

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 10

We turned on one another deep, drowned gazes, and exchanged a kiss that reduced my bones to rubber and my brain to gruel – Peter De Vries.

Two days later, Gisele decided to call Lizzie. “Hello, stranger.”, Lizzie said as she answered.

“Hey, Liz.”

“Yeah just ‘hey’. No ‘Lizzie, I missed you so much!! How are you. I wish I could come stay with you”

“Lizzie...”, Gisele started.

“It’s okay, I get it”, Lizzie cut in.

“You do?”, Gisele asked, surprised. Lizzie never let stuff like that go. She’ll rant, scream and sulk.

“Yeah, I get that I live in some faraway village with no modern amenities”, Lizzie said sarcastically.

“I said I was sorry, Jeez”, Gisele exclaimed then continued, “So many things have happened and I realize I need you so much”

“Oh dear. Don’t worry call me at any time and I’ll call you too, Okay”

“Yay. I have a free day sometime soon. I’ll come see you”

“Okey Dokey. I’ll be waiting”, Lizzie said and hung up.

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It was lunchtime and Gisele was trying to get Callie eat. “Come on, mon ange, you need to eat”.

“I don want to eat, I want Daddy”.

“You want Daddy?”, Gisele asked and Callie nodded with big sorrowful eyes. The expression on the kid’s face was funny but Gisele controlled her urge to laugh.

"Then eat, if not daddy will get mad at you and he won't come back. You want him to come back? So eat."

Callie looked at her the started eating like she was in a race.

Gisele couldn't contain her laughter this time, she laughed out loud and told Callie to eat a bit slower. Callie was obstinate about the fact that she could feed herself and didn't want anybody else feeding her.

Before Gisele realized what was happening, Callie was halfway across the kitchen, screaming "Daaddy".

Gisele turned, startled and met Slate Hendrick's incredible eyes.

Slate parked his car in the garage and pa**ed through the adjoining door into his home. Home. Funny, he had lived with Jessie his ex wife for close to four years but had never considered their townhouse as home.

He still remembered the day he realized love was just a stupid emotion.

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Two years ago...

"I admit it. I do! And? You're the one responsible for all this!! First, you knocked me up, then you abandon me under the pretense of business meetings. You think I don't know you do?!!", she said like a mad woman.

Slate looked at the ceiling and said, "Jessie...", he started but she cut him short.

"I don't want to hear your stupid excuses! You leave me here all alone and you expect me not to look for company?", she said, almost on the verge of tears.

"You are responsible for this. Don't try to blame your unthinkable behavior on me. You broke the promises we made to each other by getting comfortable with my business rival. And not even once did you consider Callie. Have you no self-respect?", Slate asked with calmness and coldness that was lethal.

"Blah, blah, blah. So cold, so unemotional, so detached. And do you know why I had s** with Rodrigo? Because I realized my feelings for him were more than my feelings for you! So you better say goodbye to Callie because I'm relocating to Italy and with her. I'll just go pack"

As she turned to go, he held her hand and said, "You can to any fùcking country you want but you are going to leave my daughter with me, okay"

They argued, or rather she bítched and he answered back coldly, calmly. She took her car and went out under the heavy downfall and it was only the next morning he was notified of her instant death.

Present...

Slate was brought out of his reverie by a soft feminine laughter. He followed the sound and found himself in the kitchen. He rarely came here.

He was looking at his kid's nanny, all the while imagining how her long legs will feel around his waist when a small force hurtled him and a little voice screamed, "Daaddy". He hugged her back but found himself lost in Gisele's eyes.

His fantasies started once more. Her, with no st**ch of clothing except for some spiky heels, sitting on his bed and peeking at him through her thick lashes.

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It was then that he realized that Callie was tugging his shirt. "Daddy, daddy! Are you listening?"

Slate looked down at his little girl and scooped her up in his arms. "Yes Callie I'm listening"

"Is it true dat if I don eat you'lls get angry with me?"

He looked at Gisele who was smiling sneakily.

"No, not really, but I won't like it. So you need to eat, okay?"

"Okay". The adorable little minx said and ran to continue eating.

Gisele gave him a genuine smile and was about to speak when Callie said, "Gigi, I need to eat!"

Gisele smiled apologetically and went to the kitchen.

Two hours later...

Slate was sitting in his office when he heard a small knock on his door. She came towards him and said, "I know I shouldn't interfere in your personal matters, but I need to tell you..."

Slate cut Gisele off by kissing her. The kiss was wonderful even though it was obvious Gisele was inexperienced. It was like his first kiss all over again even if that one was nothing spectacular. He had never felt this way with any woman. He decided then that he wanted Gisele and was definitely going to get her...