



Prologue

You can do this, Melissa. Just get in the damn building and get it over with.

I am standing outside Edwards' Enterprise, and I have been trying to get myself to just go in there and get this interview over with. I don't understand why I am so nervous. I mean, it is just an interview, right?

No biggie, but I am so worried that I might even have a panic attack. Just kidding. It is safe to blame my nervousness on my adorable puppy, Molly. She is so damn cute but so damn vicious at the same time.

My very cute puppy has eaten virtually all my flat

shoes. I think Molly gains pleasure in seeing me suffer. I swear, she knows just how much I love wearing my flats and has taken it upon herself to make my life miserable by eating all my shoes and leaving me to wear these heels.

To be honest, I love heels. I mean, I really love them. Like I buy them every time I visit a store. They are so pretty that I just can't bring myself to pass them by whenever I see them, and to think I don't even wear them. I only wear them occasionally, like on dates, and let me tell you: I don't go on dates.

I just wear my heels, play music, and dance around my room. Unfortunately, I have been subjected to

wearing heels today, and it is all because of that cute puppy of mine.

“Enough with the ranting, Melissa. Go get yourself that job,” I mentally chide myself.

I finally muster the courage to enter that building, but I am too damn nervous to admire the interior. Sightseeing can be done later because I have to get myself that job first. So I walk up to what I assume should be the receptionist’s desk.

“Good morning. How may I help you?” the receptionist asks politely.

But she is way too polite, and her smile is fake and forced, like she isn't happy to be at work.

Did I mention she is drop-dead gorgeous? She could be a model. Blonde hair styled to perfection, blue eyes, clear skin, and so on. What the hell am I going to do if being gorgeous were required to get a job here? What...

“How may I help you, Miss?” the receptionist snaps.

I guess I zoned out on her.

“I am here for the 9’o’clock interview.”

She nods robotically before flipping through something that looks like the size of a dictionary. “Melissa Brooks,” she says, and I nod in confirmation.

“The elevator is right in that corner. Use this card to gain access to the last floor.” She points to the elevator and hands me a plastic card.

“Thank you.”

She smiles. “Welcome to Edwards’ Enterprise.”

Forget about Barbie and go get yourself that damn job, I mutter to myself.

The elevator ride is not of any help at all. It is so fucking silent and terribly slow, I imagine getting stuck in the elevator while a zombie shoves its hand through the door and try to...

Finally, the ding of the elevator brings me out of my reverie.

Ignore that. I watch too many horror movies these days. I get out of the elevator and go through a revolving door, but what I see shocks me.

I expected this place to be sparkling clean and noise-free, but it is filled with the cries of a baby and just one baby is making this much noise. Many people around her are trying to get her to quiet down, but she isn't having any of it. Her dress is covered in stains, probably from the treats she's been trying to shove away.

“Why won't she stop crying?” It is a male talking this time, his voice laced with distress and worry.

“I don’t know why she won’t stop.”

It’s a woman this time, and guess what? She is gorgeous and blonde. Come to think of it, all the ladies here are blonde. Being a blonde can’t possibly be a requirement, right? The ad didn’t mention anything about applicants being blonde.

“Did you check her diaper?” It’s the male’s voice again.

“Yes, I did that already,” someone else says.

Someone else asks, “What if she’s sick or something?”

“She doesn’t have a temperature,” another person pipes up. The baby’s cries are louder now.

“Can I check on her?” someone asks, and every eye in the room turns on me.

That is when I realize I am the one who spoke up.

I clear my throat. “Well, can I?”

The male voice demands, “Who are you?”

Just as I'm about to answer, the baby opens her mouth and wails.

"Does it really matter right now?" I walk up to the baby without waiting for permission anymore and took her from another blonde woman. I hold her in my arms for a bit and rock her until she quiets down for a few moments, but soon begins wailing again.

She is adorable if you look past the swollen face. I practically melt when she locks eyes with me.

But why is she crying so much? Oh, she can't be any older than nine months.

“Where is her teether?” I demand.

“What is that? And why would she need that?” The male voice again.

“She needs it because she is a baby, and she is obviously growing teeth,” I snap as I jostle the poor

dear in my arms in an attempt to quiet her again.

“She doesn’t have one,” he tells me.

“Yeah, I figured,” I mutter. “Can I get water, please?”

Before I can blink, there is a water bottle in my hand already. With it, I wash my hand in the bowl beside me, and I put my pinky finger in her mouth.

Her tiny hands grab my finger and she sticks it into her mouth to gum it. I bet she is using my finger to scratch them. Poor baby, she must be hurting so badly, and the people around her don't know how to take care of her.

I cradle her to my chest, nestling her head on my breast. She is so fucking cute, and I just can't resist cute. I am a sucker for pretty girls. I smile at her, and she smiles back. At least I think she smiled back. I start gently bouncing her on my legs to get her to sleep.

Within minutes her eyes flutter close, but she hasn't released my finger. I continue to sit there, just rocking her to sleep. Everything else disappears at that moment. It's just me and her and my heartaches. I know I shouldn't be carrying her like this. I should have just ignored her cries and tears and left. But I didn't. Like always, I couldn't resist it.

Now I don't want to let go of her. At least, not yet.

Chapter 1

Have I mentioned how adorable this baby is? If I haven't, I am going to repeat it. She is so friggin adorable that I never want to let her go. Her mother must be so proud to have her. She must be thrilled to have this cutie as her baby. Looking at her now

makes me remember something I never want to remember again.

I could have had a baby like her, too. She would be four years old now, but I was deprived of that right. He took my baby away from me, he...

“Umm... Can I have my baby back now?” It’s that male voice again, and this time, I turn to face him.

Well, shit, this is one fine man.

He is so beautiful, even with his hair looking like a car ran through it. He looks good enough to eat. His eyes are so black, I can drown from staring at them and his lips, man...Even though they are pressed in a thin line, they still look so kissable. His nose is a little crooked. It must be from an accident.

I'm already drooling at this point. I mean, he is so damn HOT. He fills his suit so perfectly that I could almost see his abs. He could be a model.

“Stop staring,” he snaps, and that is when I realize that I still haven’t replied to what he said. Hell, I can’t even remember what he said. He must have seen the confusion on my face, because he repeated himself.

“I asked you to stop staring, and will you please give me my baby.”

Huh.... Rude much?

“Your baby?” I confirm. He is this baby’s father. That is a shame. Mr. Hot Stuff is already married.

“Yes, my baby,” he repeats slowly this time.

I resist the urge to laugh at him. He must think that I am stupid. “Oh, I am sorry, I just....”

He interrupts me. “Don’t bother. Just let me have my baby. I don’t have time for all this.” He rakes his hand through his dark hair.

“Rude much?” I scoff.

“What did you say?”

Oh shit, I said that out loud.

“Yes, you did,” he says. He looks like he’s about to

blow up.

Wait, can he read my mind? I am very sure I didn't say that out loud.

"You said it out loud, and you are still saying it. See, I don't have time for all these mind games. I have an interview...."

This time, I'm the one who interrupts him. "Oh my God, the interview. Where is it being held? I am

pretty sure I've missed it by now." I panic and try to catch my breath.

Good lord, how did I forget about the interview? I am such a fool.

"Are you here for the interview?" Mr. Hot Stuff asked.

"Yes. I am sure it is over by now." I check my watch. It's already 9:30. So much for coming early. Get

used to living on the streets, Melissa. Ben will surely throw you out of his house now.

“Yeah. It should be over by now, but the interview hasn’t happened,” Mr. Hot Stuff says.

“What do you mean, it hasn’t happened?”

“Did you do your research about this company at all?” he asks, instead.

“No, I didn’t have the time to do that. I applied at the very last minute.” I look away.

He lifts his eyebrow. “You are in luck, Miss....”

“Brooks,” I supply.

He nods. “Miss Brooks. The interview has been rescheduled for tomorrow by 9am.”

“Really?” I ask, and he nods to confirm.

“That is good then,” I mutter to myself, looking back at the baby sleeping in my arms. Her hold on my finger has loosened now. I guess it is time to give her to her father.

I stand up gently and hand the baby back to her father’s outstretched hand. My arms feel empty immediately, but I let her go.

What the hell is wrong with you, Melissa? You only held her for an hour.

I shake my head to clear my thoughts and check out Mr. Hot Stuff. The sight of him holding the baby makes my heart clench, and I feel my eyes water.

And that's my cue to get out of here. I can't embarrass myself.

I slowly make my way to the revolving door, but Mr. Hot Stuff's voice stops me.

"Miss Brooks, thanks for your help. I appreciate it," he says.

I smile and say nothing else.

I let out the breath I don't even realize I've been

holding once I exit the building. That was intense. I already miss the baby; I miss the feeling of having her.

I knew it was a bad idea to hold her first, but I just couldn't resist. So now I have myself attached to a baby and I don't even know her name.

Way to go, Melissa.

Chapter 2

Melissa's POV

After the interview that didn't happen, I took a nap, then just sat around, thinking about the baby, while flipping through a magazine. And that is when Mr. Hot Stuff's words come back to haunt me.

Did you do your research about this company at all?

I try to ignore that question, but it just won't leave my head.

Well fuck it, I might as well do the research.

I go to my room and turn on my laptop. I pull up a search engine and type Edwards' Enterprise. A result comes out immediately.

"Edwards' Enterprise headquarters and branches.

The history of Edwards' Enterprise. The face and brain of Edwards' Enterprise. That sounds interesting."

I am talking to myself. I click on the face and brains of Edwards' Enterprise. I leave to get the bowl of ice cream left in the fridge while the page loads.

"Let us have a look at what my future boss looks like, shall we, Molly?" I ask my dog, and she barks in response.

I make my way back to my room, with Molly following closely behind me. The face that greets me on my laptop shocks the shit out of me and I almost drop my ice cream. But a girl can't afford to lose her last bowl of ice cream, can she?

At least I can't afford to lose my last bowl of ice cream.

It can't be him. Oh, Jesus. What have you done, Mel?

I sit down and slowly scroll down to confirm if he is actually who I think he is. His bio is written at the end of the picture.

Name: Javier Edwards

Position: CEO and Owner of Edwards' Enterprise

Age: 28 years

Marital status: Single

“Good. He is older than me by four years. That is not much.”

How on earth did he accumulate such wealth at such a young age?

He can't be single. He has a daughter, right? I continue scrolling until I get to the part of his bio that talked about his baby.

Her name is Luciana Edwards, and my guess is spot on. She is just nine months old. Her mother, Gabriella, died in a car accident two months after Lucy's birth, and that was all about Lucy.

There is just a picture of her mother and no picture of Lucy at all. Her mother was so beautiful. Lucy will surely grow up to be a gorgeous girl, judging by her mother and father's looks alone. There are no details about Gabriella and Javier's relationship with her. But it is such a pity that the cute little pumpkin will have to grow up without her mother.

"Since he is very single, you still stand a chance with him, Melissa."

Hold your horses, young miss. Where the hell did you get that thought from? Nobody is standing a chance with anyone. I quickly close my laptop before I get tempted to search about the relationship.

“Melissa, open the door,” Ben shouts, pounding the door at the same time.

You are probably wondering who Ben is. Well, Ben is the owner of this building. Ben is way older than me, like thirty years older than I am, but the silly man wants a relationship. He is always giving me this weird look and staring at my body like a creep. I’ve told him off already, but he just won’t budge.

Did I mention he is really creepy? He is a fucking creep.

“Melissa,” he shouts louder this time, and his pounding gets louder, too.

“We better go answer him before he kicks the door down,” I tell Molly.

You can't blame me for talking to Molly all the time. She is the only company I have.

I open the door and slip out, closing the door behind

me. I can't afford to be alone with Ben. Talking right outside my door is way safer than letting him in.

Have I mentioned that Ben is obese? Like, I mean, really huge. Well, let me tell you: Ben is big. Like, so fat that he could crush me with the palm of his hands alone.

I know it is not nice to call people fat, but with Ben, it's different. He doesn't seem to care about his shape at all, and I think he probably believes himself attractive. Why else would he think I would want anything to do with him when he looks like... a motherfucking bulldozer?

Maybe he doesn't own a mirror.

"You still haven't paid your rent, Melissa," he reminds me.

I cringe. "I know, Ben. I still have time, right? You gave me a deadline, and it is not here yet." I try to remain calm as much as I can. I don't want to piss him off by pushing the wrong button.

He can crush me in a heartbeat.

“But it will be here soon,” he coos, giving me that creepy look.

You know the creepy look I mentioned? Well, he is giving me that look again, and I try my best not to shudder in disgust.

“I will pay up before then,” I assure him.

“You know, you can always pay up another way.” He eyes my body with lustful eyes.

I try really hard not to vomit. “There is no need for that, Ben. I will pay you.”

He shrugs. “The offer still stands anyway. I know one day you will take my offer.” He winks and leaves.

“Over my dead body, Ben. I would rather be homeless than sleep with your fat ass,” I mutter to myself. But I can’t say that to him just yet. I can’t afford to have him throw me out, can I?

My deadline is on Saturday, and today is just Monday. I have to get myself that job no matter what I have to do.

I enter my apartment and close the door after Molly walks in after me. “Let us go to bed, Molly.

Tomorrow is another day.” I hope it’s better than today.

And the interview actually happens.

Comments (8)

goodnovel comment avatar

Phobia_001

Yeah it is the dog

goodnovel comment avatar

Phobia_001

I honestly loved how she described Ben... Hilarious!

goodnovel comment avatar

Rose SB

Wow, not liking her character at all.

[VIEW ALL COMMENTS](#)

Chapter 3

Javier's POV

I had to go back home early today because of my daughter. That woman said she was teething. She calmed Lucy down in no time, but an hour after she left, my baby started crying again and wouldn't

stop, no matter how much I tried to persuade her. Finally, I put her teether in her mouth, and she stopped crying for five minutes until that got old, and she began wailing her head off again.

You must be wondering why I took her along to the office. Well, my lovely daughter's nanny of one day quit just this morning. She claimed my daughter was too much for her to handle. I don't understand what's too much to manage about a nine-month-old girl.

In the last month, she has gone through ten nannies, all of them saying the same thing about my daughter. When the nanny quit this morning, I

called the embassy but they refused to send a replacement caretaker. They said all the other nannies claimed my daughter was a headache.

After what happened today, I can honestly say Lucy is a handful. There isn't anything I can do to get her to stop crying. The only time she doesn't cry is when she is eating.

And when that woman was holding her.

Now Lucy has gone to bed after a long, warm bath. I didn't realize she loved to play in her bath. I spent thirty minutes over the sink with Lucy in her little tub while she splashed water all over my body. I was soaked by the time she was done with bathing.

I rocked her for a half hour before she finally fell asleep, and I set her down in her crib. And now I am spending my peaceful moment in my study trying to get some work done.

How the hell am I going to cope tomorrow? I have to take her along to the office again. I can't keep this up for even a week.

What the hell am I going to do?

Then it hit me: Miss Brooks. I pick up my phone and dial the receptionist's number. She answers on the third ring.

“Mr. Edwards,” she greets me.

“Sorry to disturb you, Miss Stone. Can I get information about the woman that came for the interview today?” I ask pleasantly.

“What would you like to know, sir?”

“Give me her full name, age, and marital status.”

“Okay, sir, please hold on.”

I hear some kind of noise, like she’s typing in the background.

“Found it. Melissa Brooks and she is 24 years old,” she informs me.

“Is she married? Engaged?” I prompt.

“No, sir, it states here that she is single.”

“Thanks for your help, Miss Stone.”

“No problem, sir. Good night, sir,” she answers.

I don't bother to reply; I just hang up. I can't afford to get familiar with my employees. I keep everything professional with every single one of them.

Melissa Brooks. You might wonder why I asked for her information. I think congratulations are in order. I found a nanny for my daughter. Now all I have to do is convince her to take the position. I have to make sure she won't be able to refuse.

You really shouldn't have left so soon, Gabriella.

My phone saves me from going too deep into the past.

"Hello there, Josephine," I greet my little sister.

"When will you call me Sophia like everyone does, Javi?" She always asks this question, and the answer

has always been the same: never.

“You know the answer to that, Josephine. Now tell me why you are calling at this time of the night.”

She scoffs. “Can’t wait to get rid of me, brother? I wonder why. Am I interrupting something?”

“Josephine,” I warn.

She sighs. “Okay, fine, I called to check up on you and Lucy.”

“We are fine.” There is no point in telling her about Lucy’s tantrums.

“I don’t think so. A little birdie told me that your nanny quit this morning, and you had to take Lucy along to your workplace,” she says in a sing-song manner.

“Joseph is such a girl.”

“He isn’t. He just can’t keep anything from his twin sister.”

“Yeah. Keep defending him. I swear Joseph was meant to be a girl. The both of you switched gender,” I tease her.

“Yeah, whatever. Don’t change the topic. Tell me

about your day.”

“It was fine. Apart from the fact that Lucy is teething and she wouldn’t stop crying,” I finally tell her. There is no point hiding it now... that twin brother of hers is a blabbermouth.

“Poor thing. I remember when Anna’s baby was teething, too. She wouldn’t stop crying.”

I cringe. “I don’t know if you are trying to make

me feel better or not, because let me tell you, you aren't helping at all."

She laughs. "Don't worry, big brother. It gets better. Have you tried to get a nanny?"

"I tried, but nobody is willing to be my daughter's nanny."

"That's horrible," she says with another laugh.
"Lucy isn't that stubborn. Such a sweet girl, that

one.”

“That’s what you think, but just try to spend a day with her. You will feel like pulling your hair out,” I threaten.

“Oh, my poor brother. Lucy took after her mother.”

Thankfully, I don’t have to respond to that as Lucy cries resoundthroughout the house.

“Sorry, Josephine, but I have to cut our little chat short. My lovely daughter needs my attention now.”

She chuckles. “Okay. Good night and good luck with that little champ.”

“Goodnight, Josephine.”

Why is the baby crying this time? I enter her room. I

swear, it hurts to enter this room sometimes. It reminds me a lot of Ella.

I pick my baby up, and she quiets for a while before starting all over again. I check her diapers and grimace. Gross. I change them and put her teether in her mouth.

I sit on the rocking chair and cuddle her back to sleep.

Just one more day, Javier. You can do this.

Chapter 4

Melissa's POV

My alarm rings at exactly 7oclock in the morning. I can't wake up earlier than that. If I do, then I would look like a vampire. I swear, I love my sleep.

I freshen up and tie my robe. I make my coffee just the way I like it: very sugary and creamy. Don't hate. I believe coffee is meant to be enjoyed.

I don't understand why people drink coffee black and not sugary. I mean, is there any joy in that? Like I said, don't hate. I am not going to judge. I feed Molly her treat and get ready for my interview.

I wear a black sheath dress and a white blazer, which I pair with red pumps. I put on some lip gloss and eyeliner, the only makeup I know how to apply correctly. I grab my bag and coat from the rack. The

weather around here is unpredictable.

It is 8 o'clock by the time I finish. I'm making good time. The office is just a thirty-minute drive from my place.

Crossing my fingers.

I snatch my car keys from the counter and waved bye to Molly. I lock the door behind me.

Well, here goes nothing. I hope today turns out well.

I enter the company's building.

Just as I'm about to greet Barbie good morning, she waves me off. So I guess I won't be greeting her in the future. Instead, I head straight for the elevator and use the access card she assigned me yesterday.

Today is different. There are no baby cries. It is actually silent and sparkingly clean.

There is nothing out of place here. Looking at it now, I can almost believe yesterday's episode didn't happen. I make my way to the secretary's desk.

“Good morning. How can I help you?” she asks in a saccharine-sweet voice.

What is with all the workers here?

“Good morning, I am here for the interview,” I tell her with a smile.

She eyes me with speculation. “Miss Brooks?”

The one and only. “Yes, that is me.”

“I will inform Mr. Edwards you are here.” She picks up the phone.

The mention of his name gives me goosebumps. I can't help but worry about my behavior yesterday. Was I rude at all yesterday? Did I say anything I shouldn't have said?

It really doesn't matter, Melissa.

"He is ready to see you, Miss Brooks," says the second Barbie, indicating at the closed door on her left.

"Thank you." I walk away from her desk and go up to the door.

Should I knock? I mean, Barbie already informed him of my presence.

Just knock, Brooks.

I knock on the door and open it without waiting for a reply.

The space is bigger than my entire apartment. The walls are made of glass, and have a perfect view of the city. Yet, everything in here, down to the furniture, is plain white, like my presence alone might leave a mark.

I focus my attention back on the real reason I am here.

“Good morning, sir,” I say as politely as I can. I even add a little saccharine sweetness.

“Good morning to you too, Miss Brooks. Seeing as you are not the least bit shocked to see me, I presume you have done your research,” he drawls.

I duck my head. “Yes, sir, I am sorry for not recognizing you. I apologize if I said anything inappropriate yesterday.”

I’m not feeling sorry at all. I just thought I should clear the air, so I know that whatever I might have said yesterday won’t hinder my chance of getting the job.

“It is fine, Miss Brooks. Please take your seat.” He points to the chair directly in front of him.

I sit down carefully, making sure no part of my body touches the white seat. I mean, who uses white furniture in an office?

“You applied for the position of my personal...”

He’s not really asking, but I answer, anyway. “Yes, sir.”

“You attended Harvard?” he asks, raising his eyebrows.

I don't blame him. I would be surprised, too, if I weren't me. I never really cared about my education at Harvard, but it was a massive deal for my dad, so I had no other choice. “Yes, sir.”

“Why did you choose my company?”

“Because I need a job. Besides, your company has

great growth potential. I think it will be a good working experience. Being your employee will look good on my CV,” I answer truthfully. I might have been too truthful.

He nods, but appears distracted. “I have an offer for you, Miss Brooks, and I need you to think about it before saying no to me.”

I worry immediately. He wouldn't ask me to kill someone for him, right? Do I look like a goon? Shut up, Melissa. You really need to stop watching horror movies.

“Okay, sir,” I say after a brief moment of hesitation.

“You met my daughter Lucy already....”

“Yes, and she is adorable,” I gush.

He smiles, again seemingly distracted. “Thanks. I need a nanny for my daughter, and I need one urgently...”

I cut in once more. “Why are you telling me this, sir? Do you want me to search local agencies for you?”

He frowns and shakes his head. “Just let me finish, Miss Brooks, and please do not interrupt me anymore.”

My face reddens with embarrassment, but I nod.

“I have tried the agencies, but no one wants to be my baby’s nanny. Truth be told, she has gone through a total of ten nannies in just one month.”
He seems to consider his words and pauses.

Ten nannies in one month. Just wow, Lucy.

“Nobody could last longer than three days with her, and I am in a really tight situation here. Which is why I am offering you a position as my baby’s caretaker.”

I gotta admit, I didn't see that one coming. What the hell does he mean by: be my baby's nanny? Do I look like I'm somebody's nanny? I went to Harvard. I am very sure I applied for the post of assistant. So why the hell is he asking me to be his daughter's nanny?

"I'm not sure I understand, sir." I give him a chance to clarify himself.

"I am asking you to be my daughter's nanny." He says it slowly this time.

I wrinkle my nose and shake my head in bafflement.
“I don’t understand. You don’t even know me. Why me?”

“Because you were fantastic with her yesterday, and it looked like you know your way around, babies,” he explains, spreading his hands before him.

I knew yesterday’s episode would come back and bite me in the ass.

I open my mouth to reply, think better of my response, close my mouth, and come up with an alternate one. “Yeah, but... I am not a nanny.”

“I know. Here is the catch: the pay for the nanny position is double the pay for the personal assistant position,” he says with a shrug.

I clear my throat. “What happens if I refuse?”

“You have a good CV, so you’re still a viable candidate for the personal assistant spot, but it’s not a guaranteed hire. But if you accept this caretaker position on a trial basis and find you can’t manage Lucy, there will be a job waiting for you here in my company,” he says in a perfectly reasonable manner.

Cunning bastard. He knows exactly how irresistible his offer is. Well, how hard can it be to take care of a nine-month-old child?

“You don’t have to give me your answer

immediately. You can go home and think about it.”

I readily agree. “I would like that.”

He hands me a business card. “Call me when you make your decision. Until tomorrow, Miss Brooks.”

Well, you just got dismissed, Melissa. So get your ass out of his office.

“Have a nice day, sir.” I get up and walk out without waiting for his reply.

I sure hope you have a nice day, Mr. Edwards, because you just ruined my nice day with that offer of yours.

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