

179- Inside Her!

Her eyes snapped up and she found Rafael looking at her.

"I ...I... was... just..." a nervous chuckle left her lips, " Dean is just a friend, andI..." " Why explanations, Marissa?" he asked her in the softest voice, there was a gentleness in his eyes, "I didn't demand any explanation," he smirked with a shrug.

Marissa was taken aback, " You mean you..." Walking slowly, he came closer and then stopped at some distance, "I was here to talk to George. And then I wanted to meet you." " You wanted to meet me?" she asked him, placing her index finger on her chest. The familiar giddy feeling was back in the pit of her stomach when his green eyes locked onto hers, a subtle smile playing on his lips as he took a step closer.

" Hell, yeah. I wanted to meet you," he replied, his voice low and teasing as he shoved his hands into his pockets, a playful grin spread ing across his face" Why else would I come here?" With a sigh, she lifted her shoulders casually.

Because you' ll again trust your mom and you might think that maybe I'm involved with Dean.

She stayed quiet and didn't say whatever was on her mind.

" Come on. When we are friends, you can tell me anything you want," he rolled his lips between his teeth, " though whatever is going on in your head, I can read it on your face." "H- how ..." she murmured.

" In your eyes... I can read your eyes too," his voice was barely above a whisper when he said that.

She swallowed her saliva and closed her eyes, "I ...I so want to trust you...b- butI'm so... so..." " Scared?" he supplied, trying to be helpful.

" Yeah. Scared," she nodded, "I'm so scared, Rafael." She tried to control her quivering lips and then something dawned on her.*wu*

She was hugging Dean because she took him as a friend. Then why not Rafael?

Why couldn't she hug him?

Not sure if she was doing the right thing, she took a step towards him, getting too close. With the same uncertainty, she took another and then she spread her arms and before she knew it, she was pulled fiercely into his hard chest.

Like Dean, she thought she would cry in his arms too. But strangely, she felt at peace.

Tightening her grip, she pressed her face more into his chest. He smelled divine. Like always.

A small grin broke on her face. Every tension and every worry had left her body, just like that.

" Feeling better?" his gentle voice reached her ears, and she nodded still hiding her face in his body.

He squeezed her more, pressing her in him. The long sigh, he released, told her that he was also feeling the same.

Stress free.

She could feel his cheek leaning on her head.

" Why didn't you use the private elevator?" she asked him the question that was racing through her mind.

" Because someone came before me, using the same elevator, and pressed the wrong button causing it to get locked from the inside." Marissa went still and then slowly raised her face to look at him with wide eyes.*w(w)w.noVèLworm.(c)@m*

He was already looking down with mischief dancing in his eyes.

" Locked from inside?" He nodded, " Yeah. You locked it and now the staff is working on it. Till then we need to use the other elevator." She thought hard. Did I press the wrong button? Then she remembered, how she pressed a button and kept struggling with it thinking that it was supposed to stop the lift on a different floor.

It was a lock button.

He could see thoughts dancing on her face.

" it's ok," he tucked back the black lock off her forehead, "I should have taught you everything about that lift." With a nod, she placed her cheek back, where it belonged. On his chest.

She heard his voice vibrating through his chest. "I'm sorry for locking the elevator door," She confessed.

" It's ok," he had now placed his chin on her head.

Gradually she again raised her face," They must be charging a hell of an amount if they are working there!" Rafael who was glancing down, his eyes dipped to her lips. Instead of answering her query, he leaned and gripped her lips in his mouth.

When he got done sucking them, she asked him breathlessly, " What was that for?" He gave a subtle shake of his head. His one arm was around her back while the other crept to hold her hip, "I just enjoy your taste, strawberry," he said in a hushed tone, and then his face got closer again to press his lips to hers.

Marissa sighed into his mouth and her arms were at once wrapped around his neck. She was struggling to hold back her moan.*wwW.noVé(1)worM.čOM*

He had a satisfied grin when he saw her swollen lips due to the kisses.

Due to HIS kisses!

" Why did you send everyone out? I thought you were angry," she said playing with his collar button and he had to stop himself from kissing her again when she swiped her tongue over her po uty lips.

Without saying a word, he scooped her and carried her to the couch, "I wasn't angry, strawberry. Your face and eyes were swelled up and I wanted you to share everything with me." He sat down and settled her on his lap.

" You were upset, and I wanted to talk to you," he said, tilting his head as she rested her cheek on his shoulder.

She smoothed out the fabric of his shirt, as an excuse to feel his hard chest underneath it. While chewing her lower lip, she thought of telling him about Dean when heard his groan, " For God's sake. Stop doing that to your lips." She almost jumped in fright, "W- what..." she couldn't even finish it when his lips landed on hers.

" You are making it so hard..." he trailed off and Marissa felt his hardness underneath her. She wasn't aware why her heart had started racing and why there were those delicious tingles between her legs.*wWw.ñovèLw(ó)(r)m.cóM*

"I ...I...b- better make you sit down..." he lifted her effortlessly and made her sit next to him, however his arms were still around her.

Holding her!

Marissa wanted to protest. She wanted to feel him inside her.

Ouch!