

S2 Chapter 140

Samantha's POV

After all the stress from Enzo's birthday party, Hebe insisted we should go to her beach house the following weekend. She wanted to get excited about the wedding preparations right away, and she was genuinely thrilled about it.

That weekend, off we went – friends, family, and dogs included. I invited Ivy and Luna, thinking it would be good for both of them to take their minds off things. Their parents were happy to see them so cheerful after Ivy's difficult week. Her mother told me she had been having nightmares and becoming very anxious.

Henry, to my surprise, was very excited about the beach wedding. He kept talking about how beautiful Hebe's house was, but I wasn't prepared for what I saw. Hebe really had a taste for luxury and enormous houses. I'd say it was more of a beachfront mansion.

The house was two stories high, built in an L-shape, with numerous glass walls – another thing Hebe loved because it allowed natural light to flood in. It also had a large infinity pool overlooking the ocean and a vast lawn where Hebe was already making plans for the party. It was a magnificent place.

"So, Sam," Hebe turned to me with a broad smile. "What do you think? Will you do me the honor of having your wedding here?"

"Hebe, the honor is all mine!" I replied, taking in all the breathtaking nature around us. "Hebe, your house looks like it's straight out of a design magazine."

"I'm so glad you like it. This house is very special." Hebe looked at the house fondly. "Years ago, I had a miscarriage and fell into depression. Edward thought spending some time near the ocean would do me good, so he rented a quaint little house nearby, and we stayed there for a month. This was just an empty lot back then. I would walk along the beach every day and sit on that rock over there to watch the ocean. Gradually, I started feeling better, as if the sea was washing away my sadness with each wave that broke on the shore. Edward noticed this, so he moved heaven and earth to buy this lot, gave it to me as a gift, and told me to do whatever I wanted with it. I wanted to build the house. I'm actually an architect, though I don't practice, but I designed every line of this place, trying to keep as much of the natural landscape visible as possible."

By the time Hebe finished her story, I had tears in my eyes, and I hugged her in a spontaneous gesture full of affection.

"Thank you for sharing this beautiful story with me," I said while hugging her. "Your house is perfect for the wedding - it's a house of love and happy endings."

When I released her, Hebe was emotional. We went back to the house where there was a commotion in the living room. Mel, as always, was taking charge of the day's schedule. They had decided to have a barbecue, and everyone was already in their swimwear. But the girls wanted to go to the beach, so they decided to let the guys handle lunch while we would go for a swim in the ocean.

By late afternoon, we were all sprawled around the pool, exhausted from the day's festivities. One of Hebe's staff approached me with a small box wrapped with a pretty ribbon.

"Miss, this was just delivered for you," the employee said as he handed it

to me.

"Who delivered it?" I asked curiously and glanced at Henry beside me, who had a curious expression.

"A delivery person, miss. But he's definitely not from this area, I'm sure of it."

I took the box, looked at it, and saw the seal of a famous artisanal chocolate shop. I'm crazy about chocolate, and during pregnancy, my chocolate cravings had gotten much stronger. I started salivating immediately.

"Who sent it, Nightingale?" Henry asked curiously.

"Wasn't it you?" He shook his head. "There's no card. So I don't know who sent it."

I opened the box ready to eat some chocolate. But I knew these chocolates; they were liqueur-filled and contained a good amount of alcohol.

"Oh, these are liqueur chocolates. I better not eat them because of the baby," I pouted.

"Oh, my goddess, don't make that face. I'll go out and buy chocolates you can eat. Give me these," Henry took the box from my hands.

"What's this, Henry, stealing a pregnant woman's candy?" Mel approached and gave him a stern look.

"Samantha received these chocolates, but they're liqueur-filled and she can't eat them because of the pregnancy," Henry explained.

"Leave them with me then." Mel opened a smile and took the box.

Edward approached and heard the conversation.

"Hey! I love liqueur chocolates, Mel. I want some too. Sam, I'll have someone get chocolates for you and my nephew, don't worry." Ed gestured for Henry to sit down.

In the small box, there were six chocolates that were quickly devoured – one by Mel, one by Ed, one by Hebe, one by Patrick, one by my mother, and one by Heidi.

Ed kept his promise, and half an hour later, I was sitting with a huge box of chocolates that he had ordered for me. But he looked somewhat pale, which I found strange.

"Ed, are you okay?" I asked.

"Actually no, Sam. It feels like there are knives in my stomach," Ed placed his hand on his stomach.

"Good thing we have doctors here," I said. "Come on, let's ask Alvaro or Vince to take a look at you."

I supported him and helped him sit on the couch. At that moment, Mel came down the stairs complaining of stomach pain, just like Ed. I found it so strange. I left them on the couch and went to the pool area to call Alvaro and Vince. They quickly came inside.

"So, what did our two gluttons eat?" Vince smiled, trying to distract them.

"Guys, I'm going to throw up," Melissa said.

"Hold on." I ran to the kitchen and came back with the trash can just in time for Melissa to vomit in it.

"Let me borrow that, Mel," Ed said and threw up too.

"This is strange," Alvaro looked at them both. He examined their pupils, checked their pulse. "Who else ate those chocolates you received, Sam?"

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