

## Live-in Nanny

Elizabeth POV

When she'd taken the job, she hadn't realized she'd be expected to be a live-in nanny. This brought on a whole new set of problems. Was she even equipped to deal with a child twenty-four hours a day? The answer was no. Of course not. Those two hours with Sophia had been hard enough. How was she going to get through full days with the little brat?

On the upside, she could save out on rent, which was a big plus considering she had just learned that her ex had debt, and he'd made it in both their names. She felt like such an i\*\*\*t. A naïve i\*\*\*t. He'd had a whole secret life she'd known nothing about. Well, not until after he'd dumped her anyway. Now every day, new snippets of information would leak in, making her feel more stupid than the last.

On the way to the address she'd gotten over the phone, Elizabeth turned on the radio, singing along to money money money.

Her mouth dropped open when she'd drove up the massive driveway, that seemed to go on for miles, until she parked in front of a house that looked like the Carrington manor, including a huge fountain with a ballerina in the middle.

Elizabeth rang the doorbell, still staring at the manor, when I young chubby, pretty woman with brown hair opened the door and greeted her.

The inside was very big and bright, with high ceilings and large windows all over, but it did seem to be missing a woman's touch. Everything was white and clinical looking, you could barely tell anyone lived here, which was surprising with such a messy little menace running around.

“And that is the sitting room,...” The housekeeper continued to lead her around the giant mansion. The woman was speaking in a bored monotone voice, as if she did this at least once a week.

She was shown the kitchen next. It was the kitchen of her dreams, with a massive island and a big stove in the center. The cabinets were made of wood and were white. It was breathtaking.

Elizabeth had always wanted to be a chef, but her father told her there was no way he was paying for her to get her chef's degree, so she went to business school instead. And now here she was, jobless, broke and working for a man she didn't get along with, doing a job she had no business doing.

“This room is strictly out of bounds unless the boss calls you inside,” The housekeeper paused at a door down the hallway. She was guessing it was his oce... or was it his bedroom and would he sometimes invite the staff inside? No, that would be weird, right?!

“Because that's his...?” Elizabeth trailed off, looking at the housekeeper expectantly.

“Oce,” The woman spoke, rolling her eyes as if she could read her mind. “The boss doesn't get involved with the help.” She emphasized the word involved.

“Right. That makes sense.” She nodded awkwardly, slouching behind the woman as they made their way toward the rst oor. Like everything else in this house, the staircase was huge. It had split stairs that connected to a landing, where ve last stairs led you to the rst oor.

Elizabeth looked back down, enjoying the view from the massive upstairs balcony. You could see the front door from here. Pretty, but not safe for a child. She thought, surprising herself.

“This,” The housekeeper opened a door, leading into a giant suite, “is where you will be staying,” Elizabeth made a move to go inside, but was stopped by the housekeeper. “That,” she pointed to the other side of the hallway, “Is off limits, other than Sophia's bedroom, which has a pink door. Don't even think of going snooping around... the last girl that did... let's just say it didn't end so well for her,” And on that note, the housekeeper turned around and left her.

“Wait!” Elizabeth called after her, “What am I supposed to do now?”

“You unpack and wait until the boss calls you to sign your contract. Then you can start working.” The housekeeper turned once more.

“Wait!”

“What?!” She asked impatiently.

“What's your name? And am I allowed to come downstairs?” She asked. Elizabeth wasn't one to usually take orders, but this man didn't seem like he would take lightly to her doing her own thing. Her former one hadn't taken kindly to it. Plus, she needed the money, so it was time to learn how to play by the rules.

“You're not a prisoner here, miss,” The housekeeper rolled her eyes again, “And it's Rosemary,”

“Rosemary, huh? What are your siblings called, Chives and Parsley,” Elizabeth snorted at her own joke. But Rosemary simply rolled her eyes once more, before leaving.

She had a feeling her and nutmeg weren't going to be the best of friends.

Elizabeth turned around and inspected the suite. The bathroom...you guessed it, massive! It had one of those big claw foot tubs you only see in movies in the middle of the room and a gigantic mirror on the wall that reached from foot to ceiling. The other side had a pretty sink and there was also a large walk in shower and a toilet.

“I am so taking a bath later,” She said in a sing-song voice, before doing a little happy dance. Maybe this job was meant to be after all.

She sprinted back into the bedroom and dove onto the bed. It was so soft and comfy. This house and everything in it must be worth millions.

But her smile faltered when they landed on the luggage that the butler had already brought up.

It only consisted of one medium-sized suitcase with a few items of clothing, and a small bag with her make-up and skincare products, since she'd put most of her expensive suits up for sale.

She'd been shopping online yesterday, looking for appropriate nanny attire, or trying to at least. When she nally made it to the checkout section of the site, her credit card got declined. Confused, she took out her other card. Declined.

Convinced there had to be some kind of mistake, she called the credit card company. After punching a whole lot of digits, especially zeros, she nally got in contact with an actual human.

“Card number?” Was the only thing the woman on the other end asked, after she had rambled on and on about their being a mistake, making Elizabeth wonder if she was talking to a robot. She gave out the information, only to learn that her ex had made debts. A lot of debts. On their joint account. Both of them.

She didn't know the extent of the debt yet. She would receive all the details by letter on one of the following days, but she could only guess that instead of shopping online with her thousand dollars a week, she would barely be scraping by for the next few months. Asshole.

She let out a deep sigh and decided to test out that bathtub while she waited.

“I see you drive down town with the girl I love and I'm like... f\*\*k you!” she blared along to the song she was listening to through her air pods, while she splashed around in the soapy water.

She'd lled the bath to the brim, making sure to add a lot of bath salt and this special soap she'd found between all the other bottles of product. It smelled amazing, not to mention, looked expensive. She didn't know if it was meant for her, but she guessed no one would miss a little splash of soap—or half a bottle.

She'd laid there for what felt like hours... singing along, having the time of her life...until...

“Um, Ma'am, I've been knocking for—”

She let out an ear-piercing scream, jumping up, as water splashed over the side of the tub.

“What the f\*\*k?” She yelled at the man, who looked around in a panic. She'd forgotten to put out a towel, but luckily the soap was covering all of her assets.

“Towel!” she yelled, while the poor guy frantically searched the cabinets. He found one and quickly held it out to her, averting his gaze.

“What's going on?” She heard a deep voice coming closer, as the boss appeared in the doorway, looking around as though a murder had been committed. His eyes landed on her, before hardening.

“Carl, out!” He ordered the man, who looked relieved to be removed from the extremely embarrassing situation.

“And you! I expect you downstairs in ve minutes! You've kept me waiting long enough!”

This was not the rst impression she'd wanted to make.