

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 18

Flair POV

I don’t know why I let Rachel talk me into this. She had a smug expression on her face, like a cat that got the cream as we stepped out of the car, the boutique was luxurious with huge windows and beautiful displays as we stood in front of it. The entrance was a thing of beauty and the moment you walked in you could tell that it was highly fashionable, with sales assistants floating around everywhere and high price tags to accompany the sought-after garments.

“Sin City,” I said, a little amused by the name “I suppose the prices could be considered sinful,” I said a little jokingly. Rachel grinned and dragged me to some dresses. I looked them over with a critical eye but was pleasantly surprised to see that they were made of high-quality fabric and none of the seams were imperfect. There were no flaws to be seen. Rachel oohed over the dresses, looking at me with a sidelong glance. “You need to find something sexy for your date tonight” she teased.

“It doesn’t have to be sexy,” I said with my nose in the air “Just classy.”

Still, my fingers lingered on a beautiful champagne-colored dress that had a modest-looking bodice and sleeves but was also backless. It was sexy and different from anything I would ever have attempted to wear when I was with Johnathon. “Flair, that’s perfect” Rachel gushed “Grayson will lose his mind when he sees you in that” she added, admiring it “You have to get it” she added in an undertone “I insist. Do not leave this boutique without that dress.”

I hesitated, and then Rachel chose for me, grabbing the dress and laying it carefully over her arms. “I’m not letting you change your mind,” she said shaking her head.

I laughed and gave up. We perused more dresses and Rachel grabbed a good half a dozen or more, while I tentatively grabbed three more before we headed over to the shoe section which had both of us entranced.

“I can’t believe that everything is sustainably sourced,” I said in awe, as Rachel tried on a pair of gold heels with a strap around the ankle, giggling as she did a catwalk in front of me “This stuff is beautiful Rachel.”

“I knew you would like it,” she told me triumphantly, taking the shoes off one at a time and raising an eyebrow at me “See I know you best” she added.

She should. We had known each other for years, I thought to myself with a shake of my head. “Let’s go check out the jewelry,” she said excitedly.

I glanced at the pile we had made. “I’ll take this up to the register for you,” a saleswoman said kindly as we thanked her. The jewelry was carefully tucked away in the back, diamond rings shimmering beneath the lights. Rachel gasped and looked at me, almost wriggling with excitement. “Flair, how do I choose?” she begged me.

“I thought we were here for me” I mumbled making Rachel look sheepish.

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“Well yes, but since I’m already here” she protested while I laughed at the expression on her face.

We both stiffened when we heard a voice behind us. “Maybe you could get my engagement ring from here Johnathon? They have gorgeous jewelry selection.”

No way I thought, feeling my body tense, it couldn’t be. Why would a woman such as she, deign to visit a place like this? Another woman’s voice, older, more mature chimed in “What a great idea Charlotte, but remember, you don’t want to grab an engagement ring for the sake of it. It has to be on your finger and look good for photos.”

s**t. It was her. Rachel shot me a look. “Want me to punch her in the nose?” she whispered.

It was tempting but I shook my head. I gestured for her to move, both of us turning to walk away, but it was too late as we came face to face with Charlotte, Johnathon, and another woman that I presumed had to be her mother.

Johnathon looked surprised. Charlotte’s face turned vicious as she spotted me. “What is a peasant woman like you doing here?” she demanded loudly as I stood there motionless “It’s not as though you can afford to shop here anyway. Do they know that? The prices in here are way above your pay grade” she sniffed.

“Charlotte,” the older woman said in a scandalized tone “it’s not like you to be so rude. Do you know this woman?” she asked, raking her gaze over me.

Charlotte sneered at me “Mother this would be the infamous Flair, Johnathon’s soon-to-be ex-wife” she spat out with

venom.

As usual, Johnathon remained silent, the coward that he was. Rachel’s hands clenched into fists. I put a hand on her shoulder, silently telling her not to do anything rash.

Charlotte’s mother studied me. Her lips curled into a small smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes. “Well, I can certainly see why Johnathon is so eager to divorce you,” she told me coldly “Charlotte is certainly an upgrade for him in the looks department.”

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“You b***h” Rachel murmured under her breath as I looked at my friend sharply. “As if you can talk, you look like a toad.” “I have no desire to start a fight,” I said evenly and with as much patience as I could muster “Enjoy your shopping Charlotte, Rachel, please, let us continue what we were doing in peace.”

Johnathon finally stirred “Flair, you look well” he stammered, “I need to talk to you about the papers...” his voice trailed off as I glared at him.

“That can wait, Johnathon,” I said annoyed “Right now is not the time to discuss it.”

It angered Charlotte. “Of course it is. Where are they? I bet they are in your handbag aren’t they?” she said irritably, “Give me your bag.”

I stared at her. My lips twitched “I’m afraid I must decline Miss Deluca, nobody but myself has the right to touch this bag.”

She tightened her lips “Is that so?” she asked with deliberate emphasis “You should give me the papers Flair.”

“I don’t have them on me and if I did, I still wouldn’t give them to you,” I told her blithely “This is a matter that pertains between Johnathon and myself, not you.”

She sneered “You’re going to regret this,” she said and then raised her head, looking at the saleswoman nearby “Get your manager, these women, they are shoplifters” she accused.

The saleswoman looked concerned. Charlotte raised her voice “Don’t you know who I am? I am Charlotte Deluca” she snarled and the woman’s eyes widened “And I’m telling you that these women do not possess the means to pay for anything in this store. Get your manager” she repeated icily.

“Charlotte” Johnathon hissed, as the saleswoman fled “You’re taking this too far” he warned.

She laughed while her mother tittered. “No, I’m merely ensuring that Flair here knows her place. Really Flair” she mocked while I looked at her calmly “What were you thinking, coming to a place like this?” she asked.

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“You b***h” Rachel snapped, lifting her hand to slap her.

Charlotte’s eyes danced “Do it and it will be caught on tape,” she told my friend who hesitated “Then I’ll have all the evidence I need to bring up assault charges against you.”

I looked at Johnathon who had a haggard look on his face. “This is the woman you want to marry?” I asked quietly “When did your standards become so low Johnathon?”

“His standards have risen you little slut” Charlotte hissed as the saleswoman and the manager came striding back in a hurry “And now we’re about to see you thrown out on your a*s” she added gleefully.

The manager, a woman with a pinched face and beady eyes, regarded the group with alarm on her face. “Miss Deluca it is an honor to have you in our shop,” she said sincerely “I understand there is a situation?” she asked gingerly.

“There is,” Charlotte said angrily and pointed straight at me “This woman is here to shoplift” she cried, causing the manager to look worried “She can’t afford anything in this store” she gloated “It’s way beyond what she could possibly earn as a yoga instructor. Unless somebody else is paying for it, she is here to steal,” she said with a flourish.

The manager’s eyes narrowed as she looked at me and Rachel. There was a look of contempt on her face “I’m afraid that I’m going to have to call security. We don’t tolerate thieves of any kind. I believe Miss Deluca’s word.”

I stared at her incredulously “You don’t even know us, yet you’re willing to throw us out of your store on somebody else’s lies?”

The manager drew herself straight up and looked down her nose at me “Miss Deluca and Mr Johnathon Rourke” she said, glancing at my ex-husband who looked pleased to have been recognized “are well-known members of society. It stands to reason I would accept their word, whereas you are not known to the public. I must insist that you leave.”

“That won’t be necessary” a deep masculine voice drawled and we turned, my eyes immediately gazing deeply into his as he looked the manager straight in the face, ready to battle it out with her on my and Rachel’s behalf while Charlotte gaped and her mother went pale.