

# Read Billionaire Baby Daddy online free by Claire Adams

## Chapter Fifteen

Lexi

Janice decided to take Emma to the park for the morning, so I unexpectedly had some time to myself. I had thought about going with them to the park, but Janice had practically shooed me off, telling me to go enjoy myself for a couple hours and stop worrying so much.

I couldn't remember the last time I'd had a few hours to myself. It had been a long time since I'd been able to afford a babysitter, and even when we'd been staying with Misty, it had mostly been Misty, Emma, and I doing things together, or else it had been Misty watching Emma while I did specific tasks like job interviews.

Trying to figure out what to do with myself that morning was difficult. I started out like I always did, checking my email to see if there was anything promising on the job front. Andrew had been out of town all week, but I had still been trying hard to get a job. I applied to positions high and low, just hoping to hear something back from one of them.

Andrew wasn't around to check up on me and make sure that—how did he put it?—his investment was following what had been set out in the original contract? But despite Misty's insistence that Andrew wouldn't kick me out as soon as possible, I still wanted to have a head start and hopefully be back on my feet again by the time he did decide to get rid of us.

Unfortunately, I had yet to find anyone who was even interested in interviewing me. I didn't know what I was doing wrong. Maybe it was

something with my résumé, other than the fact that there was a giant gap from about three and a half years ago up to now.

Or maybe something was wrong with the job market itself. It seemed like no matter what I tried to do, I was passed over. Retail jobs seemed to think I was overqualified. Office jobs seemed to think I was under-qualified. I couldn't win.

I trashed rejection email after generic rejection email, wondering when the string of them would end.

I'd been comfortable since moving into Andrew's place. I still wanted to find a job, but I could feel myself being lured into complacency at the same time. It would be so easy to get used to this. I refused to let myself relax, though. This was a temporary situation, and I had to take advantage of it while I could. Like it or not, I'd be moving soon.

It was difficult to keep applying for jobs when I didn't know where I was going to be living come next week. Now that Andrew was back from his business trip, I could only assume he would make good on his promise to move Emma and me out of there, posthaste.

Maybe I shouldn't apply to anything else before Andrew and I had a long talk about what the future was going to hold for Emma and me. The last thing I wanted was to get my hopes up over a job that I'd been selected to interview for, only to find out that I was still going to be staying out here with Andrew, and thus, would have no way to commute to the job that I was hired to do.

Speaking of Andrew, he had returned home from his trip the night before, but he'd done a good job of avoiding me since. He hadn't even said hello to me, although he'd evidently said hello to Emma. She had proudly

come to show me the new stuffed animal that Mr. Goldwright had brought all the way from England for her.

I wanted to be angry with him, but I couldn't help smiling as I saw Emma's excitement and the way she clung to her new toy. I just wondered why it had to be a sloth, of all things. I was sure there was some sort of story behind it, but if there was, he hadn't told Emma. The thing was cute, anyway.

I only wished things were a little less awkward between Andrew and me. He had avoided me the previous night, and he had gotten up early that morning to go to work, so he didn't see me, presumably. I was afraid things were going to continue to be awkward between us for as long as Emma and I lived in his house. Maybe for as long as we lived.

I hated the thought of that. I wanted to get along with him, for Emma's sake. Or at least to be civil with one another, like two adults who could be in the same room together.

I frowned, trying to think what my options were. Andrew and I were going to need to have a talk about the future soon, and I wanted to go into it knowing what I was asking for.

Maybe if I just asked him for a small amount of child support money, just enough to scrape by and make sure that Emma had a roof overhead, then it would resolve things quickly and painlessly. Surely with the amount of money Andrew had in the bank, he could spare a few hundred dollars a month. It wouldn't be the best situation for either of us, and I'd definitely still need to find a job, but at least it would give us something for the months when I couldn't find any work.

If nothing else, I could afford to buy food and new clothes for Emma, even if it meant we were still crashing in Misty's spare room.

The doorbell rang. I considered leaving it since it wasn't my house and Janice wasn't there. But then again, it was probably just a package. If it just needed a signature, I would feel bad not answering it, knowing that if it weren't for me and Emma, Janice would be there, and she would be able to sign for the package.

I pulled open the door and stared at the woman standing on the front porch. She definitely wasn't a delivery man.

Instead, she was blonde, tanned, and gorgeous. She had her long hair pulled back into a ponytail, and she wore athletic clothing, like she was about to go for a run or had just come from the gym. She looked every bit like an advertisement for a fitness club, too, with perfect lean muscles and no body fat to speak of.

She raised an eyebrow at me and folded her arms across her chest. Her manicured fingernails tapped against the opposite arm. "Who exactly are you?" she asked.

"My name's Lexi," I told her, wondering just who exactly she was.

Whoever she was, she pushed past me and into the house, acting as though she owned the place. I started to protest, but before I could finish the words, Janice showed up with Emma. Emma immediately moved behind me, suddenly shy. I felt bad when I realized how many strangers she'd been forced to meet in the past month, all because I'd bounced us around so many times.

I patted her head and watched the scene in front of me unfold.

"Renée, I didn't know you were coming over," Janice said mildly to the woman.

Renée. That's Andrew's girlfriend. I took a closer look at the woman, trying to picture her with Andrew. Then, I blushed, realizing that in my head, I was sizing up my competition. But she wasn't my competition, not really. I might have Andrew's daughter, but she had Andrew's heart, evidently. He was firm in the fact that she was his girlfriend, and there would be no one else.

I swallowed hard and tuned back into what she and Janice were saying.

"I didn't tell Andrew I was coming," Renée said breezily. From the haughty tone of her voice, I could tell she thought it

was beneath her to have to explain her actions to a maid. But she continued. "I thought I'd pop over and surprise him. He needs to forget about work every once in a while. He's been so tired lately. I thought I could get him to stay in bed for a little while longer today."

"Unfortunately, you're too late for that," Janice said brusquely. "Andrew was awake early this morning. No doubt because of the jetlag, and he headed into the office hours ago. You'll need to come back later if you want to see him. But I suggest informing him of your visit first so that this doesn't happen again."

"Hmm," Renée said, but she didn't really appear to be listening to Janice. Instead, her eyes were still fixed on me, although they darted every now and then towards Emma before coming back up to my face. "Who is this?" she suddenly barked out, directing the question at Janice.

"That's Lexi," Janice said, and although I couldn't hear it in her voice, I could detect a hint of nervousness in the woman's eyes. I wondered what

reason she had for being nervous. Whatever it was, I was glad Renée couldn't see it, since her eyes were still trained on me.

“So I've heard,” Renée said, rolling her heavily made-up eyes. “What I want to know is who Lexi is in relation to Andrew. Why is she here? And who's the brat who's with her?”

“You're a brat,” Emma said under her breath. She stuck her thumb in her mouth defiantly and began to suck at it.

At that moment, I hated Renée. What would Andrew have to say if he heard his girlfriend talking that way about his daughter? He would probably just laugh it off or else not care at all.

Janice's mouth thinned into a tight line. “Lexi is my niece,” she lied. “Andrew has been kind enough to let them come stay with him for a few days. Family troubles, you know.”

“Family troubles,” Renée repeated flatly, still eyeing me as though I might slip up and reveal who I really was.

Not that she could know that we were lying. For all she knew, Janice had told her the truth, and I was Janice's niece. I squared my shoulders, trying to project an air of confidence.

Finally, Renée shook her head and headed back towards the door, pushing me out of the way for a second time, muttering something under her breath about domestics as she went.

“Renée?” Janice asked sweetly before the woman could leave.

“What?” Renée ground out.

“Did you want me to give Andrew a message? Let him know that you stopped by?”

“That’s not necessary,” the woman snapped, and Janice raised her eyebrows looking amused. But she didn’t call Renée back. Instead, she simply closed the door firmly behind the fuming woman.

I scooped Emma up into my arms, sensing that the girl was still distressed. Inwardly, I cursed Renée for having taken what could have been a great day, starting at the park and ending with some coloring and make-believe, and instead making poor Emma upset.

“Why did you lie to her?” I asked Janice.

Janice sighed. “That was Renée, Andrew’s girlfriend,” she said.

“I gathered that,” I said. “But why did you lie and say that I was your niece? Why didn’t you tell her who I actually was?”

Janice shrugged. “If she didn’t already know who you were and what you were doing here, I have to assume that Andrew hasn’t told her about the two of you. And if he hasn’t told her, he probably has some reason for not letting her know. He’s my employer, and I will always respect my employer’s wishes and follow his lead.”

“Hmm,” I said, staring at the maid with newfound appreciation. “Do you think she bought your excuse? And what if she says something to Andrew?”

“She won’t say something to Andrew,” Janice said confidently. She snorted. “If she said something to Andrew, the woman would have to explain that she just popped by to see him in the middle of the afternoon on a work day, without warning him first. Andrew may be warming up to the concept of dating, but that doesn’t mean he’s okay with clinginess

and desperation. If he knew that she was here, he'd avoid her even more."

She managed to startle a laugh out of me with that one. But I sobered quickly as Emma squirmed in my arms. I set her down and watched her run off to the living room to get one of her coloring books. "What if she didn't believe that I was your niece, though?"

"She has no proof of anything otherwise," Janice said firmly. "It's time to stop worrying about Renée. Why don't you come help me with lunch?"

"Okay," I said slowly, following her into the kitchen.

I couldn't stop wondering what it meant, though, that Andrew wouldn't tell his girlfriend about Emma and me. Did it mean that he was ashamed of us? Or could it possibly mean that Andrew and Renée weren't as close as she wanted them to be?