S2 Chapter 145

Samantha's POV

I ended up asking Erica and Emilia, Edward's sisters, if one of them could be Rick's partner as my wedding bridesmaid since Tess couldn't make it.

Those two were quite a pair - they started arguing and decided to settle it with a game of odds or evens, which was hilarious. In the end, Emilia came out victorious, but Erica quickly warned her not to get too excited because she wouldn't let her hog the hottie alone at the party. Rick would have his hands full, but it would be good for him to have some distraction.

Since we had the dress fitting at the boutique on Friday, both sisters came along and kept everyone entertained.

"Girl, I love this boutique!" Emilia exclaimed as soon as they arrived. " Listen, since I'm one of your bridesmaids, we're going to throw you the most amazing bachelorette party ever."

I got chills just thinking about what this crazy girl would get me into, but it would surely be fun.

"Oh no, Emilia, you're organizing her bachelorette party?" Mel complained.

"Sweetie, you and Hebe are handling the ceremony and reception. I'll take care of the fun part," Emilia responded with a wink.

"Correction, Emi, we're handling it - I'm helping too," Erica quickly volunteered.

"Sam, it'll be fun. If there's one thing Erica and Emilia know how to do, it's throw great parties," Hebe laughed.

"Alright, I hadn't even thought about having a bachelorette party, but I think I'll enjoy it. But girls, my grandmother will be here, so take it easy," I warned.

"Relax, grandma's gonna love us," Erica winked at me.

The boutique's designer had already sketched a dress for me based on the information Mel provided, and I fell in love with it instantly. No doubt about it - that was the one! Then we went to choose the bridesmaids' dresses.

"So, Sam, what are your requirements?" Catherine asked me.

"Just that they're light and in pale colors, since it's a beach wedding," I said, and they all rushed through the store, rummaging through the dress racks.

Half an hour later, each one was wearing a different dress, but it was chaos - some shades too light, others too dark, dresses that didn't fit well, and they were all laughing at each other.

"Oh no, Sam. Let's organize this mess," Erica clapped her hands and stood up. "Emi, I've told you a million times not to wear pleats, your butt looks huge!" Everyone started laughing, including Emilia. "Come on, I want candy colors for the bridesmaids, it's the latest fashion! Let's go, I'll choose the dresses."

I just watched as Erica picked out each dress, and when they stood in front of me, it looked truly beautiful. Erica really knew her stuff.

"Erica, you killed it!" I commented. "Did you like them, girls?" They all nodded, apparently as enchanted as I was by how the group looked together.

"High five, sis!" Erica held up her palm for me to slap. These two were fun and really knew their stuff.

Erica also chose dresses for my mom, Heidi, and my grandmother - which was simply wonderful in a beautiful light green shade. When we left the boutique, I wouldn't have to worry about anything except trying on my dress on the scheduled date.

We had just left the dress boutique and were chatting excitedly on the sidewalk, Edward's sisters had some wild plans for my bachelorette party. I saw Manu step away from the group to answer her phone, and I turned my attention back to the group that was talking and laughing effusively.

A scream echoed behind me, and when I looked, one of Hebe's security guards was protectively holding Manu while Michael ran down the street in the opposite direction from where we were. The security guard brought Manu to us.

"Guys, what happened?" I asked worriedly, examining Manu.

"A guy passed by and stole the young lady's phone, and he also slashed her arm with a knife. It's the only injury, but unfortunately, I couldn't pull her away in time to prevent it," the security guard explained while looking worriedly at Manu, who was crying in fear.

"My God, this city is getting more dangerous by the day," Erica commented.

"Miss Samantha, I couldn't catch the guy. He was on a bicycle," Michael approached, out of breath.

"Thank you all," I said, hugging Manu. "Let's take her to the hospital, and we'll call Flavian on the way, Manu."

The girls insisted on coming with us to the hospital, but I thought it would be too crowded, and soon their husbands and boyfriends would fill up the waiting room. So I convinced them to go home, assuring them that I would take care of Manu and keep them updated. We got in the car, and Manu was still crying, frightened.

"Manu, thank goodness it wasn't anything serious," I looked at her cut arm, which seemed superficial.

"Thanks to the security guards who were alert," she said, calming down. "I was on the phone with Flavian."

"Oh my, that man must be breaking everything right now. I'll call him." It was better to calm him down quickly.

"Miss Samantha, I notified Mr. Henry, and he said he would inform Detective Moreno. They'll meet us at the hospital," Michael said from the front seat.

"Great! Thank you, Michael," I thanked him and turned my attention back to Manu.

We arrived at the hospital, and Flavian was already there, as I thought, pacing back and forth like a caged animal. When he saw us, he ran to hug Manu.

"Little one! I almost died when I heard your scream through that

phone," Flavian squeezed her in his arms.

"Nightingale, are you both okay?" Henry entered the hospital and came straight to me asking, and I nodded. "Great. Alvaro is already waiting for us, let's go to his office."

We went through reception, identified ourselves, and in the elevator, Flavian kept holding onto Manu. His phone rang, and he hung up, but whoever it was kept insisting. On the fourth call, the elevator doors opened on Dr. Molina's office floor. Flavian's nervousness was visibly increasing. On the fifth call, he answered angrily.

"FUCK IT! FIGURE IT OUT, I'M NOT COMING!" Flavian yelled into the phone. He hung up and called Bonfim. "Detective, I'm at the hospital with Manu and need to turn off my phone." He listened to what the other person was saying. "She's fine, phone theft, got a cut on her arm. After she's treated, we're going home, but I need to turn off my phone, so if you need me, send a patrol car to my house." He listened again. "Yes, exactly because of that." Another long pause and he spoke again. "I know. See you." Flavian turned off his phone, and we were all looking at him, deep down wanting explanations he would never give.

After Manu was treated and received ten stitches in her forearm, she was released, and we went home. I was tired and hungry. I took a relaxing shower, ate, and went to bed, falling asleep almost immediately, such was my exhaustion.

I woke up from a nightmare in the middle of the night. I had dreamed about Manu's robbery, and in the dream, she was dead, and I could hear my phone ringing. I was so scared that I could still hear the phone ringing in my head.

"Sam," I heard Henry's sleepy voice. "Your phone is ringing."

I looked at the device on the nightstand, and it was ringing insistently. I checked the screen and didn't recognize the number. My hands started shaking, and my breathing became irregular. I didn't want to answer, but the phone kept ringing.

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

get it