

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 21

Flair POV

Despite my misgivings, I put on the champagne-colored dress, with the matching shoes, leaving my hair cascading gently down my shoulders and lightly applying my makeup. Rachel looked at me with envy. “You’re such a natural beauty,” she said with a sigh, touching my hair and letting it fall through her fingers “I wish I had your complexion and smooth skin.” I smiled at her “How do I look?” I asked, turning on my heel so she could see all of me.

“Gorgeous as always,” she said with a sniff and roll of her eyes “but the dress does suit you and I bet Grayson can’t keep his hands off you” she added with a certain amount of glee.

I put some earrings in “I’m not sure what Grayson’s intentions are with this date, but I think he’ll be fine keeping his hands off me” I said with a sigh, not sure why that made me so upset.

On all our dates, Johnathon had never been overly affectionate and I had grown used to it, believing it was merely his nature, but when I had seen other couples holding hands and kissing or hugging, I had always felt envious. Somehow though, Grayson didn’t strike me as the overly affectionate type either. Maybe it was a lawyer thing? A trait that those types of men possessed?

A loud rapping on the door. I glanced at myself nervously and Rachel handed me my clutch. “I’ll get the door,” she said wickedly, dashing out of my bedroom before I could answer.

I steadied my nerves. This was just a date after all. It meant nothing. But there were butterflies in my stomach and my nerves were getting the best of me. It had been over a year since Johnathon had cared to take me anywhere. I swallowed hard and then stepped cautiously out of the bedroom, walking into the main area, to be greeted by Grayson who let out a low whistle of appreciation as he saw me, his hands holding a large bouquet of rose rainbows which he passed to me.

“You look absolutely divine,” he told me appreciatively, raking his gaze up and down, his eyes sparkling.

I was surprised that he’d taken the trouble to bring roses and brought them to my nose, sniffing the delicate aroma. Rachel delicately took them out of my hands.

“Thank you for the roses,” I said faintly, already feeling overwhelmed.

Grayson looked handsome, clad in a white dress shirt and black trousers. His hair was swept back and there was a crooked grin on his face. My stomach clenched in response.

If you are not reading this book from the website: novel5s.com then you are reading a pirated version with incomplete content. Please visit novel5s.com and search the book title to read the entire book for free

He offered me his arm and I took it. Rachel shut the door behind us, a wide grin on her face. Grayson was charming, keeping a tight hold of me in the elevator and then opening the door of his limousine and assisting me to sit. As he climbed in, he gave me a wolfish smile, the limousine began to take off and I realized I didn’t even know where we were going. “What restaurant are you taking me to?” I asked lightly.

He leaned back in his seat and curved his lips. “It’s a new one,” he said with a wolfish grin that had my heart racing and my hands feeling clammy “That’s just opened. I’ve taken the liberty of reserving their VIP room. It’s called The Gilded Lily,” he said smoothly “perhaps you’ve heard of it?” he asked.

I hadn’t. My interest was peaked. It sounded like it was an expensive restaurant, which was not surprising, but I hoped that it might contain some vegan options as I had not thought to let Grayson know about my dietary inclinations. I was used to finding something to eat off any menu so I dismissed this concern, looking forward to an evening with this man who had an ability to put me at ease.

“So Miss Flair, how are you feeling?” he asked, pinning his gaze on me.

“Huh?” I frowned.

“It can’t have been easy, seeing your ex-husband or soon-to-be ex-husband and his mistress like that this morning. I do hope that it hasn’t upset you to the point of ruining this date before it’s even begun.”

I shook my head, a wry smile coming to my lips. “I must thank you for coming to our rescue this morning Mr Grayson” as unnecessary as it had been, I silently thought to myself “it was most appreciative and I assure you” my voice lowered “that seeing my ex-husband with his mistress has not ruined my appetite in the slightest.”

He smiled looking greatly relieved. The limousine coasted gently to a stop and the driver opened the door. Grayson got out elegantly and then offered me a helping hand. I smoothed down my dress and looked at the restaurant, where there was already a line of people waiting to get inside. It must be very good or just the notion of a new restaurant was enough to draw such a crowd, I mused to myself.

Grayson led me directly inside and to the hostess. “I’m Grayson Oakes,” he said easily and the hostess, a lovely mature older woman, instantly smiled.

“Of course, Mr Grayson, you and your lovely date have the VIP room,” she said “please follow me.”

She turned and led us up some stairs and into a back room. We stepped inside and I gasped, taken in by the loveliness. There was an intimate table set up for two, with a gorgeous centerpiece, soft music playing, and candles flickering in dim lighting. The hostess handed us both menus.

“The chef will make you anything you like, if it is not on the menu, just ask” she advised “Please give me a few moments and I will come back to take your order” she added.

We nodded and Grayson pulled out my chair for me, seating me. I sat down and then glanced down at the menu. It was very extensive and I could see Grayson studying me thoughtfully.

“The vegan dishes are on the back,” he said evenly.

My eyebrows rose. “How did you know?” I asked him, curious.

He looked nonchalant “honestly, it was a guess” he admitted “but a woman who works as a yoga instructor and looks as stunning as you,” he said, gesturing at me “I would have thought either ate clean or was a vegan or vegetarian. I picked this restaurant because it had plenty of those options and I wanted you to be able to eat” he added.

Wow. Johnathon had hated that I was vegan. He had insisted it was pure nonsense and considered it a huge inconvenience when we ate out. I gave up trying to get him to go to any restaurants I liked and instead merely ordered side dishes or plain salads when we went out on dates to avoid the arguments that would likely follow if I dared to complain or ask to go elsewhere.

“It doesn’t bother you?” I asked.

Grayson looked confused. “Should it?” he asked bluntly “what you put into your body is your own business. It doesn’t affect me. I admire your morals and for sticking with them, so long as you don’t mind that I don’t eat the same as you” he added, studying me.

I shook my head “I don’t mind” I admitted “I appreciate that you were so thoughtful in choosing a restaurant that catered to my needs.”

He looked mystified “why wouldn’t I? It’s not much fun if you don’t eat” he added confused.

I smiled. This was rather unusual for me. I glanced down at the menu again, turning it to look at the back. “I think I’ll try the eggplant parmigiana with cashew cream sauce and roast vegetables,” I told him, almost salivating at the thought of it. He raised a brow and then considered it. “You know what, I think I’ll have the same” he decided, nodding his head “it sounds delicious” he added.

My mouth almost dropped open. “You don’t have to, I don’t mind if you choose a dish with meat” I protested.

He chuckled “Honestly, eating a vegetable dish for one night won’t kill me. I’m curious about the dish and I want to try it” he shrugged “would you like some wine with it? Can you have wine?” he asked.

“Unless it’s stated as being vegan, then most wines aren’t” I told him reluctantly, eyeing the drinks section.

“This one says it’s vegan” he pointed out “we’ll get that one.”

The hostess came back up to take our orders and Grayson took charge, ordering the drinks and food while I sipped at the water at our table. The hostess looked surprised by the order but also pleased. “Good choice” she said nodding at me “the eggplant parmagana is to die for” she added “and that wine is delicious, I’ve had both” she told me and I grinned.

“Perfect, I look forward to it.”

Grayson leaned forward and took my hand, tenderly massaging it. “I think I need to reiterate it, in case I didn’t make my point the first time” he told me as I stared at him, my mouth going dry as his touch sent shivers down my spine “you look like a goddess tonight and I’m a very lucky man to have you as my date.”