S2 Chapter 146

Henry's POV

I took Samantha's phone and looked at her, seeing how frightened she was. I answered without saying anything but put it on speaker. Soon, a voice echoed through the room.

"Samanthaaa! Woohoo! Guess who?" A bizarre loud laugh followed. " Little Samantha, won't you talk to me? Are you that emotional?"

"How did you get my number, Romulus?" Samantha tried to control her nervousness.

"Oh! Don't you know?" He laughed again. "That annoying Manuela gave me your number."

"Was it you? You stupid jerk!" Samantha snapped.

"Yeah, I borrowed her phone today." He spoke cynically. "Too bad my employee couldn't stick the knife in her like I ordered."

"You're a monster, Romulus." Samantha struggled not to cry.

"Little Samantha, this is just to remind you that there's no point in trying to run from me. You're mine, Samantha! And I'll get you back." Romulus's voice was loaded with anger.

"You're crazy!" Samantha was starting to lose control.

"Crazy about you, little Samantha! Today was just a warning. Next time that annoying girl dies. But if you want to prevent your little friend, your mommy, and that rich boy from dying, you'll come to me,"

Romulus threatened.

"You won't lay a finger on them, and I'll never come to you. You'll never touch me again." Tears fell from Samantha's eyes.

"We'll see, little Samantha, we'll see." Romulus hung up.

Samantha was nervous, and as soon as the call ended, she broke down in tears and sobs. I pulled her into a hug and stayed there, holding her and rubbing her back. I needed to do something to end this situation.

"Nightingale, I'll get your tea. Cinnamon will stay here with you." I said when she calmed down a bit.

"You don't have to, Henry." She protested.

"Yes, I do. Tea with buttery cookies are powerful calming agents for you in the middle of the night." She smiled at my joke.

Cinnamon was already nudging her with his nose at the edge of the bed, and that always made her smile. This four-legged rascal had to be magical with her.

The next morning, I dropped Sam off at work and told her I'd send her another cell phone. I kept hers, as I was heading to the police station to talk to Flavian. He would be furious when he learned that Romulus was behind the attack on Manu.

"Henry, here so early?" Flavian was surprised by my presence.

"Good morning, Flavian. I would have called, but you turned your phone off last night," I commented. "By the way, what was that about?

"

"The bomb that's about to blow up in my face." Flavian was very stressed; his nervousness was palpable. "Man, why did things get so complicated?"

"And they're going to get a little more complicated with what I came to tell you." He looked at me, already frowning.

"Go ahead, just stick the knife in my chest!"

"What an interesting play on words, because I actually came to talk about the stabbing."

"Did Samantha or the security guards say anything else?"

"Samantha received a call from Romulus in the early hours."

"And what does that have to do with anything?" Flavian looked at me confused and after a brief pause asked, "Wait, but how does he have her new number?"

"Well, the attack on Manu was plotted by him." Flavian slammed his fist on the desk; he was furious. "Calm down, there's more." I told Flavian everything Romulus said during the call and handed him Sam's phone.

"At least we have his cell phone number; we can request a wiretap given what happened." Flavian sighed.

"When they told me the tech mogul was back in our humble police station, I couldn't believe it," Detective Bonfim entered the room with his usual good humor and serenity. "Henry, wanting to become one

of us?"

"Ah, detective, even if I wanted to, I'd make a terrible cop." I smiled at him.

"Well, with the amount of trouble you all attract, you'd certainly be the biggest target for criminals in this city." Bonfim let out an amused laugh, and I couldn't help but laugh with him.

Flavian brought him up to speed on why I came to the station, and Bonfim immediately got excited about the possibility of a wiretap.

"A wiretap could boost our investigation, which has been moving very slowly. Your father disappeared, Romulus hasn't come out of hiding yet, and we still haven't discovered if he was the one who sent the chocolates to Samantha," Bonfim listed.

"So you still don't know anything." I sighed, thinking this might be far from over.

"It's not quite like that; we're not that inefficient." Bonfim smiled mischievously.

"Ah, sorry, Bonfim, that's not what I meant. But it's so frustrating to be in this mess for months and not getting anywhere." I tried to explain my frustration.

"I know, Henry. And you're right. But I was just coming to talk to Flavian about the latest information we received. And it's good that you're here because maybe you can help us." Bonfim sat down beside me.