

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 29

Thursday morning, Gisele was discharged from the hospital. Little did she know that this day was going to be a major turning point in her life.

“Are you all right? Do you need anything? Water? orange juice? lemonade? appl—”, Slate started frantically.

“I’m fine”, Gisele said, covering a laugh. Slate had been fussing over her since she had been discharged.

Slate sighed at her, exasperated. It was that moment that Callie decided to enter the room, skipping happily. It was like the episode of the other day had not happened at all, in fact she loved Gisele now more than ever.

“Gigi!”, she said enthusiastically upon seeing Gisele. “I missed you”

Gisele cooed internally. Callie was too cute.

“I missed you too, honey.”, Gisele replied and opened her arms for a hug. Callie ran into her arms and hugged her with all her might.

On his side, Slate was happy to see this reunion. Gisele was a very important part of his life, one he could not imagine living without her. He just couldn’t wait...

“Gisele, I need to speak to you”, Slate said abruptly, after a while. Gisele nodded calmly, but she felt very scared.

What if Slate wanted to tell her to go away now that she had recovered? What if he didn’t want her any longer? What if he had found someone better? What if—

“Gisele, don’t over think it”, Slate said with a nervous glint in his eyes.

She nodded, and wondered if she had not imagined what she had seen in his eyes. Surely not! A nervous Slate was one completely new to her.

“I’ll be going out for sometime, I thought it best to inform you”, Slate said, the nervous glint disappearing.

Gisele was confused; he sounded so like her boss from a few months ago, and she felt really disappointed. She didn’t know how to act around him when he got like this.

“Uhm...okay”, Gisele said, masking her hurt and disappointment.

As soon as Slate left and Callie was sleeping, Gisele called Lizzie over. In about thirty minutes, she was there.

As Lizzie was entering, her joking manner took over. “Wow, I still can’t believe I’m entering a billionaire’s house, all because my best friend is going down and dirty—”

Gisele slapped Lizzie lightly, fighting a smile.

“Lizzie, don’t say stuff like that”, she admonished.

“What, isn’t it the truth?”, Lizzie asked rhetorically before continuing, “I bet you guys fulfill your fantasies and I’m not talking about the ones you have of owning a library full of books. Nuh-uh. I’m talking about s**—”

“Lizzie!”, Gisele whisper-yells, full on laughing, “don’t say stuff like that”

“Hey, at least it put a smile on your face. Look at that cute smile.”, Lizzie said, enjoying her best friend’s discomfort.

“Cut it out”, Gisele said tiredly.

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Lizzie’s smile disappeared just like that and she asked, “Hey, mon coeur, what’s wrong?”

“He just keeps sending me... mixed signals. I don’t understand him. One minute he’s fussing over me, and the next...the next he’s just so cold and aloof.”,she said, choking over a sob.

Lizzie shook her head internally. She knew Slate’s intentions, but he was not going about it the right way! She was going to spank him when next she saw him.... Okay...that sounded a lot dirtier than she intended.

“Look, honey, Slate loves you, okay? He just doesn’t know how to show it! His first marriage was an arranged one, so he probably doesn’t know the basics of romance. And for girls after her, he didn’t need to court them, his looks and his money were enough to get them running towards him. So just give him the benefit of doubt?”, Lizzie said, taking a deep breath afterwards.

Gisele looked down, feeling a bit foolish. Then she straightened her stance with a confident look in her eye, and said, “I’ll try, I’ll definitely try”

Slate was pacing; he felt so nervous. He hoped Lizzie had comforted Gisele. He regretted being so harsh. But he couldn't go back in time, so he'd have to perfect the future as well as he could.

He had done everything and he hoped Gisele was going to love it.

"Uh, hey Gisele", Gisele heard from behind her. Of course it was Slate.

She turned around and replied with a sigh, "Yes, Slate"

"Look I'm sorry about before. It's just I was quite nervous about inviting you to dinner—", he started.

"You wanted to invite me to dinner?", Gisele interrupted, very surprised.

"Yes, yes I did, for tomorrow. As I said, Gisele I love you so much, I just have a s***ty way of showing it", he finished, looking so apologetic that Gisele didn't have the heart to refuse him.

"Yes, I'll go to dinner with you, but next time you scare me like that, I'll castrate you. You had me thinking you had gotten tired and wanted to get rid of me"

"I'll never get tired of you, Gisele, I love you so much", Slate said, cradling her face in his hands.

"And I love you, Slate", Gisele said after a moment of hesitation.

Slate's eyes brightened and he smiled crazily, "You love me?", he asked.

Gisele nodded, smiling shyly.

Slate let out a whoop of joy and turned with Gisele, round and round.

"Sla-Slate stop", Gisele said, giggling foolishly.

Slate stopped finally and still looked dazed. "You meant it? You really meant it? You love me?"

"Yes, Slate, I love you", Gisele said, fighting a goofy smile.

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“I’m so nervous I feel like I’m going to spontaneously combust”, Gisele said, fanning herself with her hand.

“Hey, hey Gisele. Look, take in a deeeeeeep breath. That’s it, inhale, exhale”, Lizzie said, trying to help her calm her nerves.

Gisele did what Lizzie told her to do, and, she didn’t feel a mite better.

“I’m still nervous. What if he realizes that he doesn’t really love me?”, she said, almost hyperventilating.

“He won’t, because he loves you with all his body, soul, heart and spirit”, Lizzie reassured.

“I hope so, because I’m so fucking in love with him—”, she said, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Lizzie widened her eyes and rushed to interrupt Gisele. Her best friend never swore, so she knew Gisele really meant it when she said she loved Slate.

“Mon amour, please. Don’t stress yourself out, hmm? He loves so you better get that into your pretty little head, okay?”, Lizzie said, looking at Gisele intently.

Gisele nodded and let Lizzie continue doing whatever she was doing on her face.

“There! I’m through”, Lizzie said when she had finished, admiring her masterpiece.

Gisele was in a black strapless knee-length dress, silver sandals, and long red and silver earrings. She completed the ensemble with a red clutch and a silver watch Slate had given her.

Lizzie had kept it simple with the makeup, putting n*** eyeshadow and pink lipstick.

“You look fantabulous. Now go get your man”, Lizzie said with a smile.

Gisele smiled shyly and ran out to find Slate.

Slate was waiting patiently for Gisele, but he was not prepared for the vision in front of him. It was like his Gisele had metamorphosed into a goddess overnight.

His. He liked that. Gisele was his, and nobody else’s.

Gisele was waiting with a bit of panic for a reaction from him, so when he bent to whisper in her ear, she let out a little sigh of relief.

“You look beautiful in that dress, but I’d bet you’d look even more beautiful naked in my bed”, he whispered.

Gisele blushed bright red. It was the first time Slate had said something naughty to her.

She didn’t reply, because she didn’t exactly know what to say to him. She just smiled and let him lead her to his sleek black car.

The car was so Slate. It fitted his personality. She entered the car, and off they went.

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After exchanging pleasant nothingness, Slate put on a serious expression.

“Gisele, I know I’ve hidden a lot of my past from you, but today, I’d like to apologize. It’s not that I didn’t trust you, I did- and still do, but I’m not just too used to the idea of opening up to people.”, he started.

Gisele kept quiet, not wanting Slate to stop, wanting him to talk, wanting to know him as he did her.

And talk he did. Slate spoke of his father’s death, of his mother raising him alone, of his betraying ex-wife. Gisele started to understand why he was so closed up, and so aloof.

But he hadn’t finished. “Before you, Gisele, I thought all women were gold diggers, ready to squeeze money out of me. But I realized that you are different. There’s just something about you, Gisele and I realized I couldn’t let you go”, he stated.

Gisele already had tears in her eyes, and when Slate went down on bended knee and removed a ring box from his pocket, she couldn’t contain her gasp.

“Gisele, I know I’ve ignored you, I’ve not always given you the love and care you wanted, I’ve humiliated you, hell, I’ve caused you a lot of pain. But I love you Gisele, I’d go to the sun if you wanted me to. I can’t promise not to misunderstand you sometimes, I can’t promise not to hurt you sometimes, but one thing I can promise is I’ll love you forever. Gisele, will you marry me?”

Gisele was full on crying by the time Slate had finished his speech. She nodded and said YES tearily.

Then repeated, “Yes, Slate, I’ll marry you”.

Slate put the ring on her finger, stood up, and kissed her pa**ionately.

Silence had fallen when Slate went down on bended knee, and as soon as they kissed, applause resounded.

“You need to let me in on all the deets”, was the first thing Gisele heard as soon she entered the house with Slate.

It was Lizzie, of course. Callie was jumping up and down with excitement. Then she ran to Gisele, looking at her with bright anxious eyes, and asked the million dollar question.

“Gigi, does it mean you’ll become my mommy?”

Gisele laughed, a joyous sound, showing she was more happy than she had been in a long time. She looked at Callie with stars in her eyes, and nodded slowly.

Callie let out a whoop and clung on Gisele like an octopus to its prey.

Looking up, Lizzie met Gisele’s eyes and smiled warmly. After all the troubles her friend had gone through, it was definitely time for her to be happy.

Lizzie decided to give them some family time, and carefully sneaked out.

She met Slate on the way and whispered to him, “Make her happy she deserves it.”, then went out.

Lizzie smiled sadly. She wondered when she would have her own family. She wondered if she would ever even have a family. But she wished all the best to her friend.

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