

The alpha's nanny by fireheart

Chapter 3

It was cruel sometimes. Most times, how life never stopped. It didn't stop for Lori's pain. She couldn't even take the time out to mourn properly, or she would lose her job. So barely two days at home, Lori was back at the diner working her shift as usual. Almost as if nothing had happened. Almost as if she didn't just lose a baby last week. It had been two weeks and no, the pain didn't stop she just found a way to live with it. It was common knowledge to all her coworkers that she was giving the baby up for adoption.

Very common knowledge, so when Birdie had found her crying mid shift in the bathroom, her question had been, 'But you never wanted the baby in the first place. I don't understand why you're sad now.' Her words were guttural, like a knife severing her insides. She had instantly wiped her tears and went back to work, she had not spoken to Birdie again after that. The only part of her day that seemed to give her a brief moment of joy was when Mrs Grace came to pick up the milk for the baby. Lori managed to pump in the mornings and after work, then she would bag, date and freeze the milk.

They had agreed on every three days, but for some reason Lori couldn't stop producing more milk so Mrs Grace sometimes had to come the next day, she wondered if she was making it worse by donating the milk. Mrs Grace was very kind. Sometimes when she came over to pick up the milk she'd bring Lori food to eat. Home cooked meals. Once she brought her lasagna and the other day it was a key lime pie. She also never seemed to tire about giving Lori progress about the baby despite the fact that Lori feigned disinterest whenever she talked about the baby.

They had finally gotten around to naming her. Her name was Emilia. Emilia Caine. They sometimes called her Emmy for short. Jared had also not come around, perhaps he was still feeling guilty about everything. After all, if he hadn't pushed her she wouldn't have gone into premature labour. A part of her was glad that he had stayed away, although, knowing him he would never stay away for too long. She prayed and hoped that he was away for good now. She needed stability in her life. Stability and normalcy. Jared was a chapter she desperately needed to close.

She had been trying to close that chapter for months. "Lori! Table three needs a refill!" Birdie called out and Lori nodded her head as she walked over to the table with a jug of coffee in her hand. "Hey! I've seen you here before. Didn't you use to be pregnant?" He asked and Lori nodded. "Yes. I was." The man's eyes raked all over her in a look she knew all too well. "Wow. You look great! I mean for someone who just had a baby you look smoking hot!" He commented and Lori forced a smile.

Unsolicited comments and terrible compliments, it was just the kind of stuff she usually dealt with at the diner. "Thanks." She murmured as she left his table. Hot? She didn't feel hot. Nothing about her felt hot. She was hurt. Hurt and broken. And she feared that

she might never recover from the pain that she was feeling, the brutal gnawing in her chest. She was still deep in her feeling and didn't notice when a man walked into the diner. She was focused on wiping a table that had a kid had made a mess on. "Ms Wyatt? Are you Ms Wyatt?" A deep voice asked. Lori didn't even turn.

"Yes." She answered. After she was done, she turned and found a tall man right in front of her. She took a small step back. He was tall. Something about his presence was towering. Domineering. Very tall. Probably six foot two, he was wearing a charcoal black suit, tailored and cut to suit every inch of his body. He had short dark hair, his face was clean shaven except for the tiny mustache he kept, he had deeply unsettling blue eyes that looked too blue to be natural, a jaw that could cut through ice and cheekbones so beautiful they made his face look like he was molded by some perfect god.

She swallowed hard and looked away, catching herself staring, he had that effect on people and he was probably happy that he did. "Can we sit and talk somewhere?" He asked and Lori glanced at Birdie who was watching her like a hawk. "Right now? I'm on my shift." "Who are you?" She asked. "I'm Gabriel Caine. The father of the little baby you have been donating your milk to these past two weeks." "Oh. I'm not due to meet Grace till later today." Lori mused and the man nodded. "I know.. I just wanted to talk to you." Birdie was already approaching them now. Lori glanced at her and scowled.

"Okay. I finish in ten minutes, can it be after my shift? I'm already on probation and I don't want to annoy my boss any further." She said and he nodded. "Okay. I will wait for you in that black car outside." He said as he pointed to the sleek black car that was outside. Without one more word, he walked out of the diner. After her shift, Lori went into the locker room and changed. Good thing she had at least worn something decent. Her faded red dress and old doc martens boots were at least still presentable.

As she walked out of the diner, Mr Gabriel Caine was already out of his car and moving to the other side to open the door for her. A gentleman? Wow surprising. Lori couldn't think of the time a man opened the door for her. As she stepped into the luxury car, she could immediately smell his cologne, she had caught a whiff of it in the diner, but here it was all she could smell in the car. Incredibly sexy, musky and confident. She smoothed her hand over the leather of the car seat, it was probably worth more than she had ever seen in her entire life. Damn, it must cost a lot.

She had suspected that baby Emilia's family was comfortable, she just didn't know they were so rich. "First of all, I want to thank you for your help. Your kindness, towards my daughter even in your own pain is admirable." "I don't know how to ever repay you." Lori shook her head. "I don't need payment Mr Caine." Grace had certainly offered, the first day she had come to pick up the milk and she had seen her apartment complex. She had offered. "I know. And under normal circumstances I wouldn't offer you but I have a proposal for you Ms Wyatt." "A proposal?" Lori repeated.

What could a rich well to do man like Mr Gabriel Caine possibly have to do with someone like her? "As you already know, Grace is the sole caretaker of my daughter.

She has been taking care of her since she was born." "Emilia lost her mother at birth." Lori nodded. "But Grace is old and she tires easily. We decided on getting a nanny and Grace mentioned that you're the only person she would recommend." "A nanny?!" Lori exclaimed and Gabriel nodded. "I will respect your decision to decline Ms Wyatt but I would also be equally relieved if you decide to take on the job.

I intend to reward you handsomely for your services." He said as he passed her a contract. Lori took it with shaky hands. Was this really happening? She skimmed through the pages. The sum of ten thousand dollars per month in addition to added benefits hit her. Whattt? Ten thousand dollars?! The requirements were pretty simple, she was to be a live in nanny, responsible for taking care of Emilia and provide her with love and care. "What do you think?" The man asked and Lori opened her mouth but no words came out.

Slowly, she cleared her throat and looked at him, he was staring at her intently, watching her every move, her every emotion like a hawk. "I need time to read through the contract and think about your offer." She said as she gulped hard. He nodded. "Fair enough. But you have until tomorrow evening. Here's my card." He handed her a crisp business card. "Once you make your choice, call me. A car would come to pick up you and your luggage." After she got out of his car, she watched him drive away while she clutched the document in mild shock.