

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 7

It was the day after I had moved in. Callie had already warmed up to me and was not as fussy as the first day. We were in the living room after I had picked Callie from school. I was now friends with the Indian driver who was teaching me Hindi.

Presently, she was telling me about her day at school which made me start asking myself questions. Where was Callie's mother? I did not ask anything at the interview because I did not want to seem nosy. But now I was so so curious.

Callie went on, oblivious to my inner pondering. "...And then Sheila said I should push Lou and call herself a fat popotamus."

"Did you do it, hun?", I asked.

"No", the kid replied proudly.

"That's good", was my reply. Then I ruffled Callie's hair

"Stop that", she said "I'm not a kid"

"Oh, then what are you?", I asked intrigued

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"I'm a wiman", Callie replied haughtily.

I laughed and said, "You're one funny ki- I mean woman"

And Callie graced me with a smile.

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After dinner, I put Callie to bed. I kissed her head and said, "Sweet dreams, mon ange." Then went to my own room.

I was woken up by screams at night. I was startled. The day had been great so I didn't understand who was screaming. Soon, I realized they were coming from Callie's room and I rushed there.

I flung the door open and was met with one of the most pitiful and painful sights I had ever seen. Callie was writhing in bed, her face contorted in agony. She was so little to be this hurt.

I rushed to her bed and shook her gently awake. I placed my hands on her hair and smoothed it, praying that she didn't start screaming again. I was after all, unfamiliar to her and the last thing I wanted was to scare her.

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I cradled Callie in my arms and woke her up and started murmuring nonsensical words of comfort.

"Shh... don't cry honey. It's Okay. It was just a horrible dream, Okay?"

Callie burrowed herself into my arms and sobbed some more.

"Please, promise you'll never leave me", she said brokenly.

"I promise.", I said solemnly."What did you dream of, honey."

"I dreamt you were gone just like my mommy"

"Don't worry, honey, I'll never leave you, Ok?"

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"Promise?"

"Promise". I said while hugging Callie closer to her body. And I was even more intrigued about what had happened to Callie's mother.

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Slate got up to the screaming of his daughter as he did every night that this one had a nightmare. He presumed Gisele would be there but he knew it will be of no use.

He went to the room and stopped suddenly as he opened the door. Callie was there calm and in Gisele's arms. He watched her smooth Callie's hair utter words of comfort.

At that moment he felt profound admiration for Gisele but that didn't mean that he wasn't still lusting over her.

s***. What was he saying? She was his daughter's nanny. He did not have to have desire and want for her. He took a deep breath, closed the door as quietly as he could and went to his room