

S2 Chapter 57

Henry's POV

I went back to the office and sent Enzo to the mall with my credit card to buy everything I needed and a little present for my niece. I would regret giving him my card later, but I needed the boy's help.

At four-thirty, I told Melissa I had a terrible headache and begged her to let me go home. She reluctantly agreed. It's actually funny that I, the company owner, had to ask permission to leave early, but I didn't want to get on her bad side.

I rushed downstairs where Enzo was already waiting with the driver at the building entrance, as we were going to pick up Clara from ballet class. When she came out of the dance studio, she immediately looked suspicious seeing me there.

"Uncle, I'm not doing anything for you! Enzo's always getting into trouble because of you!" The girl spoke before even greeting me. What's wrong with kids these days?

"Clara sweetie, your uncle just misses you!" I said in a gentle voice, giving her a little kiss. "And I heard that a certain little girl really wanted a new ten-inch tablet with a pink case." I held the package in front of her.

"Oh! I can't believe it!" She covered her mouth with both hands, her eyes sparkling. "Is it for me?"

"Yes, princess, it's for you!" I said, delighted by her reaction.

Clara tore off the wrapping paper and opened the box in amazement. Enzo had chosen the best tablet on the market for her. She was overjoyed. My sister didn't give in to all her children's wishes; she said



they need to stay grounded and become smart consumers. She was not wrong. But I'm not their father, I'm their uncle, and I could spoil them. I was happy to do it in the end.

"Thank you, my beautiful uncle! I love you!" Clara hugged me and gave me a little kiss on the cheek. But as she pulled away, she also gave me a cold shower. "But I'm not doing anything for you." She turned her back and got into the car, clutching her present.

Enzo was holding his stomach from laughing so hard while I was feeling like a clown. I got in the car behind her and told Enzo to sit in the front.

"Clara sweetie, help me out! It's not a big deal. I swear. Aren't I your favorite uncle?" I looked at her with puppy dog eyes.

"You're my only uncle!" She said sternly. Her father had two sisters, both divorced. "And you said you just missed me. What do you want?" She gave me a serious look after fastening her seatbelt.

"I need your help with Samantha." She rolled her little eyes.

"No! You were a jerk to her and Aunt Sam is nice. Breno from my class, you know, did the same thing to Sofia and she was really hurt." I stared at her in shock.

"What do you mean?" I grew concerned about what was happening at this school.

"He used to hold hands with Sofia every day at recess. Then one day he didn't want to hold hands with Sofia anymore and went to hold hands with Cecilia instead. And then he wanted to hold hands with Sofia again!" She seemed annoyed with Breno. "That's not right, uncle!"

"You're right, sweetheart!" I wanted to laugh but held it back.

"Yeah, if you hold hands with a girl, you can't go holding hands with another girl. You have to first tell the girl you're holding hands with that you don't want to hold hands with her anymore." I had admitted, I got a bit confused by this logic.

"Who told you I did the same thing as Breno?" I was curious.

"I heard mom talking to grandma on the phone saying you cheated on Aunt Sam with that dog Isabella. But my mom says I'm not supposed to call people dogs." I was shocked! Enzo was doubled over with laughter in the front seat, and the driver was trying to hide his amusement.

"But did Breno feel sorry and ask for forgiveness?" I tried to get back to the matter at hand, but I was going to have a talk with my sister later about this school and about her conversations with our mother in front of Clara.

"No, uncle. He didn't. And then, since Sofia wouldn't hold hands with him anymore, he went to hold hands with Luisa! Can you believe it!" This Breno kid was trouble! Good thing my niece had already figured him out.

"Clara, I regret what I did and I want to ask for forgiveness. And you've learned that we must acknowledge our mistakes and ask for forgiveness, right?"

She nodded in agreement.

"That's what I want to do, but I need your help."

"Uncle..."

I needed to make my case quickly or I'd lose her.

"Clara, just stop by Uncle Alexander's office and deliver a card with a flower and a little gift to Sam every day after ballet class until she



forgives me, which will be soon. 'That's all!'"

"Uncle..." This help was going to cost me dearly, I could already tell.

"If you help me, I'll convince your mom to let you have a dog, and I'll get you the dog and everything it needs." Her little eyes sparkled - I had her.

"Besides the dog, I want some money to go shopping at the mall, and you'll take me there." Clara looked at me seriously.

I knew this game; I'd been through something similar when I met Manu at the makeup store. Damn, I was about to be extorted by another pint-sized hustler! I sighed.

"Deal! But your mom can't know anything about this. If she asks, we're spending time together because I love my niece and nephew, I need support, and I want to spoil them." I gave in and leaned back in my seat. Enzo and the driver were laughing like they were at a circus.

"The family gossip is that big head over there." She pointed at Enzo, and then I laughed. The girl was clever.

"Now, your turn, Alfonso, what's the price for your silence and the route detour?" I asked the driver who was heartily laughing at my situation.

"Don't worry, Mr. Martin. Just guarantee my job if the boss finds out." Alfonso, a gentleman who had worked with us since I was a kid, was trustworthy and not opportunistic at all. But I'd give him a bonus for this service.

"Don't worry about that." I assured him and broke into a huge smile. "Now, let's head to Miller Group."