

S2 Chapter 33

Samantha's POV

I hadn't seen Henry since Monday night. I told him to spend time with his nephew, and I also took the opportunity to help my mom start packing for our move - we were moving to the new apartment the following week.

The week flew by. Alexander asked me to redecorate his office and Catherine's, and I loved doing it. The downside was dealing with that snake Celeste, who didn't miss a single chance to torment me.

"Some people with greasy foreheads think they're such brilliant minds in this office," Celeste taunted as she saw me walking towards Alexander's office.

"You must really love me, huh? Listen here, dear Celeste," I looked at the devil's secretary with the most deadpan expression, "whenever possible, spare me!"

"Watch yourself, you chicken!"

"Oh Lord, save me from this urge to rub some people's faces on the pavement," I said, looking up.

"Let me give you a little piece of advice, dear Samantha. Start looking for another job because your happiness here won't last long."

"You know, Celeste, I would care about your opinion, but I'm all out of minutes!"

Rick came out of the elevator and walked towards us. Seeing the tension building up, he spoke quite seriously:

"Any problems here, ladies?"

"No, Rick, everything's fine." I looked at Celeste, who had hatred in her eyes. But before leaving, I decided to needle her one more time. "Dear Celeste, just so you know, any problem you have with me is YOUR problem!" I blew her a kiss and entered Alexander's office with Rick following behind me.

"Sam, what's going on?"

"Oh, Rick, Celeste never misses a chance to get under my skin. I'm just keeping my smile on to keep my criminal record clean."

"Oh Sam, you're impossible too!" Rick started laughing. "Wow, I love the color you chose for the wall."

"Beautiful, right? I'm loving this work."

"You have great taste. Keep ignoring Celeste." Rick winked at me and left the office.

On Friday afternoon, Henry called me. As soon as I answered, he started complaining:

"Oh no, Sam, this won't do... you should come with a health ministry warning!"

"Huh?" I asked, not understanding.

"Yeah, Sam, a warning label stating that you cause physical and psychological dependence!" I started laughing like an idiot.

"Henry, you're unbelievable!"

"My goddess, with all the places you could go, you won't leave my mind."

It's getting difficult... I can't work!" Henry sighed while I couldn't stop laughing.

"You do me so much good, you know that?" I said, wiping tears of laughter from my eyes.

"Well, that's great because Enzo and I are picking you up today, and we're bringing dinner to eat with your mom. I know you're in the middle of moving."

"Wow, she'll love that! And so will I."

When we got home, my mom was already packing up the kitchen items.

"Mom, we have visitors," I called out as I entered.

My mother came out of the kitchen and smiled when she saw Henry behind me.

"Finally, my son-in-law decided to pay me a visit," my mother teased Henry.

"I'm sorry, my mother-in-law, I should have come earlier," Henry teased back and greeted my mother.

"And who's this young man? Is he your son, Henry?" My mother looked curiously at Enzo.

"My eldest nephew, Enzo," Henry introduced them.

"Lady, we brought dinner and two more pairs of hands to help with the packing!" Enzo offered cheerfully, and I could tell he had already won my mother over.

"I like this boy," my mother smiled at Henry.

"What's not to like? Enzo is such a sweetheart!" I commented and saw Enzo blush.

"Well then, let's eat and then get to work, while you tell me everything about your uncle, Enzo. I want to know if he's good enough for my Samantha," my mother joked, and Enzo played along.

"Oh, lady, I'm not so sure..." Enzo said, and Henry gave him a stern look, making us all laugh.

Later, I walked Henry and Enzo to the gate. Enzo said goodbye and got in the car. Henry pulled me into a hug.

"How about dinner tomorrow? Just you and me, a night to ourselves?" Henry asked seductively.

"I like that idea." He kissed my neck, making me shiver. "But what about Enzo?"

"He's going home tomorrow. My sister called and said our beloved father went to a hotel, so she wants Enzo back." Henry continued kissing my neck. "I'll pick you up at eight. The weather forecast says things are going to heat up tomorrow!"

I burst out laughing at his silly joke. He was terribly corny and full of cheesy pick-up lines. My mother was ready for bed when I went back inside.

"Honey, I'm tired, we'll continue tomorrow." She gave me a kiss, and when she was already in the hallway heading to her room, she remembered something. "Oh, Sam. A letter came for you today. I thought it was so funny - who sends letters nowadays? I left it in your room."

"Must be some advertisement, mom. Thanks!" I smiled and went to the

kitchen to get some water.

I saw the letter on my bedside table when I got to my room. I looked at that envelope and found it strange; it didn't look like an advertising envelope or anything like that. I didn't recognize the sender or the handwriting either - it was feminine handwriting, not particularly beautiful, and the sender hadn't included a name, just an address I didn't know. I changed clothes, and when I sat on the bed, I opened the letter. I was terrified.

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