



S2 Chapter 122

Samantha's POV

I was laughing at one of Enzo's silly jokes when Henry sat next to me on the lounge chair.

"Let me put some sunscreen on you, handsome." I reached out for the sunscreen, but he placed a package in my hand instead.

My heart raced when I saw the package of pregnancy tests in my hand. He had found them. I sat up, feeling nervous, anxious, with a dry mouth, and started trembling.

"You found them," was all I could say.

"Yeah, I did," he said seriously. "Want to explain?"

"Henry, I..." I could barely speak, I was so nervous.

"I'd really like to know, Samantha, whose?" He was so serious.

"They're... mine." I looked into his eyes, mine getting watery.

"Yours?" I was so nervous I couldn't look at him. "Does this mean..."

"Henry, I swear I was being careful, but the pill failed..." I was talking fast, trying to explain everything at once.

"Samantha, focus! Tell me what this means." He demanded, and I trembled.

"I'm pregnant." I was looking at the ground. "I bought the tests yesterday when we went to the ice cream shop..." Henry hugged me



so tight I could barely breathe.

"I'm going to be a dad! I'm going to be a dad!" He repeated and seemed... happy?! I was confused.

Henry let me go and gave me a kiss. He looked at the kids with a huge smile, but I was still processing everything.

"Kids, you're going to have a little cousin!" Enzo and Clara heard this and started jumping and screaming, the dogs getting excited too.

Henry took his phone out of his pocket and called someone.

"Patrick, spread the news, I'm going to be a dad, man!" He was ecstatic, and I was crying like an idiot.

"Uncle, can I spread the news too?" Enzo could barely contain himself with news.

"What do you think, my goddess, should we tell people or let him do it?" Henry asked me, and I couldn't think of a better way than having Enzo and Patrick spread the news.

"Let him tell everyone!" I said without hesitation.

Enzo made a video call in the family group chat he had created on the day we all gathered for dinner, and he delivered the news as if he was doing a news report, showing me and Henry, the tests, and recreating everyone's emotional reactions to the discovery. It was hard to tell who was more excited.

"My goddess, stop crying, you need to smile. We're going to be parents!" Henry held me tight. "Why didn't you call me to help with

the tests?"

"Because I thought you wouldn't like it. I didn't even know how to tell you this, everyone knows you never wanted children." I tried to explain, wasn't sure if I was making sense.

"That was before you, my goddess! With you, I want to have more children than Alexander!" Henry joked.

"Not even as a joke, Henry, they have five, there's no way we're having five children." I scolded him, and he burst out laughing.

"I was thinking more like eleven or twelve." Henry teased, and I choked, making everyone laugh.

It wasn't long before our phones started ringing, and we ended up gathering our friends at home to celebrate the news. Only at night, when we went to bed, could I talk to Henry calmly.

Henry leaned back in bed, resting against the headboard and pulled me onto his lap. He kept running his hand over my belly with a smile on his face.

"You have no idea how happy I am!" He repeated this phrase to me many times throughout the day.

"I was desperate, not knowing how to tell you." I rested my head on his shoulder.

"Yesterday at the club, I talked about this with Patrick." I looked at him, not understanding.

"What do you mean?"



"I talked to him about how I was feeling the desire to build my family with you. I saw a father playing with his little son in the club pool, and I started imagining myself doing that."

"Really? And I was terrified, thinking you'd be so angry that you'd reject me and reject our child."

"Never, my love! You changed my life, Sam. You made me want you first, then made me want you in our home, and now you've made me want you in our home full of children."

"Henry, full of children?" I scolded him.

"My goddess, the sky's the limit! It's biblical, be fruitful and multiply. We've grown, now let's multiply."

I couldn't help but laugh; Henry had no limits. And if I wasn't careful, he would definitely make me have eleven or twelve children for real.

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