

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 27

Two weeks had passed since Gisele had recovered. She couldn't remember yet, but if she had really fallen in love with Slate, she understood why. He was so sweet and had been really kind and understanding towards her.

Gisele knew his patience had been tried a few times but he didn't show it, or tried to control it.

"What are you smiling at, Gigi? Is it my Daddy that made you smile?", Callie asked, looking thoughtful.

"Yes honey, and you too", Gisele answered, smiling at her.

Callie smiled when Gisele said that. Callie was a sweet kid who loved her father — and Gisele — very much. She was so funny and 'had a flair for the dramatic'

"Gigi, will you marry Daddy someday and become my Mommy?", Callie asked out of the blue.

Gisele was at a loss on how to answer Callie. She didn't want to break her heart, but she also could not say she was going to marry a virtual stranger.

"Callie... people don't just get married like that... they... Callie to marry, you need to love the person you get married to —"

"But you told me you loved Daddy! You told me you were never gonna leave me! You're a liar! Liar!", Callie screamed, sobbing, then ran out of the room.

Gisele didn't know what to do. She went up to comfort Callie but when she saw Slate already doing that, she contented herself with standing at the door.

"Don't cry, okay?", Slate said, wiping Callie's tears.

"The new Gisele is not nice at all! She's a liar", Callie answered.

Gisele felt hurt even though she knew she was not really at fault. She felt so bad that she had caused Callie to break down.

Slate whispered words to Callie, kissed her forehead then went out of her room and closed the door gently behind him.

As soon as Slate came out, Gisele looked up towards him with a guilty expression on her face.

“Slate I’m so sorry. She has not had a bad tantrum since the first day of our meeting. I just...”, Gisele said and sighed, not realizing what she had just said.

“You remember?”, Slate asked, looking hopeful.

Gisele, on her part looked confused.”Remember?”

“You said she had not had a bad tantrum since the first day. Does that mean you remember?”, he asked again.

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“I... I didn’t realize I said that... I... don’t remember... I’m really sorry...”, Gisele said haltingly and regretfully.

“Don’t be. It’s not your fault”, Slate said, then took her in his arms.

Two more weeks had pa**ed, and since Callie’s tantrum, no spark had happened in Gisele’s mind. Everybody was frustrated: Slate, Callie, Lizzie and Gisele herself.

Gisele was sitting and looking at pictures on Slate’s iPhone when she decided to go out.

She went up to Slate’s office and saw he was with someone else, actually two someones.

“Uh, I’m sorry”, she stammered out when she entered without knocking

“This is that badly behaved babysitter of yours, right Slate? She’s so ill mannered, entering her boss’s office without knocking. What a staff you have!”, the elderly woman said, making Gisele feel so embarra**ed.

To add to her embarra**ment, Slate said nothing in her defense. She stammered out another apology and closed the door hastily.

Callie was at school, so Gisele decided to go for a walk. She thought of the embarra**ment she had felt in Slate’s office. She wanted to die.

She was walking when she bumped into someone.

“Sorry”, she said, monotonously.

“Gisele, wait!”, the man said.

Gisele frowned in confusion. “I’m sorry sir, but do I know you?”, she asked.

“Gisele, I know I made a mistake but let me explain. Don’t shun me”

“Look –“, Gisele started but memories started coming back in a flash, making her feel dizzy.

“I don’t want you... in for the money”

Then another.

“Get a job as babysitter... did you do the nasty yet?...”

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Then the last one before she blacked out was:

“I don’t like Ella... I love her”.

This was the second time Gisele was in the hospital for the last one month and Slate was feeling frustrated and angry. Angry at himself because he knew it was all his fault.

He should’ve defended Gisele in front of his mother. He saw the look of embarrassment she wore when Slate did not say even a word. It was all his fault, always his fault.

He suddenly remembered something. He quickly went to the nurse who took care of Gisele and asked, “Excuse me, please. Do you know who brought the patient here?”

“Uh, yes. It was Monsieur Nicolas Durand”, she answered, giving Slate a big and flirtatious smile.

“Thank you”, Slate said in return, without sparing her a glance. Then he remembered something.

“Do you know where I can find him?”, he asked.

“Oh, he’s probably in Ms. Durand’s room. He didn’t want to leave her side”, the nurse answered, discreetly pulling down her nursing garb so that more of her cleavage could be exposed.

Slate went away, this time without a ‘thank you’ but with a frustrated sigh. He had been there for over an hour and the staff didn’t want to let him in to see Gisele.

“Can I see her now?”, he asked the doctor who had refused him from entering.

“Mr. Hendrick, I’m sorry but only people who have close parental links with her can see her”, the doctor answered looking at the pad she was holding in her hands.

“I’m her fiance, so I have the right to see her”, Slate said, impatiently, almost angrily.

The doctor widened her eyes and said apologetically, “I’m so sorry Mr. Hendrick, we were not aware of that. Please, do go in”

Slate thanked her absently and went into Gisele’s hospital room. Her father was not there, and Slate was happy for the fact because he would surely have lost control and pummeled him for all the hurt he had caused Gisele.

You’re one to talk. As if you’ve never caused Gisele pain, a part of his mind answered him sarcastically.

Slate blocked that part of his mind out and sat next to Gisele on the bed. He was carressing her hand softly while speaking to her.

“I know I’ve caused a lot of hurt and embarra**ment but I do hope you forgive me. I’d do anything to get you forgive me.”

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Then he sighed. Then he remembered that Lizzie was not aware of all this. He called her but she didn’t pick up. He tried again, it rang then it went to voicemail.

He kept his phone and decided to call her later. He continued smoothing the skin of Gisele’s hand, not wanting to lose contact with her.

Gisele felt a weight on her left side. She tried to open her eyes to see what it was but she couldn’t. She tried again and her attempt this time around was successful.

When she saw it was Slate, she smiled. He looked so adorable in his sleep. But when she saw the position he was in, she cringed and decided to wake him up.

“Slate, wake up”, she tried. No response.

“Slate”, she tried again, still no response. She decided to try the method she thought most effective; she screamed in his ear.

He woke up with a start while Gisele was laughing. He looked too cute for words.

Slate was confused for a while but when he saw Gisele, that confusion disappeared.

“Gisele, you’re awake”, he shouted.

Gisele smiled and said, “Yes”, while giggling like a fool.

Then it was like all her memories came back to her for she started frowning immediately.

“Hey, what’s wrong?”, Slate asked looking at Gisele questioningly.

“Nothing”, Gisele said, but Slate knew it was untrue but he decided not to push it.

The doctor came into the room and was all smiles when she said, “You’ll be discharged soon, Ms Durand, but first we need to carry out some necessary tests on you in about half an hour”

Gisele smiled and nodded, then the doctor went out as quietly as she came in.

As Slate opened his mouth to say something, Mr. Durand came in and uttered four words Gisele was dreading,

“Gisele, can we talk?”

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