

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 28

Flair POV

The next morning came too soon. As I got myself ready, Rachel did the same and when we left for the courthouse, my emotions were a mess, my face revealing the inner turmoil I was feeling.

“Flair, you know you don’t have to do this. You can say no at any time” Rachel advised me, adjusting one of her earrings in the limo.

I shook my head “I gave my word” I said softly, and I never broke my word. Not if I could help it.

Sitting snugly in my bag were the divorce papers ready to be filed, and I couldn’t help but glance at them sadly. They reminded me that I was about to lose the man I had considered myself in love with, and the life I had lived for the last three years. It gave me a feeling of nostalgia.

“Well I think you’re nuts to get divorced and then married on the same day with Grayson Oakes but I support your decision,” Rachel said loyally, a wide smile on her face “simply because I think that Grayson Oakes will treat you with a lot more respect than Johnathon ever did.”

I glanced at her and gave a wry smile. Rachel had never liked Johnathon and the feeling had been mutual. She did like Grayson however and was enthusiastic about this marriage. If you are not reading this novel5s on Jo b novel5s.com, some paragraphs are incomplete. So enthusiastic, she had insisted I wear a white dress, a simple maxi dress, with my hair left down loose and simple jewelry. I had to look semi-bridal as she put it, rather than going in yoga clothes. I had graciously acceded to her wishes.

We reached the courthouse and my stomach began to flutter. I was nervous. I could feel my hands wringing together. Rachel got out first and then took my hand, helping me.

“Don’t be so nervous. If Grayson isn’t good to you, you’re always welcome to come back to the apartment” she said fiercely “and I’ll kick his ass for you” she added for good measure, making me give a stilted laugh.

“Now where is he?” she murmured, glancing around as we stepped inside.

I pointed wordlessly to where Grayson was standing with his assistant Timothy. Rachel practically dragged me over to them.

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“Good morning Miss Flair,” Grayson said jovially, inclining his head “and you too Rachel. This is Timothy” he introduced us, a twinkle in his eyes “but I believe you have already met him” he added.

Rachel smiled widely at Timothy who flushed and adjusted the collar of his shirt. I quietly took the divorce papers out of my bag. Grayson took them from me and then waved down a clerk. “I have already made the arrangements. Follow me” he directed.

We went into an empty room, Rachel and Timothy following behind silently. A judge came in. Within minutes I was officially divorced. I was in a state of disbelief at how easy it had been. “I will arrange for Johnathon to receive his copy of the papers” Grayson assured me nonchalantly as I nodded blankly.

Timothy disappeared and came back with a justice of the peace. Grayson helped me to stand. Rachel giggled as she and Timothy stood back, witnessing the rather small and private ceremony. I watched my groom as he listened intently to the words, a solemn expression on his face. He was taking this wedding ceremony seriously. I was taken aback by how handsome he was again. The sparkle in his eyes, the small curve of his lips, the chiseled jaw. All of it made him handsome and attractive to me. I blinked, realizing that Grayson was grabbing my hand and smoothly sliding something onto my finger.

I glanced down at the ring in awe. I was stunned. I hadn’t expected a ring, considering what short notice this contract marriage was. But Grayson had put a black diamond ring on my finger. It was stunning. It was a large round oval shape and had tiny white diamonds around it. It looked vintage or old but it was gorgeous. It fit perfectly as well to my surprise. I admired it, holding it up and gasping out loud.

“Grayson it’s beautiful” I murmured as the minister finished the ceremony, congratulating us “when did you have time....?”

Rachel looked at my finger “It’s stunning” she declared, hugging me from behind and then hugging a bemused Grayson “you did good” she complimented him as Grayson chuckled in amusement.

“It’s beautiful” I agreed and Grayson smiled.

“It’s a family ring,” he said fondly.

I automatically went to take it off, but he shook his head and put his hand over mine in reproach “No, it belongs to you now. You’re my wife. You’re now Flair Oakes. I hope you don’t mind that we don’t use the family name Deluca” he added, “if you prefer we can use that.”

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I shook my head “I like Flair Oakes better” I assured him, grateful he hadn’t even noticed that my real name was Grant on the marriage license which he had tucked away in his briefcase.

“It has a nice ring to it” Rachel quipped, making us all laugh.

“Congratulations Sir and Mrs Oakes,” Timothy said, shaking our hands.

“Thank you Timothy,” I told the young man warmly “I appreciate you taking the time to attend the ceremony.”

Grayson smiled and took my hand, kissing the palm of it with his lips, making me shiver. “Well now wife,” he said as Rachel smiled smugly at me “I believe that we should have a celebration breakfast with champagne. What do you say?” he asked, raising a brow and surveying Rachel and Timothy “naturally you two will join us?” he asked.

“I would love to” Rachel gushed “I’m going to miss Flair when she moves out” she added, elbowing me.

“Rachel” I hissed.

Grayson smiled, leading me out of the small room “Ah yes” he said, as we headed outside and to the nearest limousine, all of us piling in “I believe that we should have discussed this beforehand, but there’s no time like the present” he said blandly as the limo started to move “I gather that you don’t have any objections to moving into my house Mrs. Oakes?” he teased.

I took a deep breath “None Mr Oakes” I said solemnly “but there is one provision that I fear you must adhere to if I’m to move in with you.”

Rachel began to giggle as Grayson looked confused. “Oh boy, I wondered when she was going to bring this up” she whispered to Timothy who was watching with curiosity.

Grayson leaned back in the chair and surveyed me calmly, a small smile on his lips.

“I’m sure we can come to some sort of arrangement,” he said blithely “providing that what you are asking for is not within the realm of impossibilities.”

“You’re going to regret saying that” Rachel breathed, making Grayson shoot her a look.

I took a deep breath “I readily agree to move into your house Mr Oakes, as your wife, but there is one thing that I fear I must ask of you. Your house has adequate room and a backyard as well” I continued as Grayson frowned at me, wondering where I was going with this “and there are many animals at the local shelter that require homes. While I may not have been able to provide a dog a safe home in an apartment, now that I have a large home and adequate backyard, I would like us to adopt one from a rescue.”

Grayson’s lip was twitching. He had not anticipated this from me. I fixed my eyes on him. This meant something to me. I had pleaded with Johnathon when we married to get a dog, or a cat. He had refused and no amount of persuasion had worked. I loved animals and it had broken my heart not to be able to have any. I should have asked Grayson before now, but I was hoping that by asking him, I would see another side of him that was different to Johnathon. Grayson was frowning, but not in anger. He was considering my request and carefully. Rachel held her breath. Timothy looked worried.

Finally he spoke and it was with a grave voice, “As a wedding gift to you Mrs Oakes, we shall visit the local rescue and pick out a dog together that is in need of a home. I would like a say in what kind of animal we take in, I gather that is reasonable to you?” he asked, his eyes sparkling.

I flung my arms around him beaming widely. As wedding gift went I could not ask for anything better than this. “Thank you” I mumbled, as his arms wrapped tightly around me, breathing in his masculine scent, nuzzling against his chest, “you have no idea how much this means to me.”

He chuckled as the limo drew to a stop in front of a restaurant “I think I have the gist of it” he said agreeably “now let’s go celebrate our marriage Mrs Oakes and be aware” he dropped his voice “that I am quite looking forward to our wedding night” he added as I felt my heart beginning to race in response.

Without another word I let him lead me into the restaurant, my mind whirling.