

The Alpha's Nanny Novel

Chapter 4

Emilia Susannah Caine. He liked the name. Emilia, after a childhood friend he lost to cancer and Susannah after her mother. Finally, he was able to take her home, he went back to the hospital right after the full moon to pick her up. Mrs Grace was already doing a good job of handling her. She cried less and less but something told Gabriel that that would be the least of his worries. Emilia was like all babies really, all she really did was eat, sleep, poop and cry and Emilia took each and every one of her tasks seriously.

She ate a lot, she went through bottles and bottles of milk that even her donor's milk couldn't sustain her, they had to supplement with formula. She slept a lot during the day, so long as nobody in the house made a noise, she would have her nap times uninterrupted. She equally pooped a lot, the first time Gabriel had to change her diaper, he was mortified. He had called the doctor, was baby poop supposed to be green?! The doctor said it was normal. And the smell! Oh the smell also got everywhere, her smelly diapers were a menace enough for his delicate werewolf smell.

He could sniff them from half a mile away and could also tell without checking her diaper, when she needed a diaper change. Emilia had a weird concept of time, she slept during the day and terrorised them in the night. In fact, her first two nights in the house, he didn't get any sleep. No matter how or what he tried he just couldn't get her to sleep through the night and he tried as much as possible not to bother Grace during the night. She already had enough on her plate during the day, besides Grace wasn't even a live in staff.

In fact, that was one of the things that made him start to consider the prospects of a nanny. That and the fact that Grace was too old to be taking care of a newborn. Grace had recommended Ms Wyatt, claiming the young woman could benefit from the arrangement. Besides, she was already donating her milk to her. Gabriel was sceptical but he had chose to respect Grace's wishes and extend an offer. Loretta Wyatt. The woman was an enigma. There was nothing much he could find on her online, not even a social media account.

He ran her information through the city's database and her information came out and a grainy picture of her on her driver's license. She was twenty two, young, very young. She had very dark hair and large hazel eyes. She was beautiful, but there was also something dark and mysterious about her. As far as he could see from her information she had no criminal records, but Gabriel couldn't shake the feeling that that was not all

about her. Besides, she had been pregnant, even though she had lost the baby, she must have family, or a partner somewhere.

He had his lawyer prepare a contract, one that he was sure anyone would swiftly accept. And after the contract was done he drove over to Jay's diner where she worked to present it to her. Even from inside his car, parked in the parking lot he could see her working. She had a small trim figure, he couldn't believe she was the same woman who had given birth two weeks ago. She walked gracefully, elegantly, her face gave no emotions. she was smart and quick on her feet, but there was a faraway look in her eyes. The look of someone that had given up. He was curious about her. Very curious.

Slowly, he walked out of his car and walked towards the diner where she was. As he got closer to her, he caught a whiff of her scent. That was interesting, he could smell herbs, with a tinge of blood and a slight lavender scent. He looked at her again, she didn't appear to be bleeding anywhere. Except she was on her period. Being a werewolf could be tasking sometimes. It meant that he could smell everything, he could smell sickness in someone's body, he could smell blood, he could smell someone's emotions, like a taste on his tongue.

It was much easier for him to detect if the person was a werewolf. A bit harder to detect for a human but not entirely impossible, especially for him since he was an Alpha. His smell, just like the other heightened senses he had was a gift and a curse. "Ms Wyatt are you Ms Wyatt?" He asked as he stood behind her while she wiped a messy table. Grace called her Lori, he decided to use that instead of her full name. "Yes." She said without even looking back. "Can we sit and talk somewhere." She finally turned to look at him and Gabriel felt like he had been punched in the stomach.

Just then, he felt a line, like an invisible force had bonded him to the woman in front of him. He swallowed uncomfortably as he watched the woman in front of him. Mate. She was his mate. He looked at her again, there was no inkling in her eyes, no sort of recognition. She must be human, so she wouldn't feel the mating pull. It would be slower for her. It would take her weeks, months even for her to realise. She had to fall in love with him first before she ever knew. As Gabriel walked back to his car after she told him to wait for her at the end of shift, he was lost in his thoughts. Why?

Why her? Ever since he was a young wolf he always imagined what his mate would be like. He never thought of his mate being any different than him. His mate was a werewolf. His mate was supposed to be a werewolf. The moon goddess tended to work in mysterious ways and created situations like this but this was a tricky one. He was alpha. Alpha of one the best packs to ever exist. Alpha of one of the packs with the strongest bloodlines. How could his Luna be weak? How could his Luna be human? It just didn't make any sense. He would keep it to himself. He would keep the information to himself.

At least until he knew what to do with it. A few moments later she walked out of the diner in a layered red dress and boots. She had loosened her hair out from it's ponytail

and she let it flow freely. Without the uniform she looked much better, prettier even. He came out of his car and went to open the door for her, he could see the surprise on her face, but she didn't say a word. He caught a whiff of her again, the lavender scent seemed stronger now, overpowering, it must be a perfume she donned on. This was going to be hard. Very hard.

If she was to be Emilia's nanny, then he had to stay further away from her. The stronger the mating bond became, the harder it would be for him to deny the feelings he would have for her. Ten thousand dollars a month. Lori had never possessed that much money in her life, or even seen it before. It sounded impossible, almost impossible that this man would be giving her so much, just to be his daughter's nanny. He could have refused Grace and picked anyone, anyone else who would be more professional than her. Anyone better. But he was willing to choose her.

Perhaps if they knew more about her history they wouldn't be so willing. Perhaps if they knew what she had done they wouldn't even offer. She dropped off the contract on her coffee table and picked up her house phone and called the Fullers again. It went to voicemail, like it always did. They were not picking her calls. Lori sighed. Perhaps it was finally time to confront them. She had never been to their house before but she had the address. She had written it down one time after spying it in a document.

The Fullers had been very formal with her, so they had never extended an invitation for her to come over. Perhaps now was the right time. She thought as she walked into her small room and picked out a faded black jeans and large grey T-shirt. She swiped her boots for flats and washed her face before leaving. The Fullers residence was about twenty minutes away from her place. In a totally different part of the city. She could remember the very first day she had met Mrs Anne Fuller. It was the day she had found out she was pregnant.

She went to the hospital thinking she had a stomach bug because she couldn't keep any food in and the doctor has said she was three months pregnant. She had irregular periods so when she kept seeing blood throughout the three months she thought she wasn't pregnant. Her first thought was abortion, she wanted one right away, but she was too far along and the thought of it alone scared her. The nurse had walked into her room and gave her a pamphlet on adoption Lori had accepted it and walked out of the hospital room. On her way out she had bumped into a thin slender women.

The woman helped her pick up her pamphlet then she introduced herself. She offered Lori a ride home, Lori at that moment couldn't figure out why she was being so nice to her. The woman had stopped by a fast food restaurant and asked her if she wanted anything to eat, Lori was reluctant to impose but she was hungry so she had accepted. While they ate Anne Fuller had asked her if she was pregnant and if she was considering adoption. Lori nodded. Then Anne Fuller had then recounted the story of her life, how she and her husband have been trying to have a baby for ten years.

She stated directly that she would like to adopt Lori's baby. Lori was confused, it all happened so fast. At first she was sceptical, then she had done her research and found out just how many kids in her city alone were waiting for adoption. Lori herself had been in the system, so she knew how it was, she knew how it could be. Then Mrs Fuller grew more persistent, she would bring Lori food, call her everyday to check on her, offered to drive her to her doctor's appointment and after three weeks Lori caved. They were nice people, nice good people, her baby would be in safe hands.

In less than a week a contract was drafted. Lori signed it, relinquishing her rights as a mother immediately the baby was born. The Fullers had stated she would have no contact with the baby and even if she did, she would not reveal that she was his birth mother. Lori agreed. She agreed to everything. It was for the best, she told herself. He was in better hands. Except when the inevitable happened. The taxi stopped in front of the Fuller's residence, a nice white house with a picket fence, the kind of house you dreamed of having a family in.

The lawn was perfectly manicured and the lights were on. The Fullers were home.

Chapter 5

She rang the doorbell twice before someone came to the door. Mrs Fuller opened the door. She was wearing a large grey cardigan and sweatpants. "What do you want?" She said harshly as she tried to close the door. "Please wait! Just hear me out!" Lori begged. "I just, I need to see him... I woke up and they said you had taken him..." "See him?!" Mrs Fuller scoffed, retying her robe with anger. "You are not his mother. You relinquished your rights to him remember?" Lori nodded. "I know. I know I did that. But please, can you just let me know where he's buried? I just..

I just want to say goodbye." "Goodbye?!" Mr Fuller appeared from behind, there was a scowl on his face. He must have been listening in on their conversation. "You don't even deserve that! You don't deserve anything. You put his life in jeopardy!" "Tom." Mrs Fuller murmured but he ignored his wife. "You're the fucking reason he's dead!" Mr Fuller shouted. Lori swallowed hard. She wiped away the tears on her face. "Please. I'm begging you." "You don't deserve anything from us." "After all we've done for you." "This is the end.

If you come here again I'll have you arrested for trespassing." Mr Fuller said as he slammed the door shut. Lori stood outside, waiting, hoping they would come back. They didn't. Slowly she left their front porch, walking slowly towards the street. She would try again. she wouldn't give up. As many times as it took her to. Lori had gone to bed angry and sad. She dreamt again of a crying baby, a baby in a crib that she tried to reach and couldn't reach. She woke up in a fright, sweaty and panting all over. After that, it was hard to fall asleep.

She pumped some milk and lay on her bed awake, with her eyes wide open. She went to work as usual, forgetting the contract on her coffee table. Work went by in a drawl,

barely anything memorable happened. When she got back from work and saw the contract on the coffee table she sighed and picked it up. She looked at the contract again, this time, taking time out to read it word for word and looked at the business card that it came with. Gabriel Caine. CEO Caine Inc. Lori opened up her laptop and decided to look him up, while putting a pot on the stove for some ramen.

She didn't remember eating anything all afternoon. Only some eggs for breakfast and coffee at the diner. Gabriel Caine, his name, image and several article links popped up. He was twenty eight years old. CEO of Caine Inc, a multi billionaire conglomerate. He came from a large distinguished family. Unfortunately his parents were no more. But his grandfather who was around ninety seven years was still alive. He had no siblings, he was an only child but he had a lot of cousins so it seemed. He had business everywhere in America and Europe.

He had taken over the company at the early age of twenty. He didn't finish school until three years later. There was no news about his daughter, he must have kept her away from the media then. His pictures popped up. He was often seen with prominent rich people, and there were claims he was part of the rumoured cult group The Lords. The Lords was a cult, an elite group made up of only prominent figures all around the world. Though its members didn't affirm or deny the fact that it was a cult, it was said that they held meetings at different secret locations all around the world.

No one knew what they did, or why they were formed, but they seemed to be a very powerful group. Conspiracy theories had speculated that they were Satanist or part of the infamous illuminati but Lori didn't care much for those. Whatever they were and whatever people thought of them, they were a revered cult. Even though Gabriel Caine's life was in the public eye, there was very little about his personal life online. He seemed to seclude himself, living in private and secret locations that were deep in the woods and out of reach to normal people.

That was the only aspect of him that seemed strange to Lori. Lori picked up her phone and dialled the number in the business card. She was taking the job. He picked up after the first ring. "Ms Wyatt?" He said and Lori's eyes widened. "How? How do you know that it's me?" She asked and he seemed to chuckle. "I have been expecting your call." He said. "So what's it going to be Ms Wyatt? Are you taking my offer?" Lori took a deep breath and she sighed. "Yes. I am." She answered.. "Excellent. You resume right away.

Please pack your things, my driver will come pick you up in an hour." He said and Lori nodded. Immediately she dropped off the call she went to her small bedroom. There was a suitcase she had pushed under the bed, she knelt down and pulled it out. She dusted the suitcase and opened it up on her bed. She went back to the kitchen to switch off her stove. She was too excited to eat. At least for now. She packed her good clothes, all the ones she would need and a few of her shoes.

There was nothing much in her fridge, but she put the frozen bags of milk she had and arranged them into the cooler with ice on it. Then she tidied up her apartment, throwing

away the things she didn't need and the things that would get spoiled if left alone for too long. She was taking out the trash when she spotted a black car waiting in front of her apartment complex. the driver approached her. "Are you Ms Wyatt?" He asked and she nodded. He was a tall man, with a shaved head and sunshades. "I'm Tony, Mr Caine's chauffeur. He asked me to pick you up." He said and Lori nodded.

"Give me a moment. Let me just bring my suitcase down." The ride was long, longer than she had anticipated. After several minutes, they arrived at a large mansion on the top of a hill. The only way to get to the mansion was a lonely dark road that led directly to the mansion. Lori wasn't too surprised, given what she had read about him, these were the kind of locations that Gabriel Caine was used to. Besides, he was a very private man, a home at the top of a hill surrounded by trees was the best place to avoid civilisation.

Finally, the long lone road came to an end and there was a wrought iron gate in front of them, the gate opened by default and the car drove in. The driveway was large, flanked by well trimmed bushes and figurines, as they neared the house, there was a waterfall at the front, a waterfall with the statue of a large wolfman with its head tilted backwards, water flowed out of its mouth and paws. Weird, she had never seen such a peculiar sculpture before. The car pulled up in front of the house, and Lori got out while Tony retrieved her suitcase from the trunk of the car.

The weather was warm, the mansion looked even bigger than she had imagined, to her left there was another house, notably smaller, perhaps a guest house and to her right there was a large sprawling lawn with a small garden. Tony took her suitcase right up the front porch and the door opened automatically. As if someone had been waiting for them. Apparently someone was. A tall dark man in an impeccable suit. "Hello Ms Wyatt. My name is Gregory. I am the butler." He said. "Welcome to the Caine household.

I hope the ride here wasn't too uncomfortable?" He had a slight British accent and a lovely smile and impeccable white teeth that complimented his dark complexion. Lori instantly felt comfortable with him. "It was good. Thank you." She said as he led her inside. Wow. She thought as she was led inside the foyer. She took every bit of the house in as they walked in further. Well! It was certainly much more grandiose than she had expected. "You will be taken to your room. You can rest and change for a while. Grace will come to you later and give you the details." She nodded. "Oh!

Before I forget." She said as she handed him the cooler of frozen breast milk. "For the baby." She said and the butler nodded as he collected it from her. She was led up the large spiral staircase by another servant, a quiet small woman with short black hair. Despite all the servant's protest, Lori did not let her help with her suitcase, claiming it would be very heavy for her. And it was. It was equally very heavy. They got to the room at the end of the hall and the woman opened it with a spare key. Inside the room, she opened up the windows and patted the bed.

"This is your room ma'am." She said and Lori nodded. "Thank you." She said as she looked around. The room was perfect. Not too small and not too big either. There were two windows that showed her the view of the back of the mansion, there was a large oval pool and a beach house next to it with even more sprawling grass. Her room had a nightstand, a large four poster bed with white sheets, a full sized mirror and a small closet with an adjoining bathroom. She walked into the bathroom and sighed, oh it wss perfect. White tiles, white sink, a bathtub!

She quickly moved to change her clothes, she was torn between picking something comfortable or something more formal. She settled for a grey sweatpants and a black T-shirt. She was going to be living in the house anyway, she didn't have to dress uptight. She was searching for a hairband for her hair when she heard a small knock on the door. "It's me Grace!" An excited voice said from the other side of the door. Lori opened the door and saw Grace standing on the other side of the door grinning at her. Lori couldn't help but smile, her smile was contagious. "I am so glad you're here!

Welcome!" She squealed as she walked in. "Are you hungry? Do you need to eat anything?" Lori shook her head. "No. No. I'm fine. I'm fine." "Mr Caine will come later to debrief you. He wants to do it himself." "I am so glad you decided to take this job, I just knew you'd be perfect for it." Lori's eyes widened. "Really?" Grace nodded. "Of course. Ever since I saw you at the hospital. Again, I'm very sorry about your son." Lori shrugged. "Its fine." "I don't really like to talk about it." She added and the woman nodded. "It's fine. I understand." She said soberly. "Do you want to meet Emilia?

She's napping right now but I'm sure you can still sneak in to see her, her nursery is right next your room." Lori nodded. She might as well see the baby she had been donating milk to for the last few weeks. Her heart was racing as she and Grace left her room and Grace gently opened Emilia's nursery. This was it. This was the moment.