

The Hidden Heiress: Married to My Ex's Brother 3

"Ms. Charlotte?" a man's voice came through the phone.

"I'm at the entrance," Charlotte said. "There's a small situation."

His tone changed instantly. "I'll be right there."

Serena scoffed. "Calling for backup? Cute."

Less than a minute later, Lawson, the restaurant manager, rushed out.

He walked straight to Charlotte and gave a slight bow.

"Ms. Charlotte, I'm so sorry to keep you waiting," he said respectfully. "Your private room is ready. Please allow me to show you in."

Serena froze.

Even Jasper looked stunned.

Then Serena snapped her eyes back to Charlotte.

"Ms. Charlotte?" Her voice rose, sharp with disbelief. "Since when do you know Mr. Lawson?"

Lawson's expression hardened. "Miss Wainwright, Ms. Charlotte is one of our honored guests."

"Honored guest?" Serena nearly laughed from anger. "Her? That's impossible."

She stepped closer and lowered her voice, though everyone nearby could still hear her.

"So this is how you got in? Found yourself a rich man overnight?"

"Miss Wainwright," Lawson said coldly, "watch your words. Ms. Charlotte, I'm deeply sorry. I'll call security right now."

"Charlotte, stop pretending!" Serena snapped. "You're just a cheap little—"

Smack!

Charlotte slapped her across the face.

The sound cracked through the lobby.

Serena's head whipped to the side. Her hand flew to her cheek, and for a second, she looked too shocked to breathe.

"You..." Serena's voice shook. "You hit me?"

Charlotte lowered her hand.

"That was me being nice. And we both know who the side chick is, Serena. If you don't want me saying it in front of everyone, get out of my way."

Serena's lips trembled with rage. "You're pathetic."

"No, sweetheart." Charlotte stepped closer, her voice low. "Pathetic is marrying a man who kept another woman around for years because he was too weak to be honest."

Serena went pale.

Charlotte turned to Jasper.

"As for the years I wasted on you, I would've gotten more value throwing them into a dumpster."

Jasper's face twitched. "Charlotte, listen to me—"

"We're done," she cut in. "Come near me again, and next time it won't just be a slap."

The lobby fell dead silent.

Charlotte turned to Lawson. "The reservation is under Hart."

Lawson quickly recovered. "Yes, Ms. Charlotte. Right this way."

Charlotte followed the staff inside without looking back.

Jasper remained in the lobby, watching her leave.

A strange frustration twisted in his chest.

Charlotte had always stood out. Not in Serena's polished, camera-ready way, but in a bright, fearless, impossible-to-ignore way.

Once, Jasper had loved that.

No.

He had wanted it. Needed it.

But her background had been too ordinary. She couldn't give him the life he deserved.

He kept telling himself he had made the right choice.

Still, something bitter stayed lodged in his chest.

If Charlotte had been smarter, if she had accepted her place, she could have stayed by his side.

Serena's face darkened when she caught him staring.

"You're still thinking about her, aren't you?"

Jasper snapped back to reality. "Of course not."

"Don't lie to me, Jasper."

He forced a smile and took her hand. "Baby, you're the one I love. All these years, because of you, I never touched her."

That part was almost true.

He had chosen Serena.

Money. Power. A future.

Love was nice.

Power lasted longer.

—

Charlotte sat by the window and let out a slow breath.

She would not shake.

Honestly, if her week got any more dramatic, Netflix owed her a development deal.

Fifteen minutes later, the private room door flew open.

Isabella Hart stormed in wearing sunglasses and a trench coat.

"I'm late," Isabella announced, dropping into the chair across from Charlotte. "Traffic was murder. Also, I saw Serena in the lobby and almost committed a felony."

Charlotte smiled. "Already handled."

Isabella gasped. "You slapped her?"

Charlotte raised a brow. "How did you know?"

"Half her face was red. She looked like a rich girl raccoon that lost a fight."

Isabella pulled several elegant gift boxes from her bag and lined them up on the table.

"Emotional recovery gifts. Bag from Milan. Lipsticks from Paris. Necklace from this little boutique I found."

Charlotte looked at the gifts.

They weren't loud or flashy.

But every piece had clearly been chosen for her.

Warmth spread through her chest.

"Thank you, Isabella," she said softly.

Isabella waved her off. "Don't get mushy. After dinner, we're going to a bar. I have several very hot male models to introduce you to. All prettier than Jasper."

Halfway through dinner, Charlotte got up to use the restroom.

She washed her hands and tried to settle the last of her nerves.

Then two arms locked around her from behind.

"If you don't care about me at all, why block me?" Jasper's voice brushed her ear.

Charlotte's whole body stiffened. "Take your hands off me."

"I had no choice," he said quickly. "Once I secure my place in the family, I'll divorce Serena and marry you. Isn't that what you always wanted?"

A wave of disgust rose in her throat.

She used to love his voice. Once, it had made her feel safe.

Now it made her skin crawl.

"You're disgusting," she said.

Something dark flashed in Jasper's eyes.

Before Charlotte could react, he dragged her toward the men's restroom.

"Jasper," she hissed. "Let go of me."

Her heart started hammering.

He shoved her against the wall.

Pain shot through her shoulder as it hit the cold tile.

"Listen to me," he said, eyes bloodshot. "You're mine."

Charlotte shoved at his chest. "Get away from me."

He leaned down.

She turned her face away, and that was when his gaze landed on the marks on her neck.

His voice cracked. "What are those?"

Charlotte went still.

Then she lifted her chin. "Use your brain, Jasper. Another man left them."

His face twisted.

"No. You wouldn't."

"I did."

"Who?"

"None of your business."

"Charlotte!" he growled.

Charlotte flinched for half a second.

Then she drove her knee up hard between his legs.

Jasper groaned and grabbed her wrist, pain twisting his face.

"You think sleeping with some random guy gets you away from me?" he gritted out. "I'll show you who you belong to."

His hand reached for her waist.

Charlotte's stomach dropped.

The next second, Jasper was yanked away from her.

He stumbled back, furious. "Who the hell—"

Then he turned and froze.

Alexander stood at the restroom entrance in a black coat, eyes cold, calm, and lethal.

Charlotte stopped breathing for a beat.

"What do you think you're doing?" Alexander asked slowly.

Jasper's eyes filled with hate. "This has nothing to do with you."

Alexander stepped inside and shut the door behind him.

"Dragging a woman into a restaurant restroom. That your new hobby?"

"She's my girlfriend."

"Your wife is outside in the dining room."

Jasper clenched his jaw.

Alexander's voice stayed flat. "Should I call the press? Let everyone know the new Sinclair heir is trying to assault his ex?"

Jasper snapped. "You son of a—"

He didn't finish.

Alexander punched him in the face.

The impact was hard and ugly.

Jasper's head snapped back, blood bursting from his nose. He staggered, but Alexander didn't give him time to recover.

One clean sweep of his leg sent Jasper crashing to the floor.

Jasper groaned and tried to get up.

Alexander stepped on his chest and pinned him down.

Then he looked at Charlotte.

“He did this to you, and you’re just letting him crawl away?”

Charlotte hadn’t expected Alexander to appear.

She definitely hadn’t expected to enjoy seeing Jasper crushed under his shoe this much.

She walked forward.

“Of course not.”

Jasper’s pupils shrank. “Charlotte—”

Charlotte lifted her heel and stepped on his face.

His lips twisted under the pressure. The same mouth that had whispered love to her. The same mouth that had called her worthless behind a closed door.

Her eyes went colder, and she pressed down harder.

“Jasper Sinclair. I told you we’re over. Completely. Permanently.”

Jasper made a muffled sound.

She didn’t care.

“If you ever try this again, I swear I’ll run you over myself. And if you manage to crawl back to the Sinclair estate after that, trust me, you won’t walk out again.”

Blood smeared across Jasper’s pale face.

“Do you understand?” Charlotte asked.

Pinned beneath her heel and Alexander’s shoe, Jasper gave the smallest, most humiliating nod.

Charlotte stepped back.

“Good. Now crawl out.”

Alexander removed his foot.

Jasper scrambled up and fled the restroom like a kicked dog.

Charlotte turned to Alexander, still breathing hard.

“Thanks for the help. I’ll buy you dinner.”

Alexander looked at her, eyes unreadable.

“You think dinner is enough?” His mouth curved slightly. “Do I look that easy to you?”