

Deep Affection 907

Chapter 907 Sampson Ye

It was a sunny day in September. Noah was wearing a black T-shirt, and the little boy was wearing a white T-shirt, revealing his white and tender arms. They were now walking hand in hand.

Noah was kind of tan, and the little boy's skin was pretty fair. It seemed that the boy's mother's skin was also white and fair.

Nina asked, "His mother is...?"

"Berry." Noah interrupted, "His mother is Berry."

Hearing the name, Nina looked at Noah in a strange way. It seemed that they didn't want their child to know his mother was actually Vicente.

Vicente and Noah didn't only hide it from their kid, but also them.

The child was 2 years old.

It meant that when Nina was pregnant, Vicente was also pregnant. Was it that she gave birth to the baby secretly and let Noah raise him alone?

In the past year, Vicente had appeared in the media of C Island very frequently, so she shouldn't have time to raise a child.

But Noah had really raised the child well. After all, the boy was so white and chubby. His eyes were as black as obsidian, flickering.

Nina squatted in front of the child and asked gently, "What's your name? I'm a good fr

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are you going? I'll take you there."

"Dad." Sampson pointed at the outside with his little finger.

Henry looked in the direction of Sampson's finger and found that was the way where Noah had left this morning.

"Are you going to wait for your dad?"

Sampson understood and nodded obediently.

Henry sighed slightly. They had explained to Sampson that Noah had gone to work far away and it would take a long time for him to come back.

At that time, they thought Sampson understood, but in fact, he knew nothing.

Therefore, he insisted in waiting at the gate for Noah for dinner. He also took a small stool over, sat down and looked at the asphalt road outside the gate.

Henry sat on the ground and waited with Sampson. He took out some small bread, some cute rice balls and a bottle of milk from time to time. Finally, he managed to make Sampson eat something.

It was getting darker and darker, but Noah hadn't come back yet.

Sampson was sleepy, but he didn't see his father.

Sampson seemed to have realized something. Tears gradually welled up in his eyes and fell down.

Sampson cried in a loud voice. 'Where is Dad?'