

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 12

Flair POV

We made it to the restaurant in good time, one of my favorites, and settled down at the table. Rachel sighed and leaned back in the chair as the waiter came up to take our orders. “I’ll have the Vegan version of the eggplant Parmigiana please,” I said as Rachel ordered a steak and chips.

I raised a brow at her. “I’m hungry,” she said pouting “and I need some greasy food. I don’t have your willpower Flair, or your morals.”

I just laughed and then glanced around at the busy restaurant, enjoying the ambiance as soft music played in the background. It wasn’t often we made it out to La Daniella’s but when we did, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at the elite restaurant. I smoothed down my dress, while Rachel nodded at my handbag, where the divorce papers sat neatly folded away.

“So what are you going to do? You really put Johnathon’s nose out of joint by not signing them on the spot, not to mention that little b***h Charlotte’s” she said with a giggle “The look on their faces. I can’t believe she threatened to have you fired from your own workplace. Oh I hope she tries it” she said with a hoot and her hand on her stomach as tears of laughter came to her eyes “I’d love to see somebody put that cow in her place.”

I just smiled “I meant everything I said. I’m going to have a lawyer look it over first. I don’t need his money” I said calmly, our dinner’s put in front of us by the lovely waiter “but I also don’t trust him not to try something sneaky or underhanded.”

“Will you get your family lawyers to do the honors?” Rachel asked, digging into her steak as she inhaled its aroma with satisfaction.

I shook my head “No, I don’t want to give away accidentally who I am. Visit [Job n i b .co m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. I want to get another lawyer instead, one that I haven’t used before and that Johnathon hasn’t hired or is friends with” I said concentrating on my eggplant parmigiana and taking a delicate bite of the delicious meal.

Rachel frowned “That’s a bit difficult, with the way his law firm is going lately, he’s employed several top lawyers and he’s friends with quite a few now, thanks to Charlotte Deluca. How are you going to find one that isn’t going to break confidentiality and tell Johnathon what you’ve done?”

I took another bite of parmigiana and looked up to see Rachel’s eyes glittering with mirth. She pointed at a table, discreetly, causing me to turn my head. I glanced at a man who was openly staring at me, unable to disguise his curiosity. He had shaggy brown hair that reached his shoulders, green eyes, and a chiseled jaw. He had stubble on his chin and he looked as though he was studying me. I blinked. Rachel smirked. “That guy is clearly into you” she whispered excitedly “You should get up and talk to him.”

I rolled my eyes and turned away, but could still feel his eyes boring into me. It made me nervous. “The last thing I need in my life right now is another man,” I told Rachel shaking my head “I haven’t even gotten divorced yet.”

“So what Flair? You’re entitled to some fun” she said with a smile of encouragement “hell it’s not as though Johanthon has waited.”

“I’m not Johnathon and I still have some class,” I told her disapprovingly, as she sighed and put a chip into her mouth, munching away.

The waiter came to our table with two glasses of champagne. I frowned. “We didn’t order any champagne,” I told him as he went to put them down.

“Ah, this is courtesy of that gentleman over there,” he said, pointing to the man who had been looking at us. We looked but the table was now empty. The man had gone. I felt a flutter in my stomach and a little bit of disappointment at the same time. I had lost my chance to speak to him, but wasn’t that a good thing?

We accepted the champagne. But to my surprise, the waiter also handed me a card. “The gentleman very explicitly asked me to hand this to you, Miss Flair,” he said courteously.

“Thank you,” I said as he nodded at me, before walking away.

“Ooh” squealed Rachel “Is it his phonenumber?” she asked as I examined the card, my mouth going dry in surprise.

I looked at her with a bit of a laugh “I guess” I admitted with a shrug “In a matter of speaking” I allowed.

She plucked the card from my hand before I could protest and began to read it, her brows rising.

“Grayson Oakes Attorney at Law” she read and then shot me a look as I stared at her confused.

“Don’t you know who this is?” she asked.

I had no idea. I shrugged looking at her helplessly. “Clearly he’s a lawyer” I tried, making her snort incredulously.

“Oh Flair,” she said tsing and shaking her head as I stared at her indignantly “You really need to read the gossip papers a bit more often. This is serendipity, or fate,” she said with a cry.

“It’s a lawyer,” I said with annoyance “another man just like Johnathon. We don’t need to keep the card” I added, trying to wrestle it away from her while she stubbornly refused to let it go.

“Are you insane? You can’t get rid of this card” she said, holding onto it as though it was some sort of precious jewel. I gave up and sat back panting in my seat “Why not? Pray tell, what’s so special about this man?” I asked. “You’re hopeless” she sighed “Grayson Oakes is one of the most eligible bachelors in this city. Not only that,” she said looking at me with wide eyes “but the man refuses to date. He doesn’t show interest in anyone. Any woman that tries to get a date with him, is swiftly turned away. Getting this is like getting the golden ticket in freaking Willy Wonka” she said with a screech, making several patrons stare at us.

“Calm down” I hissed “People are staring at us.”

“Let them,” she said dismissively “The man is showing an interest in you,” she said, “and you want to throw this number away? I’m not letting you,” she said “Your s*x life will thank me for this later.”

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I blushed, my cheeks flaming red. “He probably just wanted me to have his card in case I needed to use his services” I hissed “not because he wants to date me. You said yourself he has no interest in dating.”

Her eyes were dancing. “Well, there’s always a first time, and who wouldn’t want to date you? You’re gorgeous” she purred “If I went in that direction, I would date you,” she said nonchalantly.

“Thank you,” I said slowly, deciding to take that as a compliment.

She waved the card at me looking triumphant “You said you needed a lawyer” she reminded me “and his office is downtown.”

“How do I know that he’s not a friend of Johnathon’s?” I said, feeling slightly defeated by her optimism.

She was like a tsunami that refused to crash and break. She laughed sounding amused “You don’t pay attention much do you? Grayson and Associates is a rival law firm against Johnathon’s. He’s always complained about them taking cases that should have been his. They aren’t friends Flair” she said knowingly as I stared at her, feeling a spark of hope in my chest “They’re enemies. Don’t you see? This could be the answer to your prayers. You don’t need to look for a lawyer, one has just literally fallen into your lap.”

She finally relinquished the card back to me. I took hold of it, staring down at the words and the address. The waiter removed our plates and Rachel subtly asked for the bill. I couldn’t believe my luck. The divorce papers flashed in my mind. Rachel’s grin was smug. “I’m right, aren’t I,” she said happily “You’re going to go and see him.”

I carefully undid the zipper on my handbag and pulled out my purse, opening it and placing the card with infinite care into it. I glanced at Rachel a small smile curving on my lips and rose smoothly to my feet as Rachel took care of the bill. “I think I just might,” I said coolly “After all” I added as we began to head out of the restaurant and hail a cab “it would be rude to ignore what basically constituted as an open invitation” I added as Rachel pumped her fist in the air. “Grayson Oakes” I murmured as we slid inside the cab “what an interesting name.”

I decided to research him as soon as we got back to the apartment. I was intrigued now, and as the man’s face flashed in my mind again, I had to admit to myself, that a small part of me was attracted to him as well.