

## The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 3

“Giseeeellllleeee”, Lizzie shouted, happily, getting into the my one-room apartment.

I sighed. It was in moments like this that Lizzie managed to irritate me and I asked myself how I became friends with her.

I stood up from the bed and opened the window. I might as well just wake up because Lizzie was an unstoppable force and I was in no way an unmovable object.

“Gisele! I have great news”, she shouted, making herself comfortable on the one and only chair I had.

“Vas-y. Make yourself comfortable”, I muttered sarcastically, making Lizzie throw me her special death glares. “Sorry...”

“Okay, so... Oh my god, I’m so excited!!”, she said, squealing very loudly and happily.

“Will you tell me what you have to so that I can also be excited?”, I asked, a bit sourly, I admit. I was definitely not a morning person so her cheerful mood automatically made me sour.

“If you’re going to be a sour puss, I’m not going to tell you anything”, she said sullenly.

“Sorry, Lizzie. I’m so excited, I can’t wait to hear you news”, I cheered, even though it was killing me on the inside. Then I gave her a look that screamed “better now?” and sighed, pa\*\*ing my hand through my hair.

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“Okay, so remember how I said I was going to help you look for a job?”, she asked. I definitely remembered. It was like a week and a half ago and I was already even more broke. The only thing I had left in my fridge was leftover pizza.

“Yeah Lizzie. I remember”, I said, leaning back on my small and worn out couch.

“Well, I did!”, she screamed excitedly, bouncing up and down in her chair, like a little kid.

“Seriously?”, I asked, the day becoming suddenly brighter.

“Yess!! And guess who you might be working with”, she asked with a huge smile on her face.

“Erm, Leonardo DiCaprio?”, I asked, humoring her.

“Oh my god that would be huge!!! But no”, Lizzie answered in the same cheerful tone.

“Who then?”, I asked, getting impatient. Well, told you I wasn’t a morning person.

“Slate Hendrick!!! And yes, the Slate Hendrick of the Quest Corporation.”, she said, jumping up and down, fully expecting me to join her.

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“I’ve heard of the Quest Corporation but I have no idea who the owner is”, I said, completely clueless.

“Of course because it’s like you live under a rock”, she joked. I smiled, because by this time, I knew how Lizzie’s humour was.

“Anyways, let’s just Quest him and you’ll see”, she said, taking out her phone and typing Slate’s name into it.

Ironical using someone’s website to search him but cool, let’s move on.

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Born September 23 1989 in Harbour , Slate Kevin Hendrick is the only child to Whitney Hendrick and David Hendrick.

He grew up simply, preferring to spend most of his time reading and watching educative programs.

When he was just twenty, Slate Hendrick came up with the idea for Quest, an idea deemed stupid and unprofitable by most investors who refused to invest.

Slate Hendrick kept going and in 2012, when he was twenty three, launched Quest with his savings.

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It soon became big and he branched out and officially launched the Quest Corporation in 2014, at the age of twenty five, making him one of the youngest millionaires ever...  
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“Do you see why he’s such a big deal now?”, Lizzie asked, as we finished reading the article, preferring not to continue.

“He sounds really intimidating. I don’t think I’ll get the job”, I said, sounding discouraged.

“Hey! Don’t say that”, Lizzie said, flicking my forehead, “You are an amazing person. And you’re so pretty too. I’m sure you won’t even have to open your mouth for him to hire you, haha”, she continued, laughing.

I laughed with her, but I was still not convinced. Anyways. i was going to give my all because, for me, a job like that was going to be heaven.

“The interview is tomorrow at 9.30 AM, so I’m going to come and help you dress”, she said, looking at me through the corner of her eye.

I was already feeling positive. I hoped the interview was going to go well.