

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 12

We are each of us angels with only one wing. And we can only fly while embracing each other. – Lucian De Crosonza

Previously...

Then they heard a throat clearing and they turned and saw...

... Mrs. Hale, looking down at them fondly and smiling. Gisele's cheeks heated up in embarrassment when she realized the old woman had heard everything they had said.

Mrs. Hale laughed heartily and said, "Honey, don't be embarrassed, I was young once too you know? Anyway, I heard laughter and decided to come see what was happening here? *looks in Callie's direction, sees she is engrossed in her TV show, whispers*, You've changed this home, Gisele. That man should definitely keep you", then she went out.

Gisele cursed her quick to blush skin and knew that she probably looked like a tomato right now.

Callie looked at her with wide curious eyes and said, "Gigi, you rved. Sick?"

Gisele laughed then patted Callie's back and said, "No, bébé, I'm perfectly fine"

Gisele continued watching the shows and laughing until Callie exclaimed,

"Daddy, come join us. It's fenny(funny)!"

Gisele turned towards Slate and felt her cheeks heat up as she remembered their kiss.

Slate was hesitating and Callie pouted then pulled the puppy dog face on him, "Please, Daddy. Please?" Slate couldn't resist so he sat down on the couch and pulled Callie into his arms.

Soon enough, Callie was asleep and Slate took it upon himself to put her in bed.

Gisele smiled at the sight and as she wanted to enter her own room, she felt a strong hand on her arm. "Did you think you could run away from me again?", Slate asked in his deep and husky voice.

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Gisele turned towards him with wide eyes and said, "I'm not trying to run away from you, I just want to... read", she finished lamely.

Slate chuckled and that sound turned her insides to mush. "Really?", he asked with amus****t coating his voice. Then he pushed her gently into the room and entered too, then bolted the door and took the key.

Then he smiled a devilish smile in her direction and said, "That way you won't be running away anymore". She tried to put a bit of space between them but he didn't want to have any of that.

"S-slate, y-you know it's not appropriate for us t-to b-be in the s-same room", she said, stammering

"And why is that, Gisele?", Slate asked, walking towards her.

Gisele took a deep breath and said, "Because of your fiancée that's why".

Slate's brow furrowed and he asked' perplexed, "My fiancée... what fiancée?"

It was Gisele's own turn to be confused.

"Ella Hepburn? The model with blonde hair and a lot of cleavage?"

Slate's confused look disappeared to be replaced with an amused one and he laughed.

Gisele pouted and turned away from him. "Don't worry, shortcake, I'm not laughing at you but to think of Ella and I living together makes laugh and disgusts me at the same time", Slate a**ured her.

"But... wait what? Shortcake?! I'm a respectable height for a woman, but I'm not short."

Slate looked down at her in amus****t. To his six foot three inch frame, she was incredibly short.

"Really?", he asked while raising one eyebrow.

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"Yes, I a**ure you", she said primly, like a proper little madam.

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s***, Slate thought as he felt himself hardening. She looked at him pointedly and said, "It's already late, I need sleep, Slate and I guess you do too, so kindly open my door, go out and let me sleep"

“No goodnight kiss?”

“Nope”, Gisele said.

“Come on, have mercy, Shortcake”

She pursed her lips and said, “On one condition, you stop calling me ‘shortcake’. Deal?”

“Yeah, I promise”.

“Okay”, she said then stood on tiptoe and pecked his lips. “Done, now open the door”

“That was not a kiss, Gisele”, Slate complained. “This is a kiss”, he added then swooped down and kissed her lips.

It took Gisele completely by surprise and parted her lips in a gasp. Slate took the opportunity and invaded her lips.

He s***ed on her tongue, making her feel things she had never felt before.

After sometime, he lifted his head and said, “Now that was a kiss. Good night... Shorty. Dream about me.”

Gisele gasped and realized that she had just been played.

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Slate went out leaving Gisele alone with her thoughts and her iPhone 5s, it was a birthday gift from Lizzie’s parents.

She collapsed on her bed and texted Lizzie

Gisele: U won’t guess what happened.

Lizzie: What? U killed someone and shipped their body to Antarctica?

G: Wtf Liz? Of course not.

L: What then?

G: I kissed my boss... twice.

L: Arrrrgggghhh. If I could scream through texts, I would have. Girl, u need to tell me everything. Spill and be quick.

G: I’ll pa** by 2morrow and I promise, I’ll tell u

L: Omg, suspense is killing me but I'll wait and u're going to tell me all the steamy details.

G: Lol. Good night

L: 'Night. Dream about him.

Gisele laughed because that was the same thing Slate had told her. She changed into her pajamas and braided her thick red hair. She said her prayer and off she went into sleep filled with wonderful dreams...