

# The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 1

"Gisele!", a sharp voice called from the next room.

I shook with a start and frowned in confusion. I was on break and didn't understand why Elaine was calling me. Still, I went to her office.

I stood in front of Elaine's office and knocked timidly, then went in when I heard the muffled "Come in".

"Yes, boss? You called", I said, opening the door and standing in front of her desk.

"Sit, please", she said, making me raise my brows in confusion.

Since I had started working here, Elaine had never been polite to me. Nevertheless, I pulled the only other chair in the room and sat cautiously, making sure not to let any expression cross my face.

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"How are you liking working here?", she asked, making me sit upright in my chair.

Was she going to fire me? Was that why she called me into her office for the first time since the 5 months I had been working here?

"Don't be alarmed", she chuckled, seeing my scared expression. "I'm not going to fire you"

I relaxed visibly and smiled tightly, too tongue tied to speak.

She laughed out loud, very creepily. I didn't understand why she was so nice all of a sudden.

"Don't be scared", she continued, placing her hand on top of mine. I looked at our hands in bewilderment, not really understanding what was going on.

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"My dear Gisele", she started, making me look up at her. "I know this is strange. You've been working here for almost 6 months and today is the first day I'm calling you into my office".

She chuckled and I smiled tightly again, wondering where the heck she was going at if she didn't want to fire me.

“I’ve been watching you and I’ve noticed how hardworking you and how much you enjoy working here” – that was not true – “You impress me a lot Gisele. That’s why I have a proposition for you”, she paused again, making me want yet to shout ‘what the heck do you want?!!’, but of course I couldn’t. Even though the job didn’t pay all that well, it still helped me a lot.

“What proposition?”, I asked, before I lost my nerve.

She smiled, then said, “Gisele, I would love to take care of you, if you let me”, all the while caressing my hand in a very disturbing manner.

“Take care of me, Mrs. George? I don’t really understand what you mean by that”. I had understood what she meant, but I just didn’t want to accept it.

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“Gisele, don’t be naïve. I know you have lots of boys running after you but I have so much more to offer if you give me a chance to show you”, she explained, drawing weird random patterns on my hand.

I withdrew my hand and kept it in my lap, making her press her lips together in annoyance.

” Mrs. George”, I started, “Aren’t you married?”, I asked. I was someone who believed that relationships were supposed to be sacred and completely monogamous.

“Mr. George is not a problem. I can even convince him to join us”, she said, smiling suggestively, making my insides turn over in disgust.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. George. Not only is your proposition indecent and disgusting, it could also be considered as s\*\*ual hara\*\*ment if taken to court. So, it is with deep regrets that I tell you that I cannot accept it”