

180- Over My Dead Body

Her gaze shot up when the unsettling thought crossed her mind. There was a knowing smirk on his face, and she could feel her face heating up.

Good, God! He knows what I am thinking!

She tried to smile and shake off the feeling, "H- how long are we supposed to sit like this?" she didn't want to sound shy, but his intense gaze made her increasingly self-conscious.

"I don't have any plans of letting you go," he said casually but Marissa could see the playful flicker in his eyes.

She was aware that the blush must be slowly creeping up her neck, " So, you expect me to sit here and spend the day on this couch, talking to you? Seriously, Rafael!" He leaned in and pressed a soft kiss on her temple, his breath was warm against her skin, "I won't mind it, Strawberry. Don't we have years of catching up to do?" She didn't say anything and just stared at his face.

" Enjoying the view so far?" he asked mischievously.

Marissa felt herself falling into a trance and nodded, " Yes. I like what I'm seeing so far. You want to be called handsome? Fine. Here it is. You are gorgeous, Rafael Sinclair." Rafael threw back his head and laughed loudly, " Thank you, Marissa Aaron," this time he kissed the tip of her nose.

Marissa rolled her eyes, shaking her head, " You aren't only making it difficult for me to focus on my work but also very successfully distracting me.

Congratulations!" He bent a little to brush his lips against hers for a brief lingering kiss," Distracting? Huh? Well," he murmured,"I ll take it as a compliment." A smile was tugging on her lips, " There were so many things I needed to ask you and Dean, and now see. I' ve almost forgotten everything." She wanted to stop smiling like a fool and be serious. For God's sake, she was in his office for work. Not for those heady, intense, and overwhelming kisses.

" Keep thinking hard. Maybe this one will remind you, what you wanted to talk about," he said pressing a kiss on her forehead.

She giggled and smacked his shoulder," The upcoming event will be in your honor, Rafael Sinclair. I want everything to be perfect," she said in a serious tone pressing her lips together.

" Then kiss me at the event too," he suggested and then winked.

" What!" she was startled, " Kiss you at the event? B- but how?" God! She was a clown to ask that. Because what he did next, was on a whole new level.

Holding her face, he started smooching her cheeks one by one.^{w(w)}*w*.

" Rafael!" she was stunned in surprise. He wasn't stop ping and kept kissing her cheeks till they had turned beet red.

" Oui! Stop!" she giggled, squeezing her eyes and he did.

" See. I just demonstrated to you how you can kiss me there," Marissa was holding her cheeks, giggling nonstop.

" Oh, God!" Placing her palms on his chest, she pushed him back and got to her feet. He was quick to hold her wrist.

" Where do you think you are going?" He inquired when saw her walking away, but she didn't turn to face him, "I need to get out of here," she freed her hand.

" You didn't like my kisses," he muttered under his breath causing her to stop short.

No, silly. Because I can ra* pe you right on that co uch if you' ll keep doing that. She couldn't share it with him, no matter how close they had gotten.

"I liked your kisses, Rafael," she said without looking in his direction, " But friends don't kiss." She went to his desk and picked up the file. She needed to get busy because those kisses were making her fall for him all over again.

The slight ruffling behind her made her realize that he had also stood up from the couch.

She still didn't look back and opened the file, " The team needs to go out today for another visit." She tried to come up with some conversation.

" The visit involves another venue... Ouch!" she was interrupted when two strong arms were not only around her waist but also pulled her back, making her bump against his hard body.

He spoke near his ear, his hot breath fanning her cheek, " Who told you, friends don't kiss?" Marissa inhaled a long breath and slowly turned in his arms, " If. My. Team. Won't. Find. Me. There. They. Might. Not. Take. Me. As. Their. Head. Anymore." She tried to speak each and every word separately so that it might go through his thick skull.

" You didn't answer my question," he said softly, looking into her eyes, " You think, friends don't kiss?" She chuckled and then nodded, " Yes. They do. Happy?" He gave her a sheepish smile and then said, " Very happy. And about your team," thankfully it didn't take long for his tone to turn businesslike, " They. Are. Not. Allowed. To. Disobey. You." He said the words just like she had said a few moments ago, " They don't listen to you," he held her face, " then fire them." He said it so casually as if he was telling her about the weather.

She watched his handsome face in disbelief. Of course, Nina and Valerie would definitely try to boss around, " It's about my team, they might get caught in the middle of our power struggle." They would try to snatch everything away from her.

Just like they did five years back. Thinking of it, she looked down. She didn't want her team to suffer.

Rafael pinched her chin and forced her face to look up, " They were hired by me and Joseph. So, they need to listen to no one but you, Marissa." She frowned in confusion and asked him," Can you change my designation, Rafael? My position? What if I don't want to be the in charge?" Rafael couldn't believe it. She was ready to give up her designation because of her team.

" There is only one position that can be given to you," he said and when she looked at him questioningly, he pointed behind her.

She turned around and gasped. He was pointing towards his seat. The president's seat.

" Order them, rule them. Sit on that chair. Command me. Run all the MSin offices. This all belongs to you. They don't listen to you. Fire them. They go against you. Change the strategy. Do whatever you want to do, little Greene. Because this time nobody will stop you," His tone had gotten intense when he was giving her a free hand.

" If anybody goes against you, they have to do it over my dead body."

