

173- VIP Floor Cards

Dean looked at the woman who had been doing nothing except whining from the moment she sat her foot here.

She and her daughter- in- law seemed to know nothing but used to claim as if they were the ones who were running MSin.

" Every branch is different, ma' am. We are supposed to follow orders given by Mr. Joseph or Mr. Sinclair," he said stoically.

" Fine!" she raised one shoulder in style," Can you ask the event people to gather in the conference room? I need to know all the details about it." Dean wanted to bang his head on the nearby wall, " Mrs. Sinclair. You attended the presentation last time," he pointed out, but she started shaking her head.

"I need to know the individual planning, Dean. Just gather them. Ok?" she lovingly patted his shoulder and went to the office that Dean assigned her last time.

He could still hear the heels clicking in the hall.

Standing there in the hallway, he sighed and started rubbing the nape of his neck," Where have I gotten stuck, man? Is it some kind of a joke, nature is playing with me?" Shaking his head, he went back to his seat. Today he would talk to Mr. Sinclair about this whole chaos on the floor.

He wasn't hired to become an assistant to multiple bosses.

Like, come on. I'm not a rubber band who can stretch me in any direction they want!

It wasn't in his nature to be aggressive but the office environment he used to enjoy a lot was now turning into a nightmare for him.

He hit his fist on the desk, " Damn!" Nina looked at the faces of all the event participants who were sitting quietly, waiting for her to speak.

"I need all of you to introduce yourselves and tell me, what you are going to do in the event. About your participation and the plans," She looked down at her writing pad and the pen where she had made columns for everything.

She had already asked Dean to send Valerie straight to the room whenever she would arrive. When Nina was leaving the estate agency, she wanted to kill the agent whose name was Mary.

She didn't want to tell the name of the new owner who purchased White Palace and was telling her about the crappy properties of Kanderton.

Once Valerie stepped into that office, Nina had to improve her mood. She didn't want to let Valerie know what she was after.

Once White Palace will be long to her, she could happily announce it to the whole world. Or she could invite the whole office staff there.

She had seen its grand garden. They could easily host a big party there. **Ww.nó☺(())WøRm.C@n**

With a shudder, she came back into the present and looked up when the door opened, and Valerie entered.

" Hello, Nina, hello all," she waved at the employees with a friendly smile, and they all waved back.

There was a seat placed near Nina where she gestured for Valerie to sit. Instead of taking it, Valerie clasped her hands in front of her and glanced around at all the people sitting there.

"I' ve already introduced myself. I'm Valerie Sinclair. Wife of Rafael Sinclair," she giggled, " And I'm very excited to know what you people are offering for this event." All of them were nodding their heads when Valerie spotted Kate sitting among them. She again raised her hand to wave at her and Kate waved back.

" How are you, Kate?" Kate must have been happy when she realized that Mrs. Sinclair remembered her name.

"I'm good. And you, Mrs. Sinclair?" Every time Valerie heard the words ' Mrs. Sinclair' from someone's mouth, it used to make her heart fill with pride.

When she lowered herself into the seat, Nina focused back on all the people around the table, " So, what was I saying?" All the employees started introducing themselves to them. They were telling their names, about their small businesses and what were they supposed to do in the event.

The skin on Nina's forehead furrowed when she felt Valerie shifting on her ass in the chair. She tilted her head a little to glance at the girl but due to some reason, she seemed uneasy.

I hope nobody shoved a thorn up her ass. Ha- ha. A smile broke on Nina's lips but then she hurriedly controlled it. She didn't want to give the impression to all the employees that she was making fun of them.

Delinda and Kate were done with their introductions and now Peter was telling her, all about himself.

Nina was taking notes with lightning speed. She wished Geena was here who could do it more efficiently but after her last night's confession, she wasn't asking anything from her.

She wanted to listen to Peter and note down about his mural art when Valerie moved again with discomfort.

Nina couldn't take it anymore and at last, leaned over to hiss in Valerie's ear, " Are there thorns on your seat? What are you doing?" " There are no thorns, Nina. Strangely, you are a businesswoman, and you didn't notice anything until now." With a frown, Nina ran her gaze around in confusion. What was it that she didn't notice?

What was Valerie trying to tell her about?

" Tell me, Valerie," she whispered to her daughter- in- law, though she wanted to hear what Peter was telling her.

" None of them are wearing the gold- striped cards required for the access to the VIP floor. Why?" Nina turned her head to glance at Valerie who had raised a brow questioningly.

Nina looked at each member seated there and raised her hand to stop Peter from speaking anymore, " The requirement to have access to this floor is to wear special cards. None of you are wearing it. May I know the reason, why?" There was silence in the room until Kate raised her hand, " Ma' am. The requirement wasn't for us." " Why?" Nina repeated her question.

" Because after our joining, Mr. Sinclair passed the rule. None of the event employees is required to wear it." Everyone sitting there was nodding their heads and Nina wasn't liking it.

Why these event people were being treated like VIPs? Was Marissa the reason?