

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 20

Gisele looked at Slate in alarm after he uttered that sentence. That was a part of her life that only one person knew about, apart from her father, Lizzie.

"I ca- I mean- u-uh S-slate. I-I...", Gisele stuttered. Then, she took a deep breath and tried to steer the topic away from her past.

"S-slate, y-you want m-me to trust y-you b-but i-it g-goes both ways. I-I can't t-t-trust y-you if you d-don't t-trust me", she managed.

Slate looked at her in the eye and said, "I do trust you, Gisele. I do. I trust you like I trust no one" and I'm falling in love with you, he added silently.

Gisele closed her eyes in an effort to compose herself. She took in a big breath and started, "My family was a very happy one. My mother, my father and I. We were very happy. My parents were even planning on having another kid."

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Gisele took in another deep breath and continued, "When I was eight years, the problems and the arguments started. I was very young but also very smart, I used to overhear all their arguments. If it wasn't about money, it was about my father seeing another woman. It was like they were endless. Everyday, they had an argument. Every. Single. Day. School was like a safe haven for me. It went on for two years. The day I turned ten was the day my father left. He packed a bag when my mother was out, and sneaked out like a thief in his own house.

"I tried to stop him. Crying and begging. At first, he ignored me. But then I became persistent. I clasped his pant leg and clung onto him for dear life. He tried to shake me off but I wouldn't budge. Then he picked me up and said-". Gisele stopped and started crying again.

"I can't Slate, I just can't!", she cried urgently. "Those memories, I-I've t-t-tried s-so s-so h-h-hard to forget them. P-p-please d-don't make me say i-i-t". Her voice broke on the last word.

Slate took Gisele in his arms and didn't say a word. She cried and cried for a long time. Her sobs became scarce and she stopped.

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"I need to say this, I need to! I need to let go of the past and the past and this is the only way to do that", Gisele said shakily but, in a determined voice. Slate hid a smile. That's my girl, he said in his mind.

"When he picked me up, he looked right into my eye and said 'I never wanted you, girl. I never wanted any of you. I just wanted your mom's money. Not any of this baggage. But now that the cash is finished, I refuse to be stuck here with you when I have better opportunities out there'. I was crying and tried to hug him but he pushed me away and said, 'See? You're clingy, just like your mother. A bunch of stupid clingy b****es.' then roughly put me down and went out.

"I didn't understand half of what he was saying, but I was big enough to understand that he didn't want my mother and I. When my mother came back, she threw a fit. She broke plates, furniture and anything else she could lay her hand on. When she was tired, she went into her room and lay there, not doing anything just lay there. She may have fought with my father, but I knew she loved him. She sunk into a depression and nothing helped. Her family didn't want anything to do with her because she had married my Dad without their consent or acceptance. She died when I was nineteen and I was on my own till met Lizzie. She took me in, along with her parents. And I've been happy ever since, not thinking about that incident and bawling my eyes out.

"Until today, I met him. Looking like a poster child for money, riches and elegance. And he tried to touch me and pretend once upon a time, he didn't break my heart", her voice was laced with bitterness and then hatred, "I hate him! And I'll never forgive him!"

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After this, she broke down again and Slate comforted her with nonsensical utterances of love. She fell asleep slowly.

Sometime later, Callie tiptoed into his room and said, "Daddy, can I sleep with you guys?"

Slate nodded and Callie climbed on the bed, in the middle of both adults. With Gisele and Callie by his side, Slate felt complete. Like he had finally come home...