

Dose of the hot Italian

Elizabeth POV

For the last few days, when Elizabeth would drop Sophia off at school or pick her up, this Romano character would always be present. He always came up to her for a little chat. Elizabeth couldn't say she hated it, in fact, after a few days, she was looking forward to it.

Elizabeth arrived a little early that day, eager for her dose of the hot Italian. To her disappointment, she couldn't find him anywhere. Standing outside the classroom, she could see Sophia painting through the windows. When her painting was done, Sophia handed it to the teacher.

After a few moments, and with a loud huff, Elizabeth decided to peer around the corner, looking for Mr. Charming.

"Looking for someone?" She could hear the smile in his voice. Damn it! She just got caught. She decided to downplay it.

"Nope, just looking around," she shrugged, looking him dead in the eye.

The man let out a deep chuckle. "If you say so," He smirked. "You know, you should play poker with a poker face like that. You ever play the cards?" He asked her.

"I can't say that I have," She shook her head. "I did play the piano as a child though," She said sheepishly.

A deep rumbling chuckle left his chest. "Really? I play the guitar. But if you have a night off... we could go out, and afterwards, I can play you."

His hot breath tickled her cheek. He'd sneakily stepped closer while she'd been watching Sophia through the hallway window.

Elizabeth hadn't had s*x in a long while. That should have been her first sign that something was wrong in her relationship, but she'd just put it down to her and Brian both having busy lives.

The idea of someone touching her turned her on so much that if she had been in one of those werewolf novels she loved to read, she was sure they'd be able to smell her arousal. The thought of Romano growling at her, brought a smile to her face.

"Ouch, I've never had a woman laugh at my advances before," Romano put his hand on his heart, feigning hurt.

"Ellie!" Sophia's voice interrupted their conversation.

"Uncle Rick!" Elizabeth's head snapped to Romano. Who the hell was Rick?

"Rick?" She asked, quirking an eyebrow. "Your name isn't Romano?"

"Romano is my last name."

"What's your first name?" Elizabeth asked, while Sophia played with Romano's nephew.

"Go out with me tonight and find out," he smirked, handing her his business card, before taking his nephew's hand and walking away. He didn't need to make big gestures or be loud to be seen. He just had this mysterious vibe about him. Elizabeth noticed a few of the other mommies or nannies admiring him as he passed.

"Come on, Sophia, let's get you home."

That night, after dinner, Elizabeth took Sophia to her room for a bedtime story. All the while she had been contemplating if she would go on that date with Rick or whatever his name was. Her contract did state that she had two nights off each month. Nights of her own choosing. She had only eaten half a plate so she wouldn't be stuffed. Though she was hoping to get stuffed. Elizabeth chuckled at her own joke.

"Okay, that's long enough," Elizabeth told Sophia, who was brushing her teeth, when the two-minute timer went off. The little girl rinsed her mouth and walked toward the bed. Sophia had been quiet all night.

"Okay, what bedtime story do you want?" Elizabeth asked, looking at all the books in the girl's bookcase.

"Sophia?" She asked, reading the titles silently.

"I just want to sleep," The little girl mumbled. That caught Elizabeth's attention. She loved bedtime stories.

"Hey, is everything alright?" Elizabeth asked, getting more worried by the second. Now that she looked at Sophia more clearly, the little girl did look very pale. How had she not noticed? Elizabeth touched her tiny face, and gasped. She was burning up. Sophia's eyes had already closed.

Oh no! What should she do now? Elizabeth started panicking. "Don't worry, I'll go get help!" Was what she said to the little girl before she stormed out of the room. Elizabeth ran into the kitchen, disappointed to find no one there. The chef had gone home for the night, but what about the other housekeepers? Where was Rosemary?

Elizabeth hurried out of the kitchen, looking down the long corridor. Were these the staff sleeping quarters? Or did they go home? Elizabeth tried thinking back to the first day she'd arrived and Rosemary had given her that tour.

Why hadn't she paid better attention? All she'd cared about was the pool outside and her massive bedroom. She was such a selfish person! Tears started forming in her eyes.

Matteo! He hadn't been in before, but maybe he was home now? Just when she was about to storm back up the stairs, voices coming from his office caught her attention.

Thank God, he was home. He would know what to do. Without a second thought, Elizabeth stormed into the room.

All the heads of the men turned to her, some quickly snatching stuff off of the table. It was some kind of meeting. Elizabeth glanced over the things lying on the table, without taking them in. She didn't even bother greeting anyone.

"Matteo!" Tears started pouring down her face. She'd blurted out his name, but instead of getting angry, he stood up from the table and rushed towards her.

"What's wrong?" He asked, grabbing her upper arms gently. The gesture surprised her, but she was too stunned to really think about it.

"It's Sophia, she's sick." Matteo stormed up the stairs, with Elizabeth in tow. When he reached the room, he kneeled next to the bed and placed his lips on his daughter's forehead.

"She's burning up," he spoke softly, caressing her cheek.

"We have to go to the hospital, right? Or should we put her in a bath? Why didn't I notice before?" Elizabeth started rambling, pacing hysterically.

"Elizabeth," Matteo grabbed her hands, "Go downstairs, in the kitchen in the left corner cabinet on the highest shelf, there is a box with medicine. Look for the Tylenol."

"Tylenol, got it!" Elizabeth had never run so fast before in her life. When she reached the kitchen, she grabbed the box and started searching, frantically throwing the medicine capsules on the kitchen island.

"Where is it?" She spoke out loud, rummaging through the box like a maniac.

Tylenol. One bottle read. Elizabeth let out a sigh of relief, but it soon disappeared when she noticed it was dosage by weight. How much did Sophia weigh? Elizabeth remembered reading one of Sophia's doctor's reports from the day she became her nanny. Thirty-ve pounds.

Elizabeth started measuring the exact dosage, but her hands were trembling too much.

"Goddamn it!" She cursed, slamming her hand on the table, "I'm a terrible nanny," She cried.

"Did you find it?" Matteo suddenly appeared in the doorway. His eyes scanned the mess she had made, but he didn't say anything.

Elizabeth nodded and handed him the bottle. Matteo took it from her and they both went back up the stairs. Elizabeth watched as Matteo carefully measured the medicine before gently giving it to his daughter. She was completely out of it. The sight made Elizabeth's heart ache. She'd rather take the little girl's sass—even though she cursed it sometimes—than watch her limp form.

"Is she going to be alright?" She asked, while Matteo kissed her on the forehead. He'd given her lighter blankets and even changed her pajama's while Elizabeth had had a meltdown downstairs. Big help she'd been.

"Everything is going to be alright. I just took her temperature. It's just a mild fever, nothing to worry about. It's very common. You should get some rest. I'll come and check on her once the meeting is over."

"Oh, yeah, I'm sorry about that," Elizabeth spoke, all the while looking at Sophia.

"It's ne. You did good," Matteo spoke softly. Elizabeth didn't even notice him smiling at her, or hear his compliment.

"Is it okay if I just stay here a little while longer. At least until the Tylenol kicks in."

"Sure," Matteo spoke, gently closing the door before leaving. Elizabeth plopped down on the luxurious armchair she usually sat in to read to Sophia. She pulled the chair closer to the little girl's bed, and took her hand into her own.

"I'm sorry," She whispered. This is exactly why she never wanted a child of her own. This was the worst feeling in the world.

"I promise I'll never fail you again," she spoke softly.