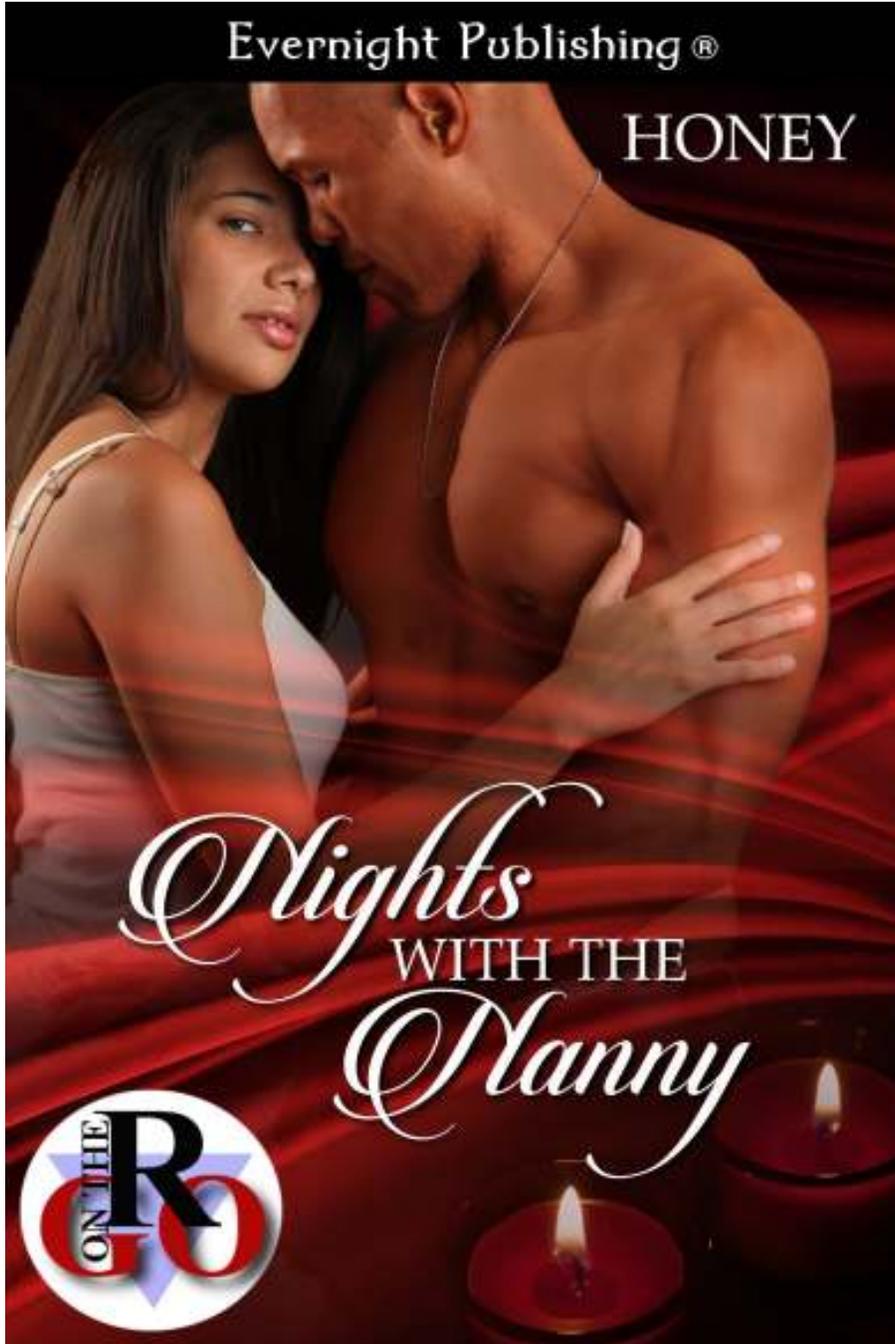


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Nights
WITH THE
Nanny





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This is a work of fiction. All names, characters, and places are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my amazing little boy, Solomon III and my parents, William and Laretta. You all inspire me. I am because you are.

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NIGHTS WITH THE NANNY

Honey

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Chapter One

“QJ, come back here this instance! I want to clean you up before Mrs. Madison arrives for your art lesson.”

The little boy kept running fast toward his bedroom in the opposite direction, with his father a few steps behind. “No! I hate art lessons and I hate Mrs. Madison too! I want my *mommy!*” The sound of QJ’s bedroom door slamming shut behind him boomed throughout the house.

Quentin stood upset and speechless outside his son’s closed door. A gentle tug on his right pants leg alerted him that Queen, his precious baby girl, was nearby. He looked down into the angelic face which reminded him so much of her late mother’s. The child may have his chocolate complexion, but her facial features were identical to his deceased wife’s. Even with her thumb stuck in her mouth, Queen’s resemblance to Francesca was overwhelmingly noticeable. Quentin reached down and lifted the child into his arms. “Are you okay, darling?”

Queen nodded her head, causing long ponytails—one planted on each side of her head—to swing back and forth.

“You’re Daddy’s sweet little princess.” Quentin kissed his daughter’s chubby little cheek. “I’m going to take you into the parlor with Auntie Ashley so you can get ready for your art lesson. There’re a few things I need to discuss with your twin brother before Mrs. Madison arrives.”

“He’s just a four-year-old little boy, Quentin. QJ is trying his best to make sense of the changes his family has gone through this

year. His innocent world has been turned upside down. It's only been six months. Be patient with the child."

Quentin tossed the chart to the side of his desk and glared at his nurse, releasing a frustrated breath. The older woman kept his office running smoothly, but had also become one of his closest friends and confidants.

"He's a *brat*, Agnes, I tell you. God knows I loved Francesca with all my heart. She was a great wife and a wonderful mother, but she spoiled those kids to death. She ruined them."

"Your wife pampered the twins and poured all of her love on them because she was dying. She wanted to leave her children with warm and fun memories of their mother. I can't blame her for that. Have you found a nanny yet? Ashley is leaving in two weeks, returning home to Baltimore."

Quentin rubbed a hand over his clean-shaven head and sighed. "I know, but I haven't had time to look for one with my hectic work schedule. I barely have twenty minutes to read to the twins at night. I manage to do it, though. I have to because I promised their mother I would."

Agnes stood from her chair and stared down at her boss. "Let me do it."

"Do what?"

"Let me hire a nanny for QJ and Queen. You know I raised my three daughters into outstanding women, and according to my grandchildren, I'm the world's best nana. Surely, my maternal instincts could help me sniff out a fine nanny. You do trust me, don't you?"

"Of course I trust you. You're like a mother to me. I also owe a great deal of my success to you. You're more than just my nurse. You run this practice like a drill sergeant and ensure that my patients receive the highest quality of care. If it wasn't for you, I never would've made it through Francesca's extended illness or her death."

"I consider you the son I never had. That's why I work so hard around here. I would do anything for you, Quentin. Finding you the perfect nanny for the twins would be my pleasure."

"Thank you. It's a live-in job, you know."

"I know."

"She'll need three references and no criminal background," Quentin insisted, wagging his finger for emphasis. "Ask for her most

recent health checkup summary too. And make sure she's heavily into the arts and can prepare a decent meal. Lyle doesn't work on the weekends anymore. With Ashley prepared to leave week after next, my children and I will starve to death unless you find someone to cook on his off days."

Agnes planted her fists on her ample hips and glared at her boss over the rim of her bifocal glasses. "Is there anything else, Quentin?"

"Yes. I'd like a *mature* nanny. The children would benefit from a seasoned woman with experience in child rearing. QJ, in particular, will respond more positively to a matronly type caretaker than he would to one of those young and bubbly Barbie doll look-alikes. He'll think of her as a grandmother figure like you or an aunt instead of a playmate. He may even respect her."

"Got it. I'm going to find you the ideal nanny. Trust me."

"So, what are your plans? Do you think you'll finally put your degree to good use?"

Nia rolled her mother's question around inside her head a couple of times. "It seems like a lifetime ago that I wanted to teach. I'm not sure what I want to do now that I'm officially retired from modeling. Who knows? I may just go back to school to study nursing or psychology."

"You're still young and very beautiful," Zelda LeBeau pointed out. "Since you're relocating to Atlanta, I suggest that you take some acting classes and start auditioning for commercials or small television roles. Tyler Perry may cast you in one of his sitcoms once he discovers that you were a runway model in Paris."

"We'll see, Mama. I registered my résumé on every employment website in Atlanta. I've got my fingers crossed. Hopefully, I'll find a job to suit me." Nia grabbed the handle on her rolling suitcase. Then she leaned over and planted a kiss on her mother's forehead. "I'll call you as soon as I land."

"She ain't *matronly* at all," Agnes mumbled under her breath. She narrowed her eyes at the computer screen and studied the picture more carefully. Nia LeBeau was an incredibly attractive woman, to say the least. She definitely didn't fit the description of the type of nanny Quentin had requested, but there was something about her that

pulled Agnes in. She had a degree in early childhood education and ten years experience in the fashion industry. She'd spent her entire career in Paris and other parts of Europe. Now she was back in the States, more specifically in *Atlanta*, and she was looking for a job working with children. Her eyes were mesmerizing. They were a unique shade of green. There was kindness and sincerity in their depths. For some unexplainable reason, Agnes felt like Ms. LeBeau could be trusted with QJ and Queen. And her instincts told her that she could add a little spice to Quentin's boring life as well. Not only did he need someone to take care of the twins, he was long overdue for a healthy dose of female companionship to help take the edge off.

Sadly, his wife Francesca had died of an inoperable brain tumor six months ago. Before her death, she suffered nearly two years with unbearable headaches, weight loss, mental regression, and eventually, blindness. She was totally immobile and unable to speak at the time of her death. Because of Francesca's dreadfully debilitating condition, she spent most of her six year marriage to Quentin in and out of the hospital. There wasn't very much time or desire for romance and lovemaking after she was diagnosed. Plus the twins were very young and required lots of attention from their father and Auntie Ashley. And due to all of the strong medications her team of doctors had prescribed, Francesca wasn't physically able to fulfill her wifely duties to Quentin. Agnes knew for a fact that he had remained faithful to his wife throughout the course of their marriage and she admired him for that. But Francesca was gone now and she wasn't coming back. Quentin was a young man with his whole life ahead of him and he had *needs*. Every man did whether he chose to acknowledge it or not. Agnes was of the opinion that it was about time for him to move forward and connect with a woman who could adequately care for the twins and *him* as well. And she had a strong hunch that the very stunning Nia LeBeau was just what the doctor ordered.

“Yes, Mama. She said eight hundred dollars a week. And I'll be taking care of a set of four-year-old fraternal twins, a girl and a boy. Isn't that awesome? Yes, I signed the contract already and I'll be moving in tomorrow morning. As soon as I get settled, I'll give you a call. I love you too. Good night.”

Nia sat down on the bed and retrieved the employer's profile from her designer handbag. It included a wealth information about Dr. Quentin Matthews, but there was no picture available. Maybe he wasn't very photogenic. He was forty years old according to the birthdate listed, and he was a neurosurgeon. Agnes Cleveland, the woman who had contacted Nia and offered her the nanny position, had informed her that the doctor was recently widowed and in desperate need of someone to attend to his children. The opportunity was like winning the lottery. Nia couldn't believe her good fortune. She had always wanted to work with small children, helping to mold and influence their young lives in a positive way, but her good looks had taken her down a much different career path. After ten years of ripping runways all across France, Spain, Germany, Japan, and beyond, she had been blessed with the chance to fulfill her lifelong dream. Nia was very excited about starting her new job.

Chapter Two

Quentin stood when the chime of the doorbell rippled through the house. He gazed at his children, who remained seated. Deciding to take a firm approach, he hardened his countenance. “Your new nanny is here. I want you two to be on your best behavior. Do you understand?”

Compliant as always, Queen nodded as she sucked her thumb.

“I don’t want a nanny. Why did Auntie Ashley leave? Did she die like Mommy?”

Quentin knelt down in front of the loveseat in order to look into his son’s eyes. “No, my sister isn’t dead. We took her to the airport two days ago. Don’t you remember, QJ?”

“Yes. But why did she leave us?”

“Auntie Ashley had to go back home to Baltimore to make sure Granddaddy is okay. She was here with us long enough. Someone else will take over for her now. Her name is Nia LeBeau. I expect you to be a good boy for her. Will you do that for Daddy?”

“I guess so,” the child answered, with no enthusiasm in his voice whatsoever.

Quentin hurried to the door, leaving the twins sitting in the parlor. He disengaged the locks and pulled the brass handle. His voice, and all rational thought, disappeared at the sight of the gorgeous creature standing on his stoop. A hot flash of an immeasurable degree hit him all of a sudden and his shaft stood at full attention. Quentin folded his hands in front of him to save himself from embarrassment. The alluring fragrance of an unknown but lovely perfume teased his nostrils, intensifying his lust.

The doctor had forgotten how it felt to be aroused by a sexy woman until now.

“Hello, Dr. Matthews,” she said, extending her hand. “I’m Nia LeBeau, your new nanny.”

Quentin blinked a few times and shook his head from side to side, trying to gather his thoughts. “*You’re* the nanny?” He took her offered hand in a courteous shake and immediately felt a sting of pure sexual desire.

“Yes, I am. Is there a problem? Because if there is, you can call...”

“I’m sorry, Ms. LeBeau. It’s just that you’re *nothing* like what I had envisioned.” Quentin stepped aside and waved his hand, inviting Nia into his home. “Please come in. The twins are waiting to meet you. We should join them, so we can all talk and get acquainted. The parlor is down the hall on your left.”

Nia crossed the foyer with the heels of her shoes clicking against the freshly polished hardwood floors. Quentin stood in awe, frozen in place for a few seconds, watching the smooth sway of her curvy hips. The twins’ new nanny was a walking, talking, breathing seduction. More warm blood rushed to Quentin’s already hardened penis. The erection was so rigid, it became painful. *Down boy, down!* He inwardly scolded his wayward body part before he took a few cleansing breaths. Then he power-walked down the hall to catch up with the woman who was to blame for his horny state.

Placing his hand in the small of Nia’s back, Quentin escorted her into the parlor. “QJ and Queen, meet Ms. Nia LeBeau. She’s your new nanny. Come and say hello to her. Hurry now.”

Queen slid off the loveseat and walked over shyly. “Hi, my name is Queen Ashanti Edna Matthews and I’m pleased to meet you.” She reached for the fabric on each side of her pink cotton dress and spread her arms wide. Then she lowered her body and tucked one leg behind the other in an impressive curtsy.

Nia’s jaw dropped and she pressed an open palm to her chest. She glanced at Quentin. He smiled, realizing Queen had had pleasantly surprised her new nanny with etiquette she’d learned from private charm lessons. Then she got down on one knee and placed her handbag on the floor. She was at eye level with the little girl. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Queen. I love the dress you’re wearing. It’s very pretty.”

“Thank you.”

Quentin reached down and scooped his daughter up into his arms. He stared at his son still resting on the loveseat, prompting him to introduce himself to Nia.

QJ hopped down from his seat and did a slow stroll over to the nanny with his hands stuffed deep inside the pockets of his khaki pants. “I’m QJ. What kind of dumb name is *low bow*?”

“Quentin Alexander Matthews Junior!” he shouted and stormed toward the child. “Apologize to Ms. LeBeau right this minute.”

Nia held up her hand and shook her head. Quentin clearly interpreted it as a signal that she was very much in control. “It’s *LeBeau* and it’s a Creole name. Have you ever met any Creole people before, QJ?”

“What are *Creole* people?”

“I’m Creole. I was born and raised in a city called Baton Rouge, Louisiana. My mother is African-American. My father was a black man, just like your dad, but he also had French and Native American blood. I was born with a mixture of different races inside of me. Where I come from, that makes me *Creole*.”

“Wow! Really?”

“Sure. How do you think I got these funny green eyes?” Nia crossed her eyes and tugged at her earlobes.

QJ giggled at her silly face. It was a genuine display of amusement. Quentin hadn’t seen a sincere smile on his son’s face since his mother passed away. Queen must have caught the funny bug too, because she wiggled free from her father’s arms and landed on her feet. She walked over to Nia and her brother and watched them exchange goofy facial expressions. Quentin backed out of the room quietly and went to his home office, adjacent to the parlor. He was impressed with the new nanny’s ability to handle QJ. She seemed to be a natural with children.

However, he was none too pleased with Nia’s age or her appearance. Her svelte hourglass figure and long dancer’s legs made him as weak as lukewarm coffee. She had a set of firm high breasts that caused his taste buds and saliva glands to overreact. Quentin had been seconds away from drooling. Visions of sucking Nia’s honey-colored nipples invaded his brain. Her complexion reminded him of the sweet, sticky fluid. He was sure that’s what her flesh would taste like from head to toe. He imagined that the liquid heat of her desire would taste even sweeter on his tongue. The mere thought of licking the wet, hot spot at the junction of Nia’s thighs warmed Quentin’s blood yet again. The firm bulge at his crotch pressed painfully against the zipper of his slacks. He lowered his hand and leaned back in his desk chair. His eyes fluttered shut when he gently massaged the swollen member pulsating underneath the fabric of his pants.

“Dr. Matthews,” a voice as smooth as velvet floated into the office.

Quentin jerked in his chair and opened his eyes, startled. His private moment of self-induced pleasure was short-lived. He stood up abruptly, deliberately placing both hands flat on the top of his desk, and leaned over. Quentin felt vulnerable and very uncomfortable in his compromised state. Grateful that he hadn't undone his pants to expose himself, he smiled nervously at Nia as she walked further into his office. "Have a seat, Ms. LeBeau," he offered, nodding to the wingback chair facing his desk.

Nia sat down and crossed her legs. Quentin retook his seat. He couldn't help but notice the firmness of Nia's thighs. Her short but tasteful skirt revealed just enough of her skin to turn up the heat and tease him.

"What do you think of the twins so far?"

"QJ and Queen are simply precious. They're in the playroom right now. I'll rejoin them shortly, but first I'd like to hear your expectations of me and set some goals for the children."

Quentin snatched his gaze away from Nia's thighs to focus on her face. Her full moist lips caught his attention. They were covered with a shiny golden gloss. It took great restraint to keep him from taking her into his arms to sample the flavor of her kisses. Quentin saw her luscious lips moving, so he was certain she was talking to him, but his hormones had pulled him down a path of lust and temptation. The only thing he could think about was how inviting Nia's mouth looked. All kinds of wild fantasies tumbled through his head. Quentin suddenly became very angry with Agnes for bringing such an enticing woman into his life.

Chapter Three

Quentin sneaked another peek at Nia and the twins through a slit in the blinds. They'd been splashing around in the swimming pool for over an hour now. It was torturous to watch her bouncing in and out of the water wearing that turquoise-and-white striped bikini. Her body was *exquisite*. The silken texture of her honey-colored skin was a complete turn on. Although it was an extremely hot mid-June afternoon in the ATL, Quentin would've preferred that Nia be wrapped in sackcloth from her long sandy curls down to her bare feet. That might have spared him the discomfort of a throbbing erection and another cold shower. The sight of Nia and the scent of her perfume, along with her super sexy smile, had plagued his thoughts by day and kept him up at night over the past few weeks. She was a blessing to the twins, but she was an agonizing curse to him.

As a man who chose celibacy over infidelity three years ago, her exotic beauty was a constant reminder of why God had created woman. Eve was made for Adam's enjoyment and to bear his children. Formed from his rib bone, she was a gift intended to satisfy his every need. It had been far too long since Quentin had indulged in the physical delights of the flesh with a woman. After the first several months of denying himself because of Francesca's illness, he somehow conditioned his body and mind to live without sex for the long haul. But now that he had a gorgeous Creole goddess living under his roof day in and day out, he was losing control over his body. His sexual hunger for Nia was causing him to lose his mind as well.

Agnes had sworn repeatedly that her nanny selection was based solely on credentials and references. She claimed that Nia's education and list of reputable professionals, who'd spoken favorably of her, was so impressive that she forgot all about Quentin's age and physical requirements. Her passion to teach and nurture children, as listed on her résumé, was the icing on the cake. Agnes said there was no way she could've ignored Nia's employee profile. She was the most promising candidate for the job. And now that she had made such an unbelievable impact on QJ and Queen, Agnes felt justified in her decision to hire her. Quentin had to admit that the children were happy and thriving. What more could a father ask for?

“I want my sanity back, damn it!” Quentin grumbled as his eyes roamed over every curve of Nia’s incredible figure. Refusing to punish himself another second, he left the window and headed for the shower.

Nia turned the corner leading to the playroom and collided with a human wall of muscles soaked with perspiration. She stumbled backward from the force. A pair of long, strong arms encircled her waist, preventing her from falling.

“I’m so sorry, Nia. I wasn’t paying attention to where I was going. Are you okay?”

Hell no! She felt like screaming, but it would have been highly inappropriate. She took a step back out of Quentin’s arms, still inhaling the natural scent of his masculinity combined with sweat from his early morning workout. “I’m fine,” she stuttered. “Excuse me. I need to prepare for the children’s lessons. They’ve almost mastered all of their primary shapes and colors. You should be proud of them.” Nia side-stepped and hurried down the hall.

When she reached the playroom, she closed the door and pressed her back against it. Her head was spinning from longing and she found it hard to breathe evenly. It was becoming more and more difficult every day to fight off her strong attraction to Quentin. Initially, she downplayed it as an innocent crush or simple admiration. But as the weeks passed, her body accepted what her head had refused to. She wanted to *play doctor* with Quentin Matthews and she wasn’t even a nurse. Every damn thing about him lit Nia’s fire. He was the ultimate male specimen. His Hollywood good looks could compete with some of Europe’s most celebrated male models. He was towering, midnight in color, and deliciously handsome. His complexion reminded the flustered nanny of a cup of steamy double-chocolate mocha. The rippling, taut muscles in his chest, arms, and legs caused a gush of feminine moisture to pool in the crotch of Nia’s panties every time she caught a glimpse of him. She had a fascination for bald men. They seemed daring and adventurous. It took every ounce of willpower in her being to not reach out and rub the smooth and shiny crown of his head. Quentin’s deep, rich voice made Nia’s clit harder than a pebble whenever he said her name. Her sensitive bud also vibrated with need at night as dreams of them making hot passionate love awakened her from sleep.

It had been a while since her last romantic relationship and it had ended in heartbreak. Nia hadn't accepted her new position hoping to find love or lust. She sincerely wanted an opportunity to work with children and earn a decent salary in the process. Her job was wonderful and she had become quite fond of QJ and Queen, but the feelings she'd developed for their father constantly placed her on the dangerous trail of enticement. It wasn't just Quentin's body or the hypnotizing effect of his bass note tone. He was a dedicated father and a caring physician. Those particular attributes only added to his overall masculine appeal. He was everything any sane woman would want in a lover.

Nia had only mixed business with pleasure once in all of her years as a professional fashion model. It turned out to be the worst mistake of her life. However, regardless of the pain she had suffered, she was tempted to cross the line yet again. A certain sexy doctor was making his nanny want to do naughty things with him at night.

Quentin raced through the foyer and down the hall that led to the bedrooms. He was upset that he was almost three hours late arriving home from work. An emergency craniotomy had held him up at the hospital. There had been an awful multiple car accident on Interstate 675 North. Several victims were rushed to the emergency room for minor or major treatment. One young man had sustained severe closed-head trauma and required surgery. Quentin successfully performed the four-hour procedure, but it threw him far behind schedule. It was nine o'clock and he had just arrived home.

He gripped the two brand new books that Agnes had picked up for the children during her lunch break, at his request. He had been careful to jot down the titles of the books the children had asked Nia to put on their wish lists. Quentin wanted to surprise QJ and Queen with the books as a special treat for learning to count to fifty and completing their picture journals.

He went directly to Queen's room only to be disappointed that she was already asleep. Watching her for a few minutes, nestled underneath her pink princess-theme comforter and sucking her thumb, his heart began to ache. It was the first time he hadn't made it home early enough to tuck her in. And he had missed reading her a bedtime story too. Knowing Nia, she had selected just the right book and done the honors. Quentin gave his baby girl a soft forehead kiss and placed

her new book on the nightstand. Then he left the room and closed the door behind him.

He walked across the hall to QJ's room where he heard voices inside. Through a slight crack in the door, Quentin saw Nia lounging on the bed reading to his son. QJ was underneath the Spider-Man splattered covers, totally absorbed in the story. He pointed to a picture and asked Nia a question about it. She smiled and gave him an answer that seemed to please him very much. As Nia continued reading, Quentin got lost in her beauty and her soothing tone. She was magnificent in every way that counted. Damn near perfect. Not only was she a very pretty woman, she was an exceptional caretaker for his children. Quentin began to wonder what type of companion and lover Nia would be. Her presence in his home had blessed his children with some semblance of a family again. That realization punched Quentin hard in the gut. He hadn't given much thought to his love life after Francesca, nor had he considered the fact that the twins needed a permanent maternal influence in their world.

Other than the information Agnes had gathered from Nia's employment profile, Quentin didn't know very much about her. But there was one thing he did know for sure. She was attracted to him. He could see it in her gaze every time their eyes connected. He wasn't imagining it. Nia's desire for him was obvious and it matched his craving for her. Even Agnes had noticed as much on one of her rare visits to the Matthews' residence and it seemed to make her happy. She suggested that her boss take his dutiful employee out on a date to get better acquainted with her on a *personal* level. And she volunteered to babysit the twins for the occasion. At the time, Quentin had balked at the idea. But now, as he watched Nia reading to his once troubled son the way Francesca used to, he suddenly had a change of heart. He cleared his throat and entered the room.

"Daddy, you're home!"

Nia looked up from the pages in the book and smiled the smile that never ceased to increase Quentin's body temperature. His belly flip-flopped a few times, but he maintained his composure. "Hey buddy. I'm sorry I'm late. Daddy had to repair a crack in someone's head at the hospital. The young man is much better now."

"It's okay. Come and listen to Nia read my bedtime story," QJ told his father, patting the empty space on the other side of his bed. "It's about a silly circus clown. He wants to be an *astronaut*!"

Quentin placed the new book on the dresser and reluctantly did as his son had asked. He sat down and lifted his legs to rest on top of the bedspread. Like Nia and QJ, he relaxed his back against the headboard and settled his eyes on the book. It felt natural. Sharing the standing bedtime ritual that Francesca had started for their children with another woman didn't seem awkward at all. Quentin's heart squeezed at the bittersweet memories of his wife's struggle to continue this reading ritual for as long as she could. Memories that used to fill him with pain now seemed to be precious moments from his past. Was it a sign that it was time for Quentin to move on? He didn't know for sure, but he was eager to give it a shot if Nia was willing to meet him halfway.