

The Billionaires Hidden Heiress Chapter 2 - 2- Spilled Lattes on hot strangers

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3 MONTHS AGO...

"... Mr. Jayden, I trust that you're doing something concerning the cargo that has been delayed." The lady pushed up her glasses as she peered at my dad with scrutinised eyes. Even with the distance, I could feel the stare and it was one that could make me shiver.

I placed my hand under my chin as my elbows rested on the table, supporting me up. My eyes were still glued to the huge flat screen in my office as I waited and waited to see how my father was going to resolve this.

If I were in there, I would surely melt under the gaze of that woman. But my father sure had everything under control. He still had that invincible smile on his face even in the presence of a confrontation.

He was leaning back on his chair, legs crossed, elbows on the armrest as his fingers were intertwined and his thumbs touching his chin. His eyes screamed "bored" yet his lips were invisibly curled in a tight smile.

I know this look, it's one that says he was perfectly in control. He couldn't show them that he was affected by this. He had to be the tough one. The one that always had a solution to everything as he was the CEO of this company and she was a mere shareholder.

"It's being taken care of, I'll inform everyone of the final results when I get it," My dad said in that gentle voice of his. One can obviously hear the boredom in his voice.

"And the proposal to the Wilson's?" The woman asked and I'm starting to think she just wants to pick on my dad. She was lucky my mother had another appointment, if not, she would make her choke on her own medicine. She would always say that no one had the right to make her husband speechless, no one except her.

"I haven't forgotten about that, Mrs. Sanchez." he said, gesturing with his index finger.

"But you never said anything about it," she countered.

"Last time I checked, I am in charge here. Would you like me to keep repeating myself about things I am going to do or just get them done once and for all?"

She opened her mouth to speak, but dear daddy beat her to it.

"I have arranged to have a meeting with the Wilson's this month. So everything is, once again, under control," he said and smiled like he didn't just go all boss on her.

"You'll be going alone, Mr. Jayden?" Thankfully, she didn't ask, it was some other guy who was obviously getting tired of the woman's talk.

"No. Myself and the person with the second highest percent of shares will be leaving for London in the next..." he glanced down at his watch. "Three hours."

Trust my daddy to only let me know he's leaving the country when it's a breath away.

"Your wife," The woman said dryly and my father replied with a sweet smile.

Now why didn't he just say he would be leaving with his wife? Because he wanted to drive a point. That his family was still in charge here. It was, after all, the Swanson Corporation.

'The Corporation that I'll soon be taking over,' I want to scold my thoughts for ruining my mood but, sadly, it's true. My life in secret is coming to an end and it's fast approaching.

I turn off the TV and silence immediately greets me. Leaning back on my chair, I sigh heavily as my shoulders slump.

Everyday I see my Parents in daily newspapers, television and billboards and I can't help but wonder if they ever get tired of that life.

I wake up every morning, my front porch not crowded with reporters trying to pry into my life and who do I have to thank? Him. Although I didn't bargain, I would want to be stressed out by his company's- my future company's- progress.

"You have to show me you're interested, Mabel," he would always say. Running his hand through that black hair of his out of habit. "This company has been going on for years and it's not going to stop at me."

My family was from old money. One could say they are connected to everything in this country. Only thing is, you gotta dig deeper to find the connection.

One way or another; every building, every company, every industry, every school, every firm was once and is somehow connected to my family.

It's a good thing my Mother had my Dad disconnect and hide me from the outside world. If not, life as I know it, would be full of camera's and invasion of privacy.

Shaking the thoughts away, I stand and quickly take my purse, grab my phone and make my way out of the company. If I delay any longer, My dad could catch up and he'll surely make me go back to that horrid office. I feel more like a prisoner there.

I quickly get into a cab and we zoom off. Taking out my phone, I send a text to my best friend, Lisa but she doesn't reply and I'm not surprised. Unlike me, she loves her job and to top it all, the hot boss she has is enough to make her ignore all phone calls and just focus on him.

The taxi comes to a stop and after paying, I get down and gaze at the building before me.

Starbucks.

Now let's go get a latte.

After such a long day at work, I know some people would prefer a beer, well, anything strong. But not me. I still like to be in control of my actions, thank you very much.

My phone chimes and I open the message, a small smile on my lips.

LISA: Remind me again why I say this man is hot! Adrian Bailey is going to be the death of me, I swear!

I can't help the laugh that escapes my lips as I shake my head at her. Taking my latte from the kid behind the counter, I head for the door.

MABEL: What did the man do this time?

LISA: Paris, that's what he did! Paris. I'm going to Paris with my boss. Really? How great can my life get?

My jaw drops at what my eyes just read. Paris? She's going to Paris? What am I going to do while she's away?

Ugh! Sometimes I wish I could just pay her to sit at home with me. I could pay her twice what she earned. I was a stay-at-home friend and I didn't even have many friends. I only had Lisa.

My attention fully on my phone, I start to type even as I walk down the road, not even glancing up once but I soon regret that when I collide into a hard body, my hot Latte finding its way to the stranger's white button-up T shirt.

My hand flies to cover my mouth as I gasp in horror at the mess I've made. It takes a while to remember but that latte was boiling hot!

"Ahh bloody hell!" The stranger yells, taking several steps away from me like I'm a ticking time bomb and given the situation, I don't blame him. "Hot! Hot!"

"... Of all the f..." He stressed the word. "...freaking days to wear white!"

I was expecting him to use the F-word but...oh well.

"I'm so sorry," I start to say as I eye this stained spot. "It's all my fault, I'm so sorry." Now please don't threaten to sue me. I worried in my head. I've always been careful. Why did I have to mess up this time?

Slowly, I raise my head as he towers over my 5ft 8, to look at his face. The first thing I notice are his green eyes filled with anger but suddenly, when they hold my gaze, his eyes darting over my body, they're filled with warmth and surprise.

Uh oh. I recognize that look anywhere. It means I can walk past without even having to apologise.

Lucky me.

Chapter 3: 3- Flirts and Dates

I know exactly what I look like to know that I can start walking and he won't be able to stop me.

Most days, I spend my time in my penthouse worrying that my good looks are all I have besides my bank account.

Today I'm putting on a black long sleeve turtleneck, long arm brown coat, black jeans that reached my ankle and finally, a leopard print studded heel. Not to toot my horns but, I looked like a smart woman dressed in this. A smart, hot woman might I add.

My brown ombre hair was set loose and it reached all the way down to my elbows. My almond brown eyes that scream sexy, coupled with full lips that are painted red tonight. I had an oblong shaped face and to top it all, I have a cute set of dimples that go way deep, you'd think I had a hole in my face.

I'm one of those girls who still has no idea of what they want their dream man to look like physically, but have a ton of things made up for the insides already.

But standing before the stranger who can't seem to stop checking me out, I think I already know what I want on that list.

Short black hair sprouting like wildfire, calm green eyes, bow-shaped lips that I so badly want on me. He is so tall that I should feel scared or in danger but I'm not. I haven't even known him Yet I feel so safe and comfortable around him which is not easy to come by.

"I'm so very sorry..." I say regardless.

His eyes held mine and for a minute there I could've sworn I saw surprise but they even out like they were not even there.

The stranger smiles and I can't help but notice the gap in his teeth.

"Nah it's fine," he says, his eyes obviously not tired of checking me out. "Actually, you're more than fine," He smirks and laughs at his attempt to flirt.

His words made my eyes widen and a deep blush formed on my cheeks. I avert my eyes as he laughs harder due to my reaction but I can't help but steal glances at him. His laugh is rich with humour and he is even more handsome.

Completely embarrassed now, I furrow my brows, folding my arms and arching my back in the process trying to look dead ass serious.

"What's so funny?" Brave words, terrible delivery.

I know this because he suddenly stops laughing, his green eyes roaming my face and all of a sudden, his laughter erupts.

I've never been more embarrassed in my life.

"Please... stop doing that," He says with a smile plastered on his face. "You look like the female version of boss baby. So adorable," I blush more at his words.

"Well..." I say trying to find a comeback. He goes silent as he observes me. "Well... you look like the silly version of Megamind. Only this time, you're more horrible!"

I say looking him dead in the eye and not wanting to back down.

The stranger's lips twitch and he folds his arms. I see he's trying to mimic my position because he straightens his back, the action stretching his height and making him look intimidating.

"Is that why you chose to run into me and burn my skin?" I flinch at his question.

"What?" Life drains from my face. " I didn't choose to run into you. It just... it was an accident," I say the last part through gritted teeth.

"Whatever you say, Princess." He says with a smug look on his face and I don't know why I keep blushing.

I really need to stop loving the colour red because that's exactly the colour of my cheeks right now. Red.

The stranger puffs out air as he continues to wave his shirt trying to fan his skin. "This is going to leave a mark," he says more to himself.

Guilt stabs my heart and I lower my head to the floor. I wish I could wake up from this sweet nightmare. "I'm sorry."

"You keep apologising and I might actually think about believing you". His next words have me jerking my head up to look at him in awe.

What the hell does he mean by that?

"I'm sorry, what did you say?" I ask, refusing to believe my own ears.

His beautiful lips twitch, "Again, stop with the apology. You go around bumping into people and apologising like you mean it?"

Okay, I have had it with this man. "I always mean my apologies." I say a bit aggravated as I look away, quite irritated now.

He raises a brow, the action making him look more handsome than the last. "So you admit that you bump into everyone?"

I open my mouth to speak but close them instead. This is a lost cause. He is a lost cause. How can someone be this handsome and yet so... dumb?

I proceed to walk past him. "Where are you going, sweets?" I ignored his question.

"You can't just hurt me and leave,"

My feet come to a stop and I turn back to face him. I search his face for any sign that he's teasing and surprisingly I found none and that's when I remember my Latte.

"What's your address?" I ask as I take out my phone, wanting to call my family doctor-

"Why?"

I don't look up, I just continue scrolling along my contacts searching for...ah! There it is!

My phone is suddenly snatched out of my grip and I yelp in shock.

"Talk to me," He says as he tucks my phone inside his back pocket.

"Look, I'm sorry ok? I didn't mean for my Latte to spill on you. I wasn't looking where I was going and neither were you...". Gosh, I sound like I'm in a courtroom trying to give reasons to the judge why this man should be locked up for looking too damn good.

The man watches me closely, his eyes trying to peer into my soul. I can't stop myself from holding his gaze. That green... are they real? Because no one should look this gorgeous.

"They're real," he says and it takes me a second to realise that I said those out loud. He gives me a small smile.

Oh God, no! I'm pretty sure I look pale because his beautiful brows come together.

'Quick, Mabel do something,' just as expected, I can see my tongue tying itself and I gulp.

'quick, what would Lisa do?' Oh I can't compare myself to her. She's a pro with boys and me? I'm not even a novice.

"Erm... good for you," I say and when the strangers brow raise, I'm walking away and I'm walking away fast.

Everything in me screams 'run' and even as I hear him laughing, my cheeks heat more and more.

"Please let this be a dream. Please let this be a dream... Ah!"

Strong hand holds mine and pulls me. Next thing I know, I'm face to face with his chest. Did I forget to mention how big they are? I don't know what to compare it with, but they are just right.

My face is only inches from his. I can feel his breath on my face and I glance up at his lips, my tongue darting out to swipe mine and when he does just the same, then I know we have the same thought.

But I'm not brave enough to take that final step in closing the distance.

Lisa on the other hand, she would have bagged this guy quicker than she can even say her own name.

But this is me, Mabel. Boring Mabel who is so shy and easily intimidated by everyone. Even a child.

But what if I... maybe I could... What if I close the distance? Should I? Would that be ok?

Oh no. No! What would he think of me? A tramp who waits each and everyday with a Latte in her hand so she can bump into them and then take them to bed?

Jesus Christ, Mabel!! Get your head in the game.

"Erm," I start to say even as my cheeks heat more and more. "What are you... what are you doing?"

Thankfully, I am able to break away from his delicious Mabel calling lips and look into his green eyes that are watching me with amusement behind them.

"Trying to get payment for my burn," He says softly and gently.

"What?" I ask when his words register in my head.

His lips twitch and he slowly lets go of me, putting some distance between us that I can't help but notice.

"You heard me. You're lucky I don't have insurance on that part of my body," He says nonchalantly.

"H-How much do you want?" I can write out a check this instant, I really don't care the amount.

He arcs a brow as if doubting my financial statement.

I'm so rich that I can buy him and still have more than enough to buy him in a Lamborghini Aventador.

"How about we settle this in the hospital?" He says and smirks. There is no missing the mischievous look in his eyes.

"Now?" I have to meet Lisa at her place...

"You seem like you're in a hurry and I'm also in a hurry... How about we meet up tomorrow?"

Now it's my turn to arch a brow. What he's proposing doesn't even make sense. Unless... He's a really poor man and has no extra money to care for his health and I just nearly killed him!

'But he doesn't even fit the poor part ' I can't help but give him a once over.

He's wearing a white button-up short sleeve T shirt that is wearing my Latte logo. The shirt has black round buttons. Some part of it seems to be tucked inside his black pants while another part has been dragged out. Probably from when he was trying to fan his skin.

He is wearing fine sneakers and I can't tell if they're expensive or not, but they look good on his feet.

I look back up at his face to see he is watching me with intense in his eyes.

"So... Erm... What are we... How are we going to," Oh God. "What are we doing?"

He chuckles at my confusion, "We, my dear, are going to sit and talk about what you've done to my body."

"But I already apologized," I remind him.

"Your apology hasn't healed me yet, Sweetie,"

"Don't call me that," I mumble softly. "Just tell me how much you want and we'll settle this." Really, why all these unnecessary drama?

"No can do Ma'am. We're going to talk about what you did and I'm going to give you a full lecture of how much this hurts me after which we'll go to the hospital with the bills being on you". He says as he backs away from me, turning to face the coffee shop. "Ah, meet me inside, tomorrow at 3pm."

"Wait...my phone," I say and he turns to face me. A silly smile on his face.

He strides towards me like the gorgeous man he is, taking out my phone from his pocket.

"My name's Eric. Eric Bell."

I know I've heard that name before and looking at him now, he does look familiar but I can't seem to place my finger on it.

Without another word, I snatch my phone from his hand and walk away as fast as I can. My action earns a chuckle from him. One that stuck to my brain like glue. I turn back to see that he's walking away like he was never even here but he was here.

I bumped into a hot cute stranger and it looks like I've not seen the last of him.

"Ah, meet me at the coffee shop tomorrow, 3pm."

Oh! This has got to be a dream. Either way, I'm not sure I even want to wake up.

"Let me get this straight..." Lisa says as she sits on her bed and turns to look at me. "He wants to meet up with you so you can take him to the hospital and pay the bills?"

I nod.

" And he doesn't look a bit poor?"

I shrug, " Well it's not written on the forehead right? But I'm sure I've seen him somewhere." I say undoubtedly.

Lisa furrows her brows, "What did he say his name was again?"

"Eric. Eric Bell". One thing is for sure, he does look like Eric. I twitch my lips as the image of him fills my head. Gosh, how can someone like him exist?

"Oh, Oh I know that look. It's one I've never seen in my life," She says and hurries to sit beside me. "Details!" She snaps her long nails in front of my face.

I try to laugh it off but my cheeks heat, making her eyes go wide with excitement and curiosity lurking behind.

"Don't you dare leave anything out!" She warns.

"There really is nothing to tell. He is...well he is... a very annoying human being," Referring to the nicknames. "...and very erm... Good looking and hot."

A sharp intake of breath and what follows next is Lisa squealing. I cover my ears, laughing at her drama.

"Come on, let's not make a big deal out of this," I say.

"What? Of course it's a big deal. You think he's hot!"

"You'd be blind not to notice that," I defend myself.

"So? You think he's hot. Plus he even called you beautiful and sweets," Lisa says, rolling her red hair into a tight bun.

"Yeah. That doesn't mean he likes me..." Oh! I'm smiling as I speak.

"Why else do you think he wants to see you again?"

"Erm... To pay bills!"

She rolls her eyes as she stands, heading towards her computer and I can't help but follow suit.

"What are you doing?" I ask when she takes her seat and I stand beside her.

"You said it yourself, his name sounds too familiar to you and that only means one thing, you must've come across it on the internet. You spend all your time there," She says and starts typing.

Well she does have a point so I lean down, my eyes glued on the screen as she types 'Eric Bell ' on the screen.

"Oh My God" is what I'm saying next.