

184- Time For The Payback!

Marissa almost glided into the conference room. No more feelings of hurt or betrayal were there in her heart.

None of her teammates was with her. www.NovelWorld.com

So what? Rafael is here. And I don't know for how long he is with me. If he is here to stay or leave me again like he did in the past. At least he is trying.

She would wait for her team for five more minutes to show up in the conference room. And if even a single soul showed up, she would make sure to pay the person handsomely.

After all, there should be perks for believing in her.

She took a seat and rested her chin on her intertwined fingers, with her elbows leaning on the desk.

Dean was guiding a technician on what position the projector must be set. The slight frustration in his voice was evident when he explained each step in layman's terms. When he noticed Marissa looking at him, his expression softened. www.novelworld.com

"Where is your team?" he glanced around the empty room and then his eyes darted to the door to check if someone was coming inside, "The projector is almost set." She hesitated for a moment with a sad smile and then responded quietly, "I think... they aren't interested in coming here." Dean's brows furrowed in surprise, "They aren't interested? Why?" he straightened and then placed his hand on the technician's shoulder, "Please wait outside." The technician placed his tool bag on the floor and went out.

Dean focused back to Marissa, who gave a small shrug, avoiding his eyes, "I... I don't know... I think it's Kate... or maybe Nina and Val are behind it." Dean walked up to her and pulled a chair, "What should I do about these ladies?" he asked her worriedly, "You should go to Rafael, I think." "Why Rafael? Why not solve it on my own?" Marissa started tracing her finger on the desk, "Kate thinks she should be the one leading the team. Nina and Valerie are encouraging her and that fool thinks that they are sincere." Dean placed his hand on top of hers and shook his head, "That's quite unexpected. I'm sorry you're dealing with this." Marissa sighed and thought of some comforting words as Dean seemed more upset by all this. Before she could say anything, the door swung open, and five men walked in.

Marissa looked at their faces. Shang Chi, Denzel, Peter and two other men. They all nodded in her direction and started taking seats around the long table.

Marissa who was bracing herself for an argument couldn't hide the smile and got up. Relief and happiness washed over her as she saw them waiting for her to start.

Dean caught her smile and gave a nod of approval.

"Looks like you've got your team after all," he muttered under his breath, "Good luck, Marissa." Marissa got to her feet and her grin widened when she found Dean joining them as a sixth team member.

You people are here with me. Now let me reward you people. I promise your faithfulness won't go to waste.

Maybe nature did provide her a chance. She turned on the projector and the technician dimmed the lights of the room.

She was about to say something about the first slide when the intercom placed there started ringing.

Who could call her here?

Dean reached to the phone, at once, "Let me take this. It might be for me." Hmm. It did make sense. After all Joseph's nerdy assistant was quite in demand.

Dean handed her the phone, "It's for you, Marissa." She thought of Rafael before holding the receiver, "Hello?" she tried to adjust the receiver between her shoulder and ear.

"Ma'am it's me Mark Greyson from the HR department," the male voice on the other end told her with a hint of urgency. www.NovelWorld.com

"Yes, Mr. Greyson. How can I help you?" Her fingers started tapping the projector machine lightly.

"Ma'am. Today Mrs. Sinclair came to me," he tried to explain hastily as if he wanted to get everything out before she could cloud her judgment against him, "She wanted me to make gold cards for the employees, according to her few newly appointed employees are using the VIP floor without these." Wait! What? www.NovelWorld.com

Her brows furrowed as she turned away from her audience. The men had gotten busy discussing something, "Mrs.

Sinclair?" "Yes, ma'am. The senior one," he clarified, "Ms. Nina Sinclair." "Oh, Ok. What I don't understand is, why are you calling me?" She asked in confusion, tightening the hold on the receiver, "Shouldn't you ask Mr. Sinclair about it?" "I did contact him," he said in a steady voice, "He says, I should ask you as you're the one who leads them." Ah. Bless you, Rafael. She thought with a smile. Mr. Sinclair was honoring her by entrusting her with such decisions.

Marissa glanced at her sincere team workers and then a sly smile appeared on her lips. Taking her seat, she started the projector with the remote, but her mind was still racing with different thoughts.

If this is how Nina and Valerie want to play, then fine. She thought with resolve.

"OK. Mr. Mark Greyson. I'll send Dean with the name list, and you can make the cards." "Sure, ma'am," he had disconnected the call, but Marissa was still thinking about the conversation.

She caught Dean's eye, noticing that he was already observing her.

"What was it about?" he asked her in concern. He was sitting closest to her and the rest of them were still busy talking about something.

"Nothing," she whispered, "I think the time for the payback starts. This is the first step towards it." She said with a smirk. When Dean kept looking at her in confusion, Marissa reached over and patted his back, "I'm sending you a list. You just need to take it to the HR head. Can you do that?" Dean shrugged casually, "Why not? At your service, ma'am," he said bending his head as if she was a royalty.