

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 26

Slate was seated near Gisele's hospital bed for what felt like an eternity. He didn't mind, it was mostly his fault she was there anyway.

He sighed when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He knew instinctively that it was Lizzie. She had been trying to make him go home but he was having none of it.

"Slate, just go home. I'm here, I'll take care of Gisele but you... you've been her for five days already. Gisele would not like to see you looking this disheveled. You look like a truck ran you over repeatedly", Lizzie said, imploringly.

Slate sighed and patted his hand through his hair. "I can't, Liz, try to understand me. I can't leave her here, I love her", he replied in a hoarse voice.

Lizzie sighed, exasperated then said, "I know you love her, Slate, I know you're hurting, but please for her sake, take care of yourself. Please"

When she noticed his will was softening, she added, "And Callie misses you. She almost lost Gisele, don't make her even more unhappy"

Slate stood up wearily and said, "You win. I'm going but please keep me updated if there's any change"

Lizzie nodded sadly and waved bye to him. She sat and looked her friend. She looked so fragile, she had suffered much in this life and this was just the worst. It was in times like this that Lizzie asked herself whether there really was a God up there.

As she was thinking those deep thoughts, she heard the heart machine beeping furiously.

Gisele's eyes flicked open, closed again then opened again.

"Gisele? Gisele, oh my God, I missed you so much", Lizzie said excitedly before noticing the expression on Gisele's face.

"Who are you?", she whispered. Lizzie's eyes grew wide.

ADVERTISEMENT

"Gisele? It's me, Lizzie, your best friend since high school"

She still looked confused and scared. She looked around her.

“Where am I? Who are you?”, she asked, on the verge of tears.

Lizzie, seeing her distraught, called the Doctor, before Gisele sank into unconsciousness once more.

Gisele felt herself drifting in and out of consciousness. She was hearing bits and pieces of the conversation taking place in the room.

“Amnesia... mental block... recover in no time... spark... memory... straining activities...”

Then she fell unconscious again.

Lizzie had called Slate as soon as the doctor arrived. Dr. Martinez was updating them on her condition

“She actually has temporal amnesia. It’s like her brain has put a mental block on her memories but she’ll recover in no time if well taken care of. You need to spark her memory but not with straining activities. Show her pictures, videos. Things like that”, the doctor said politely then walked out when Slate muttered his polite thanks.

Slate sat next to Gisele again and held her hand with his. He couldn’t imagine how much it would hurt when she woke up and wasn’t able to recognize him.

ADVERTISEMENT

He laid his head on her chest and without meaning it to, a tear dropped.

Then he felt a tentative hand smoothing his hair. His head shot up.

“Gisele?”, he asked, then continued, “I’ve missed you so much! Thank God you’re up.”

He kissed her hand, then her palm which surely frightened Gisele because she tried to push him back.

He removed his head and looked at her. She looked lost and scared.

“Who are you? Please let me go!”, she said, cowering from him.

Slate almost hit something to show his anger but remembered the doctor’s words to be “calm and understanding with” so he composed himself.

“Just know that you’re safe with me, okay?”, he said simply, sending his hand forward for her to take it.

Gisele looked at the stranger in front of her, asking her to trust him. She didn’t know why but she felt like trusting him so she slowly sent her hand to meet his. He looked ecstatic when she did.

“Don’t worry, Gisele, I’ll protect from any other danger”, he said more to himself than her, while taking her in his arms.

ADVERTISEMENT

“So, I’m called Gisele Chloe Durand, I’m half French, half Texan. I was the babysitter of your kid, then we fell in love? Ça je n’y crois pas”, Gisele said, while shaking her head. “It sounds like a fairy tail.”

“I know it sounds incredible but you have to believe me”, Slate said, looking at her straight in her eyes.

Gisele found herself lost in the sea of his grey eyes. She almost nodded but asked instead, “Where’s Ca- it was Callie, right?”

Slate nodded then answered, “She’s currently taking a nap” but it was like Callie sensed they were talking about her for at that moment, she came sleepily down the stairs.

“Dad, you-“, she started but cut herself short when she saw Gisele. She ran towards her and jumped into her arms while screaming, “Gisele!!”

Gisele did not know why but she felt some warmth towards this child and her father, it was inexplicable.

“Hey, Callie”, Gisele said awkwardly.

“Gisele! I’m soo angry at you right now. You left and you couldn’t tell me? Never do that again, okay? And next time you’ll take me, right?”, Callie scolded.

Gisele was at a loss for words so she simply nodded.

“Good”, Callie said as if she was praising a kid who had accomplished something.

Slate laughed and Gisele noticed he was looking at her longingly. She looked at Callie to avoid his gaze. She felt something for him, that was for sure, but without her memories, she couldn't be convinced. She sighed. Hopefully, she'd gain it soon.