

S2 Chapter 32

Henry's POV

After the hurricane that was my father's visit, I needed a few minutes to cool off. I called my mom to let her know he was in town, and she immediately told me she was going on a trip because she didn't want to see him. At lunchtime, she informed me she was going on a trip with a group of ladies to what she described as an amazing spa. I thought that was for the best - she had suffered enough already.

Late in the afternoon, Enzo bounced into my office all excited. Melissa stood up to greet him, but of course, the kid couldn't help himself.

"Hey gorgeous, if I drown in your beauty, do I get mouth-to-mouth?" Enzo shot out, making both Melissa and me burst into laughter.

"Kid, you're impossible!" I said, wiping my eyes.

"Sweetie, I promise when you turn eighteen, I'll give you a chance." Melissa winked at him, and he dramatically placed both hands over his heart.

"I'll hold you to that, beautiful. You know, three years go by fast." Enzo sat down next to Melissa. "I heard you met that lovely creature who's my grandfather?" Enzo asked sarcastically. He didn't get along with my father either, having seen his mother cry countless times over her own father's contempt.

"Don't even mention it, sweetie! At least you and your uncle aren't like him." Melissa smiled at my nephew.

"No way. He's everything I despise in a person, Mel. And I'm just a kid." Enzo gave a half-hearted laugh.

"And how did you know your grandfather was here?" I asked, already guessing the answer.

"Because he decided to set up camp at our house! He went there to complain about you to my mom, and I left because I was losing patience listening to him go on about how you and she are ungrateful children." Enzo replied without a hint of humor.

"And your mom, of course, falling for his act?" I said, and Enzo nodded. "All those years of therapy for nothing!" I commented, knowing my sister was in therapy because of my father and never made progress - he would show up and destroy her balance.

"Henry, we women feel differently than you men." Melissa caught my attention.

"Mel, my father is a despicable person, you saw it yourself, and he's toxic and manipulative." I explained. "Hebe doesn't know how to handle him."

"And Grandma, uncle?" Enzo asked, concerned about the grandmother he adored.

"She left. She should be boarding right now." I said with a smile.

"That's good! And can I stay at your place until my grandfather leaves? I promise I won't get in the way with Aunt Sam!" I knew he wanted to ask me something the moment he walked in.

"If your mom allows it, there's no problem at all. I'll call her," I replied. "If she agrees, we'll stop by later to get your things."

"My backpack is already with Julia," he responded, making me laugh.

"Well then, sweetie, since you're here, you're going to work," Melissa said and immediately started giving orders to my nephew, who did



everything she asked. This woman had a natural gift for bossing people around.

The day flew by, and I left the office with my nephew, heading to Alexander's office to pick up Samantha, who had agreed to have dinner with us.

"Auntie, my beautiful!" Enzo barely waited for me to park the car before jumping out to hug Samantha.

"Enzo, you cutie!" Samantha hugged him back. A genuine affection had developed between them, which made me very happy. "So today I'm having dinner with the two most handsome men in town?"

"Well, at least one of them. That one over there is just barely passable," my nephew gestured towards me, making Samantha laugh.

"Don't push it, kid," I warned before kissing my goddess.

"Auntie, ask him not to take us to some old people's place?" Enzo pleaded.

"Yeah, Henry, we don't want to go to an old people's place," Samantha winked at him. "We want pizza!"

"Fine then!" I gave in and kissed my goddess on the cheek.

"And bowling..." She added, winking at Enzo.

"Oh no, you're going to drag me to that bowling hell?" I complained.

"And if you go without complaining, I'll sleep at your place," Samantha said, and I smiled.

"I love bowling!" I said, and they laughed.



After an enjoyable dinner filled with amusing stories from my nephew's teenage years, we went bowling. Of course, I lost badly and had to endure their teasing. But it was truly a fun and pleasant evening.

I was sitting on the bed when I saw Samantha come out of the bathroom, looking gorgeous in that white bodysuit I'd bought from the store where she worked, which I'd only given her yesterday along with the makeup case. This woman was absolutely irresistible.

She came toward me, climbed on top, straddling my hips while resting her hands on my shoulders.

"Want to talk about what happened today?" Samantha asked gently.

"I'm sure Melissa told you."


"Of course Melissa told me. She's my friend, and she knows I want to support you and get rid of any worries from that pretty head of yours!"

"Is that why you came to sleep over?"

"No, Henry, I came to sleep with you because you've got a sweet cock and I wanted to taste it again!" Samantha said so casually that it made me laugh out loud.

"I thought you were here to give me some tea to calm me down." I tried to change the subject. I didn't want to talk about my father.

"Tea?"

"Yeah, Melissa said you gave me some thigh tea, but she's wrong. You gave me a leg lock and some pussy tea that I loved." Samantha looked at me laughing, not believing the nonsense I was telling her. 

"You talk so dirty to me, don't you think?"



"I love talking dirty to you, gets you all wet." I said, pulling her close and kissing her neck.

"That's true! I love when you talk dirty while you're fucking me."
Samantha kissed me. "And maybe we should mix my pussy tea with your dick tea!"

I burst out laughing. This woman was incredible! I was crazy about her. When we finally stopped laughing, I grabbed her, and we had a night full of sex and little sleep.