

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 25

Grayson POV

“I just want revenge.”

The words repeated themselves in my ear. I had her. I hadn’t anticipated she would come back and give me her decision quite so easily. I had expected her to mull it over, to think it over and get back to me in a few day’s time, but instead, she had done the opposite. I fought to contain my grin, standing up abruptly and grabbing her coat, calmly putting it on her as she continued to look up at me, with those fluttering eyelashes and those big brilliant eyes of hers.

“Not here Miss Flair,” I said inclining my head and grabbing her arm, as I left the room and with her in tow.

“The bill” she protested.

“Has already been taken care of in advance” I assured her calmly.

I did not divulge that as part owner of the restaurant, I was not required to pay for our meals. She kept stride with me as I assisted her downstairs and led her into the awaiting limousine, ensuring she was seated comfortably before I looked over at her.

“First, let’s make something clear” I growled “I would never lay a hand on a woman, let alone a helpless child.”

She nodded, looking slightly apologetic.

“Second, the terms of the contract can change in agreement with both parties. If we wish to extend the contract or make the marriage a real one, then that is easily done” I added stiffly.

She looked slightly more relaxed.

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“However, please do not delude yourself into thinking that I’m going to fall in love with you” I added sharply “While it is true that we have amazing chemistry for each other, there have been many women who have thrown themselves at me and haven’t lasted longer than three dates at the most. If you are not reading this novel5s on Jo b novel5s.com, some paragraphs are incomplete. I don’t believe in true love” I said honestly “I’ve seen firsthand what that does to a person. My mother committed suicide after she discovered my father willingly married somebody else and he was forced to take me in, the bastard child he never wanted. Sad to say, my stepmother and half-sister made my life a living hell, so I have no objections to helping you get your so-called revenge against Charlotte” I said evenly.

Her eyes filled with pity. I turned my head away, not wishing to see it. My tone was slightly bitter as I continued “My grandfather is the only person who has had even an ounce of pity for me. My father softened over the years, but he too is now dead and I won’t accept my stepmother or Charlotte getting their hands on the family company. So I ask you” I said turning my head and pinning my gaze “are you willing to give me an heir? Are you willing to go through with all that entails? Think carefully Miss Flair, because once you sign the wedding papers, there is no going back on your word.”

She bit her lip and considered me. I raised a brow and waited. Gone was her bravado from before and now she looked vulnerable and uncertain. The limousine sat still, the driver remaining silent, the blockade still up to retain our privacy.

“If I were to agree to give you an heir, then what happens to the child? Do we divorce, then who gets custody?” she said sounding tearful.

Ah. So she was concerned about the child. Her maternal streak was shining through. I frowned. “Naturally we would share custody. I have no desire to keep the child from it’s mother and I would expect to take on my rightful duties as father. You will not be required to raise the child alone. I will take full financial responsibility for it.”

But her eyes were still suspiciously shiny. She leaned forward, looking at me closely. “But, will you love them?” she whispered, her voiceshaking slightly.

Will I love it? I considered the question. It was one I had not thought of until now. But the prospect of a child, born of my DNA, a miniature replica of me, or Flair, was enough to bring a genuine smile to my face. I could not deny my child the love it rightfully deserved from either parent. I might not fall in love with their mother, but it would still have my unconditional love from the very moment they were born. I coughed.

“Any child of mine that is born from my genes will be loved wholeheartedly by me” I swore to her and saw something in her expression shift, her eyes softening for a brief second.

“Have I answered all your questions, Miss Flair? Is there anything else you need to ask?”

She shifted uncomfortably on her seat. “Are you free from STDs?” she asked awkwardly.

“I can get a doctor’s clearance if you require it,” I said calmly.

She nodded “I will do the same” she whispered uncomfortably.

I waited. “Where would I live?” she finally ventured in a low voice.

“At my home. It makes more sense considering you live in an apartment with your friend Rachel” I said nonchalantly. She didn’t bother to ask me how I knew that. After all, I had picked her up from her place earlier tonight.

I reached over and touched her lightly on the cheek, mesmerized at how beautiful she looked in the dim lighting. “Think of this as a new beginning Miss Flair,” I said quietly as she observed me “a new chapter in each of our lives. You will still be free to pursue your work and interests and I will continue with my career, one which has been built with hard work and determination.”

“Why me? Why choose me though and not some other, more pretty woman?” she asked weakly.

She was losing her resistance.

“Because you have something that fuels your anger and gives you a reason to marry me. You want Johnathon to pay for what he’s done to you. But there’s more than that. You are kind, loving, compassionate, and warm. I want a mother who will raise our child, not insist on a nanny doing it for her. Believe me, nannies are not a good replacement for a mother’s love.”

“Of course not,” Flair said indignantly “I would never let anyone else take care of my child.”

I looked at her smugly. “That’s the fire I like to see. Shall we do this then Miss Flair? I know you’ve signed the divorce papers. All you have to do is file them and you’re a free woman again. What do you say to killing two birds with one stone?” I asked deliberately.

She blinked at me. “Sorry, what?” she asked bewildered.

“Meet me at the courthouse tomorrow morning,” I said with patience “We can file your divorce papers and then get married. It will save time, something that I have a lack of with my job. We can do it in one visit.”

She blinked “I thought” she stammered in surprise “that you would want a big wedding or something.”

I shook my head decisively “I find that eloping rather ensures that nobody unwelcome is attending and prevents anybody from objecting” I added solemnly “A big wedding would take months to prepare and I find that I am rather impatient when it comes to marrying you” I told her, watching her flush.

“But, ah, damn,” she said cursing slightly as I smirked at her “Can I at least bring Rachel?” she asked in desperation.

“By all means, bring your friend for support. She can be a witness for the wedding ceremony” I told her pleased.

I would also bring along my assistant Timothy. That would fix the problem of needing two witnesses. Flair bit her lip. “What time do you want us there?” she asked.

I leaned forward and rapped on the privacy divisor, alerting the limo driver to start driving to Flair’s apartment. “I believe that 9 am, nice and early would be a good way to start the day,” I said pleasantly “before the courthouse gets busy and crowded.”

Not that a large sum of money wouldn’t speed things up, but Flair didn’t need to know that. She looked slightly frazzled as she nodded, glancing out the window. We stopped in front of her building and I got out, opening the door before my driver could. I took her to the front door.

“I can walk you up” I offered.

She shook her head “if it’s all the same to you, I need to think” she said quietly.

I cupped her cheek, and lightly pressed my lips to hers as she stood there shocked. I felt her body tremble and her lips pressed back against mine. She gave a low throaty moan and then pulled back, her eyes dazed and sparkling.

“To remind you” I said firmly, watching her turn and stumble through the door “I look forward to seeing you tomorrow morning Miss Flair” I called out, as she walked away, chuckling to myself.