

171- More Like A Bodyguard

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He gave her a once over before looking back into her eyes with that smirk, " You are wearing my clothes!" Marissa placed her hands on her hips and gave him a pointed look, " Hey dude. I must remind you in case you' re forgetting. My previous day's clothes are dirty. And I can't leave the hotel, wearing their robe. And one more reminder," she lifted her forefinger pasting a fake smile on her lips, " Last night somebody told me that he wanted to be my friend. If you can't lend your clothes to your friend, then I..." " Whoa, whoa. Hold on a minute. Hold it right there." He walked over to her, " Making friends included wearing your friend's clothes?" his face might be dead serious, but Marissa had sensed the amusement in his eyes.

" Yeah. It does. By the way, aren't you rich? Stop being stingy and let me take these clothes, of course, you' ll get them back. Huh!" she rolled her eyes and waved at the kids, " Bye, sweethearts!" Before exiting the door when she looked back one last time, she found him leaning his shoulder against the doorframe, with a huge grin on his face.

Marissa closed the door behind her witha blush.

The oversized t- shirt and sweatpants seemed to swallow her full figure, but she needed something to wear, and this was the only choice.wWW

She had opted for a camel- colored midi skirt and a black turtleneck. Her long hair was tied in a chignon, and she completed the look with a light nude shade lip color and Kohl.

She picked up her purse and gave herselfa once over in the mirror when her phone started ringing.

" Rafael?" she received the call with a big smile, " Are you already missing your clothes?" she teased him good naturedly and he laughed on the other side.

"I just wanted to keep a check on you, silly. Where are you?" Marissa felt her heart fluttering in her chest, " All ready. About to leave for office." " Great! Just give me a call if you need me," she was aware of why he was saying that. The reason was his wife and mom.

Oh, sorry. Not his wife. He wouldn't like it.

The reason was Valerie and his mom.

" Rafael..." she hesitated for a moment.

" Hmm?" She was uncertain but she needed to ask him this. Yesterday, she used his office like her own but today she wanted his permission.

" Umm. If I need it... can ... can I use your office... for some... umm..." " Marissa!" his clipped voice reached her ears, " Why are you asking me?

Technically that office is as much yours as it's mine. Factually speaking, it belongs to you, more." Marissa couldn't understand why he was saying this.Www (c) ©

He was the president. The owner ofMSin. Not her.

She furrowed her brow, trying to make sense of his words, "I just thought... I should let you know..." " Thank you for letting me know. Now, I know. Use that damn room, Marissa," he retorted, " It's for you. Go ahead." Her confusion melted in a sigh of relief," Thanks!" " Oh, don't be a dork, After all. What are friends for?" she chuckled at his jibe. Just like old times he was teasing her continuously since last night.

She was about to open the door to get out of the house when the doorbell rang. She didn't remove the chain and opened it partially to see who it was.

" Yes," she asked the man with a frown when saw him standing there, his back facing her.

"H... hello, Marissa." The man turned and took off his glasses in style.

" Mr. A... Amir?" " Yes. How are you?" he asked her with a friendly smile.

"I'm g- good," He placed his glasses in his pocket," Won't you let me in?" " Umm. Mr. Amir. I don't think now is a good time to come inside. You can come later if you want. Some other day, maybe?" He shook his head and joined his hands," Please, Marissa. I need to see you. Something is cooking in my head, and I need to let it out. Otherwise, I might die." Marissa wanted to roll her eyes at the dramatic request. Before she could ask him to get lost, a voice spoke sternly nearby.

" The lady said you can leave. Now fuck off!" Marissa watched George with a wary expression. While talking like this he didn't look like a driver but a thug.

"G... George. I' ll handle this," she at last removed the chain, thinking that thankfully she wasn't alone.

George nodded like a loyal puppy and then stepped back but now Amir's face had turned ashen.

" Who is he?" he asked Marissa curtly as if this was the most disgusting thing he had witnessed.

" Umm. Not your business, mister." Amir then saw the car behind George," Does he own this?" He asked her when found that it was an amethyst metallic Porsche.

" None of your business, Mr. Amir." She repeated with a smile and then came out of the house to lock it.

" What do you mean? Why are you locking the house? Where are the kids?" She again smiled and sighed, " Already told you. None of your business, Mr. Amir." " Stop calling me, Mr. Amir!" he snapped.wŴw.ŃrVetwornm.č©mm

" Sorry, Mr. Amir. I can't," she kept the smile pasted on her lips. By now her face felt sore by maintaining the constant fake grin.

When Amir saw George opening the back door of the car for her and found Marissa sitting in the backseat, he held the door and didn't let George shut it.

His hand managed to creep inside, and he held her elbow.

"I didn't know you hired a driver. You need to help me with this, Marissa. Please talk to me. I could never say it, but I always liked you. I ..." Before he could say anything else, Marissa saw everything happening in slow motion. George used his strength to punch Amir in the face, and as a result, he stumbled backward.

Marissa covered her mouth and was about to get out of the car when George hurriedly blocked her way with his arm," Ms. Aaron. I'm instructed to keep you safe and not let you out of my sight in case there is danger nearby." George's voice was so sharp to her ears that for a moment she felt like he wasn't just a driver but more like a bodyguard.