

# The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

## Chapter 14

Flair POV

“Bring your right leg forward and then we move into Warrior Two position” I intoned, demonstrating.

I glanced at the man in the back whose face was a bright red, covered in sweat, and whose hands were visibly shaking. It was a typical-looking fit man, who had clearly never experienced a yoga class before and was finding it more difficult than his usual gym session. I fought back my grin as I continued the class, finishing up with a seated cross-legged position.

“Namaste” I intoned.

“Namaste.”

The man made his way over to me, breathing heavily. For a beginner, I had to admit he had done quite well, but I had to wonder what he was doing in my class. Visit [Job n i b .co m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. Rachel was eyeing him hungrily from the reception desk, licking her lips and making suggestive hand gestures as I tried my best to ignore her. I wasn’t looking for a date or a new love interest. Besides, I had a feeling he would be more Rachel’s type.

“May I say thatwas a very interesting class” the man panted.

I gave him a look filled with curiosity “you did well in keeping up” I allowed, extending my hand graciously “my name’s Flair, I’m afraid I didn’t quite get your name at the beginning.”

“Timothy;” he said with a rakish grin.

“What brings you into my class today? I don’t often get casuals” I said, with a small smile curving on my lips.

“Oh,I just thought it was something new to try” he stammered.

My eyes narrowed “Something new? You look as though you hit the gym regularly, and are perhaps a runner” I mused as he blanched “I wouldn’t think that yoga would be your forte” I said thoughtfully “unless you have an injury and your doctor recommended it?” I tried to pry.

There was something suspicious about this man. The more I spoke, the more nervous he became. He played with the neckline of his shirt, his cheeks flushing even more.

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“I just thought itwould be fun” he choked out.

“Was it fun?” I asked him casually.

He coughed “it was most interesting. Whatmade you want to become a yoga instructor?” he asked curiously.

I stared him straight in the eyes “I had a lot of depression and anxiety issues growing up and yoga was the one thing that helped” I said, causing him to look uncomfortable “eventually I decided I wanted to become a teacher and help others to overcome the same sort of issues.”

“That’s very magnanimous of you,” he said, his breathing beginning to become a bit more normal.

“Not really,” I said with a shrug “I still make money from it, so it’s not exactly generous. I do however offer free classes during the week for those that can’t afford it and scholarships. But it’s better to do something you love than do a job thatmakes you miserable” I added, watching him carefully.

Bingo. His face dropped slightly at the word job. I tried not to smirk. I knew he had a reason for being here. Part of me wondered if Charlotte or Johnathon had tried to bribe a spy into my midst to convince me to sign the divorce papers. “You can tell Johnathon or Charlotte that I will sign the divorce papers when I’m good and ready” I bit out in irritation “and I won’t be bullied into doing them, if that’s what you were hoping for.”

He looked confused “Who is Johnathon or Charlotte?”

I narrowed my eyes. “Why exactly are you here Timothy and don’t sprout nonsense about wanting to do yoga. I know you’re here for a different purpose” I said poking him in the chest.

I always trusted my instincts. He opened his mouth to protest and then Rachel joined me, looking at him suspiciously. “I just looked up Timothy here,” she said, shooting a glance at me “The i\*\*\*t used his real name. Guess who he works for,” she said smugly.

“Not Charlotte and Johnathon?” I asked wearily.

She shook her head. Timothy looked panicked “Alright, alright,” he said hastily, putting his hand up in a panic “my boss is going to kill me for not using a different name. I didn’t think you would be this suspicious,” he said with a groan “I work for Grayson Oakes” he blurted out.

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Silence. I frowned. Why would Grayson Oakes send his minion over here? It made no sense. No man wanted a date that badly. “Explain,” I said shortly “and this better be good.”

“He’s um, interested in you,” he said bowing his head “and he sent me to get to know what you are like in person. Whether you’re nice or ...” he trailed off.

“Or if I’m a b\*\*\*h behind closed doors” I concluded shaking my head, a small smile curving on my lips “I don’t get it, what kind of man wants to date this badly? Your boss could have any woman he wanted. I’m just a yoga instructor that he saw in a restaurant. Is he always like this when he decides to pursue someone?” I asked incredulously.

What happened to the man having no desire to date anyone? I was certainly no one special, unless....he somehow knew my real identity? No, it wasn’t possible I concluded. This had to be something else.

Timothy bit his lip “I was supposed to gather information about you and then go back and inform him. That was my order. If I tell you anything else, he’ll have my head.”

Rachel snorted “you’re not a very good spy,” she told him without sympathy as he blushed “we could tell how fake you were in an instant. I always do a background check on clients, especially at the moment,” she said with a telling look at me “the least you could have doneis made up a fake surname.”

He grimaced “Please don’t tell my boss that. He’ll think I’m a complete idiot.”

“As opposed to what?” Rachel asked sweetly.

I felt a little bit of sympathy for him. Very little. I folded my arms across my chest and surveyed him frostily. “I was actually going to see your boss tomorrow” I informed Timothy with a raised brow “but I can see now that time is of the essence. I would like to find out for myself why he’s so interested in me. So Timothy” I said with a little smile, “I think you should come with us and show us to your boss’s home. If he wants to find out so much about me, then he should get it directly from the source.”

“You can’t do that” he protested in a panic as I smirked at him “nobody ever goes to the boss’s home. Hell, he barely likes me going in there.”

“Maybe he should have been more prudent about who he sent to spy on me,” I said unapologetically, nodding to Rachel who began to grab our stuff haphazardly.

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I grabbed Timothy by the arm. “Ouch,” he said complaining as he felt my nails digging into his skin “What are you doing? Where are we going?”

“To his house,” I said and he looked at me, raising a brow and looking down at me with something akin to disdain.

“Don’t you think you should change first” he commented a little bit horrified.

I scowled. Rachel however nodded thoughtfully “he’s right Flair. You want the advantage, so you should turn up looking cool and composed instead of sweaty and disheveled.”

“Fine” I conceded, glaring at Timothy who looked miserable now “we’ll go back to the apartment, I’ll get changed and then Timothy here,” I said smiling at the poor man “will drive me to the house. I want to meet Grayson Oakes personally and who knows, maybe he can help me at the same time” I said to Rachel whose eyes lit up as she nodded at me.

“Help you? I don’t understand” Timothy wailed, as we began to head out of the studio.

I patted his shoulder, fighting back a grin “You don’t need to understand Timothy. Don’t stress so much, it’s not good for your health” I advised him as he began to look even more panicked “Your boss will understand.”

“He’s going to fire my sorry ass” Timothy muttered under his breath.

I pretended not to hear him.

Rachel tookTimothy’s other arm and smiled brilliantly at him “Just so you know, my name is Rachel” she cooed at him, the man looking at her as Rachel pressed up against him “and my friend will make sure you don’t get fired so how about you relax, huh big boy” she said, as Timothy looked at her stunned, “and enjoy the ride sweetheart” she purred.

The poor guy didn’t stand a chance against Rachel’s seductive charms. I fought back my laughter as he began to follow her like a lost puppy, forgetting all about his troubles. Rachel certainly had a way with men, I mused, poor Timothy was just another man snared in her endless traps.