

164- Pinching Her!

She looked down at what she was wearing.

Rafael had brought her directly to the hotel where she showered and put on the robe as there were no clothes for her there.

" Our dinner is still on... but," she licked her lips with a nervous grin, "I don't have anything to wear!" she spread her arms to show him what she was wearing.

He gave her a once over with a serious gaze and then shrugged, " But you are perfectly covered. I can't see any skin there," He made a disappointed pout and she had to hit his chest with a laugh.

" Shut up!" " No seriously. You are wearing something here because if you don't have clothes then why can't I see your na* ked body..." She again hit his chest, " Stop making me nervous and tell me what I should do." He held her hand and started walking inside the room, his voice had dropped to a whisper due to the presence of his sleeping kids, " You look perfect to me. Now let's go because... I'm hungry!" Once they were out of the room, she gave him a horrified glance, " Dinner in the dining hall. Wearing this? No way!" He chuckled softly at her reaction, " Just look at you. You look amazing!" Marissa waved at Jenna who was reading a magazine and trying hard not to look at them. But the subtle smile on her face was enough to give the hints that she could not only hear them very clearly but was also enjoying the conversation.

She again hit him with her fist, " What about the other hotel guests who will find me in this robe?" she hissed.

Rafael glanced at her from head to toe, his eyes filled with admiration, " Hmm. Your robe goes well with the fluffy hotel slippers you are wearing." She looked at her feet and made a face, " That too. See? I can't go to the dining hall like this." He observed her face for a few minutes making her blush.Ŵ(w)

She raised her hands questioningly," What?" " You are again going back on your word, Marissa. This is the second time you are canceling our date," this wasn't exactly a complaint, but he was right.

"I wish I was home," she said with a hint of regret, "I could have easily fixed you something from the kitchen." She squeezed her eyes to come up with more solutions, " Isn't there any other option?" He laughed, pulling her gently by the hand towards the door, " Start moving your ass, little Greene. Because the dining hall might accept your attire, but they would never accept this cute blush creeping up your cheeks." " Oh, brother!" she leaned her face on his arm.

" Come on," he opened the door and almost dragged her out.

She started slapping her face with her free hand, " What are you doing?" " Trying to get rid of this blush!" she was about to smack her face again when he hurriedly held her hand.

" Stop! Not even your hand is allowed to touch you," he kissed her hand and resumed walking ahead of her.

" Really?" Her heart fluttered at his possessiveness, " No one is allowed to touch me?" As they walked down the hallway, he leaned closer, his breath warm against her ear, "I can be contacted if you want to be..." he cleared his throat," touched...I do provide such services." With wide eyes, she again slapped his chest, " Damn you, Rafael Sinclair. Are you taking me on the date or are you here to provide me... this This touching service." Rafael was having difficulty in fighting back the smile. He bent his head and said solemnly, " Both, I guess." After a few minutes, he abruptly stopped in front of the dining hall door and turned to her, his gaze turned tender, "I just want you to have a good time. Forget about this bathing robe. These hotel slippers. And the ' touching' part too!" Before Marissa could protest, he winked, and the door was opened by a guard to let them in.

Marissa again looked down at her robe. She wanted to look good tonight. For him. He deserved this much.

However, when they entered the hall, she stopped short in her tracks. In the dining hall, there was no dining table except one.

The room was dimly lit, with candles placed on the only table.

" Wh... where are the rest of the tables... and all the crowd?" she asked him with uncertainty and then something dawned on her. She turned to face him with a gasp, "Y... you... you booked the hall... for our dinner?" He nodded with a proud grin, " Yes, ma' am. I did!" She chuckled and had to chew her lower lip to control her quivering lips," Marissa?" The skin on his forehead knitted in confusion. He wanted to tease her for chewing her lips in such a s* xy way because of the way she used to blush whenever he remarked on something related to intimacy.w(w)

He was taken ab ack when saw her welled- up eyes.

" Did I do something wrong, honey?" He asked her with worry and Marissa wanted to cry more.

Honey? He called me, honey?

"I ...I don't want to be a crybaby... but... this... I'm..." She didn't know how to explain this to him.

" Oh, come on," he cupped her cheeks," You Marissa Aaron deserve everything best in your life. Do you hear that?" Marissa blinked and a few tears dropped down her eyes. Rafael gently wiped her cheeks, "I didn't know that this setup would make you cry." Instead of taking their seats, they both were standing in the middle of the room oblivious to the waiters waiting for them.w

" Th... these are happy tears, silly," she murmured, her lips curling in a warm smile, "I must say I'm impressed." He lowered his head and brushed her lips softly, " Now sit down," he muttered," otherwise none of us will be able to eat anything." Gosh! This is such a perfect moment! Why did he have to destroy it with this teasing? She didn't want to let him see her blush.

Instead of slapping him, she tried to pinch his chest but got nothing.

Like a fool, she gave him a frustrated look, " Look at you! I can't even pinch. The skin is so taut." " Be careful, little Greene," he tilted his head with a serious face, "I usually don't let a person go without taking my revenge." Revenge? Not understanding Marissa raised her eyes to look into his green orbs, " What do you mean?" Rafael was having difficulty focusing on the upcoming dinner. She looked so cute in this se* xy outfit, and he could only imagine how soft she must be under that fluffy garment.

" What I mean to say is... you pinch me then I' ll pinch you too, Marissa. I might not have enough skin to be pinched but I won't have this problem while pinching you." Marissa felt like her entire body had turned red. He was talking about pinching her bo* obs.