

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 22

Johnathon POV

Charlotte sauntered confidently to the front of the line. As usual, she was stunning, clad in a tight dress that showed off her impressive cleavage, and had a slit to show off her long legs. It was daring, it was bold and it showed her figure off to perfection. I could see the looks of envy from other men as they stared at her, and I puffed out my chest, feeling smug as I held her hand. I was a lucky bastard. If you are not reading this novel5s on Jobni novel5s.com, some sentences are incomplete. Flair had never pulled this kind of attention before, being more of an introvert, but then again, I never really liked to take her places either. She never asked it of me, not like Charlotte who constantly insisted on going out and socializing.

The hostess gave Charlotte a slow smile. “Welcome to the Gilded Lily, how may I help you?” she asked.

Charlotte flipped her hair over her shoulder and gave the woman a haughty look. “Don’t you know who I am?” she demanded.

“Of course Miss Deluca” the woman apologized “Forgive my rudeness. Are you wanting a table for two?” she asked sweetly.

Charlotte’s jaw dropped. She seemed incredulous. The hostess looked confused. She was a mature lady who looked very polite and sweet. Charlotte gathered herself “excuse me” she screeched, causing the poor hostess to wince at the shrillness of her voice “but I am a Deluca. I demand a VIP room” she snarled.

The hostess looked apologetic “I am very sorry Miss Deluca but the VIP room is already in use. We do have a room we could use for you next door to it if it suits you. I could organize the waiters to set up a table for you and it would be nice and intimate” she suggested hopefully.

Charlotte looked fit to burst. Her cheeks swelled, her chest pushed out and she opened her mouth with deliberate emphasis “I don’t care who is using the VIP room, tell them to get out” she snapped.

The hostess quietly shook her head “I apologize Miss Deluca but the VIP Room was reserved and the guests are important to us. We cannot turf them out, simply because you ask it. Would you like the room next door?”

Charlotte’s eyelid was twitching. I didn’t think she had ever been told no by a restaurant before. “There is nobody more important than a Deluca” she hissed at the woman “are you trying to tell me you won’t make them leave?”

“That’s exactly it” the hostess said quietly, looking a little frustrated by the situation “but I am happy to offer you the small room next to it.”

“Get me your manager” she screamed.

The hostess sighed “I am the manager” she said slowly “and the owner. Now you can have the room next door” she said speaking to Charlotte as though she was a simple ***** “or you can sit downstairs with the rest of the diners. It’s entirely your choice.”

Charlotte stomped her foot and I stepped in. “The other room would be perfect,” I told the hostess quickly.

She nodded and disappeared to tell the waiters to set the room up. I turned to Charlotte “Calm down. It’s a small inconvenience, who cares if we’re in a different room” I tried to persuade her.

She looked at me indignantly “I care” she growled “I have never been treated so poorly in my life” she sulked.

Oh boy. I could feel myself sighing again. It was going to be a long evening. I loosened my collar as the hostess came back with a forced smile on her face. “Your room is ready, if you will follow me” she instructed.

Charlotte flattened her lips and mutinously followed the woman upstairs while I followed behind. As we passed the VIP room, Charlotte tried the door, causing the hostess to turn around and glance at her sharply.

“Madam, if you insist on disturbing the privacy of my diners, I will have no choice but to have security escort you out, regardless of whether you are a Deluca.”

Charlotte let go of the knob, glaring at the hostess, put her nose in the air, and followed her to the room next door. The hostess ushered us in. The room was tiny, with a table and chairs. The hostess had made an effort to set the table nicely and there were candles flickering in the room. There was a nice bottle of wine sitting next to a pretty centerpiece and menus on the table. It was very intimate but Charlotte looked oblivious, sitting down in her chair with a scowl on her face. I swear I saw the hostess roll her eyes.

“I will send a waiter up to take your orders,” the hostess said serenely, quickly turning on her heel and leaving.

“Well this is nice and cozy isn’t it?” I said to Charlotte, shrugging out of my jacket and sitting down, trying to cheer her up.

She glared at me “I’ve never been so humiliated in my life, being denied the VIP room. We should go and see who is in there” she hissed “and make them leave.”

“Charlotte you heard the hostess” I said patiently “and besides who cares? We’re here, we can have a nice dinner together, as a couple, without having to hide. With luck I can persuade Flair to sign those papers and maybe even file them before the engagement party. Can’t you just relax a little bit and try to have a good time?”

She sniffed and picked up the menu, eyeing it with disdain. “This is supposed to be a five-star restaurant and it’s only just opened,” she said with a scowl “I don’t understand how the VIP room was already taken.”

I felt myself becoming slightly frustrated with her. “Forget about the VIP room,” I said impatiently “how about we order and maybe some food will put you in a better mood?”

She glowered at me. “Urgh” she complained, looking at the back and creasing a brow “they have vegetarian and vegan dishes. Why?”

My lip twitched. Something Flair would have appreciated. The thought came to me quickly and I dismissed it. I wasn’t with Flair anymore, but sometimes the most random thoughts would come to me without even trying. Charlotte looked disgusted and then turned the menu back around, just as a waiter came walking up, a wide smile on his face.

“Hello beautiful lady” he greeted Charlotte, whose lips thankfully curled into a smile at the compliment “I am here to take your order. What would you like to eat, you ravishing creature?” he teased, making her giggle and flip her hair in a flirty

manner.

“I’ll have the chicken caesar salad minus the croutons and dressing,” she said demurely as the waiter scribbled it down. The waiter turned to me expectantly “I’ll have the chicken parmigiana and Thai salad” I said eagerly.

I was starving. The waiter scribbled it down. “Anything particular to drink?” he asked, peering at Charlotte like a starving man while I glared at him.

Charlotte smirked at me. “I’ll have a diet soda. I need to watch my weight” she said as the waiter shook his head at her. “A bourbon,” I said grumpily.

I might as well have a few drinks. The waiter was flirting with Charlotte and she was letting him. It was an insult. Then Charlotte winked at me and leaned forward, exposing her cleavage as the waiter practically drooled.

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“So Franco” she said, looking at his name tag and running a finger down the side of her breasts “you wouldn’t happen to know who is in the next room would you? I mean, is it some kind of celebrity or...” she trailed off, the waiter’s eyes widening.

“Oh, I’m not sure Miss” he said regretfully “all I know is that it’s an important billionaire and his date. A very pretty woman” which made Charlotte look disgruntled.

“Thanks” she said tightly.

He nodded and took his clipboard, heading downstairs to put our orders in.

“Let’s just have a good time Charlotte” I coaxed as she slumped in her chair, her arms folded across her chest “don’t you enjoy spending time together?”

She sighed. “I guess” she mumbled “at least the engagement party can’t be ruined” she added with some satisfaction, sitting back up, her face beginning to glow, “providing you’re actually divorced by then.”

“Trust me, everything is going to be fine” I said with more confidence than I actually felt.

She eyed me moodily. I poured her some wine and she sipped. “What about the ring Johnathon?” she said glancing at me “you haven’t bought that yet, have you?”

I coughed “I’m getting there. I have plans.”

Yes plans. Karen had mentioned that Charlotte had been eyeing a ring that belonged to her grandfather’s wife. I had hoped to persuade him to part with it for Charlotte’s engagement ring. Apparently it was a valuable black diamond and had been designed by her grandfather himself. According to Karen, nothing else would do for Charlotte.