

S2 Chapter 109

Henry's POV

Finally, our family began saying goodbyes to leave. Hebe and Ed were the last ones to say goodbye and leave, but Enzo and Clara remained seated on the couch.

"Come on, kids, your parents are leaving," I said with a smile, thinking they were sleepy.

"We've already said goodbye, Uncle!" Clara replied, looking at me with that grown-up air she had about her.

I looked outside, and Hebe turned around to wave one last time before going through the gate. I looked at Sam, who was waving back. I looked again at my niece and nephew, comfortably settled on my new couch. Then I looked back at Sam, who closed the door with a big smile and blew me a kiss as she walked past me.

"Now, my darlings, I want a foot massage!" Samantha said as she sat between them.

Enzo quickly sat down on the carpet, gently took her feet, removed her shoes, and started massaging one of them. Clara snuggled against her arm, and they began making plans for the weekend.

"Come on, Uncle, come here. I'll massage one foot, and you massage the other," Enzo said, and I felt like laughing but went to sit next to him.

"Please explain to me what's going on here," I said, taking Samantha's foot and starting to massage it.

"Mmm. This feels so good!" Samantha said, and Clara gave a little smile. "Want to give him the good news, Clara?"

"Can I?" Clara asked sweetly, and Samantha nodded.

"We're staying with you for a few days in the new house!" Clara had a huge smile, and her bright green eyes looked at me.

"Wow, what a surprise!" I said with plenty of sarcasm. "Your parents didn't even let us settle in properly before getting rid of you two troublemakers." Enzo laughed beside me.

"Come on, Uncle, you're dying of happiness to have your two beloved niece and nephew here," Enzo teased and winked at Sam.

"Oh yeah, I can barely contain my joy," I said, somewhat grumpily. "And may I know why my goddess didn't tell me anything about this?"

"Helloooo..." Clara called for my attention. "It was a surprise, silly!"

I couldn't help but laugh. I understood why they had arrived carrying backpacks. Okay, I admit it would be fun to spend the weekend with these two.

We stayed in the living room, talking and laughing for a while. Clara showed some ballet steps she was perfecting, Enzo talked about the misadventures of being a teenager about to turn sixteen, and Samantha laughed at everything while sharing stories about how she was a misfit teenager herself.

Having them around made me want to have kids, especially after my mother and Pearl had brought up the subject, leaving me restless about it, with a fixed idea starting to form in my head.



Samantha told them to go upstairs and get ready for bed, but they begged for a movie and popcorn session, and Samantha loved the idea, much to my dismay.

"Then everyone put on pajamas and wait in the TV room upstairs, I'll make the popcorn," Samantha stood up. "Clara honey, could you take my shoes and put them in the closet, please?"

"Yes!" Clara got up excitedly, took the shoes, and went upstairs with Enzo right behind her.

"I'll help you, my goddess." I walked with her to the kitchen.

While Samantha was popping the corn, I got the buckets and the cups and soda. I arranged everything on a tray while Samantha poured the popcorn into the buckets.

"My goddess..." I called casually. "Why the surprise of having my niece and nephew stay here this weekend? We just worked things out, I thought you'd want to spend more time alone with me."

"My darling, I love these kids!" Samantha replied. "The house is huge, and since I'm not working next week..." I interrupted her.

"Why aren't you working next week?" I was already thinking about taking her on the yacht and sailing away, just the two of us.

"Because there's a long weekend starting Thursday, and Alexander gave me the week off because I'm such a great employee."

"I had forgotten about that holiday," I commented. "I think I'll give Mel time off too, so I can spend it cuddling with you."



"That would be great!" Samantha opened the cabinet and grabbed some chocolates, placing them on the tray and handing it to me.

"Yeah, so I can make up for having to behave this weekend with the kids here." I smiled at her as she gave me an innocent look.

"Actually, my darling," Sam grabbed the soda bottle from the counter and started walking, "they're staying the whole week."

"The wh-" I blinked in confusion and even choked on air. "What do you mean the whole week, Samantha?"

"Hebe and Ed are leaving for Santorini in a little while." Samantha was already climbing the stairs.

"Santorini in Greece?" I was on the verge of collapse.

"It's the only one I've heard of. They're on some kind of honeymoon." Samantha spoke calmly while I rushed up the stairs to catch up with her.

"But when are they coming back? Are the little monsters staying with us? What are we going to do with them?" I was feeling my heart race.

"My handsome," Samantha stopped at the top of the stairs while I caught up with her, nearly having a heart attack, "they're going to stay with us and it'll be super fun, as long as we don't lose them or drown them in the pool. There are lots of things we can do with them. But..."

"But what, Sam?" I was almost crying. I had never spent this much time with my niece and nephew. Sure, Enzo had stayed with me before, but he could take care of himself, and Hebe was home so I could send him back anytime. Clara was still a little girl, and their



parents would be on the other side of the world.

"I'm not sure their parents are coming back." Samantha said seriously, and I was sweating.

"Don't joke about that, Sam!" I was terrified, and she burst out laughing.

"Relax, Henry! They'll be back by the end of the week." Samantha looked at me, amused.

When we entered the TV room, the little troublemakers were already arguing about which movie to watch. Enzo wanted to watch a horror movie, and Clara wanted to watch an animation. This week was going to be long!

"Let's watch a comedy, kids. Pick a movie that will make me laugh a lot," Samantha said, and they stopped arguing. "I'm going to put on my pajamas and I'll be right back."

I noticed the kids were wearing matching pajamas with "The Simpsons" prints, and I found it funny. I was about to ask, but Samantha pulled me to the bedroom, and I left laughing.

"Hebe is really eccentric, buying matching pajamas for her kids," I was laughing when we entered the bedroom and Samantha handed me a pajama set.

"I'm glad you liked it, handsome, because it wasn't Hebe," Samantha smiled and grabbed her pajamas.

Ten minutes later, despite my complaints, I was sitting in the TV room with the love of my life and my niece and nephew, wearing



pajamas with Homer Simpson printed on the shirt. Oh, Samantha was going to pay dearly for this, yes she was!

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