

Read Billionaire Baby Daddy online free by Claire Adams

Chapter Three

Lexi

I checked my reflection one last time and turned towards Misty, putting my hands on my hips. “You’re sure you don’t think it’s too much?” I asked worriedly.

Misty snorted. “If anything, I think it’s not enough,” she said. “You said he was taking you to that new place in Columbia Tower, didn’t you? You realize that restaurant only seats about ten tables at a time? You have to know someone to get in there. And you have to have money to know someone. Plus, it’s French. You’re never going to look overdressed at a fancy French restaurant. That’s the way I see it.”

I turned back towards the mirror. “Now you’ve got me worried that I’m underdressed,” I muttered.

“You look beautiful,” Misty said, catching my arms and pulling me back around, critically eyeing my simple black dress and turquoise jewelry. “God, I’d kill to have curves like yours!”

“You’ve got that cute petiteness to you, though,” I protested.

“And you’ve got boobs, a narrow waist, and a good ass,” Misty complained. “And a brain.”

I laughed. “You’ve got a brain,” I said.

“Sure, but nothing like yours, Ms. Statistician,” Misty said, rolling her eyes. A horn honked out front, and Misty turned me around, swatting my

ass and sending me on my way. "I'll have my phone on," she promised, before I could even ask. "Same as always. If anything goes bad, just shoot me a text, and I'll call with news of some disaster."

I grinned at her. "You're the best," I told her.

"Of course, I am," Misty said, tossing her hair. "I'm your best friend. Now get going. And just try to have a little fun tonight, would you? You haven't been on a date in ages."

I shook my head but didn't reply to that one.

Out on the curb, Andrew was waiting in a flashy red sports car, exactly what I might have expected for him to be driving. I slid into the passenger's seat, smiling over at him. "Hey."

He smiled charmingly back at me. "You look gorgeous," he told me.

I blushed and ducked my head. "Thanks. You look good, too."

The suit was pretty much the same as the one he'd been wearing at work the previous day, although maybe a slightly darker shade of blue. He probably had two dozen suits all in similar shades, all perfectly tailored to fit him. I snorted as I got a mental image of what his closet would look like.

"What?" he asked, glancing over at me.

"You fit all the stereotypes, don't you?" I asked. "A hot, young billionaire with a flashy sports car and way too many tailored suits. You've probably got a penthouse apartment in one of the hottest downtown buildings, all the latest electronics, a cleaning lady-slash-cook

for the nights when you actually bother to stay home, and, I don't know, a vacation house down in Hawaii."

Andrew laughed. "Actually, I live in an actual house, not just an apartment. It's got really great views of the lake. And I don't have the vacation house either, although my dad is currently living in the Bahamas, so I guess that's close enough. And you forgot one thing: access to the hottest clubs in the city."

I rolled my eyes. "Well, how did I forget that one." God, he was arrogant.

I hated to say it, but there was something about that arrogance that was appealing, though. He was handsome, and he was confident, and there were worse ways to spend a night than being taken out to an expensive restaurant by a handsome man. A handsome man who thought I was attractive enough to be there on his arm.

I smiled a little as we pulled in to the valet service and Andrew came around to open my door for me. "Thanks," I said as I unfolded myself from the low seat.

"No problem," Andrew said, flashing me another of those charming smiles and leading me into the restaurant with a hand at my lower back.

We were shown to a cozy table towards the back, with sweeping views of the city below. I gaped at the view for a moment, desperately wanting to pull out my phone and snap a few pictures, but I didn't know if that would make me look out of place amongst all these posh people who probably dined at places like this three times a week.

I bit my lower lip, glancing over at Andrew. Then, I decided, what the hell. I was probably never going to go on a date like this again, so who

cared if these people thought I was some uncouth barbarian? I'd never see them again. I pulled out my phone and snapped some pictures.

When I turned back to face Andrew, he was smiling over at me. "This view never gets old," he said. "And I've been coming to places like this since I was ten or something."

I raised an eyebrow at him. "Your parents dragged you out to French restaurants when you were ten?" I asked. "You must have hated that."

Andrew laughed. "My dad," he corrected. "Yeah, I think I survived off burgers and french fries at most of the places. But he wanted me to be involved in the business from an early age. I know there are a lot of people who think that I wasn't ready to take over the company, but what they don't realize is that I've been in 'business school' for my entire life, practically."

"That must have been tough," I said. "Did they at least give you coloring sheets when you got stuck at fancy meetings like this?"

"You know, they never did," Andrew said. "Never gave me wine, either."

"What a shame," I said, giggling a little.

Andrew handed me the wine menu. "See anything on there that strikes your fancy?"

I swallowed, looking over the menu and trying not to think of the bottle of Riesling in my fridge back home, which I had bought on sale at the grocery store for thirteen bucks, a "splurge" over my us

ual eight-dollar bottle.

“To be honest, I don’t know the first thing about any of these,” I admitted, feeling suddenly out of place, like a child playing dress-up with her mother’s things.

Andrew raised an eyebrow at me and plucked the menu out of my hands. “Well, you at least know what kind of wine you like to drink, don’t you?”

“I’m not picky,” I mumbled.

“Well, we’ll want to match it with whatever you plan on ordering,” he said, sounding exasperated as he snapped open his food menu. “So perhaps we should start there.”

I swallowed and looked over my own food menu, searching for anything that I could identify and pronounce, other than a croque monsieur. I snorted, imagining what that would look like.

“What?” Andrew asked, looking quizzically over at me.

“I don’t know what most of this stuff is,” I said, waving at the menu. “Except a croque monsieur. And I can only imagine what you and everyone else here would think of me if you took me to this fancy French restaurant for dinner and I ordered a ham and cheese sandwich.”

Andrew chuckled as well and shook his head, glancing around the place. “I’m sorry if you’re feeling out of place here,” he said, seeming genuinely apologetic. “It’s been a while since I took out a woman who...” He trailed off, and I grimaced.

“Who wasn’t high-class?” I suggested distastefully, wondering if I shouldn’t just leave.

“I don’t mean it like that,” Andrew said, looking momentarily embarrassed. “It’s just, the circles that I run in, the types of women who I normally meet, they’re all people from a certain circle.”

“Other women with penthouses and trust funds and manicures and everything under the sun,” I said bitterly.

“Lexi, I invited you here for a reason,” Andrew reminded me. “Because I think you’re interesting and intelligent. I didn’t bring you here to test your knowledge of French cuisine.”

I sighed and hung my head. “Sorry, I just feel out of place, like you said.”

“How about I order us a selection of the grignotages as a sampler?” he suggested. Seeing my look of confusion, he smiled and elaborated.

“Grignotages would translate to something like ‘little nibbles.’ Snacks, maybe.”

“Oh!” I said. “That might be a good idea.” But then, I frowned. “Are you sure, though? You probably know what you want, and I would feel bad making you change that just because I don’t know what anything is. I could just randomly point to something on the menu. It’s not like I’m a picky eater.”

Andrew held up a hand to halt my babbling defense. “That’s fine,” he said, turning to the waiter as he approached the table and shooting off our order in rapid French. “What?” Andrew asked self-consciously as the waiter walked off and he noticed me staring at him.

I shook my head. “That was impressive, is all. I feel like I should applaud.”

He laughed. “For most people, I guess their high school French classes never really come in handy, but Orinoco has acquired a couple French companies over the past couple years. So I’ve gotten a lot of practice recently. Of course, they all speak English, but it always impresses them when I can talk about the nuances of trade with them in their native language.”

“I can imagine,” I said.

“So, what about you?” Andrew asked, leaning back and studying me.

I frowned at him. “Clearly, I don’t speak French or else I’d have been able to read the menu,” I said, causing him to chuckle again.

“Not what I meant, although I suppose I wasn’t clear. What I was asking is, you know my entire life’s story. All that I know about you is your name and that you’re an insurance analyst for Albright.” He paused. “No, wait, let me guess about you, and you tell me what I’ve got right and what I’ve got wrong. You’re a numbers person. You’re not really into languages. You’re probably a bit of an introvert, and the last time you were on a date was a while ago.”

“Hey!” I protested, even though it was true.

Andrew looked amused and continued. “You’re probably really close with your parents, and you don’t plan on living here in the city for the rest of your life, but you need a job because you just graduated college not too long ago, and you need to pay off your student loans.”

I laughed. “Wrong on all of that,” I said. “Not the part about being close to my parents, I guess. Just my mom, though. My dad isn’t in the picture. And I did graduate college not that long ago. But I grew up here in the city, and I got scholarships for most of my college tuition. My mom’s an

artist, so it's not like she was able to contribute all that much, and my school recognized that."

"Your mother is an artist?" Andrew asked, sounding truly interested, for the first time that night. "She must have been upset to hear that you were going to study whatever numbers stuff you studied in order to become an insurance analyst."

"Statistics," I said. "That's what I studied." I shrugged. "I never really knew what I wanted to do. I've dabbled in a lot of different types of art, but I think the statistics stuff is really interesting, too, and I figured it would make a good fallback plan if the art stuff never panned out for me."

"That is smart," Andrew agreed, nodding sagely. "I was never all that interested in art, to be honest, but I've taken more of an interest in it in recent years." He smiled as the waiter poured us each a glass of wine. "Art and wine, my two biggest hobbies at the moment."

I snorted. "Purely because they show off your billionaire status?"

He looked taken aback by that. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you actually interested in art and wine, or are you just interested in showing off your wealth?"

Andrew was silent for a moment, seeming to consider this. "Does it matter?" he finally asked. "Even if I'm faking it, I'm still supporting culture. I contribute funds towards the arts, and I promote sophistication and class. Isn't that a good thing, regardless of what my motives are?"

"Maybe," I agreed, mulling it over as well. "What kinds of art are you interested in, anyway?"

“At the moment, black and white photography,” Andrew said. “There’s a really interesting gallery that just opened on Thirteenth Street, Téchni. It’s a phonetic spelling of the Greek word for art. Anyway, the gallery is really cool. It’s all these black and white film photographs that have had various distortions applied to them, things like light leaks, but also some that have had their corners burnt or holes cut in them or things like that. I could spend hours there.”

“I’ll have to check it out,” I said, making a mental note.

“If I’d known you were interested in art, we could have gone out on Sunday evening instead, to the Member Nights at the Seattle Art Museum.”

I raised an eyebrow at him. “We could still do that,” I pointed out.

Andrew coughed lightly. “Lexi, this is fun, and you’re a nice enough girl, but let’s just see where the evening takes us, all right?”

“Oh, yeah,” I said, feeling stupid for having even suggested it.

He probably wasn’t even considering going on a second date with me. I doubted he was really the type of guy to date women. He was probably just hoping to end up in bed with me by the end of the night. And even though that wasn’t really the type of girl that I was, at the same time, I couldn’t deny that I was having fun.

“So, what do you do when you’re not crunching numbers and looking at art?” Andrew asked.

I shrugged. “I guess just the usual,” I said. “I studied at UW, so I have a lot of friends who still live in the area, and we hang out regularly. And to

be honest, even though I grew up here, I have a soft spot for the kitschiness of Pike's Place. I do a lot of hiking in the summer, too."

"You and I have a lot in common, it sounds like," Andrew said, smiling over at me. Our food arrived just then, and Andrew rubbed his hands together, looking excited. "This is one thing that I forgot to mention before," he said. "My two main interests are art and wine, but I'm also a pretty avid foodie. Looks like w

e're in for a real treat, too."

We continued to chat as we sampled the incredible food, and by the time we got to dessert, the conversation was easy between us. So, when Andrew asked me back to his place, just like I'd suspected he would, I found myself agreeing.

Andrew looked just as surprised at my words as I was. "Are you sure?" he asked, giving me an easy out.

"Yeah," I said, meeting his gaze, even though I was honestly pretty nervous about the idea of going back to his place.

I definitely wasn't a virgin, but I didn't have one-night stands all that often, and I was becoming increasingly sure that this was just another in a string of flings for the young, handsome billionaire.

I wondered for a moment if I had agreed to go home with him because I thought he was charming, in the way he opened my door and smiled at me, or if I was merely wowed by those billions, just like all the other girls before me. But then, I pushed that thought out of my mind, deciding that it didn't matter.

I'd had a fun evening with him, and I could use a good lay, if I was being honest. And I was kind of curious about this house of his. So, I followed him back out to his car and let him take me to his home.