

S2 Chapter 10

Samantha's POV

"Thank God it's Sunday and the mall closes early," Manu said when we met at the entrance of the store where I worked.

"Tell me about it, Manu, my feet are killing me!" I replied with a pained expression.

"And today we don't have a ride since Pablo's off," Manu informed me.

"Good for him. He's been really nice to us."

"Yeah, he's super cool. Want to split a cab? I'm too exhausted to take the bus," Manu suggested, and I was grateful.

"I'll pay for the taxi, Manu. I'm dead tired too." We left laughing.

As we walked through the door, Romulus cornered us. He had a cynical smile on his face. I hadn't noticed he was there. He stopped in front of me and grabbed my arm.

"Come on, Samantha, I'll take you home and we can talk," Romulus spoke as if giving me an order.

"Romulus, let go of me. I have nothing to talk about with you," I responded.

"Of course you do, my dear. Come on, the sooner you stop this drama, the faster our lives can get back to normal," Romulus said and tried to pull me.

"Let go of me, Romulus." I yanked my arm free from his grip and stepped back. "Don't touch me. I told you I have nothing to say to you. Forget

about me."

"Darling, you're getting in my car and we're going to talk. You're coming back to me, Samantha, because you're mine," Romulus said with a cynical smile.

"Romulus, if you come any closer, I'll scream!" I threatened.

"Is there a problem here, Samantha?" I heard Marcio, another mall security guard, behind me. "Manuela said you were being cornered by this gentleman."

"This is between me and my girlfriend, buddy," Romulus told Marcio.

"I'm not your buddy. You better leave right now and stop harassing these girls, or I'll detain you and call the police," Marcio warned Romulus.

I crossed my arms over my chest, and Romulus raised his hands, glaring furiously at Manu. He started to back away but threatened me one last time,

"This isn't over, Samantha! You know it isn't."

"Come on, girls, I'll escort you," Marcio said.

"We're taking a taxi, Marcio," Manu informed him.

"Even better. I'll walk you to the taxi then," Marcio replied and accompanied us to the taxi stand at the mall entrance, helped us get in, and only left when the taxi drove away.

"Sam, sorry to butt in, but I think you should file a police report against Romulus. He's stalking you, and the way he talked today was really creepy," Manu suggested.

"You're right, Manu, but I think I'll need more than that for the police to do anything. My mom gets back on Wednesday, I'll talk to her about it. She'll know what to do."

"Great! Until then, you're staying at my place! And every time your mom travels, you're staying with me."

"Thanks, Manu! You're an angel."

On Monday, shortly after I arrived at work, Pablo called me to the store entrance.

"Sam, I heard about what happened yesterday," Pablo said right away at the store entrance. "There was a meeting, and all the mall security guards have been notified to keep an eye out. You're safe here."

"Oh Pablo, I don't know how to thank you all!" I said, feeling greatly relieved that at least I could work in peace.

"No need to thank us. But you should take some action. He hasn't done anything too serious yet, but things could get worse. He's stalking you too much," Pablo advised.

"Yeah, Manu suggested the same thing. But I don't know what to do. My mom arrives Wednesday, and I'll talk to her."

"Look, I'll give you a lawyer's contact. He's good. My cousin had problems with her boyfriend, and this lawyer got her a restraining order. I know it's not much, but if he's just the threatening type, he'll back off," Pablo guided me.

"That's a good idea. Please send me the contact. Thanks, Pablo."

"Nothing to thank for. I'll send it to you. Now let's get to work - shout if you need anything," he smiled and walked away.



On Wednesday, I was off work and arranged for my mom to pick me up at Manu's house when she arrived. I didn't want to stay home alone. When we got home, after my mom took a shower, I explained to her what was happening. She was worried.

"Samantha, your friends are right. Call the lawyer and see if he can talk to us today," my mom advised.

"Mom, you're tired from your trip."

"But I don't want to worry, let's solve this now."

I took my phone and called. The secretary was very kind and said the lawyer could see me at the end of the day. My mom and I arrived at his office right on time. After I told him what was happening, he said,

"Unfortunately, I see many cases like this. It's good that you sought help early. I'll request a restraining order from the judge and file a police report, but that doesn't mean you can relax, at least not yet."

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked.

"I hope the restraining order will scare him off and he'll leave you alone, but you need to stay alert," the lawyer warned. "You work at a mall, and it's great that their security is competent. You'll be safe inside. But be careful in the parking lot and on the street. I recommend always being accompanied when leaving the mall. The same goes for anywhere else you go. Don't put yourself at risk."

After all the lawyer's guidance, we left the office and went home. My mom was already talking about selling our house and buying an apartment that might be safer. I tried to calm her down, but she was very worried.



The next day, the lawyer called to inform that he had already obtained the restraining order. He was really good. I took the opportunity to tell Pablo and thank him for the recommendation. He asked for a copy of the document the lawyer had sent me and took it to the head of security.

The restraining order gave me some relief, but I would strictly follow the lawyer's instructions.