

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 144-150

Released on August 9, 2024

144 144- Was She Beautiful? Was She A Blonde?

Ethan wanted to go for a beach trip to enjoy this unexpected off from the MSin office, but Valerie wasn't interested so he decided to discover the city himself.

The weather was humid, but the people were hospitable.

He was passing through the hotel lobby when he heard someone growling under her breath. Her voice might be low, but her words were sharp. He peeked from the huge vase placed in front of the dining area.

"Nina Sinclair?"

She was scolding the girl who used to accompany her usually everywhere. The poor girl wasn't even trying to defend herself. There was a huge yellow stain of a curry in front of the girl's dress. It seemed like she spilled some runny food on her dress and was now getting bashed for her clumsiness.

Poor girl!

"Nina. I'll clean it in the bathroom," She was asking her employer quite timidly.

But Nina kept hurling insults at her with a venomous hiss.

How much did Nina own in MSin? Fifteen percent or twenty? Whatever it was. It wasn't a small

chunk.

He quickly moved aside when they passed by without even noticing him.

"Tomorrow when we go to MSin, will you be doing this careless stuff there too? Who will take you seriously Geena?"

So, Nina also has a big purpose to enter MSin! He thought to himself.

In Valerie's room, he was still thinking about Nina. Instead of taking it lightly, they should be prepared for what was about to come.

Valerie was lounged on the couch, with eyes glued to the TV. It was David Birmingham's show, and they usually invite big celebrities to it.

With a relaxed mind, she was enjoying the show with a nonalcoholic drink. She didn't want to appear drunk in the office tomorrow.

Meanwhile, Ethan was sitting by the coffee table working on his laptop. His feet were propped up on the table and his fingers were tapping with lightning speed as he kept working about something online.

After a few minutes, he stretched his arms letting out a small yawn, "The weather was pretty good today," he remarked glancing up from his screen, "We could go to the beach."

Valerie smiled but her attention stayed on the TV screen, "Yeah. And then get caught together. No thanks.

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Ever since he accompanied her to Kanderton, she wanted to play it safe. Showing the whole world that Ethan was with her, meant her chances of getting the money were slim.

Ethan stood up and walked over to the room fridge to fetch a bottle of water. His room was right next to hers but still, he liked being here with her.

"Hey, Val. I've been thinking about something" he took a sip before continuing, "Your mother-in-law, Nina."

Valerie's smile faded slightly and at last, her eyes flickered towards him, "Oh? What about her?" she muted the volume.

Ethan returned to his laptop and sat back on his chair, "Why don't you shake hands with her?

he then capped back his bottle and placed it on the coffee table, "Just think of the benefits you will get. She is Rafael's mom and according to you, she tries to control her son all the time. She has connections and can make things easier for you."

Valerie frowned and she almost tossed aside the TV remote, "Shake hands with Nina? Trust me. You don't know what you are talking about. She is a very difficult woman, someone who is impossible to deal with. Urgh."

She rolled her eyes and shifted her focus to the screen, but the TV volume was still mute.

He chuckled while still busy with the laptop, "Think of the bigger picture, darling. Sometimes you need to play games and be in the good books of the people you dislike. This is the number one

rule of the business.

“Rafael never followed this rule,” she asked raising her one shoulder carelessly.

“That’s because he is a business pro. His mind is of higher IQ than many businessmen out there.”

For some reason Valerie found it funny, “Higher IQ?” she couldn’t control the mirth, “Seriously, Ethan,” she twisted in the couch to look at him, giving him her undivided attention, “and this. higher IQ man couldn’t do a thing when I tried to make him a fool. Hahaha.”

Ethan got quiet and didn’t say anything. Valerie watched him still playing with his laptop keys and inhaled a long breath.

Ethan didn’t know anything about her past. The game she played with Nina against Marissa.

“Nina is a manipulative bitch. I just can’t trust her, Ethan.”

Ethan looked up, cocking up a brow, “But isn’t that the point? Keep your enemies closer?”

Valerie started shaking her head. She was aware of what he was trying to tell her but still, she wasn’t convinced, “Believe me, Ethan. Nina is bad news. I would never be involved with her or team up with her.”

This time Ethan closed his laptop, watching her closely, “I’m not asking you to like her, honey. You are just working with her and treating her as a colleague... who you don’t like much.”

Valerie’s eyes narrowed, “I don’t understand, Ethan. Why are you so adamant?” her voice was rising slightly, “You don’t know anything about her. It won’t be an easy job to work beside her.

She is toxic.”

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Ethan sighed closing his laptop. He walked over to the couch and sat beside her, placing a hand on her shoulder, “I don’t want you to be upset, love. You know that. Right.”

She didn't say anything. Why would he bring up something so insignificant while she was watching her favorite show?

"I just wanted you to thrive because you have never worked..."

"I know... I know I don't have any experience in this, Ethan. I have never worked in my life. And.... and I'm ready to learn. But please don't ask me to work beside her. She will not only destroy me

but her son too."

That g

got Ethan's attention like anything.

"What do you mean?" he glanced down, "she is his mom, and I don't think..."

"Oh, you know nothing about her. She is a witch... trust me."

Ethan nodded and kept squeezing her shoulder. Valerie switched on the TV but now her mind

wasn't on the show.

Her mind was on the woman Rafael was dating. Was she beautiful? Was she a blonde like her?

Comment

Released on August 10, 2024

145 145- Nina's Handsome Son? My A*ss!

Tomorrow in the office Valerie needed to tackle three people.

Rafael Sinclair.

Nina Sinclair.

The woman Rafael was having an affair with.

She didn't know who would create more difficulties for her. But for now, she didn't want to give up. Rafael Sinclair could be easily handled by some sweet words and her beauty. In the past, she had always melted his heart successfully.

Once he was with her, she could easily tackle Nina and that woman.

She turned the volume back up on the TV but couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling that was settling in the pit of her stomach.

The only thing that used to boost her morale was, 'If I could throw away Rafael's legal wife Marissa out of his life then this woman is nothing more than a mere fly.'

Flies are usually shooed away but if they don't go away then they should be crushed. Whoever this woman is, she better be prepared to leave MSin and find some other rich hunk for her kid. Because if she won't budge then she'll be crushed just as I did to Marissa.

Nina:

"What are you doing? All these clothes?" Geena glanced at all the clothes piling around. Two girls approached her like a hungry moth getting closer to the flame.

Poor her was washing the big oily stain from her clothes and it took some of her time. But when she entered Nina's room, she found the

and

Nina was seated comfortably in her bed, with a magazine in her hand, she looked up smirked, "These are seamstresses, Geena," she told her in a bored voice, "They are here to help you with your office dressing."

Geena looked at those dresses and found this situation a bit uncomfortable. None of them were according to her taste.

"B...but I... never wore such..."

"I know!" Nina raised her hand, "You used to be my assistant before but now you'll be joining the office for some other purpose. Your dressing sense needs to be up to date, and your dresses should be classy and a bit revealing. Don't you want to attract him?" Nina didn't take Rafael's name due to the presence of those girls, but Geena felt embarrassed.

'D--don't you think... this is too much?' she spread her arms, "I... I don't need... to..." The smirk on Nina's face was replaced by a cold and hard stare, "I don't need to what, Geena? Don't you want to look better? Don't you have any wish to stand out more?" she rose slowly from the bed and started taking small steps towards her, "If you think that your outdated fashion sense is going to get you a cut in the corporate world, you are sorely mistaken," she

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145 145- Nina's Handsome Son?

My Ass!

brought her mouth closer to her face, “that woman might be the mom of a kid but I’m sure she must have maintained herself quite exceptionally.”

Urgh. Again, that woman. Geena wanted to meet that woman and kill her. Before her, Geena’s life. was at peace.

But now everything had moved upside down.

Nina’s presence was suffocating her now, “Th—there must be other ways to impress your son,” she whispered giving a secret look to those girls who were busy discussing something over the pile of clothes, “Doesn’t he like brains?”

Nina looked at her and then laughed loudly, “Brains?” she started laughing again. Geena felt her face heat up, “As if... as if... you have got those brains. Haha. How stupid you are!” she snarled at Geena, “You know nothing about men. They are never after brains. Beauty is the only thing that attracts them.”

Nina then scoffed, waving her dismissive hand, “Your opinion is irrelevant, Geena. You know nothing about impressing my son. Just stand there and watch. You might learn something. Now let these beautiful ladies continue their job.”

Nina then turned to those ladies, “Girls! Continue, please. I want something that screams elegance. It should be intriguing enough to grasp a certain man’s attention.”

Geena saw one of them nodding and picked a sleek black dress with a daring slit, “How about this one, Ms. Nina? You are a fashion designer yourself. We have learned a lot from you over time.”

Nina felt good after hearing praise from them. Her eyes s

with approval, “This is perfect. Now, Geena. Take notes. Learn a few combinations and know, how to make an impression.”

She shot Geena a scathing glance before turning back to the seamstresses, her voice was dripping with satisfaction, “Girls. Teach her something. She’s been working with me for the last two years. I hope maybe she will learn something from you.”

Geena felt her cheeks burn with humiliation, but she remained silent. There wasn’t any need for protest as Nina could easily turn a deaf ear.

The boss who used to be so understanding was lost somewhere and in her place was a female vampire who didn’t like it when Geena used to breathe against her will.

Geena didn’t know how to tackle the situation.

She was stuck.

Whom to go? Who to call?

She didn't have anyone in her life who she could confide in. There weren't any friends.

She stayed there like a doll and those seamstresses kept trying different dresses on her. Geena kept standing there like a statue and stayed quiet when they kept taking her clothes off and trying new stuff on her.

She didn't have any free will and felt like a slave who could be sold to anyone, her owner wanted.

145 145–Nina's Handsome Son? My Ass!

And then something flashed in her mind! Why didn't she think of it before?

A small smile cracked on her lips. She was following Nina like a dummy. What if Rafael Sinclair rejected her by himself?

What if instead of creating further rifts between the couple she helps them to mend their ways? This might give her enough time to find a new job for herself.

She chuckled soundly, forgetting for a moment where she was.

"Are you alright?" one of the girls asked her while taking her chest measurement.

"Oh. I'm fine," she said in a good mood, "I'm absolutely fine."

Marrying Nina's handsome son? My ass!

140 146- Ralael! Put Me Down!

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146 146- Rafael! Put Me Down!

Marissa was still hiccupping in her sleep, and he couldn't understand, why she was still scared of Valerie and his mom. 1

Or was it about that nightmare?

He needed to tell her that dreams meant nothing. We only dream what we have in our subconscious. It didn't have to do anything with the reality.

He looked down when she shuddered in his arms. Tightening them around her, he lowered his face to her ear, "Nothing would happen, Marissa. You need to trust me this time. No one will hurt you ever"

He didn't want to cry but wasn't aware of how many wars he needed to fight to make her believe that the kids weren't the only reason he was here.

He could fight the world and didn't give a damn about Valerie. Even his business community could go against him, but he could fight them all. But for all those challenges she needed to be

with him.

"P...please believe me...I'm... not a home wrecker..." she cried in her sleep. Rafael frowned and pulled back to have a better look on her face.

"Marissa!" he didn't want to wake her up, but if this was again a nightmare, he wouldn't have any

choice.

Thankfully she went back to sleep but he didn't feel like sleeping anymore. That night, her nightmare had left him mentally disturbed, and he stayed awake with his mind racing with worry and his heart aching for her.

And now tonight she again seemed restless.

Before slipping into deep sleep, she took the names of Valerie and Nina. As if... as if she was

scared of them.

He needed to find out about it. He needed her to trust him.

The quilt was wrapped around her, and he smiled when he remembered how she threw away her clothes.

"You are a naughty fellow, Little Greene. Aren't you?" he kissed her forehead and lay beside her, sharing one pillow.

He knew somewhere in the middle of the night she would climb over him and sleep on his chest. He kept brushing his fingers through her hair.

Marisa turned in bed and then bolted up when saw broad daylight coming through the window.

“Crap! Don’t I have office today?” though facing Delinda was almost giving her a heart attack but then she needed to go on.

If Valerie and Nina couldn’t stop her, couldn’t kill her then no one else could. If she could manage to run away from those evil ladies’ clutches, then she could conquer the world.

She

tossed the quilt aside and got still.

“Damn!” in panic she glued it back to her body. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

“Wh...what did I do?” Oh, Lord! She got drunk last night. What got into her after that? And then all those memories kept returning to her slowly in small bits and pieces.

That creepy man. How he followed her outside. How Rafael saved her.

“Oh God!” she looked around for Rafael. He wasn’t there.

With the quilt still wrapped around her, she managed to walk to her wardrobe and took out a decent wear. Her eyes fell on her nightshirt and panties neatly folded and placed on the small study table.

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Ignoring the little mess, she went to the bathroom and there other glimpses started coming her.

“Now I remember. I remember everything. I need to pee. Oh, God. I really need to.... Rafael, help.”

He stood there with his back to her, waited for her, and then brought her back to the bed.

“I hope, I didn’t do anything indecent last night. Oh, God!” she hid her face behind her palms and shook her head in frustration. She slightly knocked her head against the bathroom wall.

“I am a jerk... jerk... jerk...” She slapped her cheek twice or thrice and then opened the shower.

While showering she kept trying to remember if she and Rafael attempted to bang each other. She lazily got dressed and came out of the bathroom.

However, when she went to the living room, she found Rafael placing plates on the dining table.

“Good morning!” he smiled at her. A drop-dead gorgeous man who was shirtless wearing nothing but just a pair of trousers, with a kitchen cloth draped over his shoulder.

What could be se*xier than this?

“Now stop staring at me, little Greene, and tell me how it is, he pointed towards the omelet and...

It wasn't burnt!

“Wow!” she breathed, and he raised a brow when heard her, not knowing if the wow was for the non-burnt omelet or him.

“Now move your ass over here. I came to wake you up, but you were already in the shower,” she nodded and took a seat. He went back to the kitchen and came out with steaming hot coffee cups.

He took another chair across her and then made a pout.

She watched him in confusion, “What?”

“I don't want to sit here. I can see you but not close enough to you. However,... he pointed to

146 146- Rafael! Put Me Down!

“Oh,” she made a pout with fake worry, “Now that's a problem.”

With a chuckle, he left his chair, and rounded the table to sit next to her, “That's better.

She agreed without saying much.

He transferred some omelet onto her plate and placed a fork, “Do even remember anything about last night?”

Her heart missed a beat at this unexpected question, and she felt her face blushing. He was looking at her closely, so she avoided the eye contact.

“Umm... No...” she cleared her throat, “I... I don't think I remember anything,” she kept her eyes glued to her food and started eating it.

His deep chuckle reached her ear, “Liar!”

She couldn't even argue. How could she when she remembered most of it except that....

"D...did ... something happen last night?"

"For example?" he was serious, but she didn't miss the mischief in his voice.

"You know what I mean. Now please tell me," she urged him, with a hint of frustration.

A playful smile graced his lips, "Tell you what?"

She pushed back her plate and got to her feet.

He wasn't expecting this reaction, "Marissa!"

"I'm getting ready for office," she said heading towards her room.

She was caught off guard when without warning, he came behind her and lifted her up air.

She squealed in surprise, "Rafael! Put me down!"

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147 147- MSin For Miles Sinclair?

"Rafael! Put me down!" (O

He did but also pinned her against the wall, "Put you down? Huh. Last night you were very much. interested in..." She didn't let him finish and placed her palm on her mouth.

"No! Stop!" she could see his eyes dancing in mischief.

"Last night..." he spoke again but she pressed her palm more into his mouth.

"Shut up! Another word from you and I won't eat this breakfast. Moreover, I'll tell everyone in the office what a horrible chef you are."

The threat seemed to work because his eyes went wide with shock, "Seriously?"

"Yeah seriously, she nodded, and he could see laughter in her eyes too.

He nodded in agreement and raised his hands to show her, that he not only gave up but also accepted her conditions.

She showed him a thumbs-up sign and removed her hand from his mouth.

He wasn't speaking anything, but she was still pinned between the wall and his hard body. "Marissa..." He scratched his head, but her eyes bulged out.

"You go back on your word, and I'll tell everyone the president of MSin slept with me last night," she gave him a proud grin, but he was wearing a serious expression on his face.

"I'll be honored if you do that," he whispered looking into her eyes. She swallowed hard and eyed his lips.

They were standing so close, and she realized that they were staring at each other. She could hear her heart pounding in her chest and wondered if he could hear it as well.

The tension between them had been building all night. His chest was touching hers most intimately, while his face was just inches away.

Their eyes were locked, and she could see the intensity in those emerald-green orbs.

"Your eyes... there are so many shades of green," she whispered and felt him holding her chin between his thumb and index finger.

"And your black eyes have everything in them. It's so easy to tell what's going on in your mind just by looking into them.

She swallowed her saliva and felt her breathing hitched in her chest. Slowly she felt the world around them fading away in the background.

The time seemed to go still.

Marissa's lips parted slightly, her breath coming in shallow gasps. It felt like she had been running in a marathon.

He slowly leaned forward, his gaze not leaving hers. Marissa's heart fluttered wildly when she

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on her face.

felt his hot breath on her face.

Warm and inviting.

She was no more in a position to ignore this heavy magnetic pull between them. Her eyes fluttered closed as his lips brushed against hers.

Soft. As always. Umm...

A shiver ran down her spine as she leaned into him. Her hands touched his bare chest and then traveled to his shoulders until they were tied around his neck.

She felt his hands around her waist, pulling her closer. She wanted to melt into his embrace. His lips sucked hers initially and then he started kissing her more intensely after biting her lower lip. She moaned in his mouth and moved closer to him except there wasn't any more space left to be.

covered.

She moaned loudly when felt his hand moving inside her shirt. She waited...

The touch of his hands on her skin... she waited when it started grazing her skin until it was cupping her boob above her bra.

She didn't know if his hand was doing more delicious things or if it was his mouth. His tongue had entered her mouth and was now trying to discover every nook and corner.

Her hand brushed over his chest and came down to rest on his nip*ple.

How she used to enjoy licking it.

She flipped her hand until her knuckles started traveling down, touching his skin throughout until it reached near the band of his pants.

She tried to insert her hand, but it was too tight. His grazing teeth stopped when he felt her struggle.

When she didn't succeed, her hand traveled lower above his pants and fondled his cock in her hand.

Big mistake.

He gasped and jumped. Their kiss broke and Marissa came back to the real world.

Was this kiss a mistake?

She looked up to find guilt on his face. But no. There was just this gentleness there.

"You naughty little thing," he remarked holding her face and she was happy that he was as affected by the kiss as her.

The way he was panting, the way he was huge down there. He wanted her.

Marissa was yearning for more. She wanted more.

But... but he thought of her as his babies' mom. Nothing else. If he took Valerie as his wife, then this was cheating.

147 147. MS

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Milos Sinclair?

"Marissa..." he trailed off when she didn't let him speak.

"Rafael. If you want anything else other than my involvement with babies, then it has to be fair and square."

He shrugged in confusion, "Meaning?"

"Meaning is..." she touched her tongue to her inner cheek, "You need to be very clear what we are. The world should know about our relationship. We need to tell Valerie and Nina too."

"I was waiting for you, Marissa. Remember? You asked me not to tell them about our kids?"

"Yes, I do remember that," she reminded herself about Delinda's words, "I just don't want the people to think that I'm a third wheel in your marriage."

He nodded in understanding, "What do you have in mind?"

"We need a court statement if we are married. If they think you are married to my sister, then a proper divorce should be there before we come closer. Getting intimate with a married man? A big no! And if you are married to me then a proper announcement must be there. You can't enjoy my body when you are married to my sister."

To him, her every word made sense.

"Got it. I know. This is basic decency, he agreed.

"Until and unless things get resolved, I still insist. Try to keep our kids a secret."

He smiled, watching her closely, "So why do you think the MSin website isn't working anymore.

little Greene?"

“What. Do. You. Mean?”

“The moment you joined MSin, I asked Dean to get it removed. I couldn’t let my employees’ names go out when yours was still there. It was meant to respect your privacy.”

She chuckled and then remembered something, “By the way, Sinclair Industries was a catchy. name. What happened to it? Why MSin? Is it because of Miles Sinclair? I remember how you loved

your grandfather,” he kept looking at her face and then kissed her cheek softly and started taking back steps,

“Get ready. I need to be in an official meeting with someone outside the office and no,” he stopped before disappearing into her room, “MSin doesn’t stand for Miles Sinclair.”

With a restrained smile, he went inside without offering any further explanation and closed the door behind him.

Marissa thought in confusion.

MSin doesn’t stand for Miles Sinclair. Then who does it stand for? His great grandfather?”

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148 148- Valerie In MSin

“Are we going to the hotel?” she asked Rafael when saw him taking the first turn.

“Yeah. My office clothes are there, and you can meet the kids,” she leaned back with a nod.

“You are spoiling them,” he just tilted his head at her remark to give her the look that clearly

said,

Of course, they are my kids, and they are meant to be spoiled.

“I need to discuss something with you,” he said, his eyes scanning the road ahead.

“Yeah. Shoot.”

“I have invited a few women to the hotel, he touched the tip of his tongue to his upper lip.

She crossed her arms over her chest, clearly unsettled, “Invited few women? But why?”

“I wanted to discuss it last night but couldn’t get a chance...” he paused when she nodded at him to continue, “If you find it OK then I want to hire a nanny for the kids.”

Marissa got quiet.

“Listen. I already told you, that you are the best mom for my kids, and no one can take your place. You have got the best help in your absence in the form of Sophie and Flint. But... don’t you think now they need their time?”

Marissa shot him a puzzled look, “Their time?”

“Yeah. They both are amazing but now they need to refocus on their lives as individuals, Marissa. You were alone and they came up to help you. But now I’m also here for the kids. Sophia is a gynecologist who dropped her practice because she was hiding from me,” Marissa detected guilt in his voice, “And now I want to do something for her.”

She raised a brow, “You mean Joseph?”

“Yes. Joseph is a very good friend of mine. If they hit it up, then our favorite people can be closer... and together. What do you say?” Marissa thought for a moment.

“As a mom, you’ll decide who to hire for our kids. These governesses will be trained and know how to tackle a kid.”

Marissa was quiet after that.

“So, you expect me, she raised her index finger in the air, “to interview them this morning?”

He shrugged while applying brakes for the signal, “If there is a problem then I can reschedule the interviews.

“B...but Rafael, I have a meeting before lunch break where I need to give a final presentation.”

“And we can postpone the presentation after the lunch break, Marissa thought of Delinda who might think she was again taking advantage.

“What if people will think that I’m delaying the presentation without any reason?”

148 148—Valorie in MSin

“Why care for the people, Marissa? If you think you are not harming anyone or not taking undue benefit, then all is good. Who cares what others think about you?”

The car had stopped in front of the hotel entrance, “Plus, I’m with you,” he said holding her hand.

“If that’s the case, she smiled, “then I’m in.”

Fu*ck you, Delinda.

“Oh God. I’m excited,” Valerie said sitting in the cab. Though she couldn’t make her appearance yesterday in MSin but now she was all ready for Nina, Rafael, and that woman.

All the way, her heart kept racing in her chest. Ethan even kissed her to calm her nerves, but she

was too thrilled for this.

Ruling on the army of servants at home was something else. But being a queen in the corporate world was a different feeling.

Oh, I wish Marissa was there. I would have shown her that “Look! See, where I am now.”

When they got out of the cab, she walked to the entrance door while Ethan paid the driver.

The same watchman was standing there who didn’t stop her today and opened the door for her.

With Ethan following her, she went inside and was amazed when looked around.

Was this MSin office? Her office? It was so luxurious and somewhat imposing.

Taking off her dark glasses, she approached the receptionist, “I need to go to the Presidential floor!”

The receptionist had one look at the confident woman and frowned, “I’m sorry. Who are you? Do you have an appointment there?”

“I don’t need an appointment. I’m Mrs. Rafael Sinclair, Valerie laughed internally when the receptionist’s face went pale.

“C...can I have some... iden... identification, ma’am?”

Valerie shook her head, “No!”

The receptionist seemed to be smart. She quickly searched for Rafael’s images on the internet and that was when she found a few rare pictures of Valerie Sinclair.

Oh my God! The lady was right.

She signaled a guard, “She is Mrs. Rafael Sinclair. Please take her to his office, Valerie wasn’t expecting this type of VIP protocol.

So, I was right. I just need to be confident and that’s it.

When the elevator doors opened, she stepped on the VIP floor and was in awe. Everything there seemed to be gleaming with elegance.

There was a group of employees who were busy talking and had to stop when saw her walking

148 145–Valerie In MSin

to the office with such protocol. Along with Ethan two guards were behind her,

“Hello. Nice meeting you,” she waved at them with a friendly smile and then saw the confused look on their faces.

“I’m Mrs. Sinclair,” the group’s jaws dropped at the unexpected introduction.

“Oh my. Is she Mrs. Sinclair? Really?” a woman from the group came closer,

“Hello, Mrs. Sinclair. I’m Kate. Please call me whenever you need me. I’m sure I have so much to

tell

you about whatever is going on here in the MSin building.”

That was great.

Valerie wanted someone from the office who could provide her with the correct details.

“Sure, Kate. I’ll definitely call you in my office,” she shook hands with the woman and then turned her attention to the other employees.

“They are our colleagues. Delinda. Shang Chi. Peter,” Kate kept introducing them all.

“You, my dear, must be the program in–charge, Valerie shot a probing glance at her. What if this Kate was the woman Rafael was involved with?

“In charge? Ha–ha. No!” Kate laughed with the shake of her head, “You are too sweet to think that. Reality is... I am not the in–charge. Someone else is... someone who doesn’t even have enough certifications,” Kate tried to keep the hatred off her tone.

“Then who is in–charge?” Valerie asked flipping behind her freshly blow–dried hair.

Kate cleared her throat, “Our in charge is...”

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149 149- Valerie Wants A Meeting

“What’s the deal here?” They all were giggling when Dean made an appearance in the room. He saw a woman laughing along with the staff of MSin. A man was standing behind her with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Dean!” Kate got up from the seat and gestured towards Valerie, “Meet Mr. Sinclair’s wife. Valerie Sinclair.

Dean kept looking at the blonde woman who was trying her best to look classy but was falling miserably. He had been in the corporate world for so long and this woman thought she would compete here just by wearing expensive clothes then she was mistaken.

“And do you know?” Kate touched Dean’s arm lightly, “I was about to tell our incharge’s name when she stopped me because our leader isn’t Katy Perry, so she isn’t interested in knowing her name. How funny! Ha–ha.”

Valerie’s face also reminded him of the message he got two nights back in his messenger. So, she wasn’t a fraud. Rafael’s wife was at last here.

But still, Marissa was classier!

was the

Now why that thought crossed his mind? No matter how polished Marissa was. She was third wheel.

This poor woman!

Valerie must have entered MSin to stay close to her husband who wasn’t interested in her.

“Hello, ma’am,” Dean placed his palm on his chest and bent his head a little, “how are you?”

The blonde woman eyed him for a moment and then left her seat, “I’m good, Dean,” she approached him taking purposeful steps, “I know you.”

She then leaned her hip against the edge of the desk, “I want to use my husband’s office, Dean

It was a confident request, but Dean wasn’t a fool.

The body language and the way she was fumbling with her fingers were a telltale sign that this confidence was a sham.

“No one can enter his office without his permission, ma’am,” he muttered, “I’m sorry”

“B...but, Dean, Kate moved closer to him after giving an over-brightened smile to Valerie, “SHE uses Mr. President’s office in his absence.”

She was talking about Marissa. Dean turned his head to look at Kate. His job was not to be judgmental towards his boss though he felt bad for Valerie.

The poor wife must have heard from someone that his husband had a mistress. That kid. resembled his father so much that he was sure their affair went way back.

“I only comply with his orders, Kate. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have got a job to do and I’m sure MSin pays you too for doing that

149 149—Valerie Wants A Meeting

He nodded at Valerie and walked away but then was stopped by Shang Chi.

“Hey, Dean. We have a presentation by our in charge and she is nowhere to be seen.

Dean shifted slightly on his feet, “Your in-charge will be here for the presentation after the lunch break,” he said and heard Delinda’s sarcastic chuckle.

What happened to Delinda? Wasn’t she the same woman whom Marissa tried to help when her kid was in hospital?

Straightening up in her seat, Valerie glanced at her wristwatch, “Which presentation is this?”

Delinda raised her hand, “Our head was supposed to give the presentation this morning,” she sighed, “I guess she has better things to do today.”

“Yeah,” Kate nodded, “she is becoming habitual of doing it and no one says a word to her”

Valerie gave a meaningful glance to Ethan over her shoulder. This was the woman they were looking for.

The one who was taking advantage of her husband. Rafael had always expected his staff to complete their tasks on time and how easily this woman was manipulating him.

“Fine! Whenever this presentation happens. I would like to be a part of it,” Valerie twisted a thick strand of hair around her finger.

This was the first step. She needed to tell the woman that who was the boss. No matter how many incharges Rafael would make, Valerie would always be the boss.

“And please let me know which office to use if I can’t use my husband’s office,” she asked Dean fluttering her lashes.

Dean nodded and then thought to make her sit in the new office that Rafael asked to be set. before the next weekend. According to Dean, Rafael might be planning to hand it over to Marissa but now Dean didn’t have any choice.

He might be in the middle of an unwanted family fight and didn’t know what to do. Valerie was following him, and he opened the door to get inside the room.

“Here. You can stay here for the time being and then later we can ask Mr. Rafael about which room to assign you.”

“Oh, that’s not a problem,” she laughed awkwardly, “I don’t need an extra office. My husband’s office will be enough for me!”

Dean nodded and was about to walk away when Valerie stopped him, “Listen, Dean. Do you know where is my husband? Is he late today?”

Dean gave a hard stare to Valerie, “Why? Don’t you know he has got an official meeting outside with some client? He must have told you.”

Valerie first observed his face and then giggled, “Yes... yes, he told me... I forgot... I guess. Ha-ha!

Dean smiled and was heading out when he bumped into the man who was standing behind

149 149–Valerie Wants A Meeting

“Sorry, man,” he apologized with a friendly smile and then closed the door behind him.

So, did Valerie Sinclair bring an assistant with her?

“Ms. Valerie is so friendly!” Dean heard Kate praising the woman, “Just look... at how she knew about my intelligence just like that! And do you know what her presence means?” she asked her colleagues excitedly.

Then looked at Delinda in a friendly way, holding her arms, “It means that she will observe how qualified each one of us is.”

“You are so right,” Delinda nodded, “I think now she will do justice. The rewards will only go to the deserving employees this time.”

Kate was chirpier more than usual. At least, her prayers were answered and slowly her office. colleagues could see the injustice done to her.

Some more people on the team had joined them, and Kate was acting among them as if she was already their leader.

With a side smirk, Dean took his seat and started working. He wanted to wait for Rafael Sinclair till then he couldn't take any step.

When his intercom started ringing, he knew it was Valerie as Joseph and Rafael hadn't arrived at the office yet.

“Yes, ma'am?”

“Dean. Ask all the teammates to gather in the conference room. I need to talk to them.”

“Teammates?”

“Yes. The ones who are participating in the upcoming event. I'd like to hear what they are up to.”

What are they up to? Seriously? Staying four years with a businessman husband didn't teach her anything?

Strange!

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150 150- Nina In MSin

“You are impossible to work with, Geena, Nina snubbed her angrily. This morning Geena dropped hot coffee on her office clothes that were bought by Nina exclusively for her. They had to go back to the hotel suite to wash it off.

When it didn't come off that easily then Nina decided for Geena to get it changed.

"I am so sorry, Nina, Geena said guiltily and in answer Nina just huffed.

The plan was to get ready as early as possible and then reach MSin on time, but Geena spoiled. Nina's plans.

Last night, she was wondering if she did the right thing to hire Geena as Rafael's potential wife. But then she couldn't afford to hire a sensible wife.

A silly wife would never ask for her rights and would never demand her cut from the property. Obviously, Nina was planning to pay Geena a good amount.

Hiring a cunning girl meant, she could use Rafael for her benefits.

Without saying anything further they went to sit in the cab.

Nina was still angry, and Geena was feeling guilty. She hesitated before talking to her boss, "Are you mad at me, Nina?"

Nina tilted away her head and kept looking outside the window. Geena felt humiliated but she couldn't afford her fury.

She glanced at Nina, trying to control the tremble in her voice, "I... I didn't mean to... ruin the schedule. It... it was just an accident, Nina."

"Accident? Hah!" Nina's voice was dripping with sarcasm, "I was planning to reach earlier than usual. I never got late in my life and who knows it better than you, Geena?" Nina shook her head, "That woman... my daughter-in-law must have reached there before me and now I don't know..." Nina started rubbing her temples.

She was almost having a heart attack thinking what Valerie must have told her son. about her arrival.

Her voice turned soft by the end of it, "What will I tell the staff members of MSin? That I... I... the mother of Rafael Sinclair got late because..." her voice was slowly rising now, "because her assistant... her clumsy assistant dropped the coffee cup on her dress. I don't know, Geena what has gotten into you lately."

Geena kept chewing her lower lip, not aware of how to defuse her boss's anger.

"Nina. Believe me. Your son deserves better. Just look at me. I don't suit him at all!"

Nina started laughing at the remark like a manic, "Now don't be a fool. Why do you think you don't suit him, you fool!"

Geena shrugged and started looking out of the window.

150 150- Nina in MSin

the elite class?"

"Perhaps!"

"Then don't worry about that. I have hired a lady who can teach you how to move around among

elites.

Geena wanted to roll her eyes. Why was she going to the trouble of training her when she could hire any other girl with an ounce of brains?

Nina who loved staying young, lately had been grumbling like an old cranky lady.

"Fine. I'll do better, Nina. I want to work on myself and really want to make things better.

A frustrated sigh left Nina's mouth, "Your promises can't get us to the office on time, Geena. Do you even realize how important it was to reach there on time? That Valerie... her hands balled into tight fists, "I don't know anymore, what she must be doing there."

"Can I give you a suggestion, Nina?" Geena asked her boss.

When Nina didn't react, she spoke again, "Why don't you shake hands with Valerie? Why don't you two work together and come up with something common?"

"Nah!" Nina started shaking her head, "I can never work with a prude like her. Don't even think about it. We are poles apart, Geena. Impossible!"

Geena nodded, her eyes downcast, "Don't take tension, Nina. We'll see what we can do over there. In this mental state, you won't be able to compete with Valerie.

Nina glanced at Geena, her eyes narrowing, "I don't know about competitions. I just don't want.

to let her win."

Geena nodded in understanding.

She needed to keep it together otherwise losing against Valerie might cost her, her job, and maybe her life as well.

Because her whole life depended on this well-paying job.

She didn't dare to speak to Nina anymore. The rest of the ride was silent, both women seemed to be lost in their own thoughts.

When the cab stopped at the MSin office they both got off it.

Geena silently followed her boss and was in awe when entered the MSin building.

Wow. Beautiful! Why no one ever told me that it was such an impressive place?

Her eyes moved to the lady sitting at the reception desk when Nina's voice reached her ears, "Nina Sinclair. Rafael Sinclair's mom!" she said in a harsh tone.

The girl must have got confused and asked for identification.

"Identification?" Nina took off her glasses, "Are you out of your fu*cking mind or what?" she a hard stare to the girl who got scared a bit.

"Tin... I'm sorry ma'am... I've never seen you actually... Ha-ha!" she tried to shrug it off with the

150 150- Nina in MSin

"If you haven't seen me!" she leaned over the counter, "then is it my mistake?"

Geena thought Nina could easily hold the reception girl by her collar and toss her aside.

The receptionist gulped hard and gestured for a guard to take Geena upstairs.

"Look at my face carefully," Nina hissed, "and don't mess with me next time, bitch!" she put back her glasses and followed the guard.

Geena passed an apologetic smile to the receptionist and rushed after Nina to enter the VIP

elevators.

Dean wanted to roll his eyes. Valerie Sinclair wanted the biggest conference room for the meeting which was reserved for Marissa's presentation.

She did agree with the smaller room but now all he could see was Valerie just talking randomly to all the employees in the name of meeting. Nothing professional was being discussed.

She was talking about fashion and then started telling them about the countries she had recently visited.

Even the man whose name was Ethan had gone to the office café to nibble on something.

Dean could see the easygoing attitude of the staff around Valerie who was trying so hard to be liked by everyone.

He heard the clipped voice of a woman from the elevator area, “Ok. So, this is Rafael’s floor. Impressive!”

He saw the same woman he met yesterday morning, coming out of the elevator, followed by her

assistant.

Oh, Mr. Rafael’s mom was here. Great!

“Excuse me, ma’am. How can I help you?” Dean went to her, but her eyes were on Valerie who was visible through the half-opened door of the conference room.

“What is she doing here?”

Dean followed her gaze, “Ma’am. She asked to have a meeting with.... He tried explaining to her, but she didn’t let him finish.

“Hah. What does she know about these meetings? Rubbish!” without warning, she barged into the conference room.

“Hello everyone,” she gave a proud grin to her audience, “I’m Nina Sinclair. Rafael Sinclair’s mom! Hope you all are doing well!”