



S2 Chapter 112

Henry's POV

We arrived at the shelter, and there were many animals. Clara was emotional and even a bit sad, which moved me. She walked between the kennels, playing with the puppies that came close to the bars.

In the last kennel, she saw a large dog lying at the back. He had round, sad eyes, droopy ears, short black fur with a white patch running between his eyes down to his snout, and one white paw. He was alone in that kennel.

Clara crouched down and asked the caretaker to open the little gate. When it was opened, Clara crawled to the back and petted the dog, who looked at her with his head tilted. She whispered something in his ear, and he sniffed her and stood up. She came out, and he followed her.

"That's the one, uncle!" She hugged the dog around his neck - he was almost her size, reaching above her waist, and he licked her little face, making her laugh. "What's his name, sir?"

"This is Truffle. He's an adult dog, but still young, about a year and a half old. He came to the shelter right after he was born because his mother's owner couldn't find anyone to adopt him. He's very gentle. He's one of the dogs who's been here the longest," the caretaker explained.

"Clara, your mom said a small dog. Truffle is big," I pointed out, but immediately regretted it as her eyes filled with tears and the dog looked at me sadly. They were already friends; I couldn't separate



them. I'd deal with my sister later. "We want to adopt Truffle."

Clara lit up like a Christmas tree. When I turned around, I saw Enzo and Sam playing with another large dog, but this one was caramel-colored and seemed very playful.

"Oh no, your mom won't allow two dogs," I protested, and Samantha came over to me.

"Actually, my handsome, I've always wanted a dog," she looked at me with those eyes, and I couldn't deny her anything, but a dog?

"Sam..." I tried to protest, but she made a little pout with those strawberry-like lips.

"This is Cinnamon, he's been with us for six months. He's very gentle but playful. He was rescued from a highway. We estimate he's about two years old," the shelter caretaker said.

"My friend, you can see I don't have a choice here, right?!" I said to the caretaker, who was laughing. "We want to adopt both Truffle and Cinnamon."

"So I'm the only one not getting a dog," Enzo lamented.

"Do you want your mom to have my head?" I complained.

"I wouldn't mind getting a dog," Enzo speculated, and I was horrified at the possibility of being replaced by a dog. "Uncle, please, he's so small my mom won't even notice."

"No way, Enzo," I huffed.



In the first kennel, Enzo showed me a tiny dog, about twelve inches tall. It was almost white but looked a bit dingy, with fur slightly longer than the other two and all bristled up. Its tongue hung out to the side - it was quite an unusual dog.

"Enzo, that's a puppy, it's going to grow," I complained.

"Actually, no, sir. Popcorn is an adult dog. We estimate he's three years old and he's been with us for a year. He's calm, barely barks, and is pretty laid-back," the shelter manager explained.

"Do they all have food names here?" I asked, intrigued.

"Whether by coincidence or not, the ones your family chose have food names, but we have quite a variety of names here," the guy laughed at my luck. "Are you adopting Popcorn too?"

"Do I have a choice? We'll take all three, but let's do this quickly before they want to take more. My sister's going to kill me!" I was already breaking into a cold sweat, and the guy was openly laughing at me.

"Yaaay!" I heard Samantha, Enzo, and Clara shout as the dogs got excited.

After spending the rest of the day at the vet's, who confirmed they were all in good health, neutered, and up-to-date on their vaccines, plus recommended food brands and care instructions for each one, we headed to a pet shop that looked more like a luxury boutique.

The three animals got collars, leashes, toys, clothes, ties, and even hats. They left the store looking like three gangsters in their little



outfits, ties, and berets. We bought carrier crates, water and food bowls, and beds. They had literally moved up in the world, about to live a life of luxury and pampering. I was just thinking about how to explain to Hebe that one small dog had turned into two dogs, including a big one.

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