

MM-AA

Officer Dean O'Brian his name tag read and he looked pissed. Not that Nicholas could blame him.

A paid child care worker shouldn't have the entire room in such chaos.

"Officer, I'm Mr. Vega," Nicholas said, clearing his throat. "May I help you?"

The officer smirked, and for a second it was as if he had tried not to look Nicholas up and down.

Nicholas felt self-conscious, wearing his tweed jacket and jeans, his dark glasses made him look like a bigger dweeb that he felt.

"No you cannot help me, but by the look of things, you can use all the help you can get," the officer said, looking around the disaster of a classroom.

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