

S2 Chapter 116

Samantha's POV

We had barely started playing when Flavian received a strange call and had to leave, saying it was work-related but he'd be back soon. Manu just observed. We continued playing and everything was going well until Maria called me.

"Sam, your moving boxes arrived. I'm going to organize everything, do you have any specific instructions?" Maria asked, and I was relieved I didn't need to go to the apartment - I'd been apprehensive since the last letter.

"No, Maria. They're just clothes and personal items, just leave everything in the closet. Thank you." I replied, grateful for her help with this.

"Oh, one more thing. Vincent asked me to give you this." Maria handed me an envelope, and I started trembling.

Another letter. But two letters in such a short time? It couldn't be. I was frozen, staring at the envelope. I felt a hand on my shoulder and saw the letter being taken from my hands.

"Let me handle this, Nightingale." Henry was behind me. "Don't let this ruin your day."

But it was too late; it had already disturbed my peace of mind. I took the letter back and opened it; this was becoming unbearable. The content was more of the same - threats and warnings from Romulus saying he'd be out soon.

I needed to call the lawyer and get an idea of when Romulus could be released from jail; it must be soon, he'd been imprisoned for almost a year now.

"I'll call the lawyer tomorrow." I sighed and handed the letter to Henry.

"Are you okay?" He held me by the waist and looked at me with concern.

"I am. I already told you I feel safe here." I said and gave him a quick kiss.

Hours later, when Flavian returned, Manu had already been crowned the video game champion. Henry pulled him aside and showed him the letter that had arrived. While Enzo was distracting everyone with another one of his fantastic stories, I discreetly called Manu over.

"What's wrong?" Manu asked when we reached the living room.

"That's what I should ask you - why the troubled face?"

"Flavian is still acting weird. Did you see how he rushed out today?"

"You need to confront him, Manu."

"Maybe..."

After our friends left and the kids went to bed, I was exhausted; it had been a long and eventful day. And to think I thought it would be a quiet, peaceful Monday. I was already comfortably lying down when I heard Henry's shout coming from the closet.

"SAMANTHA!" Henry called out desperately.

"My God, what could this man have seen to yell like that?" I thought to myself.

I got up and went to the closet. I found Henry crouched down, holding a pair of black leather shoes with a look of pure horror and disgust. When he saw me, he thrust the shoes toward me.

"What is it, Henry? I was already in bed. I can't believe you called me just to show me shoes," I complained.

"Samantha, look inside the shoe." Henry was starting to sound nervous.

I craned my neck and finally saw what had sparked his anger. I had to control myself not to burst out laughing.

"Henry, just leave them in the laundry room. I'll clean your precious shoes tomorrow," I said calmly, trying to keep my composure.

"Samantha, I want to know who did this! These are Italian shoes, Samantha, custom-made, and now they're ruined!" Henry was fuming.

"Henry, they're just shoes!" When I said that, his eyes turned evil. He bent down and picked up one of my wonderful red shoes that I had bought a few days ago and hadn't worn yet, showing it to me. My blood boiled. "ENZO! CLARA!"

My scream echoed through the house, and within seconds, Enzo and Clara appeared in the bedroom, accompanied by the three troublemakers. We all ended up going to the living room, where Henry turned it into an interrogation.

"Well, which one of you is going to explain this?" Henry pointed to the

shoes. The children looked at each other, then at the shoes, and back at each other again. "Spit it out!"

"Look, uncle, I can't explain it, but I know it wasn't me," Enzo tried to make a joke, but I crouched down to meet his eyes.

"Do you think this is funny, Enzo? Do you have any idea how long it took me to pick out these shoes? And I hadn't even worn them yet!" I was angry. I could deal with anything, but not when someone messed with my shoes.

"Auntie, I'm sorry. But it was them." Enzo pointed to the three dogs sitting in a row on the carpet.

"Oh! Really, Enzo?" Henry was as irritated as I was. "How did this happen, Enzo? And don't try to be cute about it."

"Look, we got a bit careless today, I admit, but the house was full and we lost track of time," Enzo tried to defend himself.

"That's why your mother didn't want to allow pets in the house," Henry complained.

"Yeah, you all got distracted and now our shoes have become a dog bathroom. Look, look at this, they did number two inside the shoes," I complained.

Enzo picked up the shoes, examined them, and laughed.

"Popcorn, how did you manage to aim number two right inside the shoes?" Enzo laughed and looked at the little dog with admiration. "Leave it to me, auntie. I know a place that cleans, disinfects, and makes everything smell fresh."

"Kid, don't you know leather shoes can't get wet?" Henry questioned. "They're ruined."

"Uncle, my dad takes his shoes to this place. They're not ruined. They have a way of cleaning without damaging the shoes." Enzo was very confident.

"Whatever, deal with this tomorrow. I'm going to bed, and if I catch any of these three furballs in my room, I'll turn them into hot dogs," Henry threatened and went to bed.

We woke up the next morning being suffocated. There were many bodies in that bed, I don't even know how it happened, but Clara was lying between Henry and me, Enzo sprawled across the foot of the bed, and the three dogs on top of us. Popcorn, the most audacious one, was lying on Henry's chest, who when he woke up got such a fright, he jumped out of bed, almost throwing the poor dog against the wall from the shock.