

## S2 Chapter 21

### Henry's POV

At the usual time, I was waiting outside the store for Samantha to come out so we could grab coffee. She looked stunning in tailored lilac pants, a white silk blouse, and high heels. She had styled her hair in a low bun with two strands framing her face.

"Hey Henry! Playing smart again? Did your mom stop praying for you?" Samantha said as soon as she left the store.

"What are you talking about, my goddess?" I knew very well it was about the collective flower attack, but I thought it better to play dumb.

Samantha greeted me with a kiss on the cheek, and we started walking toward the café.

"Of course you know what I'm talking about. Do the super friends only do things together now? If one doesn't do it, the other won't either?"

"Sam, didn't you like the flowers?"

"I loved the flowers, Henry, but it seems they were sent with a hidden agenda. Mel's right, it looks like you guys are trying to manipulate us."

"It's nothing like that, my goddess." I stopped and faced her. "We just want to reach your hearts and make you smile. That's all."

"Sure. We'll see, smarty-pants, we'll see!"

When we got to the café, Enzo was already seated and stood up to greet Samantha.

"Auntie! How are you?" Enzo greeted Samantha very familiarly, which

made me suspicious.

"I'm good, Enzo. How about you? And Luna?" Samantha asked about my nephew's girlfriend.

"Wait! What's going on here?" I asked seriously, as I hadn't introduced them or told Samantha that I was the admirer sending her the notes. They both burst out laughing. "No way! Kid, did you set me up?"

"Oh, uncle, sorry, but your idea was ridiculous. I had Aunt Sam's number on the first day I delivered the notes, while you tried all week," Enzo tried to explain.

"And he only got my number because he wanted Enzo to keep delivering your notes during exam week," Samantha added.

"You mean you knew it was me this whole time?" I asked, and she nodded. "And you, you had her number this whole time and didn't give it to me?" I asked Enzo, who nodded.

"Oh uncle, you're behind. We've had lunch together several times, she helped me buy a little gift for Luna, and Luna has even met her," Enzo said, sitting back down and calling the waiter as if he were the adult there.

"Kid, did it ever cross your mind to tell me?" I was pissed at him.

"It did, but it was so fun watching you suffer over her number," Enzo looked at me, amused.

"So who's manipulating who now, huh, Miss Samantha?!" I looked at her as she was cracking up.

"Okay, we're even." She raised her hand. "You should see the size of the rose arrangement your uncle sent me today. Here." Samantha said and took out her phone to show Enzo the photo.

She made him laugh and mock me more than I thought possible when telling him about the flowers.

"Is there anything else I need to know?" I asked after we placed our orders.

"Oh, just that Enzo told me everything when he delivered the first card and showed me your photo," Samantha said casually.

"Damn kid, and I thought I could trust you," I complained to him.

"You can, uncle. She only gave you her phone number because I asked her to. If it depended on your ridiculous little notes, this amazing woman would already be dating someone else," Enzo said cockily. "By the way, Aunt Sam, what did you see in him?" Enzo pointed his thumb at me and narrowed his eyes at Sam.

"Oh, nephew, he has his charm," Samantha was really enjoying the situation, and from what I could see, they had grown quite close. I liked that.

"Charm? Women are hard to understand. I thought you just felt sorry for him," Enzo said, biting into the sandwich placed in front of him.

"Kid, you're being too bold, don't you think?" I complained, but I was outnumbered there.

When it was time for Samantha to return to the store, we walked her there, and I said I would take Enzo home and visit my sister. Samantha glanced at Enzo, and I felt they were hiding something else from me, but neither of them said anything more.

"Well, well, what miracle brought the king of Rome to visit his humble subjects?" My sister Hebe was fond of irony.

"You're not that humble, Hebe." I smiled and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"So, little brother, how are you? It's been a while since you've visited us, although you've been spending a lot of time with your nephew."

"Sorry, sis, but my new assistant is keeping me on a tight leash and making me work too hard," I tried to explain.

"Right! It's just because of work. It has nothing to do with you hanging around the mall chasing after Samantha?" My sister studied my reaction.

"Big-mouthed kid!" I glared at my nephew.

"Uncle, what did you want me to do? Mom grilled me! She wanted to know what you wanted with me," Enzo defended himself.

"When do we get to meet her?" Hebe smiled at me. "We're eager to. She's very nice on the phone." I looked at Enzo, seriously considering murder.

"When did you talk to Samantha on the phone?" I asked.

"We've talked four or five times in the last few weeks," my sister replied as if it were no big deal. "I like her, don't mess this up!"

"My God, you're all a bunch of busybodies! Shouldn't I be the one who likes her?" I said, running my hand through my hair.

"Ha! You're head over heels for her, aren't you, uncle! Following her around like a puppy begging for attention." Enzo mocked and gave me two light pats on the back before sitting on the couch.

"We also want to meet Melissa, mom said wonderful things about her," my sister pulled me to sit down. "But I want to know what got into your

head sending those toys to mom. Have you lost your mind, Henry?"

"Toys?" Enzo became interested in the subject.

"It's none of your business, Enzo. Don't you have studying to do?" My sister cut her son off.

"Well, I do, but I want to spend time with family." Enzo tried to act clever.

"Enzo, go find something to do. I want to talk to your uncle." My sister was direct.

"Oh, mom! I know everything about his life. You can talk in front of me." Enzo was being quite bratty.

"Enzo!" My sister emphasized, and he left the room grumbling.

"So, Henry, why did you send those toys to our mother? That was a complete lack of common sense." My sister questioned.

"According to my advisor and my secretary, our mom has every right to have sex toys." I said, remembering the lecture I got from Melissa and Julia.

"She does, but you're her son. It's weird, it's like you're invading her privacy."

"It wasn't quite like that, Hebe. It was a mistake." I told my sister how the box of toys ended up at our mother's, and she laughed until she cried.

"So you're saying Melissa put that tramp Hanna in her place?" Hebe didn't like Hanna because at a party I took her to, Hanna had hit on my brother-in-law.

"Yeah, Melissa is fierce, but she's become essential to the company. You

two will get along well."

"Oh, I really want to meet her. Mom liked her a lot. Now tell me about Samantha."

"First, you tell me how your blabbermouth son told you about Samantha."

"You know Enzo's not good with secrets, you don't even need to pressure him, just keep asking and he'll tell everything. He told me what he was doing at the mall with you. And later that he had become friends with Samantha."

"Funny, he never told me he'd become friends with her." I complained.

"She's been helping him out, especially with math. She's great with numbers."

"And how did I not know about this?"

"If you came to visit your family more often, maybe you would." My sister took the opportunity to complain about my absence.

"I'll try to come more often, sis." I said, holding my sister's hand.

I ended up staying at my sister's until it was time to pick up Samantha. She called our mother, who came over too, and we had a pleasant family dinner. But I was anxious to see my goddess, wanted to be with her. So when it was time to pick her up, I was like a teenager going out with a girl for the first time.

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