S2 Chapter 143

Henry's POV

We returned from the beach house late Sunday afternoon. Fortunately, everyone had recovered well, and that nightmare was behind us. However, the days ahead promised to be quite turbulent. To make my mood worse, Sam postponed the wedding without discussion, though I understood her reasons.

We had barely arrived when Flavian called with news that would shake Sam. Romulus had been released from jail. This stressed me out even more. They still hadn't identified who bought the chocolates or from which store, as the delivery person wasn't a store employee. They would have to review all security footage provided by the chocolate brand's stores, which would take time. And if that wasn't enough, Reynold still hadn't been found.

"Damn, Flavian, don't you have any good news for me?" I asked.

"Actually, I do. As I mentioned, I placed two undercover officers on standby at the prison. When Romulus left, they followed him and are now staking him out. So we know where he is and who his accomplice is," Flavian said.

"That's great! Who's helping this criminal?"

"A woman who's worse than him. She's the sister of some lowlife drug dealer that narcotics is watching. We're going to work together on this case now."

"Shit! So the son of a bitch got involved with drug dealers? Is that

what's happening? I'm thinking about getting Sam out of the country. "

"Easy there, we don't know if he's involved with the dealer. They were in prison together before Romulus was transferred, probably how he met the woman. So far, Romulus only went to his mother's house, left with two suitcases, and holed up in the woman's apartment," Flavian explained.

"Alright. Anything else?"

"That's all for now. But warn Sam - after what happened at the beach house and now with Romulus on the streets, she needs to be more careful."

"Will do. I'll take care of it." I said goodbye to Flavian and hung up. Now, how was I going to tell Sam all this?

She was in the kitchen, barefoot - it was a habit of hers, always walking barefoot around the house. I found it curious since I avoided going barefoot myself, but seeing her that way was comforting because I knew she was at ease and relaxed.

I hugged her from behind while she was turning off the stove, where something smelled delicious.

"What are you making?" I whispered in her ear.

"Preparing our dinner. It's just finished."

"Mmm! Smells amazing, and I'm starving." She laughed.

After dinner, I shared with Sam all the information Flavian had given

me. As expected, she got nervous, though she tried to keep it under control.

"Nightingale, if you want, we could spend some time abroad," I suggested, but I already knew she wouldn't accept.

"No, Henry, I won't run away. That would be giving him too much power. Let's maintain security and stay alert," Samantha decided. Nothing else to do about it.

When I arrived at the company on Monday, there was an unexpected visitor waiting for me.

"Sugar pie! I came to see you!" Isabella was sitting in my office's reception area while Julia and Melissa were giving her death glares.

"Yeah, Sugar pie, looks like the whore didn't get the message," Melissa practically growled.

"Isabella, for God's sake, forget I exist," I ran my hand over my face, already tired of this crazy woman.

"I can't, sweetie. You're my love," Isabella smiled and stood up, walking towards me.

"Don't be crazy, Isabella!" I dodged her and put Melissa in front of me.

"That's right, you slut, don't be crazy - you're already a slut," Melissa said sarcastically.

"Get out of the way and shut up, you loose cannon," Isabella snapped at Melissa, and I heard Julia laugh.

"Who are you calling a loose cannon, slut?" Melissa raised her voice and walked towards Isabella.

"Sweetie, keep this pitbull away from me," Isabella whimpered.

"You should know better than to mess with her," I said, feeling safe behind Melissa.

"Sweetie, I came here to support you, to be with you, is this how you treat me?" Isabella kept whining.

"Support me with what, you crazy woman? If I need support, I have my future wife for that," I replied, not understanding what Isabella wanted.

"Future wife?" I noticed the confusion in her eyes.

"Oh, come on, bitch! You know damn well Henry and Samantha are getting married," Melissa snapped.

"Samantha." Isabella's voice was bitter. "That wedding isn't happening, no way in hell."

Melissa took another step towards Isabella, who backed away. Melissa then growled, stomped her foot at Isabella, and let out a bark. Isabella ran to the still-open elevator while Julia and I were dying of laughter.

"What was that all about, Melissa?" I asked between laughs.

"What? She called me a pitbull, so I just proved her right," Melissa replied matter-of-factly.

This Melissa was such a character! She had no limits and zero common sense. Julia and I laughed ourselves silly over the situation.