

Chapter 3 One Night Stand

Moana

I woke up to sunlight and a fresh, warm summer breeze streaming in through a large set of open French doors. As I cracked my eyes open, the sound of the city street below filled my ears, and the feeling of my throbbing head on a plush pillow alerted me to the fact that I was not in my own bed.

Groaning, I slowly pushed myself up onto my elbows and scanned the room as flashes of what happened the night before began to flood my mind. I remembered being at the bar, in the silky black dress that I had picked out... I remembered drinking a gin and tonic, and being accosted by a middle-aged man with sinister intentions...

Other memories came flooding back, too.

I remembered being in the back of a car with a handsome man. His neck was warm and soft as I pressed my lips to it. He tried to hide his arousal at first, but he eventually gave in to his desires as he led me to the elevator that led up to the expensive hotel room he had booked. We made our way to the room, stopping periodically to press our lips together and touch each other's bodies in the hallway. I remembered how electric his hands felt on my body as he gripped my waist through the silky black dress, and how quickly he removed that dress once we were safely inside the hotel room.

He carried me over to the bed while I kissed his neck and nibbled at his ears, his body pressing into mine as he laid me down on the soft blankets.

I clung onto his chest like my life depended on it, fumbling to unbutton his shirt; he eventually became tired of waiting for my clumsy fingers to undo the buttons and did it himself, revealing thick, toned muscles as he pulled his shirt off.

We spent the night in ecstasy, moving as one in the moonlit hotel room.

As I came to the realization of what happened last night, I slowly turned my head to face the man who laid asleep next to me. Even asleep, the man was still as handsome and sexy as ever, with the sheets pulled down around his waist to reveal his chiseled torso and the top of his groin, making my face get hot and turn red.

But... He was Edrick Morgan. He was my cheating ex boyfriend's new boss.

I bit my lip and quietly climbed out of bed, searching for my panties.

“Ahem.”

I spun around with my panties in my hand to see Edrick sitting up in bed, his cold gray eyes fixed on me. Without a word, he stood — making me blush as he completely revealed his nude body — and walked over to where his pants lay on the floor. I quickly pulled my panties and my bra on as he put on his boxer briefs, then watched as he picked up his pants and dug into his pocket for his wallet.

“Here,” he said darkly, digging into his wallet and pulling out a thick wad of cash. He walked over to me and thrust it toward me. “Take it, but keep in mind that this is a one-time deal.”

I took a few steps back, my sheepish expression turning to one of anger and resentment.

“You... think I'm a prostitute?” I snarled.

Edrick merely shrugged and tossed the cash at my feet. “It doesn't matter if you are or you aren't,” he said coldly, walking away and pulling his

pants on with his back turned to me. “No one sleeps with me without the expectation of getting something extra in return. Your aloof demeanor last night faded away pretty quickly as soon as I dressed you up and paid for your drinks, so I know what you’re after. Just take the money and leave.”

I frowned, narrowing my eyes. “I never wanted your money,” I said, my voice shaking out of anger as I picked the dress up off the ground and put it on. If I still had my own clothes, I would’ve left the dress on the floor, but I had no idea what happened to my stained outfit at this point.

“By the way,” Edrick muttered, ignoring what I said and buttoning his shirt with his back still turned to me, “you should learn not to take drinks from strangers. You’re lucky I was there to save you from that guy. Learn from basic common sense next time.”

I paused, gritting my teeth, and pulled the dress on the rest of the way before answering.

“You’re just as cold and heartless as they say.”

Edrick didn’t answer, and I didn’t care to stick around to see if he would come up with one. With a hmp, I grabbed the strappy heels from the night before and stomped barefoot over to the door. My hand rested on the doorknob for a moment as I fumed, and when I swung the door open, I called over my shoulder one last time.

“You can’t just throw money at everyone when you have a guilty conscience,” I growled before walking out and slamming the door behind me.

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As soon as I got home, I tore off the dress and the heels and threw them in the corner as the anger over both Sam and Edrick bubbled up inside of me. Frowning and muttering to myself, I stomped over to the fridge in my underwear and pulled out the milk to pour myself a bowl of cereal. Cereal

was just about all I had to eat, but the thought of taking Edrick Morgan's money after a one night stand made me feel worse than going hungry.

As I was just about to take my first bite of cereal, my phone started ringing. I rolled my eyes, anticipating for it to be Sam trying to beg for me to come back, but squinted when I noticed that it was an unknown number.

"Hello?" I said, stirring my cereal with my spoon, half expecting a spam caller to be on the other end.

"Good morning. Is this Moana Fowler?"

"Yes," I replied.

"My name is Nancy Grace. I'm calling from the Au Pair Agency."

My eyes widened, and I dropped my spoon, not caring as it sank down all the way into the milk. I had been trying to find a nanny job through the Au Pair Agency for months now, but they hadn't found any suitable work for me yet. It had been so long that I had completely lost hope at this point.

"We found an assignment for you," Nancy said in a sing-song voice. "It's a full time, live-in position with a single Alpha father. Are you available to make a house call later today to meet the family and complete an interview?"

"Y-Yes," I said, using all of my energy to keep my composure. "I'd be happy to."

"Great," Nancy replied. "You're expected at two o'clock today. I'll text you the address once we end the call."

"Thank you so much," I replied.

"You're welcome. Oh, and Moana — you should know that you're not going to be the only candidate for this position. I would recommend taking extra care to make a good first impression; working for this family is a once in a lifetime opportunity, and the pay is unparalleled."

I felt my heart sink at Nancy's words and opened my mouth to ask who the family was, but before I could, Nancy hung up and I was met with silence on the other end.

Furrowing my brow at the abrupt end to the call, I set down my phone and stared at it as the notification with the address details popped up on my screen.