

# The Billionaire's Hidden Heiress

## Chapter 23

Grayson POV

She was even more beautiful than I remembered. Elegant, classy, down to earth, and fantastic company. It was refreshing. I hadn't laughed so much in such a long time. Flair was a breath of fresh air. I was enjoying the date immensely, even as I knew that I would have to put forward my proposal, the time drawing near, and I sensed the mood changing, Flair's eyes shining bright as she looked at me. Out of instinct, I grabbed her hand, surprising her, although her gaze was warm and there was a wide smile on her face.

"I must admit that I had an ulterior motive for asking you out on a date tonight Miss Flair" I drawled, causing her to look at me uncertainly "and although it may come as a shock to you, I'm hoping that you might give it some serious consideration."

She looked confused. "I'm sorry, maybe you could be more specific Mr Grayson?" she asked.

"Please, just Grayson, and allow me to explain. I'm well aware of your upcoming divorce to Johnathon Rourke" I explained as she nodded tightly, her finger circling her goblet nervously "and I'm also aware of his affair with Charlotte Deluca."

"It's no secret thanks to the gossip magazines," she said bitterly.

I inclined my head "That is correct" I said wryly, "but have you ever considered the possibility of marriage again Miss Flair?" I asked her as she turned pale, her body going stiff as she looked at me in shock.

"After being cheated on?" she said incredulously and I held a hand up, my eyes narrowing.

"Please, hear me out," I said quietly, my tone authoritative. "I require a wife, Miss Flair," I said as she nibbled on her lower lip "sooner rather than later. It is a stipulation that my grandfather has made, a condition, in order to get my hands on my family's company. You see if my half-sister gets married before me and produces an heir, I lose all claim to it, but if I marry and produce an heir then..." I trailed off as realization dawned on her face.

"You get the company," she said in a low whisper "but why would you think I would want to get married to you, just like that?" she asked, still sounding incredulous, a look of disbelief on her face.

"Let me start by saying this. First of all, I am attracted to you Miss Flair, something which I deem important to any marriage. Second of all, My real name is not Grayson Oakes, it is just a name I prefer to go by, in order to keep my identity secret."

She blushed and then looked at me puzzled "if Grayson Oakes is not your real name then what is it?" she asked. "That is the second reason I am proposing marriage to you. A contract marriage if you will. My real name is Grayson Deluca" I said and watched her eyes widen as realization dawned on her. I sat back and waited.

"You're the bastard of the family, the black sheep. The one that's been ostracized and kept out of the media" she said slowly, "but I still don't understand why you think your name is enough to get me to marry you?"

"It's simple enough Miss Flair," I said easily, giving her a wolfish grin "wouldn't you like to get revenge on your ex-husband and my half-sister?" I asked her pointedly.

She gasped and looked at me meaningfully. "You must harbor some resentment towards the two of them for what they've put you through" I urged, lowering my voice and leaning towards her "the newspapers, the magazines, the embarrassment and humiliation. Wouldn't you like to do the exact same thing back to them? Wouldn't you like to help ensure that Charlotte never gets her greedy little hands on my family's company? We both know she would run it to the ground, she's not exactly a brainiac" I said as Flair chewed on her lower lip "and correct me if I'm wrong" I added with a raised brow "but I thought that you might be attracted to me too."

She looked like she was about to pass out. "But...but it's not that I'm not attracted to you" she protested, hiccupping as I grinned inwardly, enjoying her discomfort and the way her cheeks flushed a brilliant pink, adding to her allure and beauty "and well, yes, revenge would be great" she mumbled awkwardly "but you also mentioned an heir" she blushed even brighter pink and avoided my eyes.

Ah. So that was giving her the greatest pause. I understood her hesitation. My eyes smoldered at her "An heir is required, but it matters neither if its male or female" I informed her calmly "and it would mean that intercourse would have to take place, but I assure you I'm quite experienced when it comes to the bedroom and you will have no complaints in that area." "But wouldn't you rather marry for love?" she asked desperately, her eyes rising to meet mine.

Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) for the full experience. You won't find the next chapter anywhere else. Happy reading!

I was almost bowled over as I stared into them. This woman had no idea just how fetching she was, or her ability to make a man forget what he was doing.

"You married for love, did you not Miss Flair?" I asked a bit callously, trying to get my point across and use any ammunition at my disposal to get her to marry me "and it didn't work out as you imagined. A contract marriage means we both know what to expect and there are no false expectations. I assure you that I will be one hundred percent exclusive and I expect the same from you."

"But what about my work?" she protested half-heartedly.

I raised a brow "If it pleases you then by all means continue working" I said nonchalantly "I won't tell you to stop doing things you love unless it risks harming the baby. I also don't believe you should be home cooking and cleaning for me either" I added, causing her to look at me in surprise "I am more than capable of looking after myself. The only thing I ask is that you do everything you can to ensure yours and the child's wellbeing."

"You don't ask for much," she said faintly.

"I will of course provide you with a financial incentive for the marriage and subsequent heir. The marriage need only last long enough for you to give birth to the heir and then, if required by mutual agreement we can divorce. I won't leave you penniless and destitute."

Unlike Johnathon, I wanted to add but wisely kept my mouth shut. She looked as though she was having enough trouble digesting everything as it was. I didn't need to insult her ex-husband in order to make myself look good.

"But how do we know..." she halted stammering and then ducked her head, her hair covering her eyes.

"How do we know?" I prompted, leaning forward to sweep her hair off her eyes.

She slid her eyes away from me as I stood up and reached down, lifting her from her seat, my face inches from hers, my eyes boring into her.

She gulped. "How do we know we have chemistry? If I say yes, and I'm not saying that I will" she hastily added as I smirked "how do we know we'll even feel anything for one another?" she asked in a low whisper.

"That's easy to rectify" I purred, cupping her cheek with one strong hand, watching her eyelids flutter.

Before she could open her mouth, I pressed my lips against hers, soft at first, tasting the sweetness of her lips, forcing her to part them slowly as I delved my tongue inside to explore and taste even more of her. I felt her breath hitch, my hand moving to the back of her neck as I pulled her closer to me. My heart began to race. I wanted more. I became more demanding, deepening the kiss as her hands clutched at me, her body quivering. If you are not reading this novel on [Jobni novel5s.com](http://Jobni-novel5s.com), some sentences are incomplete. I heard her give a low breathy moan and felt myself becoming highly aroused. I could feel myself becoming close to losing control right then and there, the image of ravishing her on the table, flashing into my mind. Reluctantly, I pulled away, looking at her face closely as she opened her eyes again. Her lips were swollen and puffy and there was a look of wonder on her face. She put a trembling hand to her lips, licking them as I tried not to groan out loud.

Damn. I was feeling like a lecher. She blinked at me. "I would say we have chemistry, wouldn't you Miss Flair?" my voice was hoarse and gruff as I retook my seat, Miss Flair nodding silently.

"I um, I have to go to the bathroom" she whispered and then practically fled the room, on shaking legs as I watched, a lethal grin coming over my face as the door shut.

I had her, I knew it and something told me, she knew it too. She could run, I thought, eyeing the door, but she couldn't hide.