

# Adventures in Babysitting

## by Anne Boleyn

Final installment in Meant to Be Series

Summary: Bianca is babysitting the kids, and Jack and Erica have a little time alone to recreate Paris. At least to some extent.... PG  
Comedy/Romance

### Chapter 1

"Erica, be sure and thank Bianca again for offering to baby sit for Amanda this weekend," Janet said on Friday afternoon as she and Erica were leaving the Enchantment offices. "Trevor and I are really looking forward to getting away by ourselves for a couple of days."

"It will be good for Bianca too," Erica replied. "She's so determined to move out on her own next year. This will give her a chance to see what it will be like to be responsible for everything. And don't worry. Jack and I will be there if the girls need us for anything."

"It will be nice for you and Jack too," Janet said smiling. "You two will have a little more privacy without Bianca running in and out of the house."

"I've thought of that," Erica laughed. "I have a little surprise planned for Jack."

LATER

"Amanda, are you sure you want to watch this movie?" Bianca asked. "It's pretty scary."

"I love scary movies," Amanda answered. "Don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess," Bianca answered. Somehow, this one seemed scarier than usual. Maybe it was because it was about a babysitter and three children being stalked by a killer hidden in the house. It was one thing to watch it in a crowded theater or at home with your parents right upstairs. It was different when you were the babysitter.

The house seemed awfully big all of a sudden.

"Did you hear something?" Amanda turned down the sound on the tv and looked upstairs. Her voice sounded a little shaky.

"It was the wind," Bianca told her firmly. "Let's turn this off and watch something else."

"OK," Amanda agreed quickly. "Let's find something funny this time."

MEANWHILE

"What's all this?" Jack asked as he came downstairs after putting Nicholas to bed. The lights were out, candles were lit and a delicious aroma was coming from a table set up near the window.

"I thought I'd recreate Paris," Erica said smiling up at him. "I had the chef from the Valley Inn prepare dinner, French of course.." she pushed a button on the remote and the CD player started "Piaf naturally for the music...."

"Did you arrange for fireworks?" he asked, putting his arms around her from behind.

"I thought I'd leave those up to you," she said, reaching back and trailing her hand along his thigh.

"What about my favorite part of Paris?" he said, nuzzling her neck.

"It's a possibility," she told him, pulling away. "Right now, dinner is getting cold. The chef just left a few minutes ago."

"I don't suppose dinner could wait," he groaned.

"Now, now, anticipation makes things even better," she said smiling as she walked to the table.

## *Chapter 2*

"Bianca, I thought I heard something outside," Amanda said. Her

eyes were wide and she looked frightened. "I don't think it was the wind. I think someone is out there!"

"I didn't hear anything," Bianca said. "But I guess I could go out and look around." She sounded doubtful.

"Don't!" Amanda grabbed her arm. "If the killer gets you there won't be anyone here to protect me!"

"Thanks," Bianca said rolling her eyes at Amanda. "I'm glad you're so worried about me."

"I didn't mean it the way it sounded," Amanda told her. "I know, why don't we call Leo and ask him to come check things out?" Amanda's crush on Leo hadn't wavered.

"We can't do that. He and Laura were going to a play tonight." Bianca couldn't help but feel a little sad that Leo and Laura were together. "Besides, I'm sure what you heard was the wind. It's really getting stronger. We may have a storm before the night is over."

"You know, you're really dragging this anticipation thing out," Jack murmured as he and Erica were dancing to *La Vie En Rose* after dinner.

"But you love it," she told him, nestling closer. "Don't you?"

"I love you," he answered, bending to kiss her. He pulled her to the couch and onto his lap, still kissing her. Just then they heard a whimper from the doorway.

"Jack, it's the dog. He's watching," Erica said, sitting up in Jack's lap.

"Maybe he wants to pick up a few pointers," Jack said, returning his mouth to Erica's.

She broke away again. "Let me put him upstairs," she said. "I know it's silly but it makes me uncomfortable with him watching."

Jack glared at the dog. "Bernie, I'm going to have you neutered if you interrupt us again."

The dog wagged his tail and followed Erica upstairs. When the phone rang, Jack glanced down at the caller ID. It was Opal.

"Jack, I'm sorry to bother you at home but I've got some questions about that new contract we signed."

"That's all right Opal, what do you need to know?" But Jack's attention didn't stay on the contract for very long. Erica came downstairs wearing his favorite thing from all those years ago in Paris - the French maid's uniform that had made so many of his fantasies come true.

### *Chapter 3*

"I'm sorry Opal, what did you say?" Jack asked. He stretched out his hand to Erica but she remained tantalizingly out of reach. She bent to straighten the fish net stocking on one leg, making sure he had a clear view of the low cut top of the uniform. "You don't play fair," he said shaking his head.

"What?" Opal asked.

"I said I think the contract is fair," Jack covered.

"Well of course it's fair. I didn't think you and Erica were trying to cheat me." Opal sounded puzzled.

"Opal, why don't you bring the contract by on Monday morning and we'll go back over it step by step," Jack told her. "I'm having a little trouble concentrating right now." He hung up the phone and took Erica into his arms, kissing her passionately. The phone rang again almost immediately.

"It's Val," Erica said looking at the caller ID. "It might be important." She pulled away slightly and picked up the phone.

"Val, what is it?"

Jack grinned at her. "Turnabout is fair play," he whispered, kneeling in front of her. He reached his hand up and unhooked one of the fishnet stockings, caressing her leg as he pulled it down.

"Erica, are you all right?" Val asked. "You sound like you're having trouble breathing."

Erica swatted at Jack's hand as he reached up to undo the other stocking. "I am a little short of breath," she said. "I think maybe I should just go straight to bed." She hung up the phone and melted down into Jack's arms.

### *Meanwhile*

"I really think I heard something upstairs," Amanda told Bianca.

"There's no one up there," Bianca said, but she didn't sound very sure of herself. "Don't you think Smokey would bark if someone was in the house?"

Just then Smokey began to howl. Both girls screamed and grabbed each other. Then Bianca laughed. "We're being silly," she said. "He's just afraid of the thunder. Dogs hate storms."

"So do I," Amanda said.

"Storms aren't so bad," Bianca told her. "Just as long as....." The house went dark suddenly. ".... the power doesn't go off," Bianca finished in a shaky voice.

### *Chapter 4*

"Amanda, where do your parents keep the flashlights?" Bianca asked. The storm was getting worse, the dog kept howling, and there seemed to be strange noises coming from upstairs. She hoped it was the wind but she couldn't be sure.

"I think there's one in the desk drawer," Amanda said. She felt her way over to the desk, fumbling until she found a flashlight. She turned

it on immediately but it's small light didn't help either of the girls feel better.

"I think we should call my parents," Bianca said. "We don't know how long the power will be off." Just then there was a crashing sound from upstairs, like glass breaking.

"Let's get out of here!" Amanda said. She grabbed Smokey and Bianca grabbed her car keys and they ran to Bianca's car.

"My parents won't care if we stay all night at our house tonight," Bianca said as she backed out of the driveway. "My mom will probably be relieved when we show up."

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Erica pulled away from Jack as he unzipped the French maid's uniform and began to slip it off of her shoulders.

"Monsieur, you are so impatient," she purred, pulling the dress back up. "You Americans do not appreciate the value of anticipation."

"You know, this kind of thing can be harmful to a man," he groaned.

She laughed delightedly. "I would hate to cause you harm monsieur." She wrapped her arms around his neck, opening her mouth under his.

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"Your house is dark too," Amanda said as Bianca turned to corner. "The power must be out here too."

"I don't know," Bianca said. She noticed that the other houses nearby had lights. "Maybe I should call before we go in," she thought. "This might get embarrassing." Aloud she said, "Amanda, hand me my cell phone."

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"Don't answer it," Jack said, when the phone rang again.

"It might be important," Erica said, wriggling out from under him and reaching for the phone.

"Mom, it's me. The power was out at the Dillon's because of the storm and we heard these noises and we decided to come over here for the night and we're pulling into the driveway now. I hope it's all right," Bianca said quickly.

"Of course it's all right," Erica said, pulling her dress back on and grabbing the stockings that were draped over a chair. She hung up the phone and explained to Jack what was going on as she blew out the candles and turned on the lights.

"I didn't even notice the storm," he admitted. Erica ran upstairs and grabbed a robe to cover the French maid's uniform just as they heard the car doors slam. She started to open the door when Jack stopped her.

"The wig!" he said. She was still wearing her blonde wig.

"Oh my God!" she laughed, jerking it off and tossing it under the couch. "I'd hate to have to explain that."

## *Chapter 5*

"Was everything all right at the Dillon's?" Erica asked when Jack came back home later that night.

"There was a broken window in the attic," he answered. "A tree limb blew off in the storm and came right through. I boarded it up. The power is still out in that neighborhood. I'm glad the girls came back here for the night even if their timing left something to be desired."

"I'm glad Bianca thought to call first," Erica said.

"Oh yeah, " Jack laughed. "That could have been really awkward. Now, where is that uniform?"

Erica grinned and took off her robe. "I'm still wearing it. I just couldn't get it off by myself," she said. "You'll have to help me with it monsieur."

"Mom, I'm kind of embarrassed about last night," Bianca said the next morning. She and Erica were drinking tea in the living room.

"Why honey?"

"I made such a big deal about how I wouldn't need any help and then the minute something went wrong I came running home," Bianca said.

"I hope you'll always come home when you have a problem," Erica told her, reaching over to stroke her hair. "That's what your father and I are here for."

Amanda came down the stairs just then. "Jack said a tree limb broke a window last night. That was the sound we heard. I tried to tell you it was nothing to be afraid of," she told Bianca. Then she turned to Erica. "I thought the storm knocked out your power too when we turned on the street. Why were the lights out?"

"We were just getting ready to go upstairs," Erica told her, blushing slightly.

"It was awfully early," Amanda said. "You guys must have been tired."

Nicholas was playing with his trucks, crawling around the living room floor. He reached in under the couch when he saw something unusual. "See hair Mommy!" he said, pulling out the blonde wig just as Jack came downstairs. "See hair Daddy," he said, putting the wig on his head and running over to Jack.

"Where did that come from?" Amanda asked.

"I don't want to know," Bianca muttered.

"I think it belongs to the maid," Erica said, trying to keep a straight

face.

"But why..? "Amanda began.

"Amanda, go get Smokey and let's go back over to your house," Bianca interrupted.

"OK," Amanda said. "But I still don't see why Coral's wig was under the couch." They went upstairs to find the dog.

Jack plucked the wig off of Nicholas's head and set his son down on the floor.

"My hair," Nicholas protested.

"Sorry Nicholas," Jack told him. "I'm very fond of this hair. I plan on putting it in a safe place. I hope to see it again some day." He sat down on the couch next to Erica and kissed her.

"Perhaps if you're very good monsieur," she said, smiling.

"Oh, I have it on impeccable authority that I'm always very good," he laughed as he kissed her again.

*The End*