

S2 Chapter 56

Henry's POV

I needed allies but didn't know who to turn to. However, when I saw Enzo chatting away with Melissa, I had an idea. I would spoil my nephew and convince him to help me. That was the plan. And since he was such a chatterbox, he would tell me everything he knew, and from what I could tell, he knew quite a lot.

"Enzo, would you like to have lunch with me?" I asked my nephew, who smiled.

"Of course I will," Enzo replied.

"Great, let's go then," I called out.

"Be in the office at two o'clock, Martin. I'm not going to sit around waiting for you!" Melissa warned.

"Alright, Melissa." I walked out, kicking the air like a sulking teenager.

Enzo loved steak and fries, so I took him to the restaurant that served the best cuts of meat in town.

"Uncle, you knocked it out of the park today! I love this place," Enzo said excitedly.

"That's great, I know you love steak and fries, that's why I brought you here," I said, smiling at him.

"Is this because I'm your favorite nephew or because you want to ask me for something?" Enzo was a good kid, but he wasn't naive.

"A little of the first and a lot of the second," I answered truthfully



because there was no point trying to fool him at this stage.

"Well, then I'm going to make the most of it." The waiter approached, and Enzo ordered the biggest steak in the house with a huge side portion of fries. "You're not touching my fries."

"You cheeky kid! Who did you take after, Enzo? Your mom's a refined lady and your dad's a gentleman..." I teased him.

"I took after my player uncle!" He flashed me a smile with the sharp response ready on his tongue, making me laugh.

"Has your anger towards me passed?" I asked, remembering how upset he was the day before.

"It's not anger, uncle. But you don't treat a woman like Samantha the way you did, actually, no woman at all, but especially her. And you're the one who taught me that!" Enzo made a very good point.

"You're right. I was an idiot, but your grandfather has a way of driving me crazy, he makes me lose my head."

"I don't consider that man my grandfather, and you give him too much power, just like my mom does."

"Sometimes I think you're a sixty-year-old man who stole my nephew's place." Enzo was a smart kid and sometimes showed unusual maturity for a teenager.

"I observe, uncle. I observe and learn," he said. "But tell me, what's your plan to make her forgive you?"

"I'm thinking about some things, but I'll need help. Can I count on you?"

"That's exactly why I came looking for you. I'm not going to let another



doofus steal Aunt Sam from us!"

I raised my hand and Enzo gave me a high five. I was going to end up stealing this kid from my sister.

"First, I want to know what I still don't know."

"And what do you know?"

"That she went out with that dork Michael yesterday and is going to the movies with him today."

"The thing is, uncle, Michael isn't a dork! Besides being a really handsome guy, he's also a good man from an excellent family. He's not the type who goes around hooking up with everyone; he's the type of guy a girl takes home to meet her parents." Enzo was in the know about a lot of things.

"You know him?"

"Luna's older sister had a thing with him. When Mel told me that Aunt Sam went out with him, I confirmed it with Luna - nothing but glowing reviews. Unlike you!"

"That complicates things." I sighed. I reached out to grab some fries, and Enzo playfully swatted my hand. "My God, are you going to eat all these fries by yourself?"

"I warned you!" He said, putting a piece of steak in his mouth in ecstasy.

"Do you know which theater they're going to?"

"Great minds think alike!" Enzo grinned. "Yes, and I've already thought about going there with Luna and like 'accidentally' running into them and tagging along. Maybe I'll even bring Luna's sister - that way their

date won't be romantic." Enzo emphasized "accidentally."

"Kid, you're the best wingman in the world," I said happily.

"I know, and you're going to bring me here to eat more often."

"Anything you want."

"But you can't show up at Aunt Sam's today, or she'll figure out it's a setup."

"Got it. How did you find out?"

"Mel told me. Of course, she told me thinking I'd tell you and you'd show up there. But that's not what's going to happen."

"You're getting pretty clever. Too bad you can't keep a secret," I said, and Enzo gave me a fake little smile. 2

"But that's not all. I offered to help with the girls' move, which will keep me close to them and help me fit in. And on Wednesday, Aunt Sam is going out with me."

"What do you mean going out with you?" I asked, interested.

"We're going to this new diner, themed after classic cars. Tomorrow night is girls' night, they're going to the Social Club, where you can show up like it's no big deal."

"You're on top of everything and already planned my week." I was impressed by this kid's cleverness in figuring things out. But then again, he put on this angel face for women and they treated him like an adorable kitten.

"So, what else are we going to do?"



"I thought about using the cards again, like we did at the mall. But instead of pickup lines, apology notes," I said, thinking of building on something that had worked before.

"Yeah, you can break the ice. But it needs to be cooler," Enzo thought. "What if you send a card every day with a little gift, just one card per day with something simple that she likes? Like a chocolate bar, a fancy pen, a mug. Not a whole bouquet of flowers, but maybe one rose every day."

"I like the idea. But you have to be the one delivering the gifts."

"Oh no. Why me?" Enzo dropped his cutlery and rolled his eyes.

"Because it has meaning, you were the one who used to deliver the cards. He listened and thought for a minute.

"No, uncle. I have a better idea!" My nephew's eyes lit up. "For pickup lines, you needed someone charming like me, but to ask for forgiveness, you need someone delicate, sweet, cute, and irresistible. Someone who shows that what you're doing has pure intentions and comes from the heart, and that the apology is sincere without any hidden agenda."

"And who would that be, genius?"

"How many nieces and nephews do you have, idiot?"

"Watch your mouth, kid," I warned him, but he kept staring at me. "You and Clara, so what?"

"Which one of us is delicate, sweet, cute, and irresistible? Okay, I'm irresistible too, I know."

"You're so full of yourself!" I started to smile. "Your idea is truly genius, especially if she wears that tutu from her ballet class. She looks just like a little doll in that outfit."



"That's easy, she has class every afternoon."

"But how are we going to convince Clara?"

"How do you convince any woman? With presents and lots of pampering!"

"You're turning out better than I expected!"

"Well, get ready to convince Clara to do what you want without telling mom. Because if she tells, I'll say it was all your idea."

"Leave it to me. What time does she finish ballet?"

"Five in the afternoon." Enzo called the waiter and ordered a huge sundae for dessert.

"You still have room for that?" I asked, shocked.

"I'm in my growing phase!" Enzo simply stated.