

## The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 15

Always remember, others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them-and then you destroy yourself. – Richard M. Nixon.

Gisele called Mr. Suresh for him to come and pick them up. He came with the car and smiled at them when they entered the car.

Soon enough, they had reached home. "Gigi, can I go see Dad?", Callie asked.

Gisele could see the kid was tired so she said, "You have to nap first, okay"

Callie scrunched her nose up and said, "But I hate napping!"

"Callie...", Gisele started.

"Okay, okay but can I get a candy first?", Callie asked, batting her eyelashes.

Gisele laughed softly. The kid was going and was already blackmailing.

"Okay, but just one piece, hmm?"

"Yay!", Callie said then ran to her room. Gisele smiled and followed her.

Gisele then walked down to the kitchen to get some water.

As she was heading towards the stairs, she heard furious stamping of feet and saw two livid blonde women coming down.

One was the b\*\*\*\*y model, Ella Hepburn. And seeing the resemblance the two bore, they were probably related.

Gisele gave a fake smile but in her head, she was wondering why they were there. Maybe Slate had lied? Maybe he was really with this-

"Hey!", the older woman said, cutting her thoughts off.

"So it's you the tramp that made Slate reject my daughter, huh?", she asked.

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"I don't understand-", Gisele started but she was cut off by a teary eyed Ella.

“Shut up, you lying b\*\*\*\*! He was-“, she started shouting but was interrupted by her mother.

“Don’t waste words on her, honey. She’s not worth it”

That stung Gisele terribly. All her life people had been telling her she was worthless and she’ll be damned if she swallowed another insult.

“Look here, old hag!”, Gisele said, causing Ella and her mother to gasp.

“I’ve had enough. You think you’re worth more than me? With your fake t\*\*s and big empty head? You think you have great bodies? Then think twice because all this junk you’ve bought doesn’t change that you are brainless b\*\*\*\*\* and that’s all you’ll ever be. You may hate me, but I don’t hate you. I just... pity you because you’re not worth s\*\*\* and better s\*\*\* it up if it hurts. You are nothing but a bunch of over conceited s\*\*\*s and-”

“That’s enough”, Slate said quietly from behind them.

Gisele widened her eyes and turned, but not before seeing a wide smirk etched on Ella’s face.

“Stephanie, Ella I believe I told you to get out of my house”, he continued.

Mother and daughter alike scrambled out of the house.

“Omg! I’m really sorry, Slate! I don’t know what came over me! I can-“, Gisele started but was interrupted by Slate’s laughter.

Mhmm, great laughter. Currently, b\*\*\*erflies were all over her stomach.

He stopped laughing, came towards her, wrapped his arm around her waist and looked deep into her eyes.

“Slate? Are you-?”, she tried to persist but he shut her up by kissing her (so cliché).

\* \* \*

Fifteen minutes before

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“You know I can ruin you with just a single flick of my wrist, right?”, Stephanie asked.

Slate laughed. “You think if I don’t get the deal with your husband my companies will go bankrupt? You’re not that important, Steph”

Stephanie was fuming silently, "Trust me, Slate you'll regret this", she said, then walked out with her daughter

Slate sighed. He didn't know what demon no rather devil pushed him to date her.

He went downstairs and was surprised to see Gisele putting the two horrified women in their places.

"... You think you have great bodies? Then think twice because all this junk you've bought doesn't change that you are brainless b\*\*\*\*\* and that's all you'll ever be. You may hate me, but I don't hate you. I just... pity you because you're not worth s\*\*\* and better s\*\*\* it up if it hurts. You are nothing but a bunch of over conceited s\*\*\*s and-"

"That's enough, Gisele", he said and saw her freeze.

"Stephanie, Ella, I believe I told you to get out of my house."

They scurried out like mice and left Slate and Gisele alone in the room.

"Omg, I'm so sorry, Slate! I don't know what came over me! I can-", Gisele said.

Slate couldn't help himself, he burst out laughing. She looked so cute when she was flustered. He went towards her and put his arm around her waist and drew her towards him.

Instead of shutting up as he wanted her to, she opened her sweet little mouth and asked, well tried to, "Slate? Are you-?"

Slate took advantage of her open mouth and kissed her. Her mouth, God, her mouth was meant for kissing; for his kisses.

She tasted like cherries and smelt like strawberries, his new favorite flavor in the world.

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him back, albeit hesitantly. She pulled back for a moment before kissing him again.

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They kept kissing like there was no tomorrow before Slate pulled back. Gisele pouted: she was cute when she did that.

"Why did you stop?", Gisele asked.

"Did you want your first time to be on the floor or along the wall?", Slate asked.

She shook her head no. Then she asked curiously, "How did you know I'm a virgin?"

“Babe, a leopard can’t hide its spots, same way you can’t hide your innocence”

“Oh”, was all she said before turning her head.

He chuckled, seeing the wheels turning in her head, “That doesn’t mean you weren’t good though”, he said and she smiled gratefully at him.

He picked her up bridal style and started up the stairs.

“Slate put me down”, she shouted, while giggling.

“Slate, Slate, Slaaattee”, she yelled, laughing uproariously.

Callie who was not napping came out from her room and saw Gisele in Slate’s arms.

“Daddy! Carry too!”, she exclaimed.

Slate put Gisele down and carried Callie who started laughing too.

“You’re quite the happy little family, Slate”, an older dark haired woman, who had an uncanny resemblance to Slate said.

“Mom?”, Slate said in disbelief while Callie shouted, “Grandma”.

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