

181- History Will Repeat Itself.

Humming to herself, Marissa didn't use the private elevator to enter the office. Today was a new day and she wanted to start everything with a fresh and better mood.

Yesterday the way, Rafael and Dean made her feel that she wasn't alone, she felt relief after such a long time.

Someone had gotten her back.

She adjusted the strap of her bag over her shoulder, glancing around when her eyes caught the sight of a familiar figure standing near the desk in another corner of the hallway.

" Dean?" she called his name with a surprised smile, " You are early, man. As always." Dean who was leaning over a stack of files, lost in some thought straightened and ran his fingers through his hair.

" Hi, Marissa," he mumbled more to himself and started putting the files one over the other, " What are you doing here? Shouldn't you have used the VIP floor?" Marissa took off her bag and raised her nose to inhale the faint aroma of freshly brewed coffee wafting through the air.

" Umm. Coffee!" Closing her eyes, she sighed.

Dean looked up, at last, a warm smile spread ing across his face as he straightened up, " Yeah. I' ll bring it in a minute. But you haven't answered my question. Why a different passage?" She shrugged and took the seat at a nearby desk,"I don't know. Just didn't feel like using it," she clicked her tongue and revolved the chair at ninety- degree angle.

Dean went to the kitchen to fetch some coffee for them.

It was a bliss to have the office entirely to yourself. Just within a few minutes the hustle and bustle would soon start.

And with that Nina and Valerie came to her mind. Urgh!

But now she was not alone. Right?

Rafael had told her that he would accept any decision made by her. Last night, she couldn't meet him as he had to go somewhere.

In the middle of the night, he joined her on the bed when she was peacefully sleeping. They met in the morning for a brief moment because Abigail was getting cranky and wanted to spend some more time with Daddy.

She raised her face when found Dean coming out of the kitchen with two mugs of coffee.

" What were you thinking right now?" he asked placing her cup on the desk and taking another seat right across her.

She chuckled and tsked, " Nothing. Just about the usual people." Dean felt sorry for her. His gut feeling was telling him that she was about to face much more in this office and that was the reason he had called a guy to the office with Rafael's permission He just had to ask the President in a text message, and he said OK. 

" Oh. The usual people? Nina and Valerie?" Marissa just laughed it off. Even their names used to give her panic attacks.

But not anymore. She thought with a smile.

" Hah. My coffee is already bitter, Dean. Do me a favor and discuss something else. Soon she will be here barking orders," she groaned, casting an annoyed glance upwards.

Dean nodded before taking a sip from his coffee, gulping down the smile along with it.

He kept their conversation strictly off Nina or Valerie. Anything except those two wicked women. He didn't want to upset Marissa.

Suddenly their conversation was disturbed by the sound of the elevator doors sliding open. A man in a navy suit stepped out, his eyes scanning the area before settling on Dean.

Dean was quick to stand from his seat," Ah. Just in time." Marissa was looking at the man in confusion, she had never seen him around.

Dean turned to her, his face growing serious, " You need to accompany me to Mr. Joseph's office, Marissa. Can you spare a moment for that?" With curiosity on her face, she stood up and followed Dean inside Joseph's office. The newcome r man opened his briefcase and took out a machine.

" What's going on?" she asked him in a whisper when saw the busy man clicking the different buttons on the machine. Maybe he was adjusting some settings.

Dean gestured for her to step forward," We need your fingerprints on our official record," he leaned ahead to move the machine, " It' ll only take a second." Marissa stared at him in confusion and tried to speak when he chimed in, " You can ask, Mr. Sinclair if you want." She thought for a moment and then decided to call Rafael, " Give me a moment please." callsell.

She went out in the hallway and waited for the call to be received, " Hey. Missing me? I'm missing you too!" His cheerful voice caused her lips to curl up, " Shut up and tell me about this finger impression thingy. What's going on?" " Oh. Sorry, forgot to tell you. Yeah. Dean asked me yesterday. Go ahead. It will save you from most of the trouble." She wanted to ask him what kind of trouble, but then heard Abigail's voice in the background. She must be lying on her father's chest.

After disconnecting the call she went back to Joseph's office, straight to the desk where that man was talking to Dean.

She hesitated briefly before nodding and extending her hand. She placed her forefinger on the small glass plate of the machine.

The suited man signaled as the device beeped softly, capturing her print.

" All done. Thanks, Marissa," Dean pressed his lips into a thin line.

Marissa withdrew her hand and saw the man packing his machine," What is it about, Dean?" She asked Dean when he led her back to the desk.

He had a subtle smile on his face, " Don't worry, chief. You' ll come to know about it, soon." " Are you sure, we are doing the right thing?" Valerie asked Nina when they got to the Silver floor. The Silver floor was right beneath the Gold one.

They went straight to the Human resource hallway where they needed to meet the head, Mark Greyson in his office.

" Hello, Mrs. Sinclair. Please have a seat," he stood up when saw them entering his office.

When they settled in their seats, he asked casually, placing his hands on the desk, " So. What can I do for you?" " Mark. We' re here because some employees on our floor don't hold a gold card. You know how soft- hearted my son is. But I can't let anyone manipulate him. Everyone needs to follow the office rules no matter who he is." He nodded, twisting the paperweight, deep in his thoughts, " Hmm. Can you tell me how many employees there are without a card," he then quickly raised his hands in surrender, " Of course, I know, you two don't need these trivial cards as you' re the Sinclairs. Ha- ha." Valerie also started laughing just for the sake of it.

You are doomed, Marissa. You are doomed. She thought while listening to Mark's boring talk.

He was telling Nina about overall sales results and Nina was successfully showing him, how impressed she was.

While they were busy, talking, the door behind them opened and Kate got in. She was holding a printout that she placed on the desk before Nina.

" The list," she announced, " Just the way you asked me to make, Mrs. Sinclair." She said with a sly smile.

Nina moved the paper across to let Mark see it.

" What is it?" he looked down with a frown and put on his reading glasses. **wW**

" The list," Nina raised one shoulder in style with a smirk, " You should know about the employees who' ll be needing cards. If possible do it before evening. Office security is at stake, and we can't take risks." Then she bent her body forward to whisper, " There is a name Marissa Aaron on the top. If possible, make her a Silver card, Mark. She doesn't have anything specific to do there on the VIP floor." Mark whose eyes were still on the list, took off his reading glasses and regarded Nina for a minute, " Isn't she the head of the event team?" " Nah!" she clicked her tongue and looked over her shoulder where Kate was standing, " Kate is the head. Marissa is just there to show off." Now the man seemed hesitant, " Have you talked to Rafael or Joseph about it?" " Oh, Mark," Nina tapped her hand on the table, " No need to do that. Everyone around here knows that I' ve got my shares in the company. But if you are worried and concerned about my son. Then I' ll make sure to let him know." Mark appeared puzzled at first but then he smiled and nodded in agreement," Fine, Mrs. Sinclair. I' ll try to do it ASAP." When Nina walked out of the office, she had a huge grin on her face, " Thanks, Kate. You can go back now. I would like to visit the café to have some coffee and private time with my daughter- in- law." Kate bobbed her head and left. She was happy to be acknowledged as the head of the event team. She could easily announce to all the members of the team that at last, she was accepted as an in charge by both Mrs. Sinclairs.

" Why these cards are so important to you?" Valerie asked Nina while accompanying her to the café.

Nina's eyes flashed with evilness as she intertwined her fingers with Valerie's," Don't worry, my daughter- in- law. You' ll come to know at the right time," she hada wicked smile curling at the corners of her mouth, " There is a certain way to do things. I may not be able to kick her out of MSin, but I can create a situation where she will wish to resign herself." Her face hardened and she paused, letting her words sink in, " When she won't get respect here. When her team members won't listen to her then of course, who would like to stay in such a toxic workplace? Don't you remember? Last time we didn't kick her out of Sangua City. She was the one who left." Her smile grew more sinister, " History will repeat itself. Soon she will be out of Kanderton city."