

S2 Chapter 121

Henry's POV

"Man, playing like this, we'll never beat Manu!" Rick complained, watching Alexander get crushed by Enzo in the video game.

"So, Henry, did you talk to Sam?" Patrick asked, remembering our conversation at the Club.

"Not at all. Sam wasn't feeling too well today. I thought it'd be better to wait until she's feeling better before we talk," I explained.

"Good call. And you, Moreno, have you solved that problem?" Patrick seemed to be in interrogation mode today.

"No way, Patrick. It's getting harder and harder, and I think Manu's starting to suspect something," Flavian shook his head. "I'm beginning to think this is going to blow up in my face."

"Well, I warned you, but you didn't listen to me," Patrick cautioned Flavian.

"So what do I do now?" Flavian seemed lost.

"Fix this mess quickly and tell Manu everything," I simplified it for him.

"What if she kicks me to the curb?" Flavian was nearly crying. "Man, I love that little one, I don't even know how, but I'm crazy about her."

"All the more reason to fix this soon and pray hard that she forgives you," Fred patted him on the back.

"Easy for you to say, you're like a prince, never doing anything wrong,"



Flavian complained to Fred, who started laughing.

"Speaking of princes, Fred, is your uncle serious about this thing with my mom?" I asked, and Enzo became interested in the conversation.

"First of all, according to Uncle Alvaro himself, it's not a thing, it's a serious relationship between two people who know what they want," Fred held up his finger to explain. "My uncle is just as in love with your mom as you are with Sam, Henry. You can relax - it's more likely that your mom will break his heart than the other way around."

This really put me at ease, knowing that my mom had found someone who valued her and adored her was good, very good.

The next day, as soon as Virginia arrived at Patrick's house, Enzo and I headed home. I was missing my goddess. When we got there, we found Sam and Clara by the pool, laughing and chatting about the sleepover. My niece was radiating happiness from her little get-together with her friends.

"Boys, are you ready to beat Manu at video games?" Sam asked with a breathtaking smile.

"Auntie, they're terrible at video games, they'll never beat Manu," Enzo threw himself onto the lounge and laughed.

"Why don't you guys go change and come enjoy the pool with us?" Samantha didn't need to insist; it was a hot day.

"Great idea. Come on, Enzo," I called out as we went inside.

I changed clothes and went to get some sunscreen from the bathroom cabinet, but while reaching for it, a brown paper package

caught my attention - it looked like had been forgotten there. I picked up the package and opened it. I froze when I saw what was inside.

I dumped the contents onto the sink and checked them. There were three pregnancy tests, all of them had been used, and according to the packaging, they all showed positive. POSITIVE! My subconscious screamed at me.

My God, I started laughing, got nervous, paced back and forth in the bathroom. And then I remembered that the girls had slept over last night, it could belong to any of them. Oh, how I wished they were Samantha's!

What should I do? I didn't know what to do. I grabbed my phone and called Patrick.

"Missing me already?" Patrick answered with a laugh.

"Patrick, if you're near the redhead, step away." Patrick heard this and stayed silent for a moment.

"Alright, Henry, don't scare me, just tell me what happened," Patrick demanded.

"I found a package hidden in the bathroom cabinet with three pregnancy tests, all positive. What should I do?" I was nervous.

"Are you going to be a father?" Patrick asked, and I could already tell he was about to start spreading gossip.

"No, Patrick!" I said quickly. "I mean, I don't know. I found these tests, but all the girls slept here last night, it could be any of them."



"And with our luck, it might be Cat who's going to give Alexander another litter." Patrick laughed.

"For God's sake, they already have five!" I said, horrified at the thought.

"Okay, but what now?" Patrick asked.

"That's what I'm asking you, what now? Should I ask Sam? Or pretend I didn't see them?"

"Oh man, if you don't ask, I will, because I can't wait until they feel like telling us something. Ask now, I want to know." Patrick was more anxious than I was.

"I'll ask, then I'll call you back."

"No way, I want to hear it now, what if it's Virginia's? That would be amazing."

"Patrick, I'll call you after I know."

"You're such a pain! Fine, you have twenty minutes."

"I'll call you when I know," I said again and hung up.

I was anxious, nervous, with sweaty hands and a racing heart. I grabbed the package and went back to the pool.