

S2 Chapter 41

Samantha's POV

"Sam, I think you should confront him." Manu had said those words to me last night, and they wouldn't leave my mind. She was right. Talking to her had been really good - she listened to me, supported and advised me, wiped away my tears, and reminded me that I'm a strong woman. That shorty, despite being so young, was incredible and very mature.

I was planning to go to Henry's house today, but my mom sent me a message asking me to come home because she had something important to tell me. When I arrived, she and Joaquin were waiting for me with a wonderful dinner.

"Hey, is this some special occasion?" I asked, looking at the set table.

"Very special, Samantha." Joaquin welcomed me with a hug.

"Can I take a shower first?" I asked, noticing my mom's smile.

"Of course, honey." My mom replied while finishing setting the table.

I took my shower and put on something comfortable. When I came back to the living room, I saw them kissing. It made me so happy to see my mom doing well with someone who valued her. My father had made her life hell for many years, even though they hadn't been together since I was born, but he never missed a chance to torment her. That went on until I turned eighteen and drove him away. Then Joaquin came into her life, and it was all for the better.

"Ahem..." I cleared my throat exaggeratedly, playfully getting their attention, and they both chuckled. Then Joaquin called me over.

"Come here, daughter, sit down." I found it funny - it was the first time



he'd called me daughter, even though he was very present in our lives and we had a great relationship.

"Alright." I looked at them. "Come on, tell me, I can't stand the suspense!" I said, smiling.

"Sam, I've decided to accept Joaquin's proposal and move in with him." My mom said, direct as always.

"Mom! That's great news!" I got up to hug her. "I'm so happy for you, this man is worth it!" My mom smiled.

"Oh, thank you! I knew I could count on this girl!" Joaquin said with a big smile. "But I want to tell you something." I sat down to listen. "You're a great girl. I care about you enormously, as if you were my own daughter. And I'd be very happy if you came to live with us."

"Oh, Joaquin! Thank you! But would you be upset if I declined? It's just that I think you two deserve some privacy, and I really want to experience living on my own!" I replied.

"As a father, I'll miss you, but I understand that you want your independence. However, I want you to know that it will be your home too, and you'll have your room there if you change your mind, if you want to stay for a few days, whatever it may be. I love your mother, Sam, and you're part of her - I never want to separate you two. Besides, like I said, you're like a daughter to me, and I want you to be sure that you can count on me and her, and to know that you'll always have a home with us whenever you want or need it." Joaquin's words moved me to tears, and I had to hug him.

"Oh, thank you, Joaquin. This means so much to me! I promise I'll try to stop by once in a while," I said, hugging him.



"Well, that's something," he smiled.

"When's the move happening?" I asked excitedly.

"Saturday," my mother answered. "Since you don't want to come, you can keep the apartment. It's yours anyway. You can ask Manu to live here if you want."

"Thanks, mom." I was thrilled and was definitely going to invite Manu.

Dinner was delicious, and all three of us were excited, making countless plans. They were planning a trip to celebrate and would be gone for a week, though Joaquin said the destination would be a surprise.

After lots of animated conversation, I said goodbye to them. I was tired and had some things to think about. But before I went to bed, my mother handed me another letter.

"This company sends a lot of direct mail. I got this today; the neighbor told me there was mail for us."

"Thanks, mom." I tried to keep my composure and went to my room.

I opened the letter and there was another threat:

"Tell your lawyer that suspending my visits and putting me in punishment will only make things worse. When I get out, little Samantha, you'll be with me, and I'll make you regret all of this. Your love, Romulus."

I started crying. This was already making me desperate. I hid the letter; tomorrow I would take it to the lawyer. And that's what I did. I scheduled a meeting with him during lunch, and Manu came with me.

"Samantha, his visits are suspended, so whoever is taking your letters

out must be someone visiting another prisoner," the lawyer said, and I felt a bitter taste in my mouth.

"What does that mean, sir?" I asked, but I already knew the answer.

"He made friends, let's put it that way," the lawyer concluded. "And being where he is, it can't be a friendship with good intentions, if you know what I mean. I want you to be more careful. He doesn't know you've moved yet, which is good, but stay more alert."

"Alright, counselor," I replied.

"And what are you going to do about it, sir?" Manu asked.

"I'll inform the judge and request his transfer." That calmed me down a bit. "At least these letters serve as evidence for the judge not to release him."

After the lawyer left, I took the opportunity to tell Manu that my mom was moving in with her boyfriend.

"That's wonderful, Sam! They're so cute together, and aunt Pearl deserves it." Manu was happy for my mom.

"She really does. And I'll have that huge four-bedroom apartment all to myself. So, I want to invite you to live with me," I said with a smile to my friend.

"Are you serious, Sam?" Manu asked with her huge eyes wide open.

"Dead serious! Come on, say yes!" I insisted.

"Well, I might just accept..." she laughed. "I accept, but I need to check my lease situation. Can you keep the invitation open?"



"Manu, whenever you're ready, your room will be waiting," I assured her.

"Thank you! I'm going to love living with you." She was as excited as I was.

"Manu, I'm going to Henry's place after work today. I need to sort this out. And I'm going without notice since he hasn't been answering my calls."

"Sam, Henry's being such a jerk! But promise me if things don't work out with him, you'll come to my place."

"That's exactly what I wanted to ask you. I don't want my mom to worry about me right now."

"Oh Sam, you're always thinking about everyone else." Manu opened her purse and took a key off her keychain. "Here, a spare key to my place, just come in whenever, doesn't matter what time."

"You're my guardian angel!"

After work, I took a taxi to Henry's place. I rang the doorbell and waited. I was very nervous, but I wasn't expecting what I saw.

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