

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 2

"She fired you?!", Lizzie screeched, shaking her head in wonder. I was currently at Lizzie's place and I had told her everything that had happened.

"Yes, Lizzie. I've said like 120 times before", I answered, worn out. I loved Lizzie, but sometimes she was annoying, not going to lie.

"It's just really surprising. And you don't want to sue. Are you out of your damn head?!", she exclaimed again, making me rub my forehead. I sensed a headache coming on.

"Lizzie, no one would ever believe me. And how much will I get out of it anyway? It's not worth it", I answered.

"Can I at least go and beat the crap out of her disgusting and ugly a**?", Lizzie asked, "You know I have a blue belt in Taekwen-something"

I laughed, "Does blue belt even exist? But no, sweetheart. I know you would love to but I don't want you to get into any trouble".

"You're way too forgiving. Anyways, what do you say we go out tonight? You drown your sorrows in the club for awhile and maybe even find a hunky guy and drown your sorrows in a totally different way", she proposed, smiling hopefully.

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"Lizzie...", I sighed, "I can't right now. I'm too stressed out".

"And going out will be the perfect way to relieve your stress. Come on, please", she said, making her most adorable face.

"Lizzie—"

"Say yes, please! S'il te plait, bébé, dit oui. Pleeeeeaaaaa**sseeeee", (please baby, say yes.)

"D'accord, d'accord. T'as gagné. On y va.", I said tired of refusing. (Okay, okay. You've won. Let's go.)

"Yaay! I promise you, we'll have the time of our lives", she said, dragging me to her bathroom. I was so going to regret this.

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“Talk to him! Go ahead!”, said Lizzie, trying to push me into the lion’s den. We had reached the club about an hour ago and she was pressuring me to go talk to a guy who had been looking at me for the past thirty minutes.

“No. I’m sure he’s in uni and what will you want us to talk about?”, I asked, refusing to budge.

“Party pooper”, she grumbled.

“That’s what you get for forcing me here”, I retorted, glaring at her. My head was spinning from all the noise and my legs were hurting in the incredibly high heels she had forced me to wear.

“Ugh, Gisele, let’s go back then”, she said, making me smile broadly.

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“Fine with me”, I said eager to get out of here.

Soon enough, we were in a cab. I sighed and lay my head on the backrest of the seat.

“Gisele, I’m sorry I forced you to come out here, but I thought it would be fun. I thought you’d enjoy it.”, Lizzie said, looking at me with an apologetic look.

“It’s fine, bébé, I know you had nothing but the best intentions. It’s not your fault I’m a party pooper”, I joked, making both of us chuckle. “But now it’s back to job searching. Ugh!!”, I said, annoyed.

“Don’t worry, bébé, I’m going to help you”, Lizzie said, hugging me tight. I was blessed to have a friend like her.