**ops… I Did It Again” – Pseudo tiny Spin-Off: The Mini Last Dance for third wave**

It was a Monday in that cursedly enchanted land where fashion speaks in seductive tones, logic takes a lunch break, and discounts slap harder than a soap opera plot twist. Of course, he messed up. Again.

Our beloved fashion renegade, now Sir Bellamont AKA to his close friends (and most couriers) simply as Bella, found himself once more in the throes of temptation. But this time, the madness wasn’t entirely his doing.

Days ago, and high above the cobbled streets of Porto next to bridge, on the sacred Pedra dos Gatinhos, sat the Priestess of Cidade Invicta. In one hand, she held a crystal goblet filled with the finest porto elixir, aged by both time and unresolved return requests, while in the other with a flick of her perfectly manicured finger and a whisper in Fado minor, she cast a remote fashion spell, subtle, stylish, and deeply disruptive.

 And suddenly, from the mystical ether (again....), new Orders Scrolls materialized on Bell'as checkout:

**ELGTFL**  A charming selection of sock adorned with dachshunds, plus some dangerously low ankle cuts for summer.ohhh... You polyester-drenched gremlin!!!!

In his elated trance, Bella forgot the horrors of his past: ***Synthetic sock trauma*** when his feet turned into a floral bomb in a gym bag, now enhanced with dog faces.

REQUEST: **CANCEL** THAT STINKY FATE.

**ELGTSS** A breezy linen summer Shirt, dripping with Mediterranean elegance. that's the way to go!!!! you overwatered little flower with no self-control!.

Blinded, by his zero awareness, Bella submitted his old address in the Sants neighborhood of Barcelona.

**New destination** (as reality now demands): Avenida Diagonal 519, 4-2. 08029 Barcelona. **CHANGE ADDRESS please**

If we don’t redirect that linen, someone else will rock it probably the delivery guy who’s convinced it’s finally his time to shine. And honestly? just might.

Then came the Two **Forbidden** Orders, summoned at the church by the Priestess’s ritual:

UEOU9I – suspiciously elegant. / ELGP9Z – dangerously stylish.

System Decree: These are divinely protected. Even IT support Or escalations rejecters, versed in accesses necromancy, shall not interfere.

**DO. NOT. TOUCH. DO NOT SEE**

**Ancient ghost resurfaced:**

Order **UELRMG**, once destined for noble return via drop point, had vanished into the abyss.

Where was it supposed to go?

Was the drop point ever selected?

Where is the velvet slim fit cardigan now? NEVER HAS BEEN COLLECTED? How will it look like in our systems?