

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 4

"Wakey, wakey!", someone –Lizzie– screamed.

I picked up my phone and saw that it was just 6.30 AM. I felt like strangling Lizzie.

"Lizzie, it's freaking 6.30 AM and the interview is at 9.30, why did you come this early", I asked, getting up tiredly from my small bed.

"Um, Gisele, we have roughly two hours, which is not even enough for all this. I wanted you to get enough beauty sleep, but for now, shower", she said authoritatively, dropping a bag that looked suspiciously like it was from Princesse (fake mark, deal with it)

"What's that", I asked curiously, going towards her.

"It's your surprise. Go shower then I'll show you", she said, pushing it so I couldn't reach it.

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"Fine", I said, taking my towel and toiletries and walking to the shared bathroom.

Soon enough, I had finished showering. I rushed back to my room, pretending I didn't hear my landlord catcalling me.

By the time I reached my apartment, or rather room, Lizzie had laid an outfit out on the bed. I turned and looked at her.

"Lizzie, I know you got this from Princesse and I also know how freaking expensive their clothes are", I said, reproachfully and stopped when Lizzie glared at me.

"Can't you accept a gift from me for once, Gisele? Swallow your pride", she said. I started to speak but she cut me off, "No, Gisele, you know I'm telling the truth. I asked you to be my roommate, you refused. My parents proposed to help you finish college but you refused. Any f***ing thing I offer to you, you reject it. I'm not taking no for an answer this time around", she said stubbornly, silently daring me to protest.

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I hung my head. I knew what she said was true. I didn't like taking help from people. As an Aries and as a person, I knew pride was my weak point, so I did something unexpected, I apologised.

“Lizzie, bestie”, I said, to b***er her up a little, “I’m sorry, okay? I really am. I didn’t know I had been hurting your feelings and I didn’t mean to hurt them just now. I just... I just really don’t want to be indebted to people”, I said apologetically.

“But I’m not people Gigi, I’m your best friend. I always want to be there for you. And you’re not going to be indebted to me because I’m not doing it with a hidden agenda. I’m just doing it because I love you, okay. Never forget that, mon bébé. Okay?”, she said hugging me.

I smiled and wiped the tears that had managed to escape, then said excitedly, “So what’s on the menu?”

I stared at the house in shock. It was really big but had a homely feel to it. I had arrived at Mr. Hendrick’s house and was really nervous; my palms were already sweating.

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I looked professional, or at least I hoped so. I was wearing a white cotton shirt paired with a knee length teal skirt and black three inch high heels. Lizzie had gone natural on the makeup, with just foundation, a n*** eyeshadow, a thin line of eyeliner and a peach mouth.

I took in a deep breath and waited calmly for the housekeeper to show me to my, hopefully, future boss’s office.

As if my thoughts had summoned her, she came to me, smiling. She was a buxom woman and she looked so nice and motherly. I knew that if I got the job, I was going to get along well with her.

She asked me to follow her and she left in front of the boss’s office. I took in a deep breath and put my hand up, ready to knock. I hesitated, then just did it, trying to swallow my fear.

A deep and masculine voice said come in and taking my courage with both hands, I opened the door and went in...