

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 15

Grayson POV

I leaned back in the armchair, rifling blindly through the newspaper, my thoughts pertaining to Timothy and whether he would actually find out any valuable information about Miss Flair or if this was a waste of time. I frowned down at the newspaper, fighting the urge to slam it down on the coffee table, and closed my eyes, pinching the bridge of my nose. Why was I feeling so impatient? This was not like me. Grayson Oakes did not chase women. Women chased me. But this girl was different. There was such a wholesomeness to her. Such an innocence to her.

The sound of my door clicking open, had my eyes darting towards the front entryway as a large whoosh escaped my chest. Timothy was finally here. I shifted on my seat and placed the newspaper down. “It’s about time,” I said gruffly “hurry up. I’m impatient to find out what you know.”

A decidedly feminine laugh accompanied my statement and I watched silently as Flair came waltzing in, a look of calmness on her face.

“Mrs Rourke, I was not expecting you to come walking into my home,” I said evenly, as she sauntered towards me, a small smile curved on her lips.

“Your assistant is no good at subterfuge,”she said brashly.

My own lips curved into an appreciative smile. I would be having some stern words with Timothy, but for now, I wasn’t averse to having some female company. Visit [Job n i b .co m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. I gestured for her to take a seat, drinking her in, enjoying the way her skirt hugged her curves and emphasized the slight swell of her buttocks, my mouth going dry as she sat down and viewed me with a raised brow. Her shirt was a plain white, but it clung tightly to her frame and showed the merest hint of cleavage, that left me wanting to see more.

“It’s Flair,” she said, extending her hand.

I took it, feeling how small it was inside my own, shaking it gently.

“I’m Grayson,” I said tilting my head “What is it I can do for you Flair,” I said delicately.

She gave a smile “You could tell me why you’re assistant is spying on me” she said coolly.

I cleared my throat “The truth is Flair, I feel an attraction to you, but my status is one of being a wealthy lawyer, which often means that women are throwing themselves at me” I explained tightly “I wanted to see what you were like in your own workplace to confirm if you were..”

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“Artificial, bitchy, insincere” she suggested with amusement.

I sat back and surveyed her “Perhaps” I allowed “but it seems as though my assistant is not as good at spying as I anticipated he would be.”

She laughed. It was musical, joyful, and like listening to tiny bells shaking together. I was entranced. “He tried his best,” she said laughingly “but my receptionist and I were too good for him. Don’t punish him please” she implored me “he really was quite apologetic about the whole thing,” she said.

I raised a brow “You’re quite forgiving about the whole thing.”

She shrugged “There was no real harm done and I was in fact” she paused and looked at me coily “planning on visiting you as it was Mr Grayson.”

“That means that you were wanting to either ask me on a date or use my services” I drawled as she looked at me with sparkling eyes “So I have to ask, which is it, Miss Flair?”

“Hmmm,” she murmured, “as interesting as the former one could prove to be, I must admit that I do have a need for your services Mr Grayson.”

I leaned forward, my gaze fixated on her “I’ve heard that you’re getting divorced” I said softly “Please accept my condolences. Would this be anything to do with it?”

She had a large black handbag, whichshe began to rifle through, producing a stack of papers. “It would,” she said regarding me “I need somebody to look these papers over, that isn’t an acquaintance of Johnathon’s or a friend in any way, shape, or form.”

Her tone was serious. I put out a hand for the papers. She reluctantly handed them over. I narrowed my eyes and began to glance through it, looking for any hidden clauses, manipulative phrases, or unfair distribution of assets. I was not a fan of Johnathon Rourke. The man was a sneaky, conniving lawyer, who took on any cases that he could, without prejudice, often using devious and unethical methods to win. I kept that from Flair though, scanning the papers and glancing at her.

“He’s offering you 50% of his bank account net worth, but nothing in regards to what his law firm is worth,” I said in disgust “let alone half the family home value. You have every right to demand the home is sold and the profits evenly distributed between the two of you. As for his law firm, he could offer you shares in it, or a partnership.”

Flair bit her bottom lip, nodding tightly. “There is nothing else, nothing hidden?”

I shook my head “It’s straightforward and simple. It’s designed to get the divorce granted as quickly as possible.”

Her lips twisted “I had a feeling that was the case, thank you for confirming it” she said as I handed the papers back to her. She looked down at them thoughtfully. “Mr Grayson, I have no desire for any of his money or part of his law firm. I don’t need part of the house. Can you please amend the papers so I can sign them?”

I was in disbelief. She was willing to walk away with nothing? She had been married to that miserable bastard for over three years and wanted nothing to show for it. My jaw clenched. “Are you certain that’s what you want?” I asked deliberately.

She looked at me knowingly “I suppose it makes little sense to you, that I have no desire for anything from my ex-husband, but all I wanted was to be loved. I never wanted his money. Please” she repeated softly.

I took the papers back. She rifled through her bag and grabbed me a pen. I began to scribble out what I needed to, dating and initialing what was required. She looked down at her hands, patiently waiting. “This goes against everything I know,” I told her grimly.

She just laughed.

I reluctantly handed the papers back. She put them in her handbag. “When are you planning on filing them?” I asked her creasing my brow.

After all, I still had something to discuss with her.

“Honestly, I plan to hold off for a day or two,” she said nonchalantly “No reason I should make it easy for him, is there?”

I grinned. “So what do I owe you for this consultation?” she asked me, beginning to withdraw her purse.

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“Your money is no good here,” I told her as she frowned at me “and I would not accept it anyway. There is something else that I would prefer from you.”

“If you’re expecting certain favors in return” she began to say beforeI cut in.

“Have dinner with me tomorrow night.”

She gaped at me.“Dinner?” she asked, gathering her composure.

“Just dinner,” I said meaningfully, leaning forward and pinning her with my gaze, watching her swallow hard and her cheeks go a slight rosy pink.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve been on a date” she murmured eyeing me “I’m not sure I remember theproper etiquette.”

I chuckled. “Trust me, Miss Flair, it’s like riding a bicycle. You never truly forget what to do. I rather enjoy the thought of having a beautiful woman for company and some intelligent conversation. What say we have dinner at about 7 pm tomorrow night and I pick you up?”

She hesitated and then her eyes began to shine “Since you were specific about wanting intelligent conversation then I guess I would be delighted to take you up on your invitation” she said agreeably, reaching out to extend her hand as she stood up smoothly.

I watched as she grabbed her handbag and then placed something on the coffee table in front of me. It was Timothy’s key to my front door. “Please give your assistant Timothy my regards,” she said warmly “It was a pleasure to meet him and you of course” she added mischievously as I stood up to escort her to the door.

“Oh I’ll give Timothy your regards all right” I muttered as I opened the door and watched her sashay down the driveway to her waiting car “Right before I kill him.”

Still, I had managed to accomplish a date with Flair and it was with a certain degree of smugness that I made my way back into my large mansion home. Tomorrow night would prove very interesting indeed, and I intended to use that date to press forward with my suggestion of a contract marriage. All I had to do, I thought, was persuade the woman. I had a feeling it was not going to be as easy as I anticipated.