

## The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 5

I entered the office slowly. My heart was beating like crazy and my mouth and throat were dry.

“Close the door”, the voice said, and I finally looked at him and I did not regret it.

He was standing next to the window and this time my went dry not because of nerves. He was even more intimidating and more handsome than I had realized. He was really tall, had really broad shoulders, and man could he wear a suit?!

I realized I was staring and looked down, blushing. I heard a small chuckle then he said, “Sit”.

I sat and few seconds later, he sat too. He looked straight at me for a few seconds then asked, “What’s your name?”

“Gisele... Gisele Durand”, I answered, swallowing, a bit unsettled with the way he was looking at me. If you were in my place, and a hunk of a man was staring at you with his charming and bewitching blue eyes, you’d feel unsettled too.

He asked for my file and I handed it to him silently, taking advantage of the fact that he wasn’t focused on me to study him.

His brown hair was tousled, giving it a coiffée-decoiffée look that was so s\*\*y. I went down to his neck. His Adam’s apple moved, as if it sensed me looking at it.

And his lips. Gods, his lips. They were pink and they looked so soft and kissable. He had a beard, not full-grown, just there to give him a roguish and s\*\*y look. I continued my scrutiny to his hands. His nails were well groomed and his hands looked to be really bigger than mine.

My eyes drawled back to his face and I blushed furiously when I noticed that he was looking at me, a small smirk resting on his lips.

“Are you done?”, he asked, looking like he was fighting a laugh.

“I-I w-w-, s-sor-ry, I-I d-didn’t me-mean t-to stare”, I stuttered, twisting my hands together.

He laughed. I blushed even more.

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"It's okay. So tell me a little more about you. What was your last job?", he asked in his deep voice.

"I was a waitress at a coffeehouse, Mr. Hendrick", I answered, knowing that it was going to seem a bit strange that I was fired when I was simply a waitress.

"And you were fired. Why?", Slate asked, looking at me keenly.

"A-actually, I-I", I stuttered, trying to stall, so as to come up with a convincing lie.

"Tell me the truth", he said, placing his hand on mine. I was squealing and screaming like a fangirl interiorly.

"My boss, she propositioned me and I refused so she fired me unjustly", I answered, hoping he didn't think I was some attention seeking girl.

"Hmm", he said thoughtfully, then asked, "Why did you not take a case against her?".

"Because, Mr. Hendrick, I don't think anybody would have believed me. And she would surely invent lies about me that would put my earnings in jeopardy so I preferred not to", I answered, really hoping he believed what I was saying.

"Hmm. Tell me about your work experience. Do have any history with kids", he asked.

I'd like to have history with you, I thought, then blushed furiously.

"I- yes sir. After high school, I enrolled myself in a child care program", I said, hoping that was going to count for something, "And I've also babysat in the past. My former employer recommended me", I continued, my heart beating very hard.

He nodded thoughtfully, looking back down at my files. I sighed internally then berated myself for it. I had had feelings for boys in the past, but my reaction to Mr. Hendrick stunned me. I wanted to spend every second listening to his voice. It wasn't love at first sight, no I was not stupid. He just made me feel alive in a way I couldn't understand.

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"So, Gisele -Can I call you Gisele", I nodded, "How old was the child you were babysitting?", he asked.

"She was 5. I babysat her till she was 7 but unfortunately, her family had to move out of state", I explained, looking at him and willing myself not to blush at the prolonged eye contact.

He smiled at me and I melted. His smile was beautiful and made me feel weird.

Mr. Hendrick asked me a few more questions concerning my experience with children. I answered as best as I could, being both descriptive and vague when needed. Then he pressed a button on the Intercom and asked an Edith to bring Callie to his office.

The first thing I heard were screams, making me jump in my chair. A cute but snotty nosed girl with a tear-stricken expression was dragged in by a beautiful woman with dark silky hair.

“Let me go!!! Leave me alone!!!”, the child wailed and managed to escape from the hands of the brunette woman, running straight into her Daddy’s arms.

“Edith, you can leave”, Mr. Hendrick spoke up, cradling his daughter in arms.

She left and closed the door behind her, leaving me with Mr. Hendrick and his daughter who was looking at me keenly.

She gasped, “Miss, why do you have fire on your hair”.

Aw, she was too adorable for words. Mr. Hendrick and I laughed at the same time and I blushed, hearing Mr. Hendrick’s beautiful laugh.

“Should I tell you a secret?”, I asked smiling. She scooted closer and nodded enthusiastically.

“Don’t tell anyone this okay? I am secretly a fairy, a fire fairy”, I mock-whispered conspiratorially, winking at her

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She gasped and turned and looked at her dad with wide eyes. “Daddy, can she stay and play with me?”, she asked, turning her weapons of mass destruction, her eyes at her Dad.

“Sure, honey. But go meet Edith. I’ll call you later, okay”, he said, winking at me. All I can say is, at this point, my cheeks were matching my hair.

Callie skipped out happily, yelling, “Edith! Dad said to come get me. I won’t be playing with you no longer”

I laughed a bit at that one and sobered up when I saw the look of Mr. Hendrick’s face.

“Gisele... Congrats, you’ve got the job. Callie connected to you instantly and you did not let my status cloud your mind and make you forget you were speaking a child like any other”, he said smiling, making jump and squeal in excitement.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Hendrick, I promise I won’t disappoint you!!”, I exclaimed, smiling as widely as I could.

“I hope tomorrow will be okay to move into the house? I’ll send my driver to come and pick you up”, he asked, c\*\*\*ing a brow.

“Yes sir”, it was going to be small but I wasn’t going to tell him that. “Can I leave now”, I asked him, smiling.

“Yes. Oh, one more thing, Ms. Durand.”, he added.

“Yes, sir?”, I asked, becoming nervous again.

“Call me Slate”