

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 28

Gisele could not believe that the man she had spent her whole life hating was actually trying to protect her. His reasons had left her shocked and still a bit confused, to be honest.

She looked at the hospital wall while trying to take in all what he had said. It was like she was no longer part of this world as she was thinking, so she shook, startled, when Slate put a hand on her arm.

“Hey”, he started in a gentle and kind voice, “don’t overthink it, okay? Just relax, hmm?”

His words helped and she found herself sobbing crazily on Slate’s shoulder. Slate held her close and tried all his best to comfort her.

“I f-feel I-lik-ke I-I-I’ve been h-ha-ting everyone for no g-good reason. I-I n-n-never lis-ten to a-an-y-y ex-explanations b-b-because I’m too proud”, she hiccuped.

Then she took Slate’s face in her hands and said earnestly

“I’m so *hiccup* so sorry *hiccup* Slate”

“Hey, there’s nothing to forgive, hmm? And if there was, I’d have forgiven you a long time ago. I love you, Gisele, I love you as I’ve never loved anyone. I’m sorry I have a s***ty way of showing it, but if you give me another chance, I swear I’ll make it up to you”, Slate replied candidly looking straight into Gisele’s eyes.

Gisele could see the sincerity in his eyes, but she was confused and hurt that he was trying to lie to her.

“Slate, I know you think this is your fault... but that’s not why you should pretend to love me”, she said, hesitantly.

Slate looked adorably confused. “What do you mean?”, he asked.

Gisele sighed, she didn’t want to relive those memories.

“Look, I know you... I know you love Ella, so please don’t try to mess with my feelings”

“Love Ella? I’ve never loved Ella, even when we were dating! s***, I didn’t even like her!”, Slate said, a bit offended.

“Slate, I heard the recording. ‘I don’t like Ella... I love her’. How was I supposed to take that?”

Slate still looked confused but then realization dawned. "Oh, that", he said, looking pensive.

ADVERTISEMENT

"Yes, that", Gisele answered sarcastically.

Slate starting laughing, hard. It offended Gisele so she kept quiet, with a hurt look on her face.

Slate realized she was serious and sobered up, "Gisele, you offend me. I've always expressed my dislike for Ella, in every way known to man. And don't you think if I loved her, I would have tried every possible means to avoid her imprisonment?"

"Well, I don't know what to think anymore", Gisele started, exasperated, "I heard your voice clearly, saying you loved her. I don't...", she stopped abruptly, then sighed.

Slate came closer to her, put a comforting hand on her arm, and said, "Gisele, I've never lied to you. I may have kept some truths from you, but I've never outrightly lied to you. Please believe me when I say I love you, not Ella. I've never ever loved Ella"

Gisele looked at his face closely, trying to judge whether he was telling the truth. Then with a choked sob, she said, "I believe you"

The expression of relief on Slate's face was so comical that if Gisele wasn't so overwhelmed, she would have started laughing.

They embraced and were about to kiss when someone barged in. It was Lizzie, and she looked downright furious. Gisele swallowed, she was going to get the scolding of her life.

"So, you couldn't pick up a phone, dial my number, and say, 'Lizzie, I've been so lost without you, please come and save me' or something like that?", Lizzie asked.

"Liz, I'm really sorry, but in my defense, I had not yet recovered. I didn't even know you!", Gisele said, and regretted it as soon as she saw Lizzie's murderous expression.

She cursed her faux pas and prayed she was going to make it out alive.

The expression on Lizzie's face softened to a concerned one.

"Are you all right? What did Papa Bear say?", she asked.

The change of subject was so abrupt that Gisele was surprised. Her expression was a sour one when she answered.

ADVERTISEMENT

“I don’t know whether to think he’s a bad guy, or to believe his story”, she answered, with a cute thinking face on.

“What did he say?”, Lizzie asked in a comforting voice.

Flashback

“Can we talk?”, Nicolas asked.

“Sure, but on my terms”, Gisele said after a slight pause.

Slate went out quietly, knowing that they needed privacy.

Nicolas was speechless, it was obvious he was ready to convince Gisele to speak to him, and didn’t expect her to accept.

“Really?”, he asked, like a child given authorisation to touch something he wasn’t supposed to.

Gisele decided to come off as uninterested in the conversation, while in reality, she wanted to hear what he wanted to say.

“Did I stutter?”, she asked rhetorically, looking at her nails intently.

Nicolas swallowed, even as a preteen, Gisele was never this sarcastic. He didn’t know how to start the conversation. He swallowed nervously again.

“I know this’ll be incredibly hard to believe, but... Gisele, what happened years ago, was actually not of my... doing”, he started, choosing his words wisely.

Gisele looked at him with wide eyes, and a reproach on the tip of her tongue, but before she could voice it out, he said, “Please... please, just let me finish”

Gisele nodded reluctantly and let him continue his speech, or whatever it was.

“I was a drug dealer since my teen years”, he dropped the bomb. As if not sensing Gisele’s shocked stare on him, he continued, “I didn’t do them at first, but the stress of getting married to your mother when her family was against it, made me start”

ADVERTISEMENT

He paused, then continued, "I loved your mother, don't get me wrong, I'll forever be guilty knowing that I am the cause of her death, but I was young and so so stupid", he swallowed thickly.

Gisele looked at him, desperate to hear the rest of his story.

"I thought the feeling of being high was enough to get rid of all that stress. Boy, was I wrong? All it did was make me feel good for some time and that's all about it.

"I sunk so deep into drugs, and debt too. *lets out a bitter chuckle* I owed my bosses a lot of money, money I didn't have. To make me pay their money, they threatened you guys. Threatened to kill Stacey and use you as a w****."

He turned sincere and shameful eyes to Gisele and continued, "I was not a very good father or husband, but Gisele, I knew I couldn't let them do that to you guys because of me. They proposed me a deal, one I couldn't refuse."

"What deal?", Gisele asked in a small voice, fearing the worst.

"You don't want to know", Nicolas replied, confirming her fears.

Gisele let out a choked sob, and asked him brokenly, "Why didn't you tell us? We'd have found a way to raise the money together"

"Gisele, I couldn't, I thought of it, but I just couldn't. Your mother was too fragile, and you, you were my young innocent daughter. I didn't want to taint your innocent mind with that", Nicolas replied with glossy eyes.

Gisele knew that it was true, but she couldn't keep in the sob. Nicolas came towards her, and took her in his arms and comforted her.

"Please, don't cry. I didn't tell you all this to make you cry. I just wanted you to know that I've always loved you, and I hope you'll find it in your heart to forgive me", he said, looking at her pleadingly.

Gisele averted her eyes, "Please, Papa, s'il te plait, donne moi un peu de temps. Ceci va trop vite." (Father, please give me a bit of time. This is going too fast.)

"D'accord, ma princesse, tout ce que tu voudra. Merci, Chloé, merci" (okay, my princess, anything you want. Thank you, Chloé, thank you)

Then he placed an affectionate kiss on her forehead and left the room, leaving Gisele a confused mess. She didn't know what to believe finally. He seemed so sincere, but forgiving him felt like betraying her mother's memories.