

# The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

## Chapter 24

Flair POV

My hands shook slightly as I cupped them underneath the tap of running water and rubbed the water on my face, trying to cool down my flaming cheeks. That kiss. I almost moaned, gripping onto the sink tightly with both hands as my legs quivered. That kiss from Grayson alone had almost caused me to climax, the way his lips had felt as he kissed me, his tongue caressing my own, his strong arms holding me upright so I wouldn’t faint dead away. I panted, shaking my head at myself wryly.

“I would say we have chemistry wouldn’t you Miss Flair?” he had asked.

We had more than chemistry. It was like a volcano exploding when he kissed me. I waved a hand at my face, in an attempt to calm down. Like a giddy schoolgirl, I had gone running for the bathroom, unable to stare him in the eyes afterward. Johnathon had never made me feel this way. Not even in the beginning of our relationship. His kisses had always felt icky, too wet or perfunctory. I had certainly never grown as aroused as I had with Grayson. Did that make me wanton? A w\*\*\*e? Or worse?

What was I going to do? Part of me wanted to say yes to his proposal. A contract marriage wasn’t what I had envisioned if I ever got married again, but if Grayson kissed me like that again, I would forget all of my protests. At least if I knew the terms beforehand, I wouldn’t have any unrealistic expectations of what the marriage should be. I wouldn’t have to worry about infidelity either. But love, a small voice inside of me protested, what about love? Could I live without it? Would s\*\*\*\* chemistry and a respectful relationship between two people be enough? I hesitated. Then there was the matter of the heir. I blushed bright red as I remembered Grayson telling me that it would require intercourse. I almost salivated at the thought of having s\*x with that man. If he was as good as that as he was at kissing...

Children. I wanted children. Badly. I had always thought I would become a mother, but Johnathon had always insisted on waiting. It was never a good time. First, there was the establishment of our relationship, then he wanted me for himself when we first got married. After that, it was important that he build his law firm up. I had acceded to his wishes, hoping eventually he would come around. It hadn’t happened and then I had walked in on him and Charlotte one fortuitous day and my whole world had been ripped apart.

My family would not approve, but they hadn’t approved of Johnathon either, I thought with a small smile. Ian perhaps, would see the poetry in marrying Grayson Deluca and carrying out my revenge against her and Johnathon, but my father would be disappointed I stooped to their level. Then again, if I were to be head over heels in love with Grayson...well that would be a different story, I thought to myself, staring at my reflection in the mirror. All my father had ever wanted was for his only daughter to be happy.

I heard the sound of heels clacking on the floor and the door to the restroom was unceremoniously slammed open as a familiar redheaded woman came storming in, with a peevish expression on her face. My jaw almost dropped open. Of all the luck. Why was she here? She banged her handbag onto the sink and rifled through it, while I glanced towards the doorway, wondering if I could leave without catching her eye. She fetched a lipstick and turned to the mirror, a sly smile spreading on her face as she caught sight of me. “Flair,” she said eyeing me with disdain “I guess you must have convinced some poor slub to take you on a date because we both know you could never afford to eat here otherwise. Or are you turning tricks on the street now?” she asked, pursing her lips and delicately reapplying her lipstick.

I gritted my teeth. Charlotte’s eyes gleamed with satisfaction. “Well if anybody knows about turning tricks, no doubt it’s you,” I said sweetly “I’m not the one who sleeps with married men. How many gifts did Johnathon give you? In exchange for sleeping with him?” I prompted.

She merely giggled “You’re just jealous. We both know,” she said, narrowing her eyes and looking at me cattily “that once you’ve divorced Johnathon you’re going to end up as nothing more than a dried-up nobody who has nothing but her pathetic yoga job to keep her company. You think anybody is going to want somebody who looks like you and is already a divorcee?” she taunted.

I swept my eyes up and down her body and raised a brow. “Has it ever occurred to you that Johnathon is only with you for your money and your connections?” I asked bluntly.

She flipped her hair over her shoulder “Oh please” she scoffed “I wouldn’t have had to chase him so badly if that was the case. Your man tried so hard to be loyal to you” she smirked at me, her lips curving into a wide smile “he tried to resist my advances at first, but I wanted him and when Charlotte Deluca wants something, she gets it. No matter who else is in her way” she said with deliberate emphasis.

It stung. The notion that Johnathon had tried to resist initially only to succumb to Charlotte when she continued to persevere. If Johnathon had truly loved me, he never would have slept with Charlotte, no matter how much she tried. He lacked self-restraint and willpower. I would never have done the same to him. But Charlotte’s eyes were glinting and she knew she had scored a direct hit against the armor I used to shield myself with.

“Sign the papers Flair” she advised me haughtily as I blinked back tears “Sign the papers and do everyone a favor. Johnathon’s never going to come back to you. He’s mine now. Delaying the inevitable, just to be spiteful is pathetic and beneath you” she added frostily “and if you keep delaying, I will ensure that I use a different method to persuade you and if that happens, well let’s just say you’re not going to like that method very much,” she said cryptically.

“Is that a threat?” I asked and she blinked her big eyes at me, feigning ignorance.

“No sweetheart” she drawled, licking her lips “merely some friendly advice. It’s up to you whether you take it or not.”

It was a threat. I cleared my throat and grabbed my handbag, swinging it back over my shoulder. I tidied my hair. Charlotte smirked “I wouldn’t stress, the man who’s silly enough to have brought you here, is expecting one thing in return. For you to spread those legs afterward in exchange. He won’t be looking at your hair,” she said rolling her eyes.

I maintained my composure, calmly smoothing my dress, and then opened the bathroom door. “Oh Charlotte,” I said sweetly as she looked over at me, still smiling “that lipstick really clashes with your hair and makes you look like a circus clown” before shutting the door behind me, cutting off her shriek of indignance abruptly.

I walked back to the VIP room and slid the door open, Grayson was waiting patiently and stood up, ready to sit me back down. My fury was still simmering beneath the surface. Charlotte’s remarks did not sit well with me. Grayson frowned, sensing the change in my mood.

“Is everything alright?” he asked me, sitting back down and observing me critically.

Was everything alright? I fought back a bark of laughter, feeling as though I was beginning to lose control. I was gripping the side of the table tightly, so hard my knuckles were turning white. Whether Charlotte knew it or not, she had just done me a huge favor. She had managed to dispel all my doubts and help me to make a decision, something I was certain hadn’t been her intention at all.

I took a deep breath and inhaled slowly, exhaling loudly. Grayson continued to frown. I gave him a slow smile. “I’ve made a decision with a few provisions of my own,” I told him with a scowl “I agree to this contract marriage but I want you to promise me that you’ll help me get my revenge on your half-sister. If you are not reading this novel on Jo b novels.com, some paragraphs are incomplete. I want her and I want Johnathon to be humiliated. I want them both to learn a valuable lesson in decency” I told him between gritted teeth “and I want assurances that you will never lift a hand against me or our child, now or in the future. Give me that and I will sign any contract that you give me. I don’t even want your money” I told him sincerely “I just want revenge.”