

S2 Chapter 117

Romulus's POV

I had been here for quite a while now, almost a year, all because the judge decided to convict me of false imprisonment after I broke into Samantha's house. Such a stupid thing, and I lost my clean record. My lawyer said Samantha's attorney was very good and worked hard with the prosecutor to get me convicted.

And he kept working to mess things up for me using the letters I sent her. Sending those letters was really hurting my case, I needed to figure out how to get a phone in here. But that was really expensive. Still, I'm going to talk to Nick, she'll help me out, she's been helping me with everything since I met her.

Right after I got locked up, I met this guy, Sandro, we hit it off right away and he told me I needed someone on the outside taking care of things for me. He was right, but I didn't have anyone for that, so he ended up introducing me to Nick, his sister. She was awesome, totally reliable. She took care of everything I asked for and never missed a visit. And speaking of visits, here she came.

"I'm here, baby!" Nick arrived laughing, tossing her long hair over her shoulders.

"My sweet Nick! How are you, my love?" I went straight in to kiss her. She was pretty good-looking and we got along really well.

"When you call me sweet Nick, it means you want something." She laughed. "Just tell me, Romulus, don't beat around the bush."

"That worthless lawyer my mom's paying came here this week."

"Hmm. What did that incompetent fool say?"

"That I need to stop sending the letters, it's hurting my case. I have to stop so he can get me out."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I need a cell phone. I know how to get one, but it costs money. Can you work that out for me?"

"Depends. My brother wanted me to confirm if your deal with him is still on. And he's in a hurry for you to get out, so it's really better to stop with these letters, save your revenge for when you're out."

Nick's advice wasn't bad, but I wanted to torment Samantha.

Nick's brother was a small-time drug dealer. He wasn't big, but he made good money. He needed a trustworthy accountant, and since I was one, he wanted me to work for him as soon as I got out of jail. It wasn't a bad idea - I was unemployed anyway, and he was going to pay me well.

"Tell your partner it's a done deal! As soon as I get out, I'll head to the hills and take over the books," I assured her, knowing this would be really good for me.

"Perfect! Then we can work out the phone situation. Tell me everything you need, and you'll have it this week. But make sure they don't find out, or you won't be getting out anytime soon, and that'll mess up Sandro's plans," Nick warned me.

"Don't worry, I've already got someone who'll cover for me if anyone

finds the phone," I explained.

"You're getting smart, aren't you?! I like what I'm seeing. Now let me talk to you about some of my brother's business that he wants to know about..."

Nick was truly solid - two days after her visit, the phone was in my hand. But as I figured, little Samantha had changed her number, so I asked Nick to track down her new number for me. I was sure Nick could do it; she could get anything done.

I just had to wait, and then I would make Samantha's life hell until she regretted putting me in this place.