

Mr. De Lameass

Elizabeth POV

"Sophia, don't pet a dog you don't know!"

Elizabeth called from her place on the park bench. It was day four of her new job, and the last orange on her skin had nally washed off. It had taken days of non stop washing and a whole jar of her expensive lotion to get her skin looking somewhat normal again.

Her hair was a different story...

She quickly closed her book and sprinted over to where the little girl had been playing. The last thing she needed was for Sophia to have half her face bitten off by some rabies-infested beast.

"Oh, don't worry dear, he doesn't bite," The pet's owner smiled at her. Sure, they never do. Elizabeth politely smiled back, before pulling Sophia away.

"Come on, let's go play over there by the swings." Elizabeth slowly explained before she lifted the little girl on to a swing and pushed her for a while.

It was only day four of her new job, and she was already exhausted. During these four days, Elizabeth had learned two things.

Number one was that Sopha talked a lot. She was like one of her drunk girlfriends after a night out, but also on c***k. Oh, and she came up with the most creative questions too.

Number two was that she hated it. Sure, the kid was cute, but this pretending to be Mother Theresa was draining her emotionally and physically.

But on the plus side, she hadn't seen Mr. De LameAss in the last three days. Which was kind of sad for Sophia, but the little girl seemed used to it. Though it had been great for her. The man had a way of making her say and do the most stupid things, completely embarrassing herself at every turn.

After spending all day at the park, eating the picnic Elizabeth had packed for them, they returned to nd Daddy home. His car was parked in front of the house, which should have been an indicator that the man was home, but a girl could always hope she was wrong.

Great, she grumbled inwardly, when she heard his voice echoing from a room nearby as she hung her coat in the hallway closet.

"So, I'll set the plan in motion. I'll let you know how it goes," A man she hadn't seen before appeared from the room, followed by a few more men, and him. They were all wearing suits. Elizabeth guessed he'd been in a business meeting. Her eyes automatically moved to him. He was looking meticulous, as always, in his three-piece suit.

"Daddy!" Sophia shrieked, running toward him without taking off her dirty shoes.

"Sophia, wait! Shoes!" Elizabeth called after her.

"Ah, is this the new nanny you've been telling us about?" The men turned, suddenly noticing her.

"Good evening," She said politely, feeling very uncomfortable under their scrutinizing gaze. She suddenly felt very self-conscious in her dirty jeans, which had mud all over them from playing hide and seek with Sophia.

"I like your hair," One of the men commented with a knowing smirk. Great. It seemed she'd likely been the laughingstock of the meeting at one point.

"Sophia," her father warned, "You know I don't like a mess." Sophia pouted a little, before walking back to Elizabeth and letting her help her take off the dirty shoes, while Mr. de Luca walked the men out, before returning.

"That's a good girl," he praised her, causing all kinds of dirty images to enter Elizabeth's mind... situations where he would praise her for being a good girl. A very good girl.

"Something funny?" Elizabeth looked up to see that he was looking at her warily.

"N—no, just something that popped into my mind," A high-pitched chuckle escaped her.

"Care to share?" He raised a brow, watching her intently, while Sophia stood by, holding his hand. Her mind was frantically racing, thinking of something to say, when—

"Daddy! I'm hungry" Sophia, the little angel, recaptured his attention, pulling his interrogating gaze away from her, much to her relief.

"Let's go eat then," he smiled. Elizabeth wondered how it would feel like if he'd smile at her like that. All she got were his frowns and stern gazes.

She followed behind them, dgeting with her hands. She felt like the third wheel on the wagon watching the two of them laughing and talking.

When they reached the dining room, they all walked toward the table, where she noticed only two plates were set out by the kitchen staff. They probably weren't expecting Mr. De Luca to be home.

"What are you doing?" She was lifting the lids on the dishes that had been left out, when his voice interrupted her.

"Seeing what's for dinner, what else would I be doing?" She chuckled at her own joke.

"It's Friday," He looked at her expectantly.

"Am I not allowed to eat on Fridays? Is it nanny diet day?" She continued her lame jokes.

"If you'd cared to read the contract, you'd know that Friday night is Sophia and Daddy date night." He drawled.

"Oh, right, sorry, I'll eat in my room then," She walked toward the door, before turning around, "and Sophia, don't say mean things about me, or I'll have to behead your favorite doll," Elizabeth said in a pretend threatening voice, doing a 'pulling off' hand motion, before laughing.

Mr. De Luca's already stern face turned stone-cold, but luckily, Sophia started giggling.

"Can we play army dolls again tomorrow?" She asked excitedly.

"You know it," Elizabeth winked, "Well, have a fun date night with Daddy," when she turned to leave, he began speaking again.

"You have tomorrow morning off. I'm taking Sophia shopping," he informed her. Oh my God, she was going to use that time to sleep in and have a long bath. She couldn't wait.

"Oh, and Elizabeth," Mr. De Luca stopped her from shutting the door, "We'll talk about these army dolls, later." Elizabeth swallowed nervously before nodding.

She'd not been a girly girl growing up and had been disciplined many times for ripping off the heads of her sister's barbies. She was more into cars and playing army guys outside with her brother and his friends. She couldn't remember a day from her childhood where she hadn't been covered in mud.

The following morning, Elizabeth was woken to loud banging on her door.

"Go away!" she groaned, pulling her pillow over her head, but when the banging continued, she huffed and crawled out of bed before storming to the door. She was starting to think that drinking that bottle of wine last night had been a bad idea.

"What?!" She snapped, before realizing it was Mr. De Luca at her door.

"Oh, I—I'm sorry, I—was—" but she quickly stopped speaking when she noticed his attention wasn't on her face. It had moved down to her body.

It was then that she remembered that she was only wearing a bra and panties. She'd been too lazy to change into her pajamas last night.

It hadn't escaped her attention that he let his eyes trail over form again, before lifting an eyebrow. "Miss Livingston, may I remind you that the contract states that you must always wear appropriate attire around the house?"

"Well, technically, I'm still in my room," Elizabeth replied nonchalantly.

He wore his signature frown that he always had around her.

Instead of replying to her wise-ass remark, he decided to get straight to the point.

"Something has come up. Could you take Sophia shopping?"

"Um...sure," The pit of her stomach dropped. s**t. She was at broke. How were they going to pay for things?

"You can ask Rosemary for my black card on the way out." He was already on the way downstairs when she called after him.

"Is there a budget?"

"No," he replied, with a dismissive hand gesture.

Elizabeth closed the door and did a little happy dance. Not only was she going on a shopping spree, but there wasn't a budget. Surely he wouldn't notice if she bought a few things for herself, right?

She was feeling condent and sexy, while she put on make-up and a dress. Finally, things were starting to look up.

Today was going to be a good day.