

## Jealousy

Johnathon POV

I nally did it. I nally told Flair I wanted a divorce. Charlotte pressed herself against me, grinding her luscious body as she danced, her long hair loose down her shoulders, her tight designer dress leaving nothing to the imagination. She was in her element, as the music played, drawing the attention of several men who gazed at me with envy. I couldn't help but grin at them. Charlotte Deluca was mine and my face was lled with satisfaction.

I couldn't help but feel a tiny pang when I thought about Flair. We had been married for three years and I could have been a bit kinder about how she discovered I'd been cheating. Initially, I had resisted Charlotte's advances, but as we spent more and more time together, it got harder to say no to her. She had been persistent and what man doesn't like a gorgeous woman pursuing him? Especially a wealthy woman who had the connections and the power to make him a billionaire? Flair was nothing compared to this woman, and although she was loyal, she couldn't lift my status or help my law rm the way Charlotte could. I was looking to the future and leaving anything that would hold me back behind.

I gripped Charlotte by the waist, enjoying the feel of her waist, inhaling her sweet perfume, my mouth watering. She smirked over her shoulder, her back against me, a knowing look in her eyes. I could feel my c\*\*k hardening and hastily adjusted myself. I turned her around and kissed her, feeling her lips against mine, her little moan turning me on. I gripped her hair and sought to dominate her, leaving her panting as we pulled away.

"Save it for later" Charlotte purred, her eyes glinting.

"Oh, you know I will" I murmured "but can you blame me for wanting a taste?" I breathed into her ear.

She giggled, smoothing down her dress, her breasts straining against the fabric. Suddenly she paused, a look of bewilderment crossing her face. I saw her blink and her eyes squint. "That's impossible" she uttered and then pointed as I turned my head to look "is that Flair?" she breathed.

I opened my mouth to deny it but the woman dancing with another male on the dance oor was my soon-to-be ex-wife Flair. I inhaled sharply. She looked nothing like the Flair I was accustomed to. Instead of her traditional yoga pants and crop top, she wore a beautiful and tight-tting black cocktail dress that enhanced her cleavage and had a split down the side. It went down to just above her knees and her legs looked long and slender. Her hair, a mixture of blonde and brown highlights was straight and layered around her face. She was wearing makeup and her eyes looked smoky and hot. My mouth almost dropped open in shock. She looked stunning. Gorgeous. A surge of jealousy shot through me.

Charlotte looked peeved. She grabbed my arm. "Do you see how she's dancing with that man?" she said incredulously "Look at that slut" she hissed.

Flair was dancing with her back to the man, ipping her hair and looking irtatious. I was in shock. They looked intimate, her friend Rachel dancing nearby. I glared, suddenly overcome with anger and full of suspicion. Had Flair been seeing this man while we were married? I deliberately ignored the fact I had been having an affair, feeling violent towards the man who was dancing with Flair. Charlotte glanced at me, seeing the rage on my face.

I stepped towards them, shaking Charlotte's hand off of me as she followed in my wake. My steps were loud and purposeful. Flair remained oblivious, until I was in her way, standing directly in front of her, my eyes xated on her. She stopped, her body stiffening, a look of shock appearing on her face. She had been so busy dancing with her boyfriend that she hadn't taken notice of her surroundings. Charlotte stepped beside me, a small smile curving on her lips. The man Flair had been dancing with stepped behind her, a look of annoyance on his face. I eyed him. He wore a designer suit, a watch that looked like it was a genuine Rolex, and his shoes looked like genuine leather Italian.

Charlotte's eyes narrowed. "Well, well, well Flair," she said mockingly, before I could speak, "so much for being brokenhearted about your divorce" she added, staring hard at the man with her.

Flair's eyes blazed "You have no business speaking to me at all Charlotte," she said frostily "and it's none of your business who this man is."

"Who is he?" I blurted out the words, breathing heavily, eyeing the man with contempt as he stared back at me amused "is he your lover Flair? It didn't take long for you to nd somebody's shoulder to cry on, or were you already seeing each other before I asked for a divorce?" I asked her tightly.

She glanced at me indignantly while the man stared at me coolly. "You have no business asking me that," she said bitterly "You cheated on me remember Johnathon? Or have you conveniently forgotten that?" she asked challengingly, ipping her hair over her shoulder as Rachel calmly stepped up beside her and glowered at Charlotte.

I clenched my hands into sts "Answer the question" I barked out.

"Who are you?" I asked the man.

He gave me a cold smile "Frankly, it's none of your damn business who I am to Flair" he said blithely "A dog like you should know its place" he added with disdain.

Charlotte gaped "How dare you speak to my ancee like that" she seethed "Do you have any idea who I am?" she spat.

The man raked his gaze over her. "Charlotte Deluca," he said sounding bored "a spoilt heiress who needs to be put rmly over her father's knee and given a thorough spanking."

Charlotte's mouth dropped open "How dare you" she shrieked "I can destroy you with one word" she threatened.

"I'd like to see you try" the man yawned, sounding unimpressed.

Charlotte's face turned an unbecoming red. Flair turned glacial eyes on me. "Hurry up and send me the divorce papers Johnathon," she said coldly "Or shall I have them drawn up?"

"I'll send them" I snarled "You didn't even have the decency to wait until they were signed before moving on, did you?"

She laughed and threaded her arm through the man's looking up at him with adoring eyes. My chest tightened. She used to look at me like that. When we were rst married. I shrugged the feeling of nostalgia off.

"He's a better man than you'll ever be," Flair said nonchalantly.

"You slut" Charlotte hissed "acting like a damn saint and holier than thou when in retrospect, you've been spreading your legs, left, right, and center for this man. You're no betrayed wife. You're just a w\*\*\*e, acting as though she's better than everyone else. You disgust me" she told Flair, looking at her with condemnation.

By now we had drawn a crowd and there were several reporters in the club aiming their cameras towards us. I glanced nervously towards them. No doubt they were hoping for a juicy story. Charlotte was notorious for getting in trouble with the press and her grandfather would be upset if she got maligned again. Before I could intervene or interfere, Flair moved, faster than I could have anticipated, her anger overcoming her and she slapped Charlotte, hard, across the face, a bright red handprint appearing on Charlotte's left cheek. Charlotte put a hand up to her cheek in shock, tears springing to her eyes as she let out a scream.

"Do not confuse me with yourself" Flair hissed with venom "I am not a slut. I am not a homewrecker like yourself. I have nothing to be ashamed of, unlike yourself Charlotte Deluca, who had an affair with a married man" she declared loudly, the reporters hanging on every word as Charlotte glanced around, her face paling as she realized. I grabbed Charlotte's hand, preventing her from retaliating. The man with Flair took hold of her hand.

"Flair, let's go," he said gently, "I think you've had enough for tonight."

She smiled up at him and nodded her agreement. Without another word, both of them turned and began to head for the exit, while Rachel followed calmly in their wake.

"She slapped me" Charlotte wailed as I looked down at her.

"Miss Deluca, would you like to make a statement on what we just saw?" A reporter called out excitedly.

Charlotte sniffed while I began to drag her towards the exit, cursing inwardly in my mind. Not only had tonight not gone as planned, with Charlotte now being caught by reporters provoking Flair, but I was no closer to discovering the identity of the man that Flair was with.

"Johnathon, what am I going to do?" Charlotte moaned as we headed towards our car "If Grandfather sees me in the paper again..." she trailed off, looking sick.

"Will your brother help you?" I asked tightly.

"Half brother" she snapped "and no."

I clenched my jaw and got in the car, a desolate Charlotte hopping in the backseat with me. Nothing more was said.