

The Billionaire's Hidden Heiress

Chapter 20

Johnathon POV

The tension in the shop was thick. Charlotte was indignant. Hysterical. Seething mad. Her mother was almost exactly the same. "What on earth is Grayson thinking, buying her clothes?" Karen sniffed, looking at Charlotte bewildered "Is this revenge against you for taking Johnathon from her?" she asked.

Huh? Why would that be revenge? "Charlotte?" I asked, turning to her as she continued to angrily rifle through racks of clothes without glancing at them "Who is Grayson to you?"

"No one," Charlotte said touchily "There's nothing to worry about. I'm sure that Grayson was just being charitable" she added, glancing at her mother who looked unconvinced "he wouldn't go that far to hurt me."

"Why would he want to hurt you in the first place?" I asked frustratedly "I know that was Grayson Oakes. He's an excellent lawyer and his law firm is a rival to my own. Are you saying that he's somehow connected to you in some way?"

Charlotte and her mother shot each other wary glances. "Wait a minute," I said slowly, my mind starting to compute "you have a half-brother called Grayson."

"Fine" Charlotte snarled, grabbing a dress and holding it up against herself "Grayson Oakes is my half-brother but so help me god Johnathon, you let that piece of information slip and I will end you" she hissed "Neither of us likes to acknowledge the other. He's an embarrassment to the Deluca Name."

I blinked. Grayson Oakes was a wealthy bachelor and often in the gossip magazines. I was in awe of the man. When Charlotte mentioned a half-brother, I had never anticipated it would be that Grayson.

"Why?" I asked confused.

Charlotte huffed and flipped her hair "Because he's a bastard" she sneered "Our father never married his mother. It's a complete scandal. His mother was never good enough for the Deluca Name."

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Charlotte stomped over to the shoe area in a fine temper. Karen tentatively followed behind. "Honey," she said anxiously "try to calm down. You'll get wrinkles if you frown too much" she added.

Charlotte glanced at her mother and then obediently relaxed her face. She sat down on the chairs and Karen, in an effort to placate Charlotte, began to look at the shoes and bring several to her to try on, while I stood there, amazed that Charlotte had kept her half-brother such a secret until now. Had I been so oblivious to when she or her grandfather mentioned Grayson that I didn't connect the dots?

"I wonder how he met Flair?" I said out loud, causing Charlotte to look at me with a scowl.

"They might just be friends" Karen suggested hopefully.

"No, Grayson was looking at her like they were more than that" Charlotte sniped, while I stood there listening "Do you think they're lovers?"

"She wouldn't dare" I growled and both women turned and stared at me, causing me to blanch and step back.

"Why do you care if they are?" Charlotte said to me, raising a brow and placing some shoes back in her mother's hands "Does that upset you, Johnathon?" she asked, "because it's me your marrying not your b***h of an ex-wife."

"Oh I know," Karen said suddenly, causing us to look at her, her eyes shining "I bet I know how they know each other" she added excitedly.

Charlotte rolled her eyes "Pray do tell mother" she drawled.

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"Well, Flair is probably using him as the lawyer to check over the divorce papers. She has no idea that Grayson is your half brother" Karen said and all three of us looked at each other.

"Of course" Charlotte breathed, a smile forming on her face "it all makes sense. You said she wanted a lawyer" she reminded me as I began to breathe a little easier "and she wouldn't want one you're connected with. I would go to a rival law firm as well" she concluded happily "we have nothing to worry about."

Looking much happier she began to go over to the handbags. I followed behind, remembering the look on Flair's face when she spotted Grayson. There had been something there, behind her eyes, that indicated there was more than just friendship. But was I just looking for something that wasn't real? Was it my jealousy that was showing? I was struggling to hide my feelings. My wife and I were over, but why did it hurt so much to see Flair smile like that at another man? As for Grayson, well, he hadn't been looking at Flair like a lawyer looks at a client. I felt my throat constrict.

"Johnathon" Charlotte snapped, bringing my attention back to her "stop daydreaming. What do you think?" she asked.

While I had been ruminating, she had stepped into the dressing room located next to the bags and quickly changed into the dress. I made a conscious effort to look at her, raking my gaze up and down, aware that she was beginning to eye me suspiciously. If she knew that I was thinking about Flair... I shuddered to even think what her reaction would be.

"You look absolutely stunning, like a goddess," I told her appreciatively, caressing her shoulder while Karen nodded enthusiastically "the garment was made for you my love."

She beamed at me. "Great, then we'll take that, the bag and the shoes," she said decisively, stepping back into the dressing room as I exhaled in relief. I wondered how much this was going to cost me. I had a feeling due to my monumental stuff up earlier or Charlotte's anger over Flair and Grayson, I would be footing the bill for everything. I tried not to flinch at the thought. I might be wealthy, but I had never liked unnecessary spending. Or maybe I just hadn't liked the idea of Flair splurging on herself. There had always been this idea in the back of my mind that if she were to dress up, to her full potential, she would realize how beautiful she was and leave me. Not that it mattered, I thought selfishly, I had decided to leave her in the end, but it didn't feel as good to me now. In fact, I felt hollow.

"Here," Charlotte said decisively, stepping out and handing me everything as she looked at me in anticipation.

Karen smiled. I glanced down at the small bundle and sighed with resignation. I headed towards the counter, Charlotte and Karen following along behind me. As the lady began to ring everything up, I almost choked at the total.

Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit novel5s.com for the full experience. You won't find the next chapter anywhere else. Happy reading! "Isn't this a steal?" Charlotte cooed as I looked at her incredulously.

"Yes, so cheap" Karen agreed.

"5 million is cheap?" I asked, handing over my card and lifting a brow "because to me that's expensive."

Charlotte laughed. "Oh Johnathon," she said teasingly, as the lady bagged everything and handed it to me "that's nothing. In fact, I've spent barely a tenth of what I normally do. I'm too upset to shop properly and it's all thanks to your ex-wife and my stupid half brother" she pouted.

Wasn't that lucky I mused, almost vomiting at the idea of 50 million being spent in one day. Karen looked indignant as well, while we made our way outside, Charlotte waiting for me to open the door to the limo and assist her inside. As we all piled in, Charlotte peered out the window.

"Let's go out for dinner tonight" she suggested brightly "I could use something to cheer me up and I want to spend some quality time with you" she sulked as I remained silent "while you have the day off Johnathon. Please" she begged.

I sighed. "Make reservations to wherever it is you want to go Charlotte and we'll go out to dinner. It's the least I can do, but I am talking to Flair tomorrow" I warned her "and we are going to get everything sorted."

She perked up "Okay," she said agreeably as I eyed her "We can go to one of the new restaurants that have just opened up. We don't need a reservation," she said a little haughtily "as you see this is a Deluca has to do. They'll automatically grant us a VIP don't dine in. It happens every single time" she boasted, leaning back as the limo started to drive off "this is going to be so much fun. It feels like ages since I went out" she added.

"Just don't get your name or your photo put back in the papers" Karen warned her daughter solemnly "Your grandfather will be furious if it happens again and I don't want to be there to cop his anger. Whatever you do, remember that you have to uphold the Deluca name and behave while you are out in public."

"I promise," Charlotte said tersely "you act as though I'm some sort of animal or psycho" she complained.

Karen flattened her lips and I avoided her gaze but the implication was clear. Both of us were frightened about what Charlotte might do the next time she was out in public and in full view of the media. I prayed she would maintain her composure this time, certain that the grandfather would blame me if Charlotte was to end up as a headline in the newspaper again.