back that poor woman had a miscarriage. Marissa might be a good woman, but she didn’t have any right to Mr. Sinclair.

And if Mr. Sinclair wasn’t interested in his wife, then instead of staying unfaithful to her, he should maybe divorce her.

For him, being unfaithful was a red flag.

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102 102- Her Body Wanted More

He had respect for this man before he arrived in Kanderton but now he didn't want to work there anymore.

It was impossible that Marissa didn't know about his marital status. Nowadays, everything is easily available on social media.

Dean thought to talk to Marissa. She seemed like a sensible woman and would surely understand his point.

A woman like her shouldn't be a home wrecker.

She came out of the office building to search for the car, it was nowhere in sight. Where was it? She didn't want to go back inside the building as she didn't want to bump into Rafael.

So instead of waiting for the car to arrive, she started strolling on the sidewalk.

She was not a fool and could see questions in Dean's eyes. What must he be thinking?

She couldn't blame Rafael because he was not only ready to accept the relationship but also wanted to tell the world about them.

Being so engrossed in her life problems didn't let her hear the honking horn behind her. Tilting her head, she looked sideways only to find Rafael's car moving slowly along with her.

The passenger window rolled down and he yelled from it, "Hop in!"

Looking around, she got inside the car, "I could have managed my ride very well," she placed her purse on her lap and started fiddling with its strap. "The speed with which you were walking, it may take days to reach home. Now tell me. What's on your mind?" With a frown, she watched him in surprise when a smile etched on his lips, "What? I can read the face of my woman. Now tell me what was on your mind?"

Did he just call me... My woman?

Marissa cleared her throat keeping her eyes on the road ahead, "I think Dean

102 102 Her Body Wanted More

is... not comfortable around us... I mean around me," she started blabbering about how it was not ok to show friendship in public or at the workplace.

Strange! Rafael didn't answer her and stayed quiet for a few moments.

Though she had an idea of what he must be thinking.

"When we reach home, can you give me the property file your landlord sent you?" This was not the answer to her question, but she didn't fret about it.

"Sure,"

Now why did he want that property file?

"Can we have fish and chips tomorrow for dinner, Daddy?" Abigail asked him when he was feeding her small bites of cheesy pasta.

"Yes, daddy. I would also love to have it tomorrow," Ariel agreed to her sister and then turned to Marissa, "Can we, Mom my?"

Before Marissa could answer, Rafael spoke, "Yes. That can be arranged. But tomorrow we won't be able to join you for dinner," Along with Marissa his daughters also gave him a speculative look.

"Tomorrow, I'm taking your mom for dinner," he gave a meaningful glance to Marissa who remembered what they decided when she parted his office after Mala's episode.

As always, Alexander didn't express any choice for the food he wanted to eat.

"Young man. Any preference for tomorrow's dinner?" Rafael tried to be friendly to his son, "No," he shrugged casually, "I can tell Mom if I need anything."

Thankfully Marissa had just walked to the kitchen otherwise she would have given him a lecture on manners and etiquette.

After the dinner when Rafael was helping Marissa in clearing the table, Alex stopped him, "Just for your information, instead of taking her tomorrow, take her the day after tomorrow."

< 102 102- Her Body Wanted More.

When Rafael looked at him questioningly, he left his chair and picked up his plate, "It's mom's birthday. Moreover," he paused for a moment, "Uncle

Gerard is taking her day after tomorrow. I think you shouldn't miss the opportunity,"

He walked to the kitchen to place his plate on the counter and Rafael's heart went out to him. The little boy used to show him that he didn't care but Rafael could see how caring he was.

"It's not for you," Alex spoke slowly when Marissa wasn't around, "It's for my mother. I want to see her happy," Alex's voice had almost got teary.

On a whim, Rafael's hand raised to stroke his son's hair when the little boy tilted back his head to dodge the touch, "I want to see my mom happy. You make her unhappy and... I'll never forgive you."

With that, Alex turned on his heels to get out of there and go to his room. Maybe to cry!

Rafael wanted to go after him. He wanted to tell him that he cared for him and his mom. He wasn't here to leave his family in the middle of nowhere. But he also had to teach his son about consent.

When a man or a boy approaches a girl or a woman then the first rule to approach her or to win her over should be consensual.

He needed to teach it to Alex if he wanted his son to grow up into a gentleman.

He jolted back to reality when Marissa handed over the property file to him. After taking the file he hurriedly held her wrist, "Sit here, Marissa." He moved aside on the couch to make space for her.

Marissa looked at his face and felt her heart sinking. He seemed like a lost man.

"Rafael?"

"I... I need you. Please," Chewing her lower lip, Marissa nodded and sat beside him.

"Mommy. Are you going to kiss. Daddy?" Abi asked her from a distance.

10:49. —

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102 102- Her Body Wanted More

holding her teddy in her hand.

Marissa smiled gently and turned to Rafael. Holding his shoulders, she placed her knee on the couch and kissed his soft lips.

Damn. It was a mistake.

Now her body wanted more.

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103 103- Above and Beyond

"I've talked to a doctor about Abigail," he told her when she joined him in the small gallery of her apartment that didn't offer much view except the other older buildings around.

She placed the two coffee cups that she was carrying, on the banister.

He glanced at his phone screen for the umpteenth time, "Sorry!" he showed her, his phone, "expecting a call from Joseph. He had assured me that he would call once he would talk to this surgeon. They used to be neighbors and were quite close."

Marissa bobbed her head, "That's great."

"So," she raised a shoulder, "What did he say? Did he have a look at Abigail's reports?" Marissa had hope in her eyes when she handed him the coffee cup.

Throwing one arm around her shoulder, he pulled her to him, putting his coffee cup back.

She found him observing the nearby buildings and felt embarrassed, "It doesn't offer a better view here."

He glanced at her head and kissed it, "A place where you are beside me, is the best place no matter what view it offers."

She raised her eyes and found him still looking at her.

"You were telling me about Abigail's doctor," she tried to remind him with amusement.

"Hmm?"

"Abigail. Our daughter. Her doctor," she tried to swallow the mirth bubbling up in her throat.

"Oh, yeah. Our daughter. Abigail. Yeah..."

Marissa wanted to laugh out loud. Sometimes he used to make her feel like she held more importance in his life than she believed.

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103 103- Above and Beyond

He kept telling her about the doctor's achievements along with the success rate of the surgeries he had performed.

It was one hundred percent.

However, he had to look down when he heard the sniffing sounds coming from her, "Marissa. Sweetheart!"

The word sweetheart made her more emotional, and she wept even more.

"Abigail will be able to run and jump and do all the things in the park," she said controlling her tears and wiping her face.

"Oh, woman," he hugged her tightly, "she would be as healthy as other kids."

"She can take the rides in the park too, Rafael,"

"Yeah. Or in her lawn or the private garden," she giggled through the tears when she heard him.

"We don't have a lawn or a garden, Rafael," he smirked and looked into her jet-black eyes. This was high time he should talk to her.

"What if I buy some property where kids can have their own garden and a lawn, and pool too," Marissa pulled back thinking he was joking with her.

"I... I don't... think that's necessary... I mean... look at them..." her hand jutted out in the air, "they are happy here. They find this place amazing and..."

nose in

This time he not only hugged her but also nuzzled his the crook of her neck, "I know, Marissa. And you are the best mother I have ever seen."

Marissa wasn't prepared for this praise.

"Am I?" He could hear disbelief in her voice.

"You are," his hand started rubbing her back and her arm, "Being a career woman you managed everything so well. My mom was never there for me." Wait. What?

He never shared this with her.

Not even when he was too close to her after marriage.

"I'm sorry... maybe I sound judgmental but when I look at you always being

10:50 –

103 103–Above and Beyond

there for our kids, you just..." he trailed off squeezing his eyes, "You amaze me."

"But now they are growing, Marissa," he lifted his head, "They need more space. In no way, I'm challenging you or belittling your authority. Whatever happens, it will take place after I get your permission. You have been closer to them and know them better than me."

Marissa couldn't believe it.

All

these years she was scared for nothing. Nina and Valerie's presence might be dangerous for her kids, but Rafael was never a threat to them.

"They need more space," he whispered and then she went still when she saw him bending down and felt his lips touching her collarbone. Thankfully her cup was also placed on the banister otherwise she could drop hot coffee on them.

"Rafael!" it almost sounded like a moan. And then after his assurance for kids, she might not have wanted to let go a little bit. That was the reason she gathered her courage and said something that was unexpected, even to her own ears.

"I... missed you, Rafael," his lips froze on her neck.

"Y... you did?" his hot breath touched her neck skin giving a ticklish sensation.

"Yes. I... I missed us... I missed our long talks and... oh, God..." For some reason, tears again started sliding down her face.

He wasn't responding at all. Even his lips had stopped moving there.

Did she get impatient?

Did she blurt out the wrong words?

"I'm sorry, Rafael I should have..." she started pulling back with an embarrassed smile when she heard him, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Do you know what I missed the most?” she wasn’t aware if he could see her or not, but she shook her head.

103 103—Above and Beyond

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103 103–Above and Beyond

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103 103—Above and Beyond

He must have felt her head moving because he chuckled, and his mouth moved toward s her lips.

“This,” he kissed her lips too softly, which made her desire touch the roof.

“I missed this...” he kissed her cheeks one by one.

“This...” he kissed her ear lobes and Marissa closed her eyes in ecstasy. The worst thing for her was, the more he was kissing her, the more she wanted to

cry.

“Do you know what else I missed?” listening to his shaky voice made her tilt

back her head to have a better look at his face.

“Rafael!” he was also crying.

“I missed this...” his hand traveled up against her arm and then settled lightly on her boob, “They used to make my hands so full. H...how... how I forgot

them?”

Marissa closed her eyes trying to control a hiccup. She placed her hand on top of his that was still resting on her chest.

“I’m sorry,” he whimpered in pain, “I’m so sorry, Marissa. Please don’t leave me again.” They both were crying hugging each other and didn’t know for how long they stayed like this when his phone buzzed.

“Hell!” he cursed, wanting to cancel the call without looking at the caller ID, but Marissa quickly reminded him about Joseph.

“He must be calling to tell you about that doctor,” he received the call after a nod and then made a face when heard Nina’s voice, “Rafael, my son!”

“Mom!” Marissa moved back when heard him and picked up her cup. She was about to walk away when he stopped her by holding her elbow and kissed. lightly on her lips.

"I'll come in a while," he whispered and saw her going inside after a nod. He got back to the call.

"How are you, Mom?" he asked her, and she got a little loud.

"Where is your wife, Rafael?" Rafael stared at his phone as if it had turned

103 103- Above and Beyond

into a zombie.

"I don't know, mom."

"You don't know? You are her husband!"

"I'm not her dad!"

"Don't you want an heir for the Sinclair family?" she snapped, losing control, "And why does your voice sound so strange? Have you been crying?" she remarked on his hoarse voice.

"No, I'm not! And stop worrying about the heir!"

"Why? Even if you are interested in living in Kanderton, you should take Valerie with you. Contact her because she is your wife!"

"Wife my ass!" he grumbled under her breath.

"What did you say?" Nina yelled through the speaker, "And where are you? There seems to be some signal problem."

"I'm in a seven-star hotel, Mom. My usual! You know me," He tried to make his tone soft when the door behind him opened and someone stepped on the gallery.

Before Rafael could turn to look at the person a small, delicate voice drew his attention, "Daddy. I want to sleep with you."

Rafael was quick to place his hand on the receiver.

"Rafael who is this? Was it a child? Was he calling you daddy?" Nina was now unstoppable.

"Bye, Mom," He cut the call without any pleasantries and scooped up his daughter. My God. How would he convince his mom about it?

Marissa requested one thing and that was not to let Nina or Valerie know about the kids. He didn't want to fail her this time.

He wanted to earn her trust and was ready to go above and beyond to do so.

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104 104- Discarded Valerie

Nina Sinclair was trying hard to contact Valerie but there was no info about her. Neither Valerie was providing her any further contact details about her whereabouts, nor she was trying to connect to her.

The rest of her group was back home.

What kind of daughter-in-law was she? Without even an ounce of responsibility.

Nina brought Valerie Aaron back after kicking off Marissa Aaron from Rafael's life and the Sinclair house.

Aarons were from a middle-class background. When Valerie was born, they thought they hit a jackpot. She was so beautiful and knew how to grab anyone's heart from a very young age.

When Marissa Aaron was born, she didn't receive the same welcome. Though, her parents later realized that she was the brains of the family.

No one gave a flying fu*ck to those brains because they knew the world could only be ruled by outer beauty.

When Valerie ran away, they begged Marissa to marry Rafael. But once Val was back, their parents had to stay quiet.

They just wanted any of their daughters to stay as Sinclair family's daughter-in-law. No matter if it was Marissa or Valerie.

Forcing Nina Sinclair for Marissa meant that their daughters would be sent back home so they agreed to welcome Valerie back and obey Nina.

Nina was always obsessed with beauty. She liked Valerie when Rafael brought her home to meet her but then the bi*tch left her son at the altar.

The worst thing was seeing Marissa enjoying life with Rafael. All that money and property was in danger and Nina didn't want that.

She kept giving Marissa Aaron a secret medicine mixed with a drink. She had to take the help of a maid and pay her to do this task.

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104 104- Discarded Valerie

The medicine was supposed to avoid any future pregnancy. Luckily Rafael and Marissa also seemed uninterested in making kids.

The moment Valerie was back, Nina got rid of all the staff from Sinclair Palace and hired a team of new servants overnight.

Valerie was back, and Rafael's surgery was successful. Life was perfect. What more, she could want?

A child.

Rafael's child.

A Sinclair heir.

This was her only demand from Valerie, and she couldn't fulfill it. Nina was pacing around in her office when her secretary came inside and halted in her steps. Her boss seemed quite worried about something.

"Boss!" she picked up a mineral water bottle along with a few pills from the corner table and put them on her boss's desk, "please. Take this. You'll feel

better."

"Th... there are so many things that you don't know, Geena," Nina said tiredly, "Valerie is taking advantage of me and my son. She is not honest with me. And do you know what I feel?" Geena quickly held Nina's arms who was on the verge of tears, "I feel even my son is being dishonest. What should I do?"

"Boss! Oh, Nina!" Geena took the lady to her seat and helped her sit down.

She hurriedly passed the water bottle to the lady's lips and urged her to take a few sips, "Come on, Nina. Drink some of it. Pop in these pills and you're good to go,"

Nina did as she was instructed.

Geena was her young secretary, her assistant, her traveling buddy, someone she could gossip with endlessly.

Sometimes she used to call her Genie instead of Geena.

One call from Nina and she used to get whatever she required in the blink of an eye.

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104 104- Discarded Valerie

“Feeling better?” after a few minutes, Geena asked her, holding her hand and rubbing it continuously. Nina who was now relaxed looked at Geena from her half-opened lids, “Sometimes I feel I should have a daughter instead of a son,” she told her assistant who didn’t say a word.

This was best about Geena. She knew when to poke her nose in her boss’s business.

“You have got a beautiful son, Nina,” Nina nodded with a sad smile. She never made any demand from her son except to give the family an heir.

A blond heir.

She was obsessed with blonde people. She got attracted to her husband who was a blond through and through.

Nina was happy that now her baby would be a blond too.

Alas! Rafael took everything from his father but took his black hair from his mom. Being a Sinclair, he could get any girl, but Nina was over the moon when Rafael brought Valerie.

Nina didn’t mind that a girl who had no background would be her

daughter-in-law. She was satisfied that a girl with such a weak background would stay under her thumb.

And man! She was right.

First Valerie and then Marissa. She could easily intimidate both girls in the past. Her best time was with Marissa who became almost a robot for her.

Nina would ask her not to eat fish but only eat vegetables and the girl would easily submit to her demands.

She could see how Marissa and Rafael were getting more involved with each other and were getting closer. She was scared that Marissa could get pregnant.

So, she started giving her herbal medicine before her breakfast to avoid any chances of a baby. Nina wasn't a fool. She did realize that no precaution worked a hundred percent

104 104- Discarded Valerie

as Mrs. Sinclair after Rafael's eye surgery.

Nina sat back in her chair, swallowing the last of her medicine with a grimace.

She glanced around her cluttered office, barely acknowledging the mess that had accumulated over the past week.

Nobody was allowed to touch that clutter until the fashion week was

over. Swatches of fabrics in vibrant colors were draped over every available surface.

Sketched and designed drafts were scattered across the floor. Even in the hall that was next to the office, half-finished garments were hanging from mannequins placed haphazardly around it.

"Honestly!" Geena shook her head while sorting through the garment pieces. Lying around on the floor, "I don't know how you manage to work in this chaos, Nina."

She stacked a pile of design reports neatly on Geena's desk. Nina felt pathetic. She had no one in her life except a few shallow friends who wouldn't take a minute to leave her unless she had money to spend.

Geena might be closest to her, but she was herself a young girl who was doing this job because she was paid well.

Nina hired her because the girl knew how to kneel in front of Nina. She was a submissive fellow who didn't know how to speak for herself. Just like Nina liked it.

Geena grew up in an orphanage and couldn't even complete her graduation. She badly needed the job and Nina appointed her because she wasn't able to find a sincere girl. The plan was to fire Geena after a few days once she got the desired candidate.

However, Geena was so hardworking that slowly Nina started depending on her. She started sharing things with her, but those things were mostly related to her professional life.

She was not a fool to share her personal problems with her. Just a few

10.50

104 104- Discarded Valerie

complaints about Valerie were enough.

Geena was aware that Nina had a drop-dead gorgeous son and a laughter-in-law, but unlike other girls, she never tried to probe her employer about Rafael Sinclair and his personal life.

Nina hired her three years back, so the girl didn't know anything about. Marissa and Valerie's fiasco.

Geena was now collecting empty coffee cups from the floor, "Nina. I have observed you lately. How will you manage your business if you won't take care of your health."

The girl was quickly cleaning the messy clutter like a genie and Nina's Brian wasn't even registering what she was saying.

She was more focused on the throbbing headache that had subsided slightly after taking the medicines.

She wasn't interested in taking the call when the phone started buzzing.

"Hey, Nina," one of her executives, was on the phone, "Don't forget the client. call at three tomorrow noon. Also, I have finalized the presentation for the board meeting. I'll email it to you early morning so that you can have a

look..."

The man kept rambling without realizing that Nina wasn't even answering him unless the phone from her hand was grabbed by Geena.

"Gorish! Can't you see.... I mean can't you feel her lack of response on the phone? She is not well and here you are speaking nonstop without giving her a chance to speak," she snapped on the phone, "now spare my boss and focus. on your job! It's past office hours so take a breather and let Ms. Nina live a little," with that she slammed the phone on the cradle.

"Nina. It's quite late, you need to go home. You don't look alright to me," Nina didn't understand. She was a strong lady and knew how to tackle her employees, but Rafael's call had disturbed her immensely.

"I think you are right. I should go home. You can also come to my place," Nina

who were busy in keeping everything at

invited her and Geena's hands o

104 104- Discarded Valerie

its place paused for a moment.

"I?" she pointed her finger to her chest, "You are inviting me to your home?"

Nina nodded with a smile, "You are more than a daughter to me, Geena. Why not?"

Geena had a hesitant smile on her face. Nina never invited her home without any business purpose. They were close but Nina never shared even a hotel room with her during traveling.

Geena had been to her apartment for discussions, meetings and for helping her with appointments. But never for a friendly visit.

While staring at her secretary absent-mindedly, Nina had only one thing in mind.

Geena was also a blonde with a weak financial background. How about if she discarded Valerie and asked Rafael to marry Geena?

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105 105- Abigail

After talking to his mom, Rafael was still thinking about Nina. He needed to understand her role in all this.

As a mom, she replaced his bride and asked Marissa to marry him. Then why did she hide the truth from him? Shouldn't she be honest with him?

When Rafael brought Abigail to his room, Marissa had already gone to sleep. He placed the little girl between him, and Marissa then carefully arranged the quilt over Marissa.

He had asked Joseph to talk to that surgeon and then also requested his lawyer friend to route him to the best family court lawyer.

He needed to talk to someone and ask him about the legalities of his relationship with Marissa and Valerie.

"You don't feel sleepy, Daddy?" he straightened with a sigh when he heard his daughter's little voice.

"No, I don't," They were talking in whispers to avoid disturbing Marissa.

"So would you like to have a cup of coffee?" she asked him, and he couldn't hold back the smile.

"Are you offering to make one? Do you also like cooking just like your mom?" he started playing with the curls surrounding her face.

"No. I don't like going to the kitchen, Daddy. I hate cooking or making coffee too," she said momentarily forgetting that she needed to keep her voice low. "Hmm. Then what do you like doing, princess?" he asked his daughter and wanted to tease her when saw her too engrossed in her thoughts.

"I like car racing. Someday I would like to give a tough time to Ayrton Senna." Rafael seemed impressed when heard the name of a big car racer from her. "You know him?"

"Yeah. Once saw his interview. He is a Brazilian Formula One driver," she

10:50

< 105 105- Abigail

explained to him, and Rafael raised his brows to regard his little girl.

Till now he had somehow guessed that Alex was an extraordinary genius, but his little princess wasn't any less.

"Do you know he is not alive, love? You need to

find someone else to admire

and look up to. Maybe, choose someone else to win against."

Damn, Flint. Why didn't you tell my girl that the man was no longer alive? Now look how upset she is.

"Then maybe Lewis Hamilton? British race car driver?" she asked in a hopeful voice. He observed her small frame close to him and felt good.

Daughters are sweethearts!

That was the thought that flashed in his mind while talking to her. He kissed her soft cheek when she made a cute pout jutting out her lips, reminding him

of Marissa.

“Or maybe I should go for cooking. That’s the only thing I can do, Daddy. Doctors will never allow me to move freely,” she said with a sad smile and then hid her face in her father’s chest, “I’ll never race, Daddy.”

“No, little one. Who said that?” Rafael felt like someone had squeezed his heart in an iron fist, “You will grow up just like other kids, sweetheart. You’ll see how this world will clap for you when you’ll win a championship.”

“Really? Do you think I’ll play like other kids too?” she squealed, and Rafael had to clamp her mouth when he saw Marissa stirring in her sleep.

Right now, the mommy seemed dead tired, having fallen asleep after having a long exhausting day.

To avoid more disturbance, he left the bed and then lifted Abigail in his arms, “Let’s **get you** out of here otherwise you might wake up your mom.”

When he brought her to the living room, she asked him excitedly, “Can we have a late-night snack?”

He gave

one look to the cutest face in the world and smiled.

“Where were you all this time, little chipmunk!” he clutched her tightly to his

25

C 105 105–Abigail

chest like a precious diamond.

Not understanding what he was saying, she just got one word and that was ‘chipmunk’. Her giggling brought unexpected tears to his eyes, “Do you know I have to do lots of office work tomorrow?”

“Oh. Then go to sleep, Daddy. Tomorrow is a weekend though!” Abi’s smile faded and a look of disappointment crossed her face.

Rafael nibbled his upper lip thinking hard, “OK. Tell me. What should I fix for you?”

Her face lit up and she closed her eyes trying to think hard, “Sandwich?”

“Daddy doesn’t know how to fix one, but we can try.”

He got up and went to the fridge to find some cheese, or bacon, or anything. He started placing some packets on the counter.

“Daddy. How about you give me milk and cookies,” she blinked quickly **in** excitement. Rafael looked towards the room door, torn between asking Marissa about Abigail’s food restrictions or taking out the milk carton from the fridge.

“Does your mom give you milk?” she nodded at him.

“Yeah. Blue carton. Shy milk,”

Shy milk?

“You mean Soy, little one?”

He went back to the fridge and opened it again. There it was a blue carton labeled as Soy for lactose intolerance.

“Will it do?” he asked her, setting some cookies on the plate.

This late-night snacking was something he was thoroughly enjoying with his daughter.

Lifting her up, he made her sit on the tall stool by the counter, “Here’s your Shy milk and cookies,” he said watching as she eagerly began devouring them.

35

<105 105–Abigail

While Rafael started placing back the cheese and bacon packs back in the fridge.

“Liking it?” he asked the little one who showed her approval with a wide grin.

“Someday we all can have late snacking along with your siblings,” he remarked observing her face.

How could anybody be this freaking cute! What did I ever do to deserve her?

“Really, Daddy? You are the best!” she said loudly and reached over to hold his face, bringing him down, and kiss his rough cheek. But then had to clamp her small hand on her m

outh. The cookie chunks that were smeared on her mouth and her hands could now be seen on Rafael's jaw.

But Rafael didn't mind. As long as his little girl was happy, he didn't give a damn.

She was making small conversations with him, and he was replying to her with all the patience.

"Daddy! Can I have more? Please?" the little version of Marissa had already wrapped him around her little finger, but Rafael was a little concerned.

"Love! I don't think that is allowed by your mom," Shit. He didn't even know what were the dietary restrictions for his daughter.

Her face drooped down a little, but Rafael held her face very gently, "How about we plan another late-night snacking and I take **you** shopping tomorrow and let you buy whatever you want," he nodded, "With your mom's permission?"

He didn't want to cross the line where Marissa must have made rules and

regulations for the kids, and he wanted to give a clear message to his kids that their mom and dad were on the same team.

10:50