

175- Who Was Valerie?

Marissa had taken a private elevator to reach Rafael's office. Once inside, she didn't want to unlock the door, but she had to.

In case her team needed her, she should be available for them.*Wt(w).nove/W⊙RM.c0M*

She placed her laptop and stretched. God! She needed a coffee.

She thought to intercom Dean to bring her one when it started ringing. After plopping on Rafael's revolving seat, she picked up the receiver, " Yes?" " Marissa?" she smiled when heard Dean on the other side.*Wtw.no⊙EtwOrmm.COM*

"I was just thinking of calling you. Can I get a coffee? Please?" she tried to sound sweet. Though Rafael had asked her to order Dean to bring her anything she wanted.

But she never took him as an assistant.

" Yeah. I am bringing two. Let's have coffee together," he didn't sound too excited.

" Great!" Marissa slapped her hand on the desk, " Come over!" She was about to end the call when he said, " Hey!" " Yes?" " Have you unlocked the office door?" "N... no. Not yet. I'll do it right away," she placed back the receiver and thought to get up to unlock it. For some reason, Dean sounded upset.

What was the matter?

With a shrug, she opened the laptop when the phone rang again. This time it was the office landline.

" Who is it?" with a frown she picked the receiver.*twWW.N⊙vel⊗(r)m.c0m*

" Hello?" a strange thick voice spoke to her. Scrunching her nose, she looked at the receiver.

" Hello," the voice seemed a little familiar, " May I know who this is? Do I know you?" "I don't know, ma' am. Maybe or maybe not. But I know you," the deep voice sounded cheese now.

It seemed like a prank call, " Whoever you are, please speak. Or I'm cutting the call." " You are so beautiful, Ms. Marissa!" the odd voice said to her, and Marissa rolled her eyes. Now it was time to slam the receiver.

" Go to hell!" she said politely when the man laughed on the other end and Marissa who was about to drop it, halted for a minute.

"RAFAEL!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. Thankfully the walls of the office were soundproof.

He kept laughing for a few seconds before he asked her after catching his breath, " How are you?" She didn't answer his question, " What were you trying to be, mister? A clown?" " Not a clown. Maybe a friend who is trying to tease another friend," he said with a sigh, and it warmed her heart but the next minute the smile on her face vanished when he said, "I'm the same friend whose shirt you used this morning!" " Miser!" He was again laughing on the other end, but then he got serious, " George told me that someone tried to harm you this morning?" Oh, George!

" No. It was... just a misunderstanding. George punched him and the poor man had a bleeding nose." " George is my bodyguard, little Greene and today he was supposed to accompany Jenna and the kids to the park. Now he will stay around you in theMSin lobby, VIP floor." When Marissa tried to say something, he didn't let her speak, " Little Greene. Listen. He won't disturb you. I promise. Just treat him as an invisible man. Ok?" She took a long sigh, " Ok." When she disconnected the call she heard a knock, " Shit. I forgot to unlock the door." She hastily got up and dashed to the door to open it. Dean was standing there carrying coffee cups, "I'm sorry. I got busy on the phone with Rafael. What happened to you?" She looked at his face carefully. He didn't seem like himself.

" Well! I guess, I'm in a dilemma," he walked past her to place the cups on the coffee table and then straightened, " Sit here. I'll bring some cookies and sandwiches too." He seemed so disturbed that Marissa couldn't tell him that she didn't feel hungry.

With a serious face, he returned with a tray and sat on the couch before kicking off his shoes.

" Take a seat, Marissa. Attack the food!" he folded his legs under him on the couch and started eating the sandwich.

Marissa was getting worried by his behavior, " What is it, Dean?" she gently held his hand and crouched near him on the floor.*wwwW.NovelWbRM.c(0)m*

He couldn't speak due to the full mouth but just shrugged.

He was taking bigger bites. Bigger than normal.

The sandwich was finished within a few bites.

He was reaching out to pick up another sandwich when she held his wrist, " Dean. Look at me. Tell me whatever is bothering you. Please." "I'm hungry!" he tried to reach for it again, but Marissa held it tightly.

" Dean!" she shot him a warning glare.

"I'm getting crazy, Marissa! What's going on here?" Marissa was shocked when the words left his mouth in agitation, "I'm getting sick and tired of it. Ever since you arrived here, everything has changed... every fu*cking thing including my work and my mental peace. It's in shambles!" Marissa's grip on his wrist loosened a little.

" Wh- what do you mean, Dean?" " What's your issue with Nina and Valerie?" his voice was tinged with frustration and his hands were moving frantically, " Whatever it is, solve it, dammit. I'm not a ping pong ball. Nor I'm a doormat." Marissa couldn't say anything and started chewing her lower lip, " Don't stay quiet, Marissa. Whatever wrong you did to them please solve it. Because the employees of MSin aren't here to pay for your past mistakes." Marissa's face snapped up, " Past mistakes?" " Yeah. That's what I said. Past mistakes!" " What do you mean by that, Dean? What do you know about MY past mistakes?" her voice rose a little.

Dean moved back shoving her hand away that was gripping his hand lightly, " See.I'm the assistant to Mr. Joseph and Mr. Sinclair. Any order from them, and hereI'm ready to fulfill it. It's my duty. That's what I signed up for. Not for a crappy mistress to take over the office and then the whole family takes her revenge on me," He was panting by now, "I'm done.I'm so done with all the bulls*hit!" Marissa hadn't seen him this angry. He had been a humble man with always a polite smile on his face.

" What did you call me?" she asked him softly, " Crappy mistress? That's what you think of me, Dean?" Dean must have realized what he had said in his anger, "I'm... I'm sorry... it was just..." " No. I urge you to repeat it! What did you say? I'm a mistress? To whom. Rafael Sinclair?" she didn't raise her voice but now her face was also turning red with each passing minute, " Congratulations. You are no different than them. Like Delinda, you also judged me too quickly, Dean." " No. I'm sorry. I just blurted it out. I swear I wasn't thinking straight." " You called me a mistress. Like all of them out there... Dean..." There was so much pain on her face that Dean wanted to kill himself.

" Marissa... I didn't mean to..." SLAP!

She didn't let him complete and slapped tight right on his cheek.

With disbelief in his eyes, Dean placed the hand on his cheek that was still stinging.

"M- Marissa..." "I ... I thought you ... were different, ... So, just like Delinda, you decided that I'ma home wrecker and then announced the punishment too! Huh!" Marissa pursed her lips tightly as the hot tears started gliding down her cheeks. While crying, she held the collar of his shirt, "I'm not his mistress," she shook him wildly, " He married me, dammit. I'm his wife..." She at last dropped her hands from his collar to place her face on his lap and sobbed in pain.

Dean's body had turned into a block of ice when he heard that. He saw Marissa's shaking body with her head placed on his leg.

Marissa was Rafael Sinclair's wife?

Then who was Valerie?