

## Not a good day!

Elizabeth POV

"I'm bored," Sophia whined for the fourth time while Elizabeth tried on another fancy dress. How she wished she could afford it. But she didn't dare to place another purchase on Mr. De Luca's black card. She'd already spent an embarrassing amount buying new underwear at Victoria's Secret. And she might have splurged on a few sexy but classy dresses. And a suit or two. And four pairs of jeans.

Shit! She was out of control!

She'd been doing so well nancially only a month ago.

Elizabeth had been on top of the world with her six-gure annual salary. She and Brian had lived in a nice high-end apartment. Life had been perfect. That was until she found him in bed with his best friend, you know, the one he told her not to worry about, and had taken all of their savings.

She'd yet to receive a report to inform her of the extent of her debt she now had because of that asshole. Shaking her head, she decided to put the dress back.

She should probably return the rest too.

"Can we go now?" Sophia asked with a pout.

"Yes, I'm sorry. Let's go." Elizabeth smiled, trying to pick up her shopping bags while holding the little girl's hand.

"Would you mind holding these?" She asked one of the security guards that De Luca had sent with them. The man nodded while picking up the bags. She had best stop at Micheal Kors rst to return her jeans.

The intention had been there, but when she walked out of the store, with Sophia in hand and the two security guards at her back, she ran into him.

"E—Elizabeth," Brian said in surprise. On his arm was none other than Alice, his BBF turned w\*\*\*e—um—girlfriend. Alice had the decency to look ashamed. She noticed their intertwined ngers and a tinge of hurt slammed into her before it turned to rage.

She saw Brian's eyes move from the girl holding her hand to the two men behind her holding all of their shopping bags.

"What are you doing here?" Brian began as a torrent of emotions crossed his face, before they landed on the shopping bags again.

"Shopping. What does it look like?"

"And who are all these people? Who's the little girl?" Brian asked.

"That's none of your concern."

"Not my concern... Elizabeth, I—What—?" He started spitting out words. She couldn't decipher if he was angry or confused.

"What? Thought I'd be crying over the likes of you?" Elizabeth let out a snort, before pushing past him.

"Come on, B, let's go," She heard Alice saying, while she felt his eyes burning a hole into her back. B... her anger ared up at the use of the nickname she had had for him. She couldn't help but turn around for one last childish remark.

"Oh, Alice, I never thanked you for taking Brian off of my hands." Elizabeth began with a vicious smirk on her face. She quickly covered Sophia's ears before adding, "I was getting pretty tired of the vanilla s\*x anyway, thirty seconds on my back just isn't enough for me." One of the security men snorted, while Brian's face contorted to one of anger, but before he could reply, she quickly pulled Sophia along, away from the traitorous couple.

Damn, that felt good. With a bounce to her step, she led the way to the car.

You know what? She was keeping her new purchases. She deserved them.

When they arrived back at the mansion, Elizabeth was greeted by Parsley, who lifted an eyebrow at all of the shopping bags in her hand.

"I'll just return the card then," she said, ignoring the chubby woman's scrutinizing gaze. Throwing her blonde hair over her shoulder, she continued on toward her room, carrying her purchases with her. She was so glad Mr. De Luca wasn't home. Though she knew he would nd out eventually, but by that time, he might like her—she lied to herself.

A few days later, Elizabeth, who'd been over the moon with her new purchases and strutted around in them every chance she got, started panicking.

It was the end of the month... He was going to receive his credit card statement and nd out.

But he has no limit, so what are the chances he'll look... right? Elizabeth tried to coax herself.

Yes, he wouldn't read it. Elizabeth smiled and let out a nervous breath. He would never nd out.

\*Knock Knock\* Elizabeth's stomach uttered, and her palms started sweating.

"Yes?" Her mouth stretched into a fake, much too wide smile as she opened the door to nd Nutmeg there, looking far too happy.

"Mr. De Luca would like to speak with you." Parsley grinned as her eyes shone with malicious intent.

Shit! s\*\*t! s\*\*t!

"Really? Why?" She squeaked.

Rosemary shrugged nonchalantly. "Don't know. But he asked me to send you to his oce."

Her feet felt heavy as she walked down the hallway, that now seemed to stretch endlessly, before strolling down the stairs. She had never walked so slowly before in her life. This was it, she was going to lose another job all because of her stupid greed.

She reached his oce door and knocked.

"Enter," His rich, deep voice boomed. Elizabeth pushed open the door and was surprised to nd not only Mr. De Luca present, but also a second, handsome, friendly looking man. He kind of looked like Matteo, but then nicer.

"Hello," Elizabeth smiled. The man smiled back, before standing up and introducing himself.

"My name's Johnny De Luca, I'm this schmuck's cousin," He held out his hand. Elizabeth giggled at the word schmuck, before placing her hand in his. "And you must be the new nanny," He raised her hand to his mouth before kissing it. Sarah felt her cheeks heat.

"Elizabeth," she smiled.

"Ahem," De Luca cleared his throat, causing them both to look at him. What Elizabeth saw made her stomach drop. Mr. De Luca had a frown on his face, like always, but it was what was lying on the desk in front of him that had her insides in knots.

The credit card statement.