

S2 Chapter 81

Samantha's POV

The girls got together at Cat's house, but I was so down that I ended up bailing. Of course, they called me repeatedly insisting that I should come, but I made up an excuse about having a terrible headache. I didn't want to upset them, especially Cat who was pregnant and needed peace and positive thoughts.

So, I stayed home with a book and a pizza. I had only spent the weekend with my mom and Joaquin, and it was really nice spending time with them, just like it was great seeing Vincent again. And that was exactly what I was thinking about when my phone rang and I answered with a smile.

"You just can't stay away from me," I said when I picked up.

"Auntie, my beautiful! I really can't. I like you so much and I miss you," Enzo said in a whiny voice. "Besides, you still owe me that trip to Roadmaster, remember?"

"The vintage car diner. Haven't you been there yet?" I searched my memory and remembered I had planned to go with him.

"I was supposed to go with this hottie named Samantha, but she's been dodging me," he said like a player, making me laugh.

"Well, she's silly to miss out on a chance to date the hottest guy in town," I teased, and Enzo let out a hearty laugh.

"How about we go on Wednesday?"

"Sounds good to me," I agreed. I missed him too.

"Invite Vincent, he seems like a cool guy," Enzo suggested, but I could tell there was an intention behind it.

"Oh, I'm definitely inviting him, he loves that kind of thing. I hope he's not on call at the hospital," I commented.

"Don't tell me the guy is not only good-looking and nice but also saves lives," Enzo joked.

"Yes, dear, he's an emergency room doctor."

"Well, holy cow!" I found his comment amusing. "Does this guy have any flaws? Please don't tell me he's perfect."

"Enzo, he's not perfect, but he's pretty close," I commented.

"I can't say what I'm thinking right now because my mom doesn't like me cursing," Enzo made me laugh. This kid always made me laugh.

"I'll invite him, I'm sure you'll really like him."

"Then I'll pick you up Wednesday at seven."

I said goodbye to Enzo feeling a bit better; he was truly fun and always made me laugh. I decided to call Vincent the next day since I knew he was on call.

I was still chuckling about Enzo when I received a message from an unknown number and regretted opening it. It was a photo of that bitch Isabella hanging on Henry's neck. It seemed to be at a restaurant, and I could see Fred sitting next to him.

I looked carefully at the photo and couldn't believe it. Henry was back from his trip, that's for sure, because Fred had his arm in a cast - visible in the photo - still recovering from the beating he took. He came back

from his trip and talked to that bitch but didn't talk to me. It's unbelievable. That was enough to make me start crying.

Through my tears, my phone rang, and I answered without checking who was calling.

"Beautiful Samantha," I heard the voice on the other end.

"Who's this?" I asked uncertainly, though I had heard that voice before.

"Darling, have you forgotten me already? It's me, Reynold Martin. I want to invite you to dinner, and I won't take no for an answer."

I wanted to hit that jerk; everything was his fault.

"Look, just forget I exist," I said and hung up, tossing the phone aside. My night was ruined.

After another sleepless night and lots of makeup to hide the dark circles, I went to work. At reception, I immediately got the message that Alexander was waiting for me in the executive office. This didn't seem good. I arrived on the floor and found everyone gathered in the reception area, including Flavian.

"What happened?" I asked, alarmed.

"That's what I should ask you, Samantha, what happened?" Alexander spoke seriously. "When were you going to tell us that your ex-boyfriend is threatening you?"

My legs trembled. Man, I was on a streak of bad luck. The night wasn't easy, and the day was already starting badly.

"Guys, I talked to the girls, I didn't think it was important to tell you," I tried to explain.

"Yeah, but it seems the little club decided to withhold information, Sam. Including that the jerk is threatening Manu as well as you," Flavian spoke loudly, with hatred in his eyes. Was he angry with me?

I looked around and felt everyone staring at me too seriously, with nervous expressions and they all seemed angry. It was undoubtedly a very hostile environment.

"Oh, so that's it." Flavian was worried about Manu and the guys were worried about the other girls. I understood their irritation, but I felt cornered. "Look, Flavian, I'm sorry. I warned Manu about this when you two first got involved. I thought she would tell you herself. I'm sorry, and please rest assured that I won't let her be affected. Just like I won't let any of the other girls be affected," I sighed. If I was the problem, I would remove myself from the equation.

"Oh really, Samantha? And how exactly do you plan to do that?" Flavian was so angry, it made me feel awful.

"Enough, Flavian!" Manu shouted, getting his attention. "Actually, all of you, that's enough! Sam, come on, let's get coffee."

I was exhausted, and this early morning inquisition was the last straw for me. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

"You know what, you're all right," I said, feeling pressured and hurt. "Manu, thank you, but we won't be getting coffee. Alexander, I'm incredibly grateful for the opportunity you gave me, but I'm going to HR right now to submit my resignation. I'll leave the company immediately; it's better for everyone if I distance myself. But don't worry, I'll find a way to let that idiot Romulus know that I no longer have contact with any of you."

I stood up and left quickly, before I could start crying.

"Oh no, Samantha, you get back here!" I heard Flavian shout, but I didn't stop and got into the elevator.

"What the hell was that?" Alexander asked before the elevator doors closed.

I went straight to HR and submitted my immediate resignation. The whole process was done quickly, and they scheduled me to receive my final payment two days later. I left the building and started crying. I was alone now; there was no way Romulus could hurt anyone else. I got into a taxi and went home. I asked the doorman to tell anyone who came by that I wasn't home and locked myself in my apartment.

I didn't know what I was going to do from here on out; I just knew that for that day, I was going to lie in my bed and cry all day. I turned off my phone, took a shower, and collapsed into bed.

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