

The Hidden Heiress: Married to My Ex's Brother 2

“Focus.”

The suite door slammed shut.

Alexander turned and pinned Charlotte against the wall, his mouth crashing down on hers. The kiss was hot, hungry, and unapologetic.

Charlotte kissed him back with the same reckless energy, her hands sliding under his shirt, feeling the hard lines of his body beneath her palms.

For one night, she didn't want to think.

Not about Jasper. Only Alexander.

“You always this bossy?” she breathed against his mouth.

“Only when a woman looks like she wants to be ruined.”

He cupped one breast, thumb circling and teasing

the nipple until it hardened under his touch.

Then he lowered his head and took it into his mouth. His tongue flicked over the tip before he sucked hard.

Her legs pressed together on instinct. His other hand slid under her skirt, palm gliding up the inside of her thigh and stopping just short of where she needed him most.

“Baby. You're soaked.”

He straightened, stripped off his shirt, then his pants. His cock sprang free—thick, already rock hard and standing at full attention. Charlotte's eyes locked on it. She licked her lower lip without thinking.

Alexander chuckled. “Like what you see?”

“I'll like it even more when it's inside me.”

He backed her up to the edge of the bed and stripped away the rest of her clothes. Then one finger dragged slowly through her wet folds, deliberate and teasing.

Charlotte's hips jerked. "Alexander..."

Something dark flickered in his eyes. He grabbed a condom, rolled it on, and covered her body with his.

"Last chance to back out," he murmured.

"Shut up and get in me." She locked her legs around his waist and pulled him down hard.

He thrust forward in one smooth stroke, burying himself inside her. Charlotte sucked in a sharp breath, nails digging deep into his shoulders. He was too big.

"Fock. You're so damn tight... First time? Don't tell me my brother's that useless."

"Does it matter?" she panted. "Move."

His hips slammed into her, the wet sound of skin on skin filling the room.

When Charlotte woke up, her whole body ached like she had lost a fight.

Alexander was gone.

On the nightstand, there was a note in bold, messy handwriting.

Sorry. Emergency came up. Had to leave.

Under the note sat a black bank card.

Charlotte stared at it.

Seriously?

She picked up the card, snapped it in half, and tossed it into the trash.

What did he think she was? Some luxury escort?

Dream on.

Beside the note was a shopping bag. Inside were brand-new clothes, including underwear, all in the perfect size.

Her cheeks warmed.

Then she scoffed. "Creepy and efficient. Great combo."

Last night had been messy. Alcohol had played its part. Rage had done the rest.

But Charlotte didn't regret it.

Alexander had been... good.

Too good, honestly.

If Jasper's betrayal had taught her anything, it was that he had been selfish in every way. Even in intimacy, he had always acted like her feelings were optional.

Alexander, unfortunately, was not like that.

Even as a bad decision, the man was thorough.

Charlotte pushed the thought away and picked up her phone.

Notifications flooded the screen.

News alerts.

Social media posts.

Group chat messages.

She opened one article.

Sinclair and Wainwright Families Confirm Marriage Alliance: Jasper Sinclair and Serena Wainwright, a Perfect Match.

Another headline sat right underneath.

After Three Years of Love, Jasper Sinclair and Serena Wainwright Finally Tie the Knot. Wedding Set for Two Months Later.

Charlotte scrolled down.

The screen filled with their wedding photos.

Three years of love?

So cheating had a PR team now.

What did that make her?

A deleted scene?

After being exposed, Jasper hadn't apologized. He had simply pushed the lie into the spotlight and dressed it up as romance.

Then his texts started coming in one after another.

"Charlotte, my marriage to Serena was forced by the family. I had no choice."

"I still love you. I never stopped. Give me some time. I'll handle everything."

Charlotte blocked him without hesitation.

Please.

When he slept with Serena three years ago, was there a gun to his head too?

She was about to put down her phone when it rang.

"Grandpa."

"Lottie." Alistair Whitfield's voice was gentle. "Will you come home for dinner tonight?"

Her chest tightened.

He had seen the news.

Alistair Whitfield was retired, but nothing involving Charlotte ever escaped him.

"Yeah," she said softly. "I'll come home."

"Good. I asked the kitchen to make your favorites. Roast chicken, garlic mashed potatoes, those honey carrots you pretend not to like."

Charlotte's throat tightened. "You always remember."

"Because when you're upset, you forget to eat."

Charlotte closed her eyes.

That almost broke her.

"I'll see you soon, Grandpa."

Alistair Whitfield did not live in the countryside, no matter what Jasper liked to imagine.

His estate sat on a private hill outside the city, surrounded by land he had bought years ago.

As he liked to say, neighbors were optional.

The mansion at the top was grand but warm. Lights glowed through the tall windows, and the smell of dinner drifted from the kitchen.

The moment Charlotte stepped inside, Alistair came to meet her.

He was older now, silver-haired and sharp-eyed, but the second he saw her, his expression softened.

“My Lottie.”

Charlotte hugged him tightly.

For the first time in days, she didn’t have to pretend she was fine.

After dinner, they sat in the living room. The fireplace crackled softly, and the city lights stretched below the hill.

Alistair was quiet for a long moment before he spoke.

“That Sinclair boy.”

“It’s over,” Charlotte said calmly.

He studied her face. “Good. That sounds like Charlotte Whitfield.”

She looked at him, amused despite herself. “You were polite to him before.”

“I’m polite to cats and dogs too. Doesn’t mean I want one dating my granddaughter.”

Charlotte laughed.

Alistair leaned forward, his expression cooling. “He hurt you.”

“Hard to argue with that.”

“Should I teach him what happens when he hurts you? One phone call, and he’s finished before breakfast.”

“Grandpa.”

“I’m serious.” Alistair sighed. “If I had announced your identity sooner, Jasper Sinclair would have spent every day kissing the ground you walked on.”

“That’s exactly why I didn’t want it.” Charlotte looked at him. “I didn’t want a man who bowed to the Whitfield name. I wanted someone who chose me when he thought I had nothing.”

Alistair’s eyes softened with pain.

“And instead, he showed you who he really was.”

“He did.” Charlotte’s voice stayed steady. “In a way, he helped.”

“A few days from now, I have an event to attend,” Alistair said. “Come with me. I’ll announce you as my granddaughter. Let the Sinclairs and the Wainwrights enjoy the consequences.”

The idea was tempting.

Charlotte could already imagine Jasper’s face.

The shock.

The panic.

The regret.

It would be delicious.

“Not now.”

Alistair narrowed his eyes. “Why?”

“I want Jasper to keep thinking he won. Let him enjoy the status he traded for Serena. Let Serena keep smiling for the cameras. Let them build their pretty little stage.”

Her gaze cooled.

“Then I’ll decide when to burn it down.”

Alistair watched her for a moment.

Then he smiled.

“That’s my girl.”

She lifted a brow. “So you’re not mad?”

“I’m furious. But I also trust you.” He leaned back. “Fine. Then attend the event in my place. You need to start facing this world sooner or later.”

Charlotte exhaled.

“All right.”

—

Charlotte woke the next morning to her phone ringing.

Isabella Hart.

“Girl, tell me the news is fake. Jasper actually married Serena?”

“Good morning to you too.”

“Don’t good morning me. You dated him for five years. Five! How did that fake sweet girl end up as the bride?”

“I saw the news,” Charlotte said. “And don’t worry. I dumped him.”

“That’s my girl.” Isabella’s voice sharpened. “Still, I’m coming back. Dinner tomorrow. Big meal, bigger trash talk.”

Charlotte smiled faintly. “Aren’t you in Italy?”

“Vacation canceled. Also, Italian men are overrated.”

“Send me the restaurant.”

A location popped up seconds later.

Charlotte raised a brow.

It was one of the hottest fine-dining restaurants in the city. Nearly impossible to book.

Funny enough, Charlotte owned shares in it.

Jasper had no idea.

The next evening, Charlotte arrived at the restaurant.

And saw the last two people she wanted to deal with.

Serena stepped right into her path.

Jasper stood beside her, a bandage wrapped around his forehead. His face was pale, guilty, and full of words Charlotte did not want to hear.

“Move,” Charlotte said.

Serena looked her up and down with open disgust.

“What are you doing here?” Serena asked. “This is an upscale restaurant, not a shelter.”

Charlotte had to admit, hearing Serena praise her investment was almost enjoyable.

“It’s a restaurant,” Charlotte said. “Not the gates of heaven.”

“For someone like you, it might be close enough.”

Jasper frowned. “Serena—”

“Don’t.” Serena cut him off, then looked back at Charlotte. “Be honest. Did you follow us here? There’s no way you got a table on your own. Still trying to steal someone else’s husband? Have some shame.”

Charlotte’s face stayed calm.

“I hope you’re still this confident in three minutes.”

Then she took out her phone and made a call.