

161- Their Grandma Was A Threat To Them

Marissa peeled her eyes off his face and looked at her team members who were sitting there, quietly observing them.

Rafael followed her gaze and eyed the spectators, " You must be Delinda. Aren't you?" He asked the middle- aged woman who seemed to have lost her tongue," Ms. Delinda. There is a rule you need to follow throughout your life no matter what happens," he said silkily but everyone could feel the bite in his voice," If you' ll keep worshipping every Tom, Dick, and Harry because she is your boss's wife, or he is your boss's brother or his cousin then I'm sorry... no one can help you. I'm sure life must have taught you everything... but worshipping people mustn't be one of them." His hand sneaked up to Marissa's and held it gently.

" You all can leave now," they all started getting up including Marissa when he tightened his grip on her hand, " Not you. Stay here." He waited until every one of them left, closing the door behind them.

" You," she swiped her tongue on her upper lip, " You shouldn't have said it to them. They might think ... that we... we... are ..." " We are what? In a relationship? Let them think!" he at last got up and sat beside her.

She turned her body to face him but wasn't prepared when he inserted his hand under her thighs to lift her and make her sit on his lap, " Ouch! Rafael!" He didn't acknowledge her protest and pulled her to his chest, " So what was I saying?" he whispered near her ear, and she chuckled, "I don't know. I don't remember," He laughed at her honesty and then asked her a million- dollar question," How are you holding up?" " Sorry?" she didn't understand the query.

"I said how are you doing? Sorry for reaching late but I was informed that Valerie and Mom are here." She shrugged and started playing with the button of his collar, "I don't know. I just didn't communicate much with them," she looked up to meet his gaze, " Plus...I'm not made of salt that someone will throw water and make me dissolve just like that." He nodded, holding her gaze, and then wiped an invisible morsel off the corner of her mouth with his thumb, " Wow!! like this spirit! This brave Marissa is more attractive and a lot s* xier." The remark took her by surprise," Rafael... They... might be... outside the office..." she tried to warn him.

" Who?" " Your mom and ..." she shrugged, " your wife..." " You mean my mom and Valerie?" Marissa swallowed and just shook her head.

Was he implying... that he didn't take Valerie as his wife?

"Y- yes ... They both are here to meet you, so I think..." " If they were here to meet me then they should have informed me," he said smacking her chin with his lips, " It seems more like they were trying to raid the place. Now is the time I should talk to them about all the havoc they have been creating in my life." " But you won't tell them about our kids Right?" she reminded him, and this time Rafael cupped her cheek.*www***W**

" What is it? Why we are hiding our kids..." Marissa didn't know how to respond to this question.

" For how long do I need to hide them, Marissa? The world needs to know about their existence. My kids deserve to know that they are acknowledged as Sinclair heirs." Marissa was tongue- tied. She seemed to be fumbling for words, " Your mom... she must be going crazy for not having any grandkids." " The problem isn't my mom!" he shot back, frustration now evident in his voice.

Her voice trembled slightly, " Then is it me? The problem?" " No, silly!" he leaned his forehead against hers, " You are never the problem, little Greene. It's not about anyone else. It's only about you. We' ll tell the world that we are the parents of three adorable kids when you are ready." She raised her hand and started stroking his rough cheek, " What if I'm never ready?" He frowned and pulled back a little, "I ll always respect your decision b... but... do you realize that we can't snatch away this right from our kids... I know they use your surname, Aaron. And I respect that.I will never impose my family surname. But for their sake, we need to announce to the world, Marissa. Th... this time you need to trust me." Trust? She shot him a questioning glance.

"I know you have got trust issues," he rubbed his knuckles gently against her cheek, " And I'm here to make you believe that this time I won't ditch you like last time." When she stayed quiet, he held her face in his hands, " Say something. Test me if you want." Her eyes snapped up to his face, " Test you?" " Yeah. Test me! I' ll do whatever you ask me to do," When she didn't say anything, he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply,"I'm so fu* cking happy that you chose to come here in this office. That too in the presence of my mom and Valerie. At least, you had that much trust in me. Now listen to me, Marissa. This office belongs to you! Ok?" "R- Rafael... n- no..." she tried to stop him by placing her hand on his mouth but he kissed it and removed it.

"I know I said it before and I'm saying it again just to remind you. This office belongs to you. YOU!" He poked his finger into her shoulder, " Order them. Ask them to do your tasks. Send Dean to bring you coffee. Next time, sit on that seat instead of occupying this couch because that seat is more comfortable." Marissa held his collar and started shaking with mirth, " Seriously?" he sounded like she was the boss.

Like she was the president of MSin Industries! How funny!

Rafael looked down at her head that was under his chin, " Yeah. Seriously. Why not use that chair? Plus... I need you to move to a proper house, Marissa. It's time. You me and our kids. Our perfect little family." She gulped her saliva. She couldn't tell him that his kids' lives were in danger.

Their grandma was a t hreat to them.