

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 16

26.5K words · Completed

Previously...

"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".

Gisele looked in confusion. This was Slate's mom? She was very beautiful and it showed where Slate had taken his features.

It was then that she noticed the girl, or rather, the woman behind her. She was dark haired with pretty violet eyes.

"Who is this?", Slate's mother, Whitney asked Slate frostily after hugging Callie warmly.

Gisele started answering, but Slate beat her to it.

"Mom, this is my, uh... Callie's babysitter", Slate said.

Gisele was a little disappointed when she heard babysitter then she realized that, that was exactly what she was! A few kisses exchanged here and there did not make them a couple. Jeez! What was she thinking.

"Babysitter, hmm? Anyways, Slate come with me, and you too Jenny", Whitney said without even sparing a glance in Gisele's direction.

Jenny trailed behind them to Slate's office leaving Callie and Gisele alone.

"Come on, sweetie, let's go to your room", Gisele said softly.

Callie didn't argue and they went calmly upstairs to Callie's room.

"Gigi, are you mad at me?", Callie asked, her lower lip trembling.

"Oh, God, of course not honey. Why would you think that?"

"You didn't talk to me", she replied.

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"I'm not mad at you, I could never be mad at you. I love you, ange du ciel" (angel from heaven)

"I love you too, Gigi", Callie replied. Gisele carried Callie into her room and lay her on the bed.

"Gigi, I want my own tea party", Callie said sleepily.

"After your nap, ok?", Gisele said

"Okay, Gigi", Callie said before falling asleep.

Gisele left the room as quietly as she could and as she closed the door, a figure appeared in front of her.

She let out a small scream. "Hey, it's me, Jenny", the person said.

"Ah, you scared me", Gisele said, breathing out a sigh of relief.

"Can we talk?", Jenny asked.

Gisele wanted to refuse but she could not find it in herself to hate the girl.

"Sure", Gisele said. Jenny slipped her arm in Gisele's and they headed towards Gisele's room. They entered the room and Jenny sat on the bed.

"Not to sound rude, but what did you want?", Gisele asked impatiently.

"I just wanted to talk", Jenny said. Gisele nodded for her to continue.

"I know you love Slate", Jenny started and as Gisele opened her mouth to protest, she held up her hand.

"Don't deny it. The way you look at him shows and there's always love shining in your eyes when you see him. I know that feeling very well", Jenny said sadly.

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Gisele's curiosity was piqued. "What do you mean?", she asked.

"Whitney wants me to marry Slate. My mother does too. They claim it is for the betterment of both our families. But I don't see it! Just because they want that doesn't mean I want it too!.", Jenny said, then starting sobbing.

Gisele took her in her arms and comforted her. The girl was obviously going through some love issues.

Gisele started speaking but Jenny said, "Wait, let me finish. There's this guy, I met him in my last year of college. We hit off, we became the closest of friends and no one could separate our bond. Then I realized I was in love with him. To cut the story short, I told him how I felt and he told me he loved me too! I was afraid my unrequited love for him will grow a rift between us but the only thing it did was strengthen our relationship. I told Mom about it but she was hell bent on me getting married to Slate. I can't get into a loveless marriage, my mother is living through that and it's not pretty. I love Kennedy and I'm not sure I can ever stop myself from doing so"

"I'm so sorry. I misjudged you totally", Gisele said with remorse in her voice.

"It's okay. I understand you totally. If I were you, I'd feel the same", Jenny said with a teasing glint in her eyes.

Gisele laughed and they started a conversation. She discovered that Jenny loved reading just as she did, and she was a huge fan of Greek Mythology stories. She was also a Potterhead.

"I'd better head downstairs now", Jenny said.

"It was nice meeting you. I hope we can talk again sometime", Gisele replied, smiling widely.

Thirty Minutes Later...

Gisele heard a knock on her door. She told the person to come in. It was Slate.

"Uh, hey", Slate said.

"Hi?", Gisele replied but it was more of a question as Slate was behaving very unlike him.

"I need to talk to you", he said, then added, "May I?", gesturing towards the bed.

Gisele wanted to speak but thought better of it so she simply nodded.

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"Look I'm really sorry about my mother, she's like that to people she doesn't know.", Slate said apologetically.

Really? I was under the impression it was hate at first sight for both of us..., Gisele thought but kept it to herself.

"And what I said about you being the nanny..."

“Was complete reality. It’s okay, Slate, I understand fully. Look, just because we kissed doesn’t mean we’re together, I get that. You...”, Gisele interrupted.

“Wait, Gisele! That’s what I wanted to talk about. I want us to explore what we have between us.”, Slate said, looking into her eyes.

“Slate, mon Dieu, I don’t know anything about you and same goes for me. I don’t even know your middle name”, Gisele said shaking her head.

“I know, Gisele but we can try.”, he said desperately.

“Why are you so intent on making us work?”, Gisele asked, standing and shooting her hands in the air.

“Because, Gisele, I realized how short life is.”, Slate said.

Gisele looked a bit pensive. Then determined.

“Okay, you’re right, life’s too short. But we need to get to know each other and go on dates before anything happens.”, Gisele added on second thought.

“I promise. Oh, and by the way, my middle name’s Kevin”, Slate said and Gisele smiled.

“Gisele, can we go out tomorrow, on a date?”, Slate asked, a bit nervous. It had been so long he had done this; normally, it was the women who flocked to him not him asking them out.

Gisele’s eyes grew wide and she said, “Yess! But wait, who’s gonna stay with Callie”, she wondered but before Slate could answer, she said, “I have the perfect solution. I’ll call up Lizzie and ask her. I’m sure she’ll accept”.

Slate simply smiled then left the room and closed the door gently, leaving an overexcited Gisele there.