

S2 Chapter 119

Samantha's POV

"Auntie Sam?" I heard Enzo calling me from inside the house.

"Here on the porch, Enzo," I replied, lacking the energy to get up and go to him.

He appeared and saw me lying on the chaise lounge, looking at me with a suspicious expression.

"Are you okay, auntie?"

"Yes, sweetie, I'm just feeling a bit down today."

"Hmm. Do you need anything?" He was so helpful, I thought for a moment and smiled.

"A piece of that chocolate cake from the kitchen with lots of frosting!"

"I smiled at him, and he returned a big grin.

"I think I'll bring two pieces." He winked at me.

"Then call Clara and bring three."

The three of us sat there, and I devoured my piece of cake and even stole a few forkfuls from Enzo.

"Want more, auntie?" He laughed, extending the plate to me.

"Better not."

"Chocolate cake before lunch?" Henry arrived with a beautiful smile.

"A small sin, my handsome," I smiled at him. "Would you like some?"

"No, Nightingale, thank you." He kissed my cheek as he sat beside me. "So what's on the agenda for today?"

"Nothing. Today we're going to take it easy, stay quiet and rest, because auntie Sam is tired," Enzo announced the day's instructions.

"Really? Are you all okay?" Henry looked at us suspiciously.

"And why wouldn't we be?" I asked, finding his reaction curious.

"Because you're the most energetic person I know, and these two can't stay still," Henry looked at each of us. "Who are you and what have you done with my family?" We started laughing, and my heart swelled with joy when he included me in his family.

"We'll be good today," I said and laid my head on his lap, drifting off to sleep.

When I woke up, I was lying in our bed with a thin blanket over my body. I looked at the clock, and it was already early afternoon. I had slept for several hours; I was really tired.

I decided to take a shower to wake up. I had been feeling strange for many days, somewhat irritable, very tired, and completely crazy for chocolate. I loved chocolate, but lately, I had been kind of addicted; I needed to control this. But maybe it was just PMS.

I found Henry, the kids, and the dogs in the living room, having an animated conversation. As soon as he saw me, Henry came towards me, looking concerned.

"Sam, are you okay?" he asked, examining my face.

"Yes, I am, feeling refreshed." I smiled to reassure him. "And what's all this excitement about?"

"Enzo's birthday is coming up in a few days," Henry explained.

"Isn't your birthday on the twenty-fifth?" I asked, confused.

"Yes, auntie, exactly ten days from now," Enzo smiled. "I love having birthdays!"

I smiled at him, but my mind was doing calculations. It couldn't be possible that I was so confused and had lost track of the days of the month that badly. Suddenly, I wasn't there in that room anymore; the voices seemed distant, and I was just trying to remember when was the last time...

"Sam..." I heard Henry calling me, but his voice seemed far away in my head. "Sam!" He shook me and called louder; I blinked and looked at him. "Woman, what world are you in?"

"Sorry, my dear, but I just remembered I had to call my mom," I made up an excuse for my distraction.

"Clara wants to go to that ice cream shop near the little square here," Henry said, and I saw my opportunity.

"Great idea, let's go!" I said quickly and started getting up. "I'll get my purse."

During our walk to the ice cream parlor, I managed to slip away from Henry and go to the pharmacy. When we got home, he and the kids

were engrossed in a video game that wouldn't end anytime soon, so I went to the bedroom.

"Oh God, please let me be wrong!" I said to myself as I took out the pharmacy package from my purse.

Fifteen minutes later, I was in shock inside the bathroom. No, no, no. This had to be wrong. I heard Henry calling me from the bedroom, and my heart started racing. I put everything back in the pharmacy package and hid it deep inside one of the bathroom cabinets.

"Just a minute, Henry," I answered, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Sam, what's wrong? You don't seem well today. Do you want to go to the hospital?" Henry came to hug me affectionately when I left the bathroom.

"No, I'm just feeling a bit under the weather. I'm going to lie down for a while," I replied somewhat absent-mindedly, while internally I was freaking out.

Henry left me lying down and went to check on the boys. I had a million things running through my mind. What was I going to do? I knew Henry never wanted to have children, and just now that we had decided to live together and everything was going so well, I ended up pregnant.

I took three different tests, and they all came back positive. But how did this happen? I was being careful. I propped myself up on my elbow and opened the nightstand drawer, took out the pill pack and checked - I had taken them all, hadn't missed any. Then I closed my eyes and remembered the doctor warning me, right when I started

taking birth control, that no method is one hundred percent effective, in the case of pills, they were ninety-nine percent effective.

It hit me - I was that one percent chance of pill failure. And now what? This would completely change the course of my life, and maybe I wasn't ready. And how would I tell Henry? How would he react? He would probably leave me...

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