

182- Never Ever!

" Was this floor always this crowded?" She asked Dean after closing the last file on his desk. Today she was doing all her tasks here.

" No, dummy. It all happened after the event team hiring. Mr. Sinclair issued special orders not to send you on any other floor," he shrugged and bent over to have a close look at the laptop screen," and making you stay meant, not to let them leave. So yes. Thanks to you." Marissa didn't know how to react. Rafael went through all this pain just because of her?

Was the guilt such a powerful emotion that it could make you change your lifelong decisions?

She got up from the chair and stretched," God! My back hurts," she muttered dropping her arms by her side.

" Where are you going?" Dean asked her, watching her above the laptop screen.

" Meeting about the new venue is scheduled," she said collecting her files busily.

" Didn't you like the last venue?" " It was good, but I want to try other options too. I think there our chef's tables won't be as visible. The idea and the purpose to represent their cultures will die," she stuck out her tongue in a funny way, making him chuckle.

" Moreover," she continued, "I need to have enough buffer to handle any unexpected delays." Dean nodded, tapping his pen against his chin, " That makes sense. But is it really the only thing you are concerned about?" " No. The mural designers aren't getting ideal positions to display their work. The venue people aren't ready to let them place false walls except near the entrance. Obviously, a mural isn't needed with entrances only." With a nod, Dean offered a small smile," You seem to be covering it well, Marissa." He complimented her.

Marissa chewed her inner cheek in deep thought, " The credit goes to you, Dean. You' ve been an amazing trainer." For some reason, Marissa found it funny at the way they both were complimenting each other.

She went to the other hall to meet her team. She needed to show them the other venue on the projector that she received this morning in the email.

Her team was seated in groups, and she could hear the slight murmurs while they were discussing work with each other.

In the far corner of the hall, Nina and Valerie were seated along with Kate. They were talking in hushed tones, giggling now and then.

Marissa clapped thrice to get her team's attention, " Alright everyone. Let's move to the conference room for our venue discussion." Some of the team members started gathering their things, while Kate who had a sarcastic smirk playing on her lips, leaned back, " Well. Marissa!" she cooed, her eyes narrowing slightly, " Umm. I don't think I' ll be joining you," she started blowing her hand nails as if she just got them painted.

Marissa crossed her arms on her chest and eyed Kate. She had thought that Kate would do it wisely when Marissa was herself letting her take over intentionally. Being with Nina and Valerie was making Kate's head swell.

Nobody knew about these two nasty women better than her.

" And why won't you join me, Kate?" she asked her softly, " Don't you think we should mutually discuss all the aspects?" " Oh, don't tell me about this mutual crap, Marissa," Kate got up from her seat," there is nothing mutual when there is a head who is supposed to take decisions. And in this case?" she rounded the desk and stood in clear view for everyone to see her, " in this case, I'm the in charge and I' ll decide which venue to select." Marissa kept looking at the woman who was being fooled by two despicable witches.

A gentle smile broke on her face as she nodded at Kate, " Fine! I understand." She then swept her gaze at all the members looking at her, " All those who are interested in working with me, can follow me to the conference room," she said with a straight face.

You want to play? Then let's play it my way! I' ll teach you how to play, bitches! She silently challenged Valerie and Nina Valerie and Nina who were enjoying the show up till now, their smiles vanished, and they also got up. It was Kate who tried to confront Marissa.

" What do you mean?" she protested," There isn't any free will here, Marissa. They all belong to my team," she pointed her thumb towards her chest.

Marissa didn't want to escalate the issue to Rafael Sinclair. The moment he heard about it, he wouldn't hesitate to fire them all.

For him, she had become most important. The decisions she was making were valuable to him. Nobody could challenge them.

Marissa didn't want any of them to lose their jobs. She wanted to handle the situation as sensibly as possible.

" There isn't free will?" Marissa raised a challenging brow at her, " Then why your free will is dangling from the ceiling, Kate? I put you in charge last time if you remember. You were the one who submitted the report to me. I gave you a free hand to make decisions after discussing them with your mates. So, no.I don't understand what you mean by free will here. What more do you want?" Now every person's eyes were on Kate.

Kate pointed her hand behind her, " Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Sinclair. Both the ladies have appointed me as the in charge of this team," She waved at the two women who might be enjoying the show along with several others.

Marissa kept observing Kate's face for a good several minutes until Kate felt confused and started looking down at her feet.

" Kate," Marissa called her name, not moving her eyes away from her face, " Do you know who appointed me?" When Kate didn't answer, Marissa waved her hand dismissively, " Fine," she raised her voice a little, "I repeat. All those who want to follow me are welcome," she said in a firm voice, " You people are free to choose and follow whomever you want," her lips curled up in an easy- going smile," Plus... I assure you, you won't face any brutality from me, in case you don't choose me." She winked and walked out of the hall without a backward glance.

No. She would never beg them.

She only begged once in her life. And she wasn't planning to do it again.wwW

Nah! Never, ever!www.~