

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 21

Gisele woke up a bit disoriented. She looked around and saw that she was in Slate's room. She looked at the time and the digital clock next to the bed was blinking 17:48. She looked on the bed and saw that Callie and Slate were still sleeping. She tiptoed out of the room then went downstairs.

She heard sounds coming from the kitchen and she went to investigate. It was Mrs. Hale.

"Mrs. Hale, hello", Gisele said calmly behind her.

"Oh hello girl. How are you?", Mrs. Hale responded, not turning towards Gisele.

"Oh just peachy. What are you doing?", Gisele asked curiously.

"Nothing much, just preparing the groceries I bought", Mrs. Hale replied.

Gisele smiled at her even though she could not see. Then she went to the fridge, took out the gallon of milk, poured some into a gla** and started sipping.

"You know, Gisele, I never thought the day would come when I would see Mr. Hendrick so happy. You make him happy, keep doing that", the wise old lady said, still chopping her vegetables.

Gisele blushed and said nothing in reply, too embarra**ed. She didn't do anything! Slate was happy because he wanted to be not because of her but with~ Gah! What faulty logic was that, anyway? She definitely needed to stop speaking in her head.

"Do you need me to help you with anything?", Gisele asked, in her soft voice.

"No, hunny. I'm not that frail, you know. My strength probably surpa**es that of Superman", Mrs. Hale joked, sensing Gisele was in a dark mood and needing to make her joyful and happy again.

It worked to at extent, Gisele was smiling.

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The next day, Gisele woke up, feeling extremely sunny; she had once again slept with the two people she loved most, apart from Lizzie and her parents of course, Callie and Slate.

Speaking of Lizzie, she had not called in three days. She had a lot of explaining to do.

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She was making breakfast when both father and daughter strolled in. "Good morning!", Gisele said in a very cheery voice.

Slate grunted something in reply and Callie's response was to come and hug Gisele's legs. Gisele smiled, left what she was doing for a moment and picked Callie up.

"Gigi! Daddy helped me brush my teef and bath-ed me!", this one said.

Gisele smiled at Slate. "He did?", she asked Callie with fake astonishment.

"Uh huh. And he dressed me too!" she replied with much enthusiasm.

"Really? Tell me, does he do it better than me?" Gisele asked.

Callie looked back at her father who was smiling at this discussion and staged-whispered, "No, he was so bad! I had to told him most stuff."

Gisele laughed, Callie was so funny.

"So you don't like your daddy anymore? I'll leave you then", Slate said, mock sadly, while winking at Gisele.

Callie giggled and ran into her father's arms.

"No, you silly daddy, you bath-ed me very well more than Gigi, don't go. I wuv you"

Slate smiled and held her in his arms. Gisele smiled too, Callie was so adorable.

"~what do you think?", Slate asked.

"Huhh?", Gisele asked stupidly.

"Ice cream! Daddy, let's get ice cream!", Callie shouted.

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"Do you want to? Get ice cream, I mean", Slate asked with a mischievous grin on his face.

Gisele felt like there was some double entendres behind his words, so she blushed and contented herself with a nod.

Two hours, five ice creams, and a hundred licks later.

“Gigi, can I get another? Pwease? I won’t tell Daddy you gave me”, Callie pleaded sneakily.

“No, Cal-Cal, you might fall sick”, Gisele protested weakly.

“But I won’t! Pwease?”, she asked again, using her secret weapon, puppy dog eyes, one she was sure Gisele would not refuse.

Gisele was already slipping and she was on the point of saying no when Slate came to her rescue.

“Callie, you’ve gotten three ice creams, that’s more than enough”, he said.

Callie pouted and said, “I dwon’t like this daddy much, Gigi” with a dramatic hand wave.

Gisele and Slate laughed; this kid was watching far too many cartoons.

Suddenly, Slate’s phone rang. When he looked at it, he grimaced then said, “I’ve got to take this one. I’ll be right back”

Gisele frowned but decided not to look into it really much. She turned to Callie just to see that Callie had also disappeared.

“Callie? Callie?! Where are you?!”, Gisele cried out, a bit alarmed.

After searching for about half an hour, she saw Callie holding the hand of an absolutely gorgeous man. She ran towards her then knelt and hugged her.

“Callie! You scared me! Where did you run off to?!”

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“I was looking for Daddy, then I saw this nicicest man and helped me to fwind you”, Callie said, smiling.

Gisele turned towards the man and said, “Thanks so much for helping her!”

The man smiled, revealing dimples. “It’s nothing. Are you her mom?”, he asked.

Gisele was at a loss on how to answer that. “Uh... in a way?”

“Haha, I’m Dan”, the kind stranger said.

“I’m Gisele”, she replied, with an answering smile.

They started walking towards the ice cream stand along with Callie just to find an extremely worried-looking Slate. When he saw them, his expression of worry turned to one of disgust and anger.

"I see", were the only words he uttered when he saw them.

"Hey Slate. Hope you didn't wait long. Callie ran off and this nice man found her and here we are", Gisele said, trying to read his mood.

His expression changed and he said to Dan, "Thank you. You can leave now"

"Slate!", Gisele all but screamed, horrified and embarra**ed.

Dan chuckled, he could recognize that dumbstruck lovesick look, so he said simply, "No. It's okay. Hope we meet one of these days my little friend", then left.

"What is wrong with you?! He was kind enough to bring Callie and you tell him off like that? You-", Gisele started ranting then a slow smile of realization spread on her lips.

"You know, green is not a good color on you", she said and was replied by a light scoff.

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