

177- Made Marissa Look Like A Criminal

" Ah! I see!" Rafael sighed with a smile. No greetings. No formalities. No show of Mommy love.

She was worried about the power.

She was worried that his assistant was inside the President's office.

He tilted his head to look at George who was at some distance. The bodyguard nodded with a meaningful grin, that showed all was well for Marissa, and she was safe.

" Hello, Rafael," he twisted his neck when saw Valerie trying to get closer to him, but he just gave a curt nod and turned away.

Valerie felt insulted. Just a few moments back she was telling the staff the tales of her expensive, luxury trips.

And now her husband wasn't even acknowledging her presence.

For some reason, Nina appeared to be losing it, " Rafael. Let me show you how Dean is occupying your room. Come with me." She started dragging Rafael who had a bored look on his face. The rest of the staff also followed them.

They wanted to see how Rafael would react when he would find Dean inside. After all, if the President's mom wasn't allowed there, then how could an assistant set foot there?

Dean was shaken and shocked to the core. Marissa was Rafael's wife?

He looked down at Marissa's head and felt guilty. He was never judgmental about her. Even when he thought she was Rafael's mistress, he still gave her respect.

There was something genuine about this woman that he couldn't bring himself to hate her or dislike her.^{w(w)}

Rafael once asked Dean to call the hospital when Alexander had a toothache.

In return, what did she do?

She called Dean the very next day, not because of herself but for Delinda's son. Dean had never seen such a kind- hearted person who could use the benefits to others' advantage.

" Marissa!" he touched her head lightly and found her tear- streaked face looking up at him.

She was crying silently, and Dean wanted to kill himself for hurting her. He held her by her arms and made her sit beside him.

He had completely forgotten that a few moments back, he was the one mentally disturbed.

He handed her the Kleene x box and threw his arm around her shoulders," Take your time. I'm right beside you," he told her gently, " It was just their constant demands that got to my head.

Otherwise, you know very well that I like you. In fact," he moved his hands frantically in the air, "I love you. Now don't deny that you don't know it. Because you know it! I really love you." Marissa who was wiping her cheeks, stopped for a minute and then giggled through her tears.

" See! You look beautiful when you' re smiling or laughing, " She blew her nose and leaned back on the couch.

" It's been seven years, Dean. Seven damn years..." she chuckled sarcastically," Seven years back, they asked me to marry him because his fiancée had run away leaving a blind man waiting for her at the altar." Dean thought someone had squeezed the life out of his body.

Fiancée? Blind?

He had heard once from Joseph how Rafael couldn't see for some time but then got back his eyesight.

Marissa was still speaking, and he couldn't believe how well those women played her.^{www}

" Then one fine day, when he got back his eyes, Valerie was also there, back in his life. Nina threatened to kill my babies, Dean. I was pregnant and alone. That's why I had to run away." And then Dean remembered something.

When he was providing food business owners lists and Rafael showed a liking to Alexander's Homestyle cooking.

How he took a personal interest in hiring Marissa, and how he shouted at him when Dean told him about Marissa's late arrival.

Now he understood everything.

Rafael Sinclair's guilt wasn't allowing anyone to disrespect her. The man was now trying his best to make up for all his past mistakes.

Now Dean understood everything and felt sad when thought of Delinda. She could have confronted Marissa instead of judging her. As a friend, she could have talked. That was what friends were supposed to do.

" There is one more thing you need to know, Dean," she at last turned to him with a serious look, " Valerie is my elder sister." "WHAT!" Dean roared, holding his head in his hands. He couldn't believe it.

Valerie and Marissa had entirely different personalities.

Shaking his head, he suddenly got up and held her hand to pull her up, " Go and wash your face." " Dean!" she tried to protest.

" You' re not crying anymore, because I'm not letting you. Now move your ass off that co uch and go. I want you to face the world with that killer smile of yours," he said pushing her towards the attached bath.

Rolling her eyes, she went inside and closed the door behind her. Her face was swollen due to continuous crying.

Smiling to herself, she washed her face and came out where Dean was waiting for her standing right outside the door.

" Are you good? Still mad at me?" his eyes were scanning her face worriedly. She raised herself on her toes and kissed his cheek.

"I'm good, Dean. It feels good after crying." She assured him with a smile.

" Ca... can I... can I get a hug?" he asked her, stuttering badly with a nervous smile.

She chuckled and opened her arms to hug him. His arms were at once around her, "I'm so sorry, Marissa. But I swear, I never meant to judge you. I might be Rafael's or Joseph's assistant but for you,I' ll always be a friend in need." She chuckled and nodded, with her face still pressed to him when the door was slammed open, and they both heard Nina's bitter voice coming from the doorway.

" See! Dean is here and ... oh!" she stopped. Marissa and Dean jumped and maintained some distance between them.

" Now what is going on around here?" Nina had that bitchy grin on her face, "I didn't know you two are love birds and now I understand everything," she said, raising her hands dramatically.

Marissa saw Valerie standing beside Nina and behind them stood Rafael along with the crowd.

Marissa gulped hard.

This was getting messier and dirtier.

Nina was trying to manipulate the innocent situation. This was what she had been doing in the past.

The purpose was the same. To make Marissa look like a criminal.