

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 24

“Edith?”, she asked in a raspy voice, looking up at her.

Edith gave her a smug smirk and said, “Told you you were not for him”. Then laughed maniacally.

“You thought it was a ‘happily ever after’ affair. So sorry to disappoint you, honey, but you’re too low cla** for someone like Slate. I’m sure by now Ella has made him realize his stupidity”, she started again then once more burst into laughter.

Gisele was thinking of her words and thought them logical. After all, Slate had never told her he loved her. Maybe he was just with her because he wanted to get in her pants.

Stop it! If Slate didn’t love you, he wouldn’t have asked you out, a voice in her head said.

Well, he only asked me out so as to avoid his mother hounding him non stop to find a girl, another, more logical voice, answered.

Gisele realized it was true, Slate did not love her. She was not beautiful, shapely and sophisticated like the women he usually dated.

The only people who cared for her now, she guessed, were Lizzie and Callie.

ADVERTISEMENT

Edith, seeing the defeated expression on Gisele’s face, knew she had hit home. She gave her a smug smile and said, “You’re all alone, b****.”, then walked out of the room having Gisele’s cage.

She was definitely all alone...

+++—+++—+++—+++

It had been three days Gisele had been gone and Slate was a mess. Callie and Lizzie were not better.

Callie had thrown a tantrum and did not want to eat until Gisele came back. Her grandmother had had to forcefully take her from her father.

Slate on his part, was pretty much the way he was in his young wild years. He drank to stupor. He was almost never sober.

Lizzie came like she did everyday since Gisele's disappearance. And once again, she found Slate drunk.

ADVERTISEMENT

She was not going to let it go this time. She went towards him and slapped him hard on the cheek.

He bolted upright. "What the...?", he asked incredulously.

"Do you think this is what Gisele would have wanted you to do? Drinking till you are stoned. Better get in there, shave, shower and come out here. We have a lot to discuss", Lizzie said imperiously and went towards the kitchen.

Slate did as Lizzie said. He felt considerably better and the delicious smells wafting from the kitchen.

He went to the kitchen and saw that Lizzie was making a sauce for the pasta she was cooking.

After they had eaten, Lizzie sat across him and said, "So, I was thinking of calling the police but I saw this in your mail.", pushing a letter towards him.

If you want your girl, you get the girl if not your girl is not going to be am*** the living for much longer

ADVERTISEMENT

It was unsigned and there was no address on it. Slate and Lizzie looked at each other then looked at the poorly written but cryptic ransom note.

"Are you seeing another woman?", Lizzie asked, looking at him aggressively.

"No, I love Gisele, I'd never do that to her.", he replied, looking at her as if she had grown another head.

Lizzie smiled slowly. She was happy that this guy loved her best friend. Now all they needed was to find her.

"I know a guy, he's the best P.I out there. I'll give him a call", slate said, looking serious.

Lizzie decided in her head that she definitely approved of this guy.