

The Nanny Mated to Quadruple Master Alphas

Chapter 4 / 5

2775 Words

Samantha I don't understand why you need to live in that house?" My father said to me. I was with my dad in our living room. He was in his recliner, while I sat on the couch telling him about my new job. Luckily, he was sober right now that we could actually talk. "Daddy, it's part of the job. I have to live in the house so I can take care of the little girl." I told him. "You don't get it Sam. Those people are not normal people." My dad said to me. "Look, I know they have way more money than I will ever see in my lifetime. And I know they basically own this town. So can't you see how great this opportunity is for me daddy?" I said to him. "Sam, it isn't that. There are some things you don't know. The Gold family, you don't know them." My dad said. "You don't know them either. Daddy I can't just keep living here with you. I need my own life too." I told him. My dad looked at me and I could see he was fighting the tears in his eyes. "Sam, I know I am a shitty father. You don't understand, when your mother died, part of me died with her." He said to me. "I know losing mom hurt. I hurt too, she was my best friend. Daddy, I can't keep taking care of you. You really need to start taking care of yourself." I said. My dad didn't say anything. He looked down at the ground. "Are you ok with this daddy?" I asked him after he remained silent. "I just wish it was another family. I don't want them taking my baby girl too." He said finally. "Daddy, they are not taking your baby girl. I will always be your daughter." I said to him. I don't know where this was coming from. I guess the alcohol warped my father's perception of things. I really hope by me not being around him anymore helps him realise he needs to get sober. "You better go pack." My dad whispered. "Daddy? Are you ok with this?" I asked him. "Even if I'm not, you will still go." He said to me. I got up off the couch and went over to him. I kneeled down in front of him and took his hand in mine. "Daddy, I love you. This job is good for both of us. It will help pay the bills, but it also gives you the chance to start taking care of yourself again. I just want my old daddy back." I said as tears started forming in my eyes. My dad took his other hand and held my hand between both of his palms and said, "I want my old life back too. I just want her back. It's so hard Sam." I sniffed and pulled my dad into a hug. "I'm not leaving you dad, I'm just going to a job where I live at a new place. I am not leaving you. You will always be my dad." My dad held me right and didn't say anything. We stayed like that for a bit. Finally, he let me go. "Don't take no s**t from those people." He said. After talking to my father, I went upstairs to pack my stuff. I looked around my bedroom. It was still the same as it was when I was 13 years old. Now I'm 20 and my bedroom shows how stuck I really am. This nanny job is what I need otherwise I'm going to be here forever in my 13 year old self's bedroom. I went over to my closet and got my suitcase out of it to put on my bed. Then I started to go through my closet and was pulling out the clothes. As I did, I realised I did not have a lot of clothes. In fact, I can't remember the last time I just went and bought something for myself. All I do is work a job so me and my father can just survive. I couldn't afford to just indulge in things just for me. So clothes shopping just for the hell of it didn't exist in my life. I was putting the last few things of mine into the suitcase when I saw the framed photo on my desk. I went over and picked it up. I looked at the photo of me and my mom right when I turned 13. We were laughing and holding each other in the photo. This was my favourite photo of her. After she died, I couldn't even look at the photo. I hated her for leaving me and dad. Her death made me grow up. It made my father an alcoholic. I had to deal with him and try to keep us from being homeless. This the first time in a long time that I have actually looked at this photo. A tear

fell down my cheek at I looked at my mother in it. "Mom, I'm slowly dying here. I need this job just to escape. I need to have my own adventure and take care of myself." I told the photograph. I closed my eyes. I needed to do this, I reminded myself. I put the framed photo back on my desk, and closed the suitcase. I took out my phone to call my Uncle Peter. He wasn't my real uncle. He was my father's best friend. I needed him to check my car. I don't need it starting tomorrow. "Hey kiddo, what's going on?" Uncle Peter said to me. "Hey, so my car would not start today. Anyway you can please come over to look at it? I really need it working for tomorrow." I told him. "What's so big about tomorrow that you need the car?" He asked me. "Well, I got a nanny job. I start tomorrow for the Gold family." I told him. "You are working for the Gold family itself?" He asked me. "Yeah, Mrs Gold is giving me a trial to be the nanny for the little girl. I will move in and start tomorrow." I told him nervously. "Move into the Gold mansion? Are you sure this is a good idea Sam?" Uncle Peter asked me. "I really need this job. The pay is good. It will help keep us afloat. Plus, I really need to have a tiny life. Maybe me living there will give that to me." I told Uncle Peter. I heard him sigh and then he said, "I know Sammy, you should live life like a college kid. Life definitely has not been kind to you. But the Gold family? Just be careful of those four boys. You are a pretty girl and I don't want them to hurt you, ok?" "I'm not their type and you know it. I'm not pretty so I doubt they would even notice me. I will be fine." I told him. "Sammy...I wish you could see how beautiful you really are kiddo. Just be careful, promise me that." He said. "I will be careful, I promise." I told him, "Ok, I'm coming over, I will fix the car, don't worry." He said. I ended the call. Everything is going to be fine. I know it will. Tomorrow starts my new job and my new life at the Gold mansion. This is going to be good for me. * "Kiddo, the connection here to the battery is really corroded." My uncle Peter told me. "What does that mean?" I asked. "It means you really need a new battery." He told me. "You can't just jump it? I really can't afford a battery." I told him. "I can, but it is not going to solve the problem. The car will die again on you." He told me. "Great, so I'm stuck?" I asked. "No, I will get you the battery. You pay me back when you can. No rush." He told me. "I can't let you do that." I told him. "Sammy, you need the car to work, correct?" Uncle Peter asked me. "Yes, I do. I don't want to be let go before I start because I don't have a car." I sighed. "Then it's settled. Answer me something, why the Golds? You could most likely find a babysitting job anywhere. Why them?" He asked me. "I don't know. It's like the job called to me. Plus, I know this sounds stupid but I can live there too. I just feel like I need to be away." I told him. Uncle Peter nodded his head. "I can understand the need to escape. You are young and you should have freedom. Just, I'm worried about you. You know the Golds are very influential people here. Just don't want anything to happen to you." Early the next day, I loaded up my car. Thank heavens that Uncle Peter got the battery for it. I just can't haul a box and my suitcase on a bus to move into the Gold mansion. I finished putting my stuff in the car and went back into the house. I looked around, I can't believe I won't be sleeping here tonight. I was excited but a small part of me was sad because I felt like I was abandoning my father. "The place won't be the same without you kiddo." I heard from behind me. I turned around to see my dad. "Hey dad." I said to him. "It's going to be fine. I know you need to live your own life. I have been so selfish in keeping you from it." My dad said to me. "Dad, I..." I said, shaking my head. I honestly don't know what to say to him. "Hey, it's ok. I'm a mess. I have been a mess since your mother passed away. I should have been the one taking care of things, not you. I'm the parent." He said. "I'm going to miss you." I told him as I reached over to hug him. "Go make me proud and don't let those Gold's bully you. If it doesn't work out, you will always have a place here. I'm going to try and sober up." My father said. I pulled away from him and smiled. He always promises to sober up, but he never does. Maybe this time, since I won't be here, he might actually do it. "Alright, you better get going, they said at eight am. Don't be late, young lady." My dad said to me. I nodded my head, then said, "You are going to be ok?" "I will be ok, go and be a nanny." My dad said motioning for me to leave. I smiled one last time for my dad and left the house. I got into my car and drive in the direction of the Gold Mansion. As I got to the gate of the Gold mansion, I pulled in to get buzzed in. A rough sounding voice came over the intercom. "May I help you?" The voice said "I'm Samantha Conner, I'm Eva's new nanny." I said to

the intercom. "At least you are punctual this time." The voice said and then the gates opened. I'm not sure if I was just insulted or complimented? Already I feel like things will be very interesting living and working in this mansion. I pulled into the long driveway to be greeted by a man. I stopped the car and put the window down a bit. "Hello, I handle the cars, if you please leave me your keys." The man said. "They have valet parking as well?" I asked, in surprised. "Not exactly, but yes." The man said. "Yeah, we'll I missed all this because the car died and I walked here for the interview." I said. "Oh, I know. Trust me we were all surprised to hear that Mrs Gold hired you. That's unusual." The man told me. I nodded my head. I guess I made a bigger impression then I realised. I put my car in park and took the keys out of the ignition. After I got out of the car, I handed my keys to the man and said, "I'm Samantha, but most people call me Sam." "I'm Marcus. Do you need help with your stuff?" He asked me. I pulled my suitcase out of the car and then reached for the box. "No, this is it. I don't have a lot." I told him. "No you do not. You are very different from what we normally get for a nanny." Marcus said. "Go through a lot of nannies?" I asked. "Let's say we had a few. All I can say is just make sure Eva likes you and try to resist the Gold's boys. They tend to be the downfall of the other nannies." Marcus said. "Thanks for the advice. I know of the twins' reputation, both sets of them, I should say. Trust me, I don't have any plans of being with them. I need this job." I told Marcus. "I heard that before. Well, good luck." He said as he opened my car door to get in. I watched as he took my car away from the house. I wasn't quite sure where they parked the cars, but I'm sure my car will be safe. I walked up to the front door, did I knock? I wasn't quite sure. I was about to do that when the door swung open and a girl came out in a very tiny dress that barely covered her. She stopped and looked at me before she rolled her eyes and mumbled, "Yeah, right." I looked at her as I held my box and suitcase close to me. "Excuse me?" I asked. "You have no chance with those boys." She said. "Well, that's a good thing, because I'm here for Eva. If you excuse me. I need to get inside." I told her as I pushed myself past her. I heard the girl huff, but I ignored it as I stepped inside the mansion. "I'm glad to see you were on time. I'm sorry you had to run into the trash one or both of my sons brought in last night." Mrs Gold said to me. "I do try to be punctual. Yesterday was an exception that I hope will not be repeated." I told her. "Good, let me show you the room you will be in. Is this all your stuff or will more be showing up later?" She asked. I shook my head and said, "No, this is it." I told her. She raised her eyebrow but didn't say anything. "Follow me." She ordered. I followed her up the stairs to the second floor of the house. I saw what looked like a row of doors on both sides of the hallway. "Eva's room is right there." She said pointing to an ornate door. "So your room is right next to hers." She said as she pointed to an ornate door next to it. "Thank you." I said to her. "Aiden's room is there." She pointed across the hall. "Next to that is Braxton's, then it's Colt's, and finally that door here is Damien's. I'm telling you this because I better not catch you in any of those rooms. Do you understand?" She asked. "Yes ma'am, I completely understand." I told her. "Good, then as long as you follow that rule, I will have no issues then." She said to me.