

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 6

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“Lizzieeee!!!”, I squealed through the phone.

“Yes baby”, Lizzie answered. I’m sure she was puzzled. “Come over”, I said blandly, dropping the call.

About thirty minutes later, Lizzie came in. I was lying on the couch, eating ice cream. She rushed towards me, looking concerned. “Are you okay? Ice cream is a code for deception, right?”, she asked, touching my forehead. “Lizzie-”, I started but she interrupted me. “Shush! I know you’re hurt and I’m really sorry. I had no idea... I thought he was just gonna see you and offer to give you the job. Mon dieu, quel con!” (My god, what a stupid man!)

“Lizzie”, I laughed. She was getting really worked up over nothing. “C’est vraiment un imbécile de la pure espèce! Je vais lui dire ce que je pense vraiment de lui!”, she fumed, making me burst into laughter (He’s really a fool of the highest order. I’m going to tell him what I really think of him). She looked and angrily and said, “It’s not funny, Gisele”

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“It is because I actually got the job”, I said smiling, then sent my ice cream towards her. “Peace offering?” She looked at me murderously then started laughing, “I’m going to kill you Gisele. How could you?!” She jumped on me and started a tickle war, then we ate ice cream while she gave me tips on how to seduce a billionaire. “You should be classy but not too much. He might think you’re a prude. Smile pretty much all the time. Compliment his abs and giggle”, I looked at her at the last one and laughed. “Lizzie stop!”, I said, almost choking on my laughter. “No, I swear. I always see these girls at these galas doing it. It seems to work for them”, she replied, giggling.

I laughed along with her, then forced her to help me pack.***

‘Tomorrow’ had arrived already and I was all packed, just waiting for Mr. Hendrick’s, or rather Slate’s driver to come and pick me up. I was casually, in a simple knee length dress and low heeled sandals. There was a knock on the door and I jumped up, eager to reach the beautiful house that was Mr. Hendrick- pardon me, Slate’s house. To my greatest surprise, when I opened the door, it was Slate Hendrick in person standing there. “Mr. Hend- I mean Slate! What are you doing here?”, I asked bewildered, not even thinking that I was being impolite. He smiled, “I was free today, so I decided to pick you up instead.” I smiled in return. He really was a nice guy. He was the head of a

multimillionaire corporation and he had made time just to help me move in. "What will you do about your furniture", he asked me when I finally let him in. I looked at the sofa that also served as a bed, the scruffy low table and the desk that housed my books and cringed. I tried to see it through the eyes of a billionaire and it really did not look good. Since the furniture didn't belong to me, I wasn't going to do anything about it. "Nothing sir. It doesn't belong to me", I replied. He nodded, looking around thoughtfully. "Slate", he said abruptly. "Huh?", I asked, confused. "Slate. I told you to call me Slate", he repeated with a smirk. "Oh sorry", I said, blushing even more. Sometimes I really hated my quick-to-blush skin. "Next time you slip, I just might have to punish you", he said, smirking even more broadly. "Punish me?", I asked, not sure I wanted to know what he meant by that, my cheeks heating up more. I had discovered that the extent to which I could blush was unlimited, thanks to Mr. Hendrick. "Punish you", he repeated cryptically with a smirk. "I'm sure I looked like a tomato, so I turned my face and put my hands to my cheeks. I heard him laugh lightly and I was mesmerized. The sound was beautiful. It was deep but not too deep, just perfect. "Where are your bags?", he asked, and I gestured towards my clothes that were packed in three bags and my books in two crates. I looked over to Mr. Hendrick, who was already walking towards the bags. As I wanted to pick up a bag, he stopped me with a glare. I had noticed something about Mr. Hendrick. He could say anything with just a look. When I tried to justify my actions, he raised his eyebrows, making me shut up for good. Finally, Mr. Hendrick had stacked everything in his car, a luxury SUV, and we were good to go. The first part of the drive was a bit awkward though it did not last long. I was silent, lost in my thoughts, when Mr. Hendrick asked, "So where are you from, Gisele"

I shook, momentarily surprised. Then I realized that he had asked me a question. "Oh! My dad is French and my mom is from Texas", I answered, still looking out of the window. I really didn't feel like talking about my family at that moment. "And you've lived here all your life?", he asked, wanting to keep the conversation going, not realizing my current mood. "No Slate. I moved here with my parents when I was 3. I've lived here since then", I answered, looking at him. "And how old are you?", Slate continued with the interrogation.

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"Shouldn't you know, sir? After all you're the one in possession of my file", I said, jokingly, trying to lighten the mood, but he took my question seriously and was silent until I said, "I was joking". He let out a huge sigh of relief and we started laughing along with each other. "You should have seen your face sir", I gasped out in between laughs. "What did I tell you about calling me sir?", he asked, smirking. I grew quiet as I remembered his words. "Are you really going to punish me, Slate?", I asked, not wanting to admit that I was a bit scared.

"Not all punishments are bad", Slate answered cryptically, stopping in front of the gate of his house to type in the code and went straight to the garage. I was left wondering

what he meant by that when he led me into the house. "Welcome to my home. Or as you say in French, bienvenue chez moi." "You speak French?" I asked, impressed, raising my eyebrows. "Je fais de mon mieux", he replied, making me giggle and clap. He spoke quite well and his French did not have an accent. He bowed, making me laugh even harder, before going on to show me where I was going to be sleeping. We went upstairs and he opened the door to a beautiful and huge room. It was decorated with mostly pastels and I'm sure the bed was a queen. This room could fit my former apartment in it and still have space for Lizzie's dressing, and trust me, it was huge.

"Wow", was my simple remark, upon seeing the room. "I hope you like it", Mr. Hendrick said, smiling kindly.

"I love it, Mr. Hendr– Slate. It's wonderful", I gushed, slipping once more on his name. He smiled, a genuine smile, making me smile as well. Then we went to the room next door. He pushed the door open and my breath caught in my throat.

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The room was the dream of every girly little girl out there. Bright, beautiful and made for a princess. The main color was baby pink, a color in my opinion, that could do no wrong.

The bed had been designed as a castle but had enough light so that it was not too stuffy. On one part of the room was a small tea table with four chairs around it. I suppressed a smile; I was sure Slate had spent a moment too much on that table. On another side was a pretty plastic mirror along with a vanity table. On the table a brush and toy makeup. I smiled.

Callie herself was in the centre of the bed, napping. I smiled. She was too adorable. "I'll give you a tour of the house later on. Or if you wish, you could ask Mrs. Jones", he said smiling. I definitely knew which option I was going to take.