



S2 Chapter 135

Samantha's POV

After having coffee with Manu, I went back to work and ended up being surprised. I wasn't expecting the visit I received at the company late that day. I was finishing up a report when my phone rang on my desk - it was the receptionist informing me that someone in the building lobby was insisting on speaking with me.

I found myself wondering what I had done to deserve so many pests in my life. It would be better to get rid of this one right away, before it turned into a weed that keeps sprouting in the yard no matter how many times you pull it out. I told the receptionist I'd go down to meet my visitor, but that she wasn't authorized to enter the building. And that was what I did.

I arrived at the lobby and saw the woman sitting in one of the armchairs in a corner away from the reception desk. She was one of those women who you can tell from a mile away was nothing but an opportunistic gold digger. She was wearing a white dress made of thin fabric that was slightly see-through. It was too short with a plunging neckline that went down to her belly button. Anyone who saw the scene could tell she was out of place in that environment.

"I'm wondering what you could possibly have to say to me, Nicole?" I asked impatiently as I approached.

"Samantha! You really are quite exotic," The bitch looked me up and down with a certain disdain.

"Did you come here just to look at me? Oh, honey, looking is free - beauty doesn't wear out!" I said very calmly with a big smile. This



opportunist wouldn't manage to get under my skin at my workplace, no way.

"You think you're all that, Samantha! But I came here to give you some advice," Nicole was feeling very confident there.

"Advice? I don't remember asking for any," I gave her a mocking look. "You know what they say about advice, honey - if it were good, it wouldn't be given away for free."

"Hmm," she gave a half-smile full of malice. "But I'll give it anyway. I heard that Reynold is interested in you, so just go for him, because he's the only Martin you're going to get. He's not too bad, he'll do. But Henry, sweetie, he's going to be mine."

"Wow! We have a psychic here! Why don't you tell me the lottery numbers while you're at it?" I said sarcastically. "In what parallel universe do you think Henry will come back to you? Please explain."

"Oh, dear little Samantha!" When she said that, I felt a shiver down my spine. Only Romulus called me 'little Samantha,' and he was getting on my last nerve.

"Don't call me that!" For a moment, I got angry, and that venomous snake noticed and smiled.

"I'm warning you because I'm a good person. Henry, darling, is crazy about me, always has been. He was devastated when I left him, cried like a baby, and never got involved with anyone else until you crawled out of whatever hole you came from. I get it, you're quite different, and he got curious. But now I'm back, and he'll be with me again, it's just a matter of time. So make it easier on yourself and step aside - you'll suffer less," she spoke with such certainty. I had to admit one thing: the wretch was



self-confident.

"Listen here, you creature, don't be so delusional! When you left Henry a long time ago, yes, he suffered – after all, you destroyed his family. But now, sweetie, he doesn't even care enough to despise you. He feels absolutely nothing for you. You're like a cockroach – we only remember you exist when you show up, and when we see you, we just feel disgusted.

"If she thought I was going to cry over her insults, this stupid woman was very wrong.

"You don't know who you're messing with, little Samantha," her eyes gleamed with anger.

"Neither do you, Little Cockroach!" I smiled cynically, and she huffed. Then I called security. "Michael, please remove this cockroach from here. I don't want to dirty my shoes by crushing her. And let everyone know she's banned from the building."

"Yes, Samantha," Michael replied and grabbed Nicole's arm to lead her out.

"Let go of me! I can walk by myself, don't touch me!" She was seething with anger. She stormed out clicking her heels against the floor and, good Lord, she had no idea how to walk in heels – it looked like she might fall at any moment.

I watched her leave, trying to balance on those heels, and couldn't help but laugh. It was painful to watch.

"Henry, I must say your taste has improved, because that one – not even Jesus could help!" I said to myself, but an elegant lady standing nearby overheard and smiled.

