

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 17

To say Gisele was surprised at Slate's demand, would be an understatement. It was completely unromantic to say unappealing. The asking did matter, but she didn't want to take any chances, so she agreed.

She decided then to call Lizzie because she knew next to nothing about dates. She had spent her whole life working that she had no inkling of the world that involved dates and parties.

"What's up, Gigi?", Lizzie asked as she picked up at the first ring.

"Lizzie, you need to help me. Slate and I are going out on a date, and I have nothing to wear."

Lizzie as per usual, heard nothing after the words 'Slate and I are going out on a date'.

"Whaaaaaaat, woman? And you didn't tell me?", she screeched.

"I just told you", Gisele murmured almost inaudibly.

"When?", Lizzie continued as if she never heard her.

"Tomorrow", Gisele said glumly, knowing how unnerved Lizzie would be.

"Tomorrow?!!", Lizzie screeched so high Gisele had to hold the phone away from her ear.

"Dammit woman, stop trying to burst my eardrums, I'll need them for tomorrow, you know", she replied, annoyed.

"Thank goodness I'm not such a dumba** and had the common sense to reserve a dress for this type of occasion. Okay tomorrow, I'll bring it, okay? And I'll take care of Callie", Lizzie replied, again ignoring Gisele once again.

"Thanks Liz, I don't know what I'd do without you", Gisele gushed.

"You'd die a virgin, obviously", she replied drily.

"I wove you Lizzie", Gisele said in a tone Callie would use.

"I love you too", Lizzie replied, laughing then hung up.

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“Lizzie”, Gisele whined, “why do you insist on torturing me?”

“Shut up and let me do your makeup and don’t make me force you because you know as well as I that it won’t be pretty”, Lizzie said threateningly.

Gisele pouted.

“There, it’s perfect, keep on pouting. Voila!! C’mon, you can look now”, Lizzie said, smiling like she had just won the lottery.

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And look Gisele did. She almost didn’t recognize herself. She looked so pretty! Lizzie had gone for the natural look, and had left her hair down. She was wearing a dark blue dress with a floral print, and flat yellow sandals with straps around her ankles.

“Lizzie, thank you so much! I really don’t believe this is me, right now!”, Gisele said then hugged Lizzie. Lizzie returned the hug with as much enthusiasm as Gisele.

They were actually at Lizzie’s house, and waiting for Slate. Soon enough, the doorbell rang. As Gisele was getting up to get it, Lizzie stopped her.

“Let me do it. I’m the pro, you know”, she said, with a very sus***ious smile on her face. After a while, Lizzie entered with Callie on her wake.

“You look real pretty, Gigi”, Callie said very cutely.

“Aw, thanks Callie, come on, time for a kiss”, Gisele replied with a smile on her face. Callie ran over to her, puckered her lips and smacked a kiss onto her cheeks.

“Aw, they grow up so fast, go on Slate’s waiting for you”, Lizzie said, ushering Gisele out.

“Go, go!”, Callie said.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay with Callie? I know she can be difficult.”, Gisele asked, worried.

“Yes, we’ll be fine, now Cinderella, your Prince Charming’s waiting. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t”, Lizzie said, flashing a beautiful grin.

“Soo, basically I should do everything”, Gisele said, shaking her head.

“Yeah. C’mon, get going, you’re going to make Slate piss on his pants”, Lizzie said, making Gisele laugh.

Gisele walked to the door and saw Slate leaning on his car, a black Maserati. He looked so s**y standing near the sleek car. Gisele had never had any s**ual feelings towards any man, but Slate was not just any man; he was the man she was in danger of falling for.

She smiled at him, then said "Hi". She was so nervous and didn't know what exactly to say to him. "He-", he said, but his voice was a bit hoarse, so he cleared his throat and tried again, "Hey".

Gisele giggled, she couldn't help it. She had never seen Slate look nervous and the thought that she also meant something to him, made her heart soar and her insides melt.

He then opened the door, and invited her to enter the car. She did so. Then he ran to his own side and went in. He started the car and an awkward silence descended. Gisele looked for something to say, but she didn't find anything, so she contented herself with staring at him. Then she remembered something.

"Slate?", she called.

"Hmm?", he answered, still concentrating on the road.

"Where are we going?", was her question.

"You'll see", was his cryptic answer.

"Slate", she whined, "Come on, just tell me".

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"Sorry", he answered and she pouted, thinking it was going to affect him.

"Fine", she said, still pouting.

"Did you know you look exactly like Callie with that pout on your face? But please keep doing it, it makes you cuter.", Slate said, trying to rile Gisele up, it worked, she stopped pouting immediately.

"Fine. Don't say it, anyways, I love surprises.", she said, sticking her tongue out at Slate.

Slate laughed and they kept talking about everything and nothing until they reached the beach. The noises the waves made were very peaceful and the salty smell of the sea was refreshing.

"The beach? What on earth are we going to do at the beach? Swim?", Gisele asked, scrunching her nose up in confusion.

“C’mere.”, Slate said, holding her hand and bringing her closer to him. Gisele gasped at the little distance between them but quickly composed herself.

“Close your eyes”, Slate said softly and in a gentle voice. Gisele didn’t even think of going against the order and closed her eyes immediately.

Slate put a hand over her eyes and started leading her slowly and carefully. Soon enough, Slate’s hand fell off her eyes and he said, “You can open them now”.

Gisele opened her eyes and was mesmerized by the sight in front of her. It was truly beautiful and brought tears to her eyes. She turned to Slate and asked him,

“How did you know I’ve always ever wanted something like this? And how did you arrange for it in such a short period?”

“Your friend, Lizzie, helped me. Told me you’d always dreamed of dining with the waves touching your feet and the breeze pa**ing through your hair.”, he answered but ignored her second question.

He didn’t even need to say something else, Gisele had already jumped into his arms and hugged him tight. Then she did something surprising to both of them; she kissed him.

Slate kissed her back but pulled away after sometime because if he continued, he was not sure he would control himself.

“Hey, come on let’s go, there’s something you need to see.”, Slate said, holding Gisele by the arm and leading her to their table.

Slate pulled her chair and both sat.

“What did you want me to see?”, Gisele asked Slate curiously.

“Look at the horizon”, Slate said, holding her hand over the table. Gisele turned to look and gasped at what she saw. The sun was setting and the sky was different color shades. It was very beautiful.

Gisele sighed, if only she had her camera here, she would have captured this marvellous sight.

“What’s it?”, Slate asked, noticing the wistful look on her face.

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“Nothing, it’s just how I wish I had my camera to capture this wonderful sight”, she said, sighing again.

“You did photography?”, Slate asked.

“No, I never had the chance to but it’s been my pa**ion since I was a kid. My mom used to tell me all the time to stop weaving dreams in the clouds but-“, Gisele said, then cut herself off, as if she was afraid of saying too much.

Slate was uncomfortable, he didn’t know what to say so he settled for squeezing her hand.

“Aren’t you hungry?”, Slate said, trying to change the topic.

Gisele blushed as she realized that she was not only hungry but extremely hungry.

“Yes, I am. I couldn’t the whole morning because I was so nervous and I felt like b***erflies were moving in my stomach”, she said, and would have continued rambling on if the waitress didn’t come with their entrée.

Soon enough, they were done with the food. They started talking about each other.

“Slate?”, Gisele asked.

“Hmm?”, he answered.

“I want to know why you just invited me on a date so suddenly. I mean, it’s not like I don’t appreciate and I didn’t enjoy it, but I just really need to know, hmm, why you did.”, she said looking at him with a question in her eyes.

Was it her imagination or was he looking a bit vulnerable?

“My first wife was chosen by my mother”, he started. Gisele leaned towards him, wanting to know a bit more about this secretive and intriguing man.

“I had a bad experience with her (what an understatement!) and you... you..., God, I don’t even the attraction I felt when we first met and with my mother bugging me to date, you were my only option”, he finished.

“So, in a way you used me?”, she asked, a bit curious.

“No, I wouldn’t say I used you, I just took advantage of a desperate situation”, Slate replied, smiling at her. She smiled back shyly and bent her head.

“Hey, do you want to go home?”, Slate asked, as he watched her eyelids droop.

“Yeah”, Gisele replied, yawning, “I didn’t sleep last night. I was so nervous”, she added in a way of explanation.

He helped her stand up, and leaned her head against his shoulders to support her. They walked to the car and entered. Suddenly, Gisele said sleepily, "Slate, did you know this was my first date?"

Slate smiled as he lay her head on his shoulders again. He was going to take all her firsts and he couldn't be any happier.