

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

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Joseph glanced up from the file to have a look at his friend who looked unusually happy. He knew the reason.

He was the only one who knew what Rafael was planning to do.

"I wasn't expecting you to come to the office today. Shouldn't you stay with your kids and your beloved wife?" Joseph took off his reading glasses and almost dropped them on the smooth surface of the mahogany desk.

Rafael was still peering at the annual report on the screen with furrowed brows.

Joseph leaned back with a relaxed smile on his face, "Tsk! The trip was supposed to rejuvenate you and here you are worried about

numbers."

"Yeah. Numbers," Rafael muttered tapping a finger on the report, "I'm waiting for a call actually but just to kill time I need to do something."

Joseph moved ahead to have a better look at his friend's face, "Call? What call? Or am I missing something?"

"Nah!" Rafael waved his hand, "there is a police officer who needs to be taught a lesson. I'll tell you everything later," He said busily and then turned back, all business, "I can see a significant increase in the sales of this quarter, however, the operational costs have

also risen."

Joseph's eyes had amusement in them, "Why worry about operational costs when we are in green? Operational costs will

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soon stabilize. It always does.”

Rafael sighed leaning back in his chair and rubbing his temples, “I know, I know. It’s just... there is always something...”

“Before this meeting, your smile was unstoppable and now look at you. Stop taking the tension of these numbers. I think you should enjoy this time with Marissa.”

The name had the desired effect on Rafael’s face. He couldn’t stop the smile etching his facial features.

“How was Kalaar? Has your wife accepted you?” that was what Rafael liked about Joseph. He was the only one who used to look at Marissa as his lawfully wedded wife.

“My wife had friend-zoned me,” he said with a pout and Joseph seemed taken aback.

“She did what?”

Rafael nodded his head, “She needs time to think and analyze if there is anything left to explore between us.”

“Wow!” Joseph grinned, “She is precious, Rafael. If this was some other girl, she would have jumped on the opportunity. She would have proved her marriage to you and couldn’t wait to spend your money. And here she is. Trying to do a job for her kids’ future and friend-zoned her president-husband. Ha-ha!”

“Can you stop pulling my leg and focus on this report?” but Joseph kept laughing at the situation.

Being true workaholics, it didn’t take time to get back to work. In a few minutes, they were deep in the discussion, and in a few hours,

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there were documents, charts, and empty coffee cups spread on the table.

“Look. If we allocate more resources to development, we can stay ahead of the competition,” Joseph was trying to argue with his

friend, pointing to a chart.

Rafael's hawk eyes stayed on the marketing charts, "I agree. But we also need to streamline our marketing efforts. The last campaign was good, but it didn't draw the required audience. And if you

observe this one..."

Rafael trailed off when the door to his office opened and Dean entered, "Sir, can we talk? It's kind of urgent."

"Sure," Rafael wiggled his forefinger at him, "Come over."

He started rolling a chart sheet and hit it lightly to Joseph's chest, "Have a look at it. We need to hire a new marketing strategist."

His eyes darted towards Dean who seemed a bit hesitant, "What is it? Everything good?" Joseph took off his reading glasses to have a

better look at Dean.

"S—sir. There is a bit of chaos in the office. Event people are quite disturbed due to some confusion."

"Confusions?" instead of Rafael, Joseph spoke, "What kind of confusion? What's the reason?"

Dean was almost panting in nervousness, "It's... **it's** Ms. ... Ms.

Aaron,"

"What about her?" This time Rafael Sinclair's voice wasn't as friendly but had a hard edge to it.

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Dean looked taken aback by this sudden lack of pleasantness but tried to explain, "I understand I'm overstepping but I think Ms. Aaron's absence is affecting our targets. The team under her is facing problems. They just need to..."

Rafael's jaw tightened, and he cut Dean with his sharp voice, "Dean. I don't want you worrying about other employees. That's fucking my headache. Not yours."

"I didn't mean it that way, Sir," the poor man explained timidly, "But approvals are hanging..."

Rafael stood abruptly, his fists clenched by his sides, "Enough!" he snarled and placed his palms on the desk with a thud, "Do your job, Dean, and let me do mine," he hissed, "Whatever Ms. Aaron is doing inside this office or outside that's none of your concern."

"Mr. Sinclair. I'm trying to run everything smoothly," Poor Dean blinked, a bit shaken by his unexpected rage of his boss, "But there

are people who are..."

"Send those people to me!" he snapped, "They have a problem and Marissa isn't available? Ask them to approach me. Is that clear?"

Dean tried to nod his head, "Yes, sir. Clear. Understood. I'll get back to work." He tried to ignore the nerve ticking in his boss's temple.

This didn't make sense. An employee's work was transferred to his colleague. To another employee. No boss took this kind of responsibility for his hired staff's work.

When Dean left, Joseph looked at his friend. He knew Rafael could be as cold-hearted as a glacier but very few people knew that

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there was a soft side under this hard exterior.

Only Marissa was capable of bringing it out.

He came out of his thoughts when Rafael's phone started ringing. He got back to his seat and picked up the receiver.

"Hmm?"

"Yes?"

"Who?"

"John Harris?"

“Where can I find him?”

“No. I’m not interested in calling him to my office, I would rather go. to his place to meet him.”

When Rafael tossed back the receiver, his rage had almost subsided.

“What is this about?” Joseph shrugged, “Who was on the phone?”

Rafael rested his head on the seat and spoke with menace, “Someone who works for me. He was searching for a man. A police officer who is looking for ways to arrest Marissa . But I know how to tackle such thugs, Joseph,” there was an evil glint in his eyes, “Anybody who comes near my wife has to bear the consequences.”

Comentario!