

The Billionaire's Babysitter by Essie Chapter 8

Gisele got up the next morning before Callie. She carefully went out of bed so as not to wake the kid. But unfortunately, her plan failed because Callie woke up at that instant and stretched.

“Hello, mon chou, did you sleep well?”

“Yes. I’m so happy you’re going to stay with me forever”, Callie said while hugging her tightly.

“Honey, you know I won’t be here forever. I’ll have to go”, Gisele said softly.

It was as if a dam burst. Callie started screaming and shouting “Noooo, you promised, you said you were never going to leave. You said you were gonna stay with me. Don’t leave me Gisele.”

She was already sobbing by now. Gisele bit her lip and said, “Don’t worry, sucre d’or I’m never going to leave you, Okay?”

“Really?”, asked a teary eyed Callie in a squeaky voice.

“Yes, really”, Gisele smiled while smiling.

“Yippee”, Callie shouted which made Gisele cringe a bit.

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Slate was taking his daily coffee when his two smiling angels... Wait, where the hell did he get that? Gisele was not his. Gisele was not his. He repeated this mantra until he was sure the cursed thought was out of his mind.

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He had not gotten up as early as usual this morning, he usually woke up at 5. 30 a.m. for his morning gym session.

But he had woken up at 6 .30 a.m. that morning which was very strange and earned a quizzical eyebrow raise from Mrs. Hale, the housekeeper.

“Good morning, Daddy”, Callie said in an extremely loud and bright voice.

He smiled and ruffled her hair and was surprised when she said, “Stop, Daddy. I’m not a kid , I’m a wiman, right, Gisele”

Gisele nodded but Slate saw her trying to control her laughter.

“Dad, Dad, I slept with Gisele last night and she promised never to leave me”

Gisele was embarra**ed and put her face in her hands. Slate removed her hands from her face...

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Gisele put her face in her hands, extremely uncomfortable. She felt hands removing her own hands and looked up into the grey eyes of Slate Hendrick.

“Don’t do that, you were good with her.”

“Thanks”, Gisele said shyly. This man was confusing. One minute, he did not talk to her and the other he’s being comforting. She did not have a lot of experience with men, so she didn’t know whether this was normal.

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As she lifted her face up to his, she was mesmerized. It was like electricity that went to her bones. He has the most beautiful grey eyes, she thought.

She heard a chuckle and realized that he had released her and that she had said that out loud.

She blushed to the roots of her hair and proceeded to make Callie’s breakfast.

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Later in the day, when Callie and Slate had already gone, Gisele was in the kitchen helping Mrs Hale.

She was curious so she asked, “Mrs Hale, have you worked here for long?”

“Oh honey, since Mr Hendrick got married to the young mistress.”

Her curiosity was still not quenched and she asked, “What happened to her?”

Mrs Hale seemed shaken for a moment then said, “It’s not my story to tell”

Gisele waited patiently because she knew in the two months she had been working at the Hendricks that Mrs Hale liked gossip and could not resist sharing a tidbit of information.

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“Oh, what happened was that...”

“Mrs Hale”, interrupted Mr Hendrick in a cold voice.

Mrs Hale froze and continued chopping onions. Gisele chanced a glance at Mr Hendrick and saw he was scrutinizing her with cold eyes.

She bent her head, blushed and felt like a fool. She was not a great talker but her curiosity usually got the best of her. She felt stupid and cursed her great sense of curiosity.

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After she finished making lunch with Mrs Hale, she went to Slate’s house office. She knocked tentatively and heard gruff, “Come in.”

She went in and stood in front of his desk and he said impatiently, “Yes?”

“I wish to apologize. I should not have asked that because it wasn’t my problem and I shouldn’t have been so curious...”

She was rambling as testified the slight smile on his face. She smiled but it was wiped off when she saw the serious expression. “Please, never repeat that, Okay? I like to keep my business private”

“Okay, Slate”, she said and went out when he told her to.