S2 Chapter 142

Romulus's POV

Finally, that cheap excuse of a lawyer managed to get me out. I was released from prison earlier than expected, thanks to a lucky move by that good-for-nothing. Now I had all the energy to go through Sandro's accounts and finish off little Samantha.

Nicole picked me up, and Sandro told me to rest for a week before he'd send instructions for me to take my position. So, Nicole took me to her apartment. I only went to my mother's house to get my things - I couldn't care less about that worthless family of mine.

But I got a surprise when I arrived at Nicole's apartment; she had a guest, and it was the father of that rich boy who was screwing my Samantha. I came to the conclusion that all families are crap, especially since the old man hated his kids. But I'd learn more about that after I'd taken a shower and spent the whole night with Nicole. And that's exactly what I did.

"So, old timer, what's your deal with the rich kid?" I asked, sitting next to the old man the next day.

"He's an ungrateful son," he said simply. "I have a proposal for you, since our objectives converge toward a single place, or rather, person. "

"Right. Let's hear it, what do you want?" One thing I learned from Sandro was not to waste time beating around the bush.

"I want Samantha, but don't worry, I just want to have a little fun with

her. And I want my dear son dead." The old man spoke so casually, it was almost like he was discussing the weather.

"Damn, old man, you want to kill your own son? I can't believe it." I started laughing.

"He's no use to me alive. Dead, I inherit half of everything he has, and he's very wealthy." This was interesting. It would definitely benefit me.

"And what do I get out of this?" I needed to establish right away that it wouldn't be free.

"A good amount when I receive the inheritance." This old man wasn't going to play smart with me.

"I want thirty percent of your inheritance. And I won't even worry about you trying to screw me over, because if you do, you die." I laid down my cards.

"Thirty? You're a mercenary! Twenty." Was this old geezer trying to bargain with me?

"Thirty. Non-negotiable. Better for you to have seventy percent with a dead son than nothing with him alive." I argued.

"Fine, thirty," he agreed after thinking for a moment.

"What do you want with little Samantha?"

"I just want to fuck that hot piece of ass and make a little video to send to my idiot son before he dies. That'll drive him crazy." Damn, this old man really hated his son.

"That's all?" The old man was being somewhat reasonable.

"That's all. Well, I mean, I want to tap that ass more than once." The old man smiled, and I could understand why; Samantha was definitely hot.

"Deal. But you'll only get to fuck her after me. First, I want to relive the memories with that sweet body." I made it clear right away so the old man would know who was in charge.

"Fine. But there's one more thing." Ah, it was too easy.

"What is it?" I snorted in displeasure at another condition.

"That annoying Nicole wants to get with Henry, so she can get the money. She could be a problem." The old man warned me, and I knew that bitch was plotting something behind my back.

"I get it. But don't worry, we'll take care of Nicole too, once she's no longer useful." I was already thinking about getting rid of her anyway, since she was controlling too much of my business with Sandro.

The old man laughed with satisfaction. I liked the guy, evil as the devil himself. We'd make a good team. Maybe Sandro could use him in the business. Nicole arrived at that moment, looking unhappy. She had left early to get information about Samantha, since that whore had changed her phone number.

"So, dear Nicole, what do you have to tell me?" I asked eagerly.

"That slut, your ex-girlfriend, went on a trip with her little boyfriend over the weekend and they haven't come back yet." Nicole was visibly in a bad mood.

"When are they coming back?" I pressed. That idiot couldn't give complete information at once; I had to keep asking questions.

"I don't know, they were supposed to be back by now, but someone got sick and they ended up extending their trip."

"Who got sick?" I insisted.

"I don't know. I couldn't find out anything else." Nicole was angry, and now I knew it was because of that rich pretty boy.

"Getting nervous, little Nicole?" I taunted.

"Don't mess with me, Romulus!" She was really irritated.

"You know what's good for calming down?" I grabbed her hair forcefully. "Dick! And here we've got two. What do you think, old man? Interested in a little party?"

"I'm always up for it." The old man got excited quickly.

"Then let's get started. We're going to wreck this bitch today."

I threw Nicole onto the couch and started ripping off her slutty dress. She protested at first, but ended up enjoying the little party the three of us had.

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