

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 121-125

Released on August 5, 2024

121 121- Bring It On!

was interested in me as I was not wearing anything fancy and..."

"Wait a minute," he raised his index finger, "Did you ask the name of this dude?"

"Yeah. I did. Joseph. His name was Joseph," Her eyes were constantly on her lap while telling this embarrassing story to Rafael, but when they traveled to his face, he was trying to bite back the amusement yet was failing miserably.

She glared at him, "Did... did I say something wrong?"

"No, silly," Rafael ruffled her hair, "I guess this is the time to make it up to you for what I did in the past."

"Sorry?" poor her didn't understand what he was saying.

"Nothing," he smiled brightly, "interested in another match? I mean ready to lose again?"

She rolled her eyes and switched on the TV again.

"This time, I'll be the winner. Get it through your thick skull, Rafael Sinclair!" she stuck out her tongue and Rafael smirked.

He had to admit that he was enjoying her company.

He made a mental note to talk to Joseph. He owed this much to the woman who took care of his.

kids in his absence.

Sinclair? Scared? Huh?"

Her voice drew him out of his thoughts, "What are you thinking

Rafael smiled and held up his console, "Not at all, Dr. Sophie. I'm all ready! Bring it on!"

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122 122- Gerard's Shirt

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Marissa was sitting quietly in the car, just looking ahead. She couldn't get Rafael out of her mind.

If he had been polite in their two-year marriage, now he had become the gentlest, treating her like she was made of glass.

"You are too quiet, Gerard remarked keeping his eyes ahead while driving.

"Nah. Just... maybe job problems..." she glanced sideways and then started playing with her purse straps.

"Being in the job is the hardest thing," he said while glancing at the rearview mirror, "It doesn't give you the liberty of making your own choices. You always have to act according to your boss's mood swings. I used to admire you so much when you started this home-based cooking. And now look at you. Stuck like me."

He pushed the brakes when he noticed the traffic jam ahead.

"But I'm enjoying my job, G. It does give me liberty..."

"I don't think so, Marissa, he argued holding the steering wheel tightly, "I also used to think like that. I thought I enjoyed my job but nah. I really want to plan my start-up and get rid of this daily slavery."

Marissa stayed quiet. Gerard looked upset and she didn't want to negate his feelings. How to tell him that she almost felt like an owner at MSin?

"When you own a business and you are sick or someone from your family needs you, you don't need to take permission from your boss. Because you are the boss, and you don't give a damn if someone marks your leave or doesn't tell lies against you on your back. Moreover, if the boss is an as*shole then you are in deep shit."

Kate.

She was the one who always tried to malign Marissa's reputation.

Maybe Gerard was right, and she wasn't ready to accept it..

She took the job because they were offering attractive perks, and she could never earn this much in her home-based business.

"What if the job is for a few months?" she twisted in her seat to look at his face, "The permanent job might affect your mental health but here they just hired me for a few

months. Once the job is done, I'm free to walk away. How about that?" she asked him with seriousness on her face, and he nodded.

"Point noted, milord, he threw a glance at her, "by the way, you look beautiful."

Marissa was taken aback by the sudden, unexpected compliment.

"Thank you,

"And you look different too. You never let your hair down. Is it a good hair day or am I lucky

122 122—Gerard's Shirt

None, Gerard. It was Rafael who wanted it....

Her thoughts were interrupted by him, "Here we are, Gerard said slowing down the car.

He had brought her to a Chinese restaurant, Golden Dragon. It was known for authentic cuisine and elegant décor.

After handing over the car to the valet, he guided her inside. They were taken to a quiet table shielded partially with an ornate screen, offering them some privacy.

Marissa quickly opened her menu glancing through the dishes. She wanted to get done with the meal as she was getting heart palpitations.

"I've heard their Peking duck is amazing, Gerard looked up from his menu, "And the dim sum here is to die for."

Marissa nodded, trying hard to focus on the menu despite her wandering thoughts about the man who said she looked beautiful before sending her here.

"What do you think? Or is there anything else you are interested in ordering?" His eyes were scanning her face, and she felt a little uneasy.

"I think I'll start with hot and sour soup then I might go for Kung pao chicken," she tried to smile when saw him still staring at her.

Maybe she had ordered less and shouldn't give him the impression that she wasn't interested in coming here.

"That's it?" he asked, "Are you on a diet or something?"

"No!"

“Good. Then eat! Forget about your weight tonight, this was the best thing about him. He never made fun of her weight and always encouraged her to eat a healthy diet.

“Ok” she again scanned the menu, “Maybe a mango pudding before I leave?” she asked him, and his nodding face told her that he had approved it.

“Excellent,” he turned to the waiter and gave their orders. The waiter left them a pot of steaming Jasmine tea. Gerard poured them each a cup, then raised his cup for a toast.

“To the wonderful evening for two people who are silly enough to slave for someone else!”

Marissa laughed at the toast and raised her cup to clink against his, “To a wonderful evening!”

While sipping their tea, Gerard told her about his latest projects and more negative things about his bosses who thought of him as their donkey.

Poor him was sharing his worries with her while Marissa was imagining him with a shit load of work on his back like a donkey.

“Why are you smiling?” his words drew her from her thoughts.

“Huh! What?”

“I’m asking, why you are smiling. Do you find my pain funny?”

122 122—Gerard’s Shirt

carelessly in the air, “It’s just that...” she was looking for perfect words and the horrible thing was she couldn’t find any. What to tell him?

That I was imagining you as a donkey...

He was still waiting for the explanation, she realized.

“I just realized that we... are meeting after such a long time... we should keep catching up. Now, see?” she raised her hands to show him around, “You are telling me about your office problems. At least we are sharing our burdens.”

He nodded in agreement and got up from his seat, “You are so right.” Pulling her a hug and rubbed her back, “It’s so good to talk to you... like always.”

Marissa took a sigh of relief.

up, he gave her

He went back to his seat and more office talk had started. The bosses might be scoundrels, but the Gerard was a chatterbox.

He and Marissa shared a good bond because she had always been a good listener.

After having tea, they were waiting for their order. Marissa was being served with the soup. when a girl in a skimpy skirt approached their table with a sultry smile on her face.

“Look who we have got here. Our very own Gerard!”

The girl wasn't slim but her every body part was round and perky. Her boobs and ass weren't too happy to stay behind those insufficient tight clothing and were spilling out, maybe they wanted. to jump out of there.

Her hand landed on Gerard's shirt and started stroking his chest as if she wanted to tear the garment.

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123 123- Long-Lost Buddies.

“Ex... excuse me!” Gerard tried to smile and there were tiny beads of sweat on his forehead. gliding down to his temples.

“Don't remember me, baby? It's not even a month since we had such a good time at your place, Marissa didn't want to be judgmental, but the way Gerard was acting, it was clear that he wanted

to hide it.

He knew this girl.

“I ... I think...” he chuckled awkwardly, “you are mixing me with someone.”

“No, I'm not,” she brought her face near his and grinned like she was enjoying his discomfort, “You told me, your name is Simon, but I saw your ID. It was Gerard,” she then turned to look at Marissa and winked, “Am I right, baby girl?”

She asked for confirmation and Marissa could only nod and then started sipping her soup. Poor Gerard might be looking for ways to get rid of the girl and Marissa was sure that she wouldn't go away unless Gerard paid her handsomely.

“So, Gerard. Tell me did you like it that night? her fingers had started traveling on his face

ours and Marissa was seated there feeling odd.

"I'll appreciate it..." Gerard picked up a napkin and wiped the sweat off his forehead, "If you leave us alone.

"But that day you didn't want to leave me alone. All night, all day you kept screaming..."

* "Enough!" Marissa dropped her spoon in the soup bowl, "You need to talk to him, lady? I respect

that. But not when he is having personal time with his friends."

The girl frowned and looked at Marissa, "Friends?" and then it dawned on Marissa. This girl was trying to blackmail Gerard quite subtly, thinking that he was here with his girlfriend.

"Yes. I'm his friend and I'm happy that he had a good time with you THAT night..." Marissa rested her back on the seat, "Now if you leave then I'll be highly obliged."

Marissa kept drumming her fingers on the table surface eyeing the girl with a smile. The girl sighed and slapped Gerard's shoulder.

"You are a lucky dog, man." She said and then started taking back steps, "but we'll meet again, Gerard.

She turned on her heels to join someone else at another table.

When Gerard looked at Marissa she had resumed drinking the soup.

"God! That was embarrassing!" he chuckled and wagged his head with wide eyes.

For some reason, she had started missing Rafael even more. She couldn't wait to tell him what just happened.

Wait! Was she really this insensitive to share such details with Rafael who was there just for the

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123 123- Long-Lost Buddies

His easy-going smile, the way he kissed her, the way his hand used to crawl...

"Are you alright?" Gerard's voice broke through her thoughts.

She blinked and nodded at him, "Oh yes, I'm fine. Just a bit tired, I guess."

“Long day?” she could see sympathy in his eyes.

She slowly finished her soup, feeling a pang of guilt for not being present for him, mentally, “Sort

of”

“But it’s the weekend, Mar: he waited when the waiter started placing their order.

“Yes. But remember? I’m a mom.”

“Ah, yes. Thanks for reminding me. It’s been a while since I met the kids. How are they? Are they still meeting their father?” he asked her between the bites.

“Of course, they are,” Actually, he was home when I came down to meet you.

They kept talking about the office, life, and everything. Gerard didn’t ask her anything personal, thankfully.

“I’m so glad that you gave it a thought and came here tonight, Marissa. He said when they were done with the dessert, “though you were the one who made the call.

“Oh, come on, G. I’m equally glad. Thank you for a lovely, evening,” She held his hand that was placed on the table.

Yes. Because I found it extremely unethical to send you back. Oh, Lord! Wasn’t it equally bad to think of someone else in his presence?

“You have been a very good friend ever since I stepped in the Kanderton, she squeezed his hand. and left it.

“Just friend? Now don’t hurt my feelings, Mar,” he teased her, but Marissa knew better. She had been crystal clear about it from the start.

She didn’t want to cause him any pain and was never ready for a new relationship. Gerard was not a one-night stand material guy.

“I’m not hurting your feelings. I’m saving you from the hurt, silly,” He nodded but still, he didn’t look convinced.

Her heart was now fluttering in her chest. What Rafael must be doing now? He must be sad without me.

Is he giving a tough time to Sophia?

Sophie will kill me once I go back home.

Oh, God. She couldn't wait to go home and tend to Rafael's broken heart.

After dinner, they drove back in silence.

As they pulled up to her place, he turned to her, a look of curiosity on his face, "Why do I feel like..." he curved down his line "like so ma

123 123—Long—Lost Buddies

Uh, oh. Not now! I'm not ready for this.

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"Why? No! I was present and I enjoyed the dinner. Why would I invite you in the first place, G?" she placed her hand on his arm, "Would you like to come over for coffee?" she asked him to make it up to him.

Now please don't say yes. When you meet him, you might think he is the reason and that is true too but please no need to come. Don't accept the invitation... this is called mental talking or maybe Reiki. Please... coffee is bad for health.

"No thanks," he said with a smile, and she released the breath, she was holding, "No coffee. It's bad for health.

Marissa's eyes went wide but then she controlled her grin, "Yeah. Right." She opened the car lock with a click.

"Bye, G."

"Bye, Mar."

As Marissa got out of the car, she couldn't help it when the thought occurred in her mind. Rafael always opened the car door for her.

Oh, she wanted to be with him. He must be waiting, and she needed to go to him and cure his sadness. I'm coming, Rafael.

In her haste, she didn't even bother to knock the door and used her keys to unlock the door. She stood frozen, unable to comprehend the scene before her.

The man who was supposed to be heartbroken after sending her on the date was sitting there holding the console beside Sophie, too engrossed in the game.

Momentarily distracted from the game, he glanced up, "Oh. Hey. Wasn't expecting you so soon!" Sophie also barely acknowledged her friend as the two of them were playing like two long-lost buddies.

Comment 2

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124 124- Geena's Flight

"So where are you traveling to?" A young man in his early twenties asked Geena when she was standing outside the airport. [1

Nina was giving some instructions to her men about taking care of her things behind her back.

"I'm going Kanderton, Geena replied to him with a sweet smile and saw Nina Sinclair's men nodding wildly at her.

The guy who was talking to her gazed at Nina Sinclair with interest, "Who is she? Your mom?"

Geena who was too busy observing her boss turned to the boy with an embarrassed smile. She was about to say no but then changed her mind.

"Y...Yes. She is my mom,"

"Seems like an intimidating fellow, his eyes traveled to Nina and then were back on Genna's face.

"N...No. she is sweet. Sometimes quite strict but very sweet, Geena liked the attention this guy was giving her. She was already having second thoughts about the decision to travel with Nina.

The boss who used to be sweet to her, had now turned into a dragon in these last few days and had started objecting to anything Geena did.

She had started disliking the coffee, Geena made and wasn't pleased with her color combination. suggestions either.

"Got it," the boy nodded and then took out his phone from his pocket, "Can I have your contact

number?"

Geena felt uneasy though he was attractive. He must have sensed because he quickly stopped a porter and asked for a pen.

Taking Geena's hand in his, he wrote his contact number on her palm, "Contact me if you want. I like you,

Miss..."

"Geena," she finished for him.

"Yeah, Geena. And I'm..." poor boy couldn't finish it when Nina started calling her secretary in a

shrill voice.

"Geena! Geena! Let's go. We are getting late!"

Geena quickly pulled back her hand from the boy's grip and walked away without giving the boy a chance to say goodbye.

Nina Sinclair didn't know that today would be the most embarrassing travel of her life. Maybe she made a mistake and miscalculated Geena's intelligence.

While approaching the boarding area, Geena was so preoccupied with the thoughts of this imposed travel that she instinctively stopped at the economy counter,

124 124—Grona's Flight

"What on earth are you doing?" Nina hissed, exasperated at the fact that she had to teach Geena everything like a Montessori kid.

"Did I do something wrong?" The girl asked her innocently.

"We're flying business class. Over there. She held Geena's elbow quite tightly this time and guided her to the other counter.

Geena's face reddened as she felt Nina's grip on her arm. It hurts, man.

"I... I'm sorry, Nina... I was.

as... just..."

"No excuses, Nina cut her off, "Just move,"

Later they settled into their business-class seats, and Geena decided to do everything carefully.

You can do it. You can do it. You are a good girl. You are a good secretary. If you can keep your boss happy in the office, you can do anything. Just be confident...

She was repeating the mantra again and again in her head.

However, today fate seemed against her.

The flight attendant came by with the beverage cart. Geena had traveled before, but she thought the business class was supposed to be more classy. It must have more options. No?

“What’s so special about business class, Nina?” she asked her boss, “this is the same cart that they use for economy class,” She informed her boss in a whisper.

Nina gritted her teeth but didn’t say anything. These were the same questions she asked herself when she traveled with Rafael’s father for the first time in business class.

“Can I have coffee?” Geena asked the attendant and reached for that cup with a little excitement. As a result, the cup tipped, spilling coffee on her lap.

“Good grief, Geena. Stop embarrassing me. Can you try not to draw attention like this?” Nina ran a conscious glance around her. Thankfully no one noticed the mishap except the air hostess who brought them a napkin in a flash.

“I’m so sorry, Nina. It was an accident, Geena stammered, blotting at her dress with a napkin.

“No. It wasn’t an accident, Nina replied icily, “it’s unacceptable, Geena. You need to get a grip and act like you belong here, you fool!”

Geena wanted to die. The insult was too much to bear.

She stayed quiet and didn’t offer any further explanations to her boss. She wasn’t aware of why she was being jumpy.

Maybe the news that Nina is thinking of marrying her off to her handsome son.

“God! I’m stuck in a situation.”

“Miss. Please pass it on,” the attendant passed her a tray carrying Nina’s favorite grilled fish and baked potato along with some salsa sauce.

Geena knew Nina was in love with grilled fish.

124 124–Geena’s Flight

“Sure,” with a smile Geena held the tray and passed it to Nina. However, the tray slipped from her grasp, splattering the salsa onto Nina’s pristine dress.

Nina’s eyes widened in disbelief and Geena felt that now Nina could kill her in this flight.

"I'm... I'm... sorry. Oh God! I truly am," this time even the flight server was looking at her oddly.

"For heaven's sake!" Nina looked down at her dress, her face was like she was about to get a heart attack, "Can't you do anything right?"

Another air hostess hurried over to assist, but Nina waved her off, her face had turned blotchy due to the rage she was feeling inside, "No need. My secretary seems to think it's her job to make my life difficult. I seriously don't know what demon has taken over her head.

Geena had an extra napkin and she tried to clean Nina's dress with shaking hands. Her lips were quivering as if she could cry any minute.

"I'm so sorry... Nina... I seriously... d...don't know..."

Nina didn't let her finish, her voice was low but furious, "This is not your mistake, girl. This middle-class mentality of yours, Geena. You need to overcome it. How many times do I have to remind you to use your brain? You are pathetic. I made a mistake when I hired you."

Comment

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125 125- Enough Insults

Passengers around them might be pretending that they were not noticing it, but Geena could feel their eyes on her.

This humiliation was too much to handle. For the rest of the flight, she decided not to engage in any conversation and keep it to herself.

She was trying desperately not to draw any attention anymore. And that was only possible if she wouldn't eat anything, wouldn't talk to anyone, and stayed in her seat like a dummy.

She could feel the tears at the back of her eyelids, but she wasn't allowed to cry or complain. Where was she stuck?

The job description might show the traveling clause, but the humiliation wasn't part of it.

Thankfully she wanted to dance when she felt the plane slowly descending. This torture was over. She would soon be free.

Sigh.

Nina leaned over, "When we land... you and I are going to have a serious talk about the future, Geena. I'll chalk out whatever is expected from you. I'll also hire a trainer who will give you a full fledged training about how to carry yourself among the elite class."

Geena didn't know that such training existed. She had watched it in some movies but wasn't aware that it was all real.

"Do

you understand what I'm trying to say, Geena?" Nina hissed near her ear.

Geena nodded, her throat tight, "Yes, Nina!

"Good!" Nina straightened in her seat.

Geena couldn't wait for the flight to be over, but she was aware that the real turbulence was waiting for her ahead.

How to avoid this situation? Am I stuck for a lifetime?

As they exited the plane making their way through the airport, Geena's nerves were already melting thinking about the future with this woman.

"I'll get you trained. And you will be Rafael's wife," Nina kept pouring the words into her ear, "You need to be very alert and active. My son is very handsome, and he will not like a timid wife."

Poor son! He doesn't know what his mom is capable of.

"There is a woman in my son's life, and she is taking advantage of him. He is rich and handsome, and women are usually after him. His wife doesn't know his worth so I'm planning to get him married to a woman of my choice. Who can stay with him and shoo away all those unwanted visitors? Don't worry. I'll pay you handsomely."

This woman was crazy.

Geena looked at her boss's face whose wrinkles were still evident despite numerous Botox

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125 125 Enough Insults

treatments.

Rafael Sinclair sounded to be a reasonable man. Geena didn't know that he was a man-baby who took instructions from his mom about the girls in his life.

She wished, she could inform the man beforehand what his evil mom was planning against him.

He should have the complete liberty of which woman to choose.

By the way, what was his wife's role in all this?

Why Valerie Sinclair didn't know what her evil mom-in-law was planning?

She was so busy thinking about all this, that she pulled Nina's branded suitcase from the conveyor belt to place it in the luggage trolley.

Unfortunately, she misjudged the timing, causing the bag to fall off the carousel and land with a loud thud.

"Seriously?" Nina snapped, "Can't you even manage to pick a suitcase properly? You are a prude!" she said glaring at Geena.

She was used to bringing three or four men of her staff too, but this flight plan was made on an urgent basis plus she didn't want anyone to inform Rafael that she was arriving in Kanderton.

"Hey! Watch out!" a traveler exclaimed glaring at Geena and then turned to Nina Sinclair, "teach your daughter how to push a trolley!"

The minor collision had injured his foot a little.

"You fool!" This time Nina didn't care about the people walking around causing the heads to turn

in their direction.

She rolled her eyes and took over the trolley from her secretary, "Let me handle it, Geena. I can't believe he thought that you're my daughter!"

"N...Nina... I.. L."

"Stop

top stammering!" Nina snapped, looking around the airport, "We have only one day to relax. Prepare your mind Geena because on Monday we need to be there at the MSin office and tell everyone we are the boss. I might introduce you to the office employees

as his fiancé. In this way. they all might think that he is planning to divorce his wife or has already divorced her.

Geena just nodded swallowing hard.

She prayed to God that, the woman who was involved with Rafael doesn't work in MSin. Because if she does. Nina would make sure to make her life a living hell.

"Nina... will... will those people... I mean those... MSin employees... will they listen to you?"

"Yes, why not?" Nina had a proud grin on her face, "They will listen to me when they know I'm their boss's mom."

"N...no... what I mean to say is..." Geena swiped her tongue on her lips, "Even if you are his mom, What if they know that Rafael is the real boss, and they are supposed to follow his instructions only."

125 125- Enough Insults

Nina stopped walking and turned to her, "What do you mean?" she folded her arms on her chest, "Girl! You know nothing about power. Employees will obey me once I tell them confidently who the boss is. These games require lots of brain energy and loads of confidence. I have got both!" Nina raised her shoulder and resumed the walk.

She was pushing the trolley, walking to the taxi stand while Geena was trailing behind her. Nina was habitual of traveling in luxury cars but tonight hiring the taxi was her compulsion.

"Yeah. What if... Rafael.... Geena ceased when Nina looked at her sharply, "I mean to say is what if Mr. Rafael Sinclair... tells you that he..."

She couldn't continue because Nina had stopped close to a taxi and started settling inside. The driver helped with their luggage and took the driving seat.

"He can't tell me that. You don't know how these rich people work. Leave your middle-class mentality behind and focus ahead, Geena. If you want MSin employees to accept you then your need to boss around confidently. 1)

Geena had got enough insults at the airport now she wasn't aware how she would be treated at MSin by this woman and her son.