

# The Billionaire's Hidden Heiress

## Chapter 11

Flair POV

It felt good to be back at work. I smiled at the class “We go into downward dog pose” I said, showing them, breathing evenly, Rachel observing from the back of the class “And then into child pose, take some deep breaths” I said feeling calm and at peace “and when you are ready we sit up. Namaste,” I told them, putting my hands into a prayer position and bowing my head to them.

The class bowed their head “Namaste.”

They began to roll up their yoga mats, grab their personal items, and disperse out of the room. I rolled up my mat. I didn't have any other classes this afternoon and was planning on spending some time cleaning the room and then helping Rachel to close up the studio. I stretched as Rachel came over “A nice easy day” I commented.

Rachel rolled her eyes “For once, but have you had a chance to look over the designs and approve them?” she asked me. “I'm getting there” I hedged, feeling guilty “I've been a little distracted lately” I defended myself, putting the mat away. “Understandable” Rachel allowed, as I grabbed some window cleaner and paper towels from the supply closet and headed back into the room. It seems that some sentences in this chapter require you to read the complete chapters on [Job ni b . c om](#) in order to avoid an incomplete reading experience. To access the complete chapters for free, visit [Job ni b . c om](#) Only if you're not reading this on [J O B N I B . C O M](#) “What with everything going on with Johnathon and Charlotte” her voice dripped with malice. I gave her a sidelong glance as I began to vigorously scrub at the windows, “Well what can I say? After being married for three years and finding out your husband has been having an affair, it kind of makes you feel like you're not good enough” I admitted, lowering my arms and staring blindly at the windows “or that you're missing something.”

Rachel shook her head indignantly “Oh honey, there is nothing lacking from you. All Johnathon gives a damn about is money. I'm willing to bet he doesn't give two hoots about that little b\*\*\*h Charlotte either. You deserve better than a man who only sees dollar signs in his future.”

I smiled at her “You always know how to make me feel better” I said, turning back to the window and studying it.

“Well I could kick him in the balls next time I see him” she offered, making me snort.

“Feel free” I muttered “I don't think he has any.”

Rachel doubled over laughing.

I went to wipe the window over again and paused. I could see somebody who looked a lot like Johnathon walking down the sidewalk and was that Charlotte? I nudged Rachel “Is that my ex-husband and his mistress?” I asked incredulously as she peered outside, her mouth gaping open.

“Yeah,” she said irritably “what do you suppose they want?”

I could see Charlotte holding some papers and felt a sense of fresh humiliation. I couldn't believe Johnathon's audacity. Couldn't he have done this one thing in private and allowed me to keep some form of dignity? Was that too much to ask? I slowly put down the cleaning supplies. Rachel glanced at me “Do you want me to lock them out?” she asked.

“No” My voice was wooden “I know why they're here.”

She looked at me sharply, seeing the pallor of my face, the tightness of my knuckles as I wrang my hands together. I straightened my shoulders. If they thought I was going to be cowed or submissive they were wrong. I walked to the reception area. I was aware of my outfit in comparison to Charlotte's. While she wore a designer, tight-fitting dress, I was clad in yoga leggings and a crop top, my abdomen showing, my hair pulled back in a messy ponytail, my feet bare and I wore no makeup. I looked like any other yoga instructor, a commoner, Charlotte would call it. I tensed as they walked slowly through the door.

“Flair” Charlotte greeted me as I looked at her coolly “I was hoping we would run into you.”

I deliberately looked past her at Johnathon who stood behind his mistress, looking uncomfortable. “What do you want?” I asked with deliberate emphasis and a touch of anger.

Charlotte beamed, placing the papers on the desk and studying her fingernails “well it just so happens that I have some papers I want you to sign” she said a little smugly “if you wouldn't mind doing that while we're here, it would be appreciated.”

Rachel stood behind me, glaring at the two of them with open hostility as they ignored her. I looked down at the papers, my breath catching in my throat. Divorce papers. It wasn't unexpected and yet it still tore a hole through my heart. I could feel tears threatening and I blinked them back. I looked at Johnathon with disgust “You couldn't bring them to me yourself?” I asked coldly “are you that much of a coward?”

He shifted on his feet “Does it matter? Just sign them” he said gruffly.

“Bastard” I heard Rachel growl under her breath.

I picked the papers up. Charlotte looked impatient. I scanned them. He was being generous by giving me half of what was in his bank account. I smiled wryly. The money was a mere drop in the ocean compared to my own earnings but I would never reveal that to him. I tapped my fingers on the desk. Charlotte glared. “Are you going to sign the papers or not?” she spat out.

I would be an i\*\*\*t if I signed them without the assistance of a lawyer. I was no fool. Even if the papers looked straight forward, I was still going to get somebody to look over them. I raised a brow at her. “No,” I said firmly, taking her aback, while Johnathon glowered at me “not until I have a lawyer look over them.”

“What is there to look over? Johnathon is being generous by giving you half his money” Charlotte snapped “are you trying to be greedy? My lawyers will tear you apart if you try to take him to court.”

I smiled at her, not threatened in the slightest. It pissed her off “I am not signing these until a lawyer has looked over them” I repeated as though she was moronic “I learned that trick from my ex-husband” I added meaningfully as his face flushed.

Charlotte whirled around. “Johnathon, do something,” she said, her voice high and shrill “My grandfather is going to be angry if those papers aren't filed soon. Make her sign them,” she said insistently.

Johnathon cleared his throat. “Flair, I would never try to wrong you” he began and I put a hand up, interrupting him.

“Never do me wrong?” I hissed “what do you call an affair that was going on for six months behind my back? I would call that wrong Johnathon. You broke your vows to me, to be loyal, to be true, so don't preach about being truthful and honest, because it's a complete lie” I snapped.

He reared back from the venom in my voice. Charlotte stomped her foot like a petulant child which was rather unbecoming of an adult. “You b\*\*\*h, you're doing this on purpose just to be vindictive” she shouted, her voice loud and echoing throughout the yoga studio, which thankfully was empty of students.

“I'm being intelligent, something that escapes you,” I told her calmly “you should try it sometime.”

She gaped. Rachel smirked. Johnathon towered over me “Flair, you're being overly sensitive. Just sign the papers so that we can all move on with our lives” he said between gritted teeth.

I raised an eyebrow at him. Did he think that because he was taller and more heavily built, I would cower in fear? I snorted. It made him turn red with anger. “Johnathon, I'm well aware that I'm entitled to half our assets, which means half the money in your bank account, half the law firm, and half the family home,” I said sweetly as his eyes grew hooded “so I think if anyone is being cheated it's me.”

Silence. Charlotte gave a screech “You greedy b\*\*\*h. Johnathon built that law firm up from the ground, and he paid for the house with his hard-earned money. How dare you threaten him. I'm going to destroy you” she vowed.

I wanted to laugh. I waved the divorce papers at her mockingly. “I will get the divorce papers back to you in due time,” I said haughtily “now if you don't mind, I have some important work to do.”

Charlotte sneered at me and reached for Johnathon's hand “Come on darling, let the little peasant clean her stupid studio. She'll realize she's out of her depth and sign those papers soon enough” she said, flipping her hair and sashaying towards the door “because if you don't Flair, I might just see how easy it is to get you fired from your job, which as I recall, is your only method of making any income” she shot over her shoulder, before the two of them left, making their way further downtown as I watched amused.

Rachel let out a burst of laughter. “She's going to get you fired from the studio you own. Good luck with that one” she said with a shake of her head.

I glanced down at the papers, feeling my chest tighten. Rachel sighed and then began to turn off the lights. “I still have to clean,” I said numbly.

She took the papers gently out of my hands “not tonight. Tonight we go out for dinner and drinks. Worry about the papers tomorrow” she told me and led me out of the studio, like a parent guiding a child, while I leaned against her, words of gratitude stuck in my throat.