

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 17

Johnathon POV

It was one of those mornings, where I wished that I had gone to work today. Being in Charlotte’s presence was giving me a huge headache, even as I forced myself to smile and nod agreeably to everything she said, in hopes of getting her to quieten down. Thank goodness her crotchety grandfather was nowhere to be seen, but to be honest even he would have been preferable right about now.

“Mother” Charlotte whined, “the stupid maid got one of my dresses creased when she hung it up.”

“Oh no,” Karen said in dismay “Which dress? I’ll organize to have it dried cleaned again. Your beautiful clothes, ruined” she said dramatically “all because of the bumbling actions of a stupid servant girl.”

There were worse things in the world to worry about I thought nonchalantly. Creases in my clothes were not one of them. But Charlotte looked devastated, wildly gesturing with her hands as she continued to complain to her mother about every little thing she could think of. If you are not reading this novel5s on Jobn novel5s.com, some sentences are incomplete. Visit Job novel5s.com to read the complete sentences for free. “My Gucci bag has a tiny tear in it as well,” Charlotte said examining it and then throwing it onto the bench with a pout “I need to buy a new one,” she said with a sulkily expression on her face.

“My love,” I said with as much patience as I could possibly muster “it is but a tiny tear. Could we not just have it repaired?” She stared at me open-mouthed. “Johnathon, you must be joking,” she said “We don’t repair anything. Once it’s torn it’s unsalvageable. You should know that,” she said with her nose in the air “It’s Gucci for heaven’s sake.”

“Really Johnathon, how uncouth of you to suggest such a thing” chimed in Karen, looking scandalized “We don’t act like poor people because we don’t have need to. Really dear, you must remember you are with a wealthy heiress now and not a yoga instructor” she admonished me.

“It was just a suggestion” I mumbled, one I wouldn’t be making again if I valued my life.

Karen just shook her head “Well next time, keep it to yourself” she said kindly “Poor Charlotte almost had a heart attack at the suggestion.”

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Charlotte nodded vigorously. I thought Charlotte looked perfectly fine, but then, what was I supposed to know? Charlotte began flipping through a bridal magazine she had been eyeing on the dining table. “Oh mother, look at this wedding dress,” she said, showing it to Karen, who made the appropriate ooh and aah noises “It’s a one of a kind by that special designer that no one’s ever seen before,” she said excitedly.

She turned and showed it to me. I glanced at it. It wasn’t anything special, it looked like any other wedding dress, but Karen and Charlotte were gawking over it.

“I have to have it” Charlotte moaned “Wouldn’t that look perfect on me Mother? It’s designed just for my figure,” she said pointing at it hard with her fingernails and almost putting a hole through the paper.

“It’s gorgeous Charlotte” her mother agreed “but it says right here that the designer wishes to keep this dress for themselves. They are merely showing it to the public as an incentive to purchase her other designs. This one is not to be sold. I’m sorry honey.”

Charlotte looked irritated. “But I want it. No other wedding dress is going to compare to this one” she said, “it has real diamonds on the hem mother, real diamonds” she repeated in awe “And besides everything is for sale in this world, if you just offer the right price for it.”

Her mother nodded, her eyes lighting up “I suppose if we were to offer an obscene amount of money for it then Miss F whoever she is might be obliged to sell it” she said pondering out loud “But a dress like this goes for a lot of money. She might be wanting it for her own wedding.”

“She can make another one,” Charlotte said dismissively “Maybe even a nicer one for herself but I have to have that dress,” she said with a hand on her chest, her eyes misty-eyed.

“Well it says that the designer is having a pop-up shop in the city next week,” Karen said, reading the article with interest “We can go and make our offer then. I’m certain that she’ll take it.”

Charlotte’s eyes brightened “I’m going to be the envy of every woman when I walk down that aisle in the dress” she waxed poetically as I listened with a sigh “Everyone is going to want to come to our wedding Johnathon” she added.

Everyone. My spirits lifted. It meant a lot of wealthy billionaires and heiresses would attend, which meant business and investment for the law firm. Important connections to be made. I smiled at my fiancée. “Honey perhaps we should worry about the engagement party first” I suggested tentatively.

If I could get Flair to sign the divorce papers in time, I silently thought to myself. My ex-wife was proving to be more stubborn than ever when it came to getting this divorce, which was surprising to me.

Immediately she scowled at me “I would but who knows if we’re even having one Johnathon” she said touchily “Your so-called ex-wife has yet to sign the damn papers” she snapped at me, her expression frosty “So excuse me if I’m more excited about the wedding.”

I smiled winningly at her “Charlotte, sweetheart” I coaxed “it’s just a matter of time. I said I’ll speak to her. Do you want me to go and do it now?” I offered, half rising out of my seat in preparation for her answer.

She stared at me mutinously. “No” she snarled “I have a better idea in mind. Since you can’t seem to get your ex-wife out of your mind...” she said in a venomous voice.

“That’s not fair Charlotte I’m just trying to get the divorce like you want me to do” I began to protest vehemently, knowing it was futile when she was in this type of mood.

“I want to go shopping. I need new clothes and a new bag” she added, glaring at the handbag she had flung onto the kitchen bench.

“New clothes? Charlotte I took you shopping last week” I said lamely.

She folded her arms across her chest “Johnathon” she said shrilly “I don’t wear anything twice. I need new clothes” She said “Not to mention I have to think about what to wear on our honeymoon” she added as I began to falter.

Why didn’t I go to work today? Why didn’t I have the foresight to see what today would bring? I was a fool. I could feel myself becoming drawn in by Charlotte’s winning smile as she directed it at me “Come on Johnathon” she purred, leaning forward and taking my hand “Just think about all the new lingerie I could get.”

Her mother pretended not to hear. I felt myself becoming aroused by the thought of Charlotte in some skimpy baby dolls she wore specifically for me. She looked particularly good in mint green and pastel blue. My throat constricted. Damn. She had me by the balls and she knew it. Any protests I had died in my throat.

“Okay sweetheart” I choked out “let’s go shopping, where do you want to go?” I asked, praying it wasn’t several boutiques. I knew how much she liked to shop and I was not enjoying the thought of spending the day trudging from store to store. Charlotte gave a squeal of excitement. “Oh, I’ve been dying to check out this new place” she squealed, while her mother looked up with a bright smile “It’s this new boutique or upper fashion store called Sin City. It’s supposed to be really hip and they are all about the environment or some such thing” she muttered looking at me “so that should make you happy as well. I don’t really care so long as they have nice clothes.”

Great. I heaved a sigh and got to my feet, offering my arm to Charlotte. “Mother are you coming?” she asked.

Karen smiled “Actually, you know what, I might,” she said agreeably as my spirits plummeted “I could use a nice outfit to wear to the engagement party and even the night of the wedding. Besides, I never turn down the opportunity to go shopping” she added mischievously as she stood up.

As we began to make our way outside, I remembered Charlotte mentioning the store had something to do with the environment. Flair would like that, I thought as I helped the women into the waiting limo, it sounded like it was her kind of store. It was a shame that my ex-wife could never afford to go to such an upper-class store, but that just meant I would never have to worry about running into her, I thought with optimism. It turns out that optimism was short-lived.