

S2 Chapter 111

Henry's POV

We were sitting in the living room planning an outing when my sister made a video call to her kids.

"Hi, Mom! Where are you now?" Clara answered with bright, innocent eyes, but I no longer believed in such innocence.

"Hi, sweetie! We're in Madrid, waiting for our connection. Are you both behaving?" Hebe had a relaxed, carefree expression.

"I always behave, Mom. As for Enzo, well, you know, he's a teenage boy, can't expect much from him." Clara spoke with disdain, making me smile.

"Stop being ridiculous, Clara. I'm a well-mannered young man, Mom. Always behave like a gentleman." Enzo protested.

"Great, keep it up so Mom can travel more often." My eyes widened - she had barely left and was already planning to go again. "Let me talk to your uncle and Sam."

Sam and I took the tablet and chatted a bit with Hebe and Ed, but I felt persistent nudging at my ribs - Clara was getting restless, so I decided to end this little quarrel.

"Sis, I want to ask you something." I thought it better to be direct; it would be faster.

"Go ahead, Henry." Ed was whispering something in Hebe's ear that made her laugh.



"Can I get the kids a dog? I'll buy everything and cover all the expenses." I said right away.

"How did Clara convince you to ask me this?" Hebe was sharp.

"Hebe, a pet helps with a child's emotional development, creates a sense of responsibility, helps reduce stress and anxiety, aids in socialization, teaches kids to focus..." I had read this somewhere months ago, right after making the deal with Clara. "I think it'll be good."

"Are you serious, Henry? A rehearsed speech? Couldn't think of anything better?" Hebe complained.

"Henry, please consider this a personal favor to your brother." I was begging because otherwise Clara wouldn't give me peace.

"Henry, if I allow this, you'll owe me." Damn, owing Hebe was worse than owing her two little brats - she used to collect debts like a loan shark.

"Alright, Hebe!" As I agreed, I felt like I'd sold my soul to the devil, and she even smiled at me.

"Fine. A small dog that isn't noisy, and she'll have to clean up after it. And before bringing it to my house, take it to the vet." Hebe laid down the rules, and I agreed.

"Mom..." She cut Enzo off before he could speak.

"No, Enzo, you can't have a drum set!" Hebe was spot on.

We talked a bit more and ended the call. Clara was jumping around



the living room in ecstasy, celebrating getting her own pet.

"Now, uncle, we're going to look for my dog!" Clara declared.

"I like that idea!" Sam supported. "Sweetie, you can take us out for lunch and then we'll go look for Clara's dog."

"Do I have a choice?" I asked, but already knew the answer. I looked at Enzo, who was downcast about not getting permission for a drum set, and felt sorry for him. "Let's go, gang, I'll take you to Enzo's favorite restaurant." He quickly cheered up.

At the restaurant, Enzo as always refused to share his fries, and to my surprise, Samantha did too. I didn't know when this gang formed, but the three of them joined forces to have fun at my expense. I couldn't deny that I was having fun too - maybe I was a masochist because I was their target and found it funny, but the mood was light and full of laughter.

"So, Clara, since you always know what you want, let's be objective - what breed of dog do you want?" I asked, knowing she had a plan; she always did.

"I want a mutt," Clara said simply, biting a fry.

"A what?" I asked, not understanding.

"A mutt, a mixed-breed dog." I looked at her in disbelief, and she huffed. "Uncle, I want to adopt a dog, not buy one."

"I thought you'd want a purebred, one of those fancy ones with lots of fur." I said, quite surprised by her decision.



"No. I want a friend, uncle, and you can't buy friends." Clara almost always surprised me. "Besides, there are so many animals needing a home, I want to give a home to one that needs it. And I also think it's wrong to buy a dog like they're objects."

"You're a dwarf pretending to be a child, aren't you?" I asked seriously, and everyone started laughing. "Let's go to a shelter to adopt your friend, since that's what you want." Her little eyes sparkled.