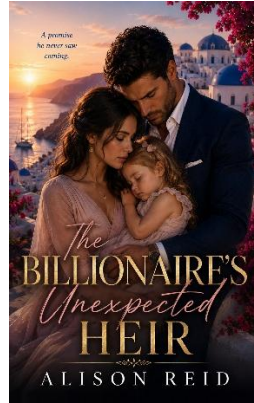


The Billionaire's Unexpected Heir

by Alison Reid



“There’s a woman claiming you’re the father of a thirty-two-month-old girl. Her name is Chloe Georgiou.”

Silence fell like a blade between them.

Nicholas didn’t flinch. Not visibly. But something flickered in his eyes—disbelief, annoyance, and something colder beneath.

“That’s absurd,” he said evenly. “I don’t know anyone named Georgiou.”

Demetri gave a small nod. “According to the letter, the child’s mother, Danica Georgiou, passed away recently. The girl is now in the care of her aunt. Apparently, the aunt found this letter among Danica’s belongings.” He handed the paper to Nicholas.

Nicholas read it silently.

Nicholas,

I’m writing to let you know that you’re going to be a father.

I know you never wanted children. You made that quite clear. Still, I’m pregnant, and I know this baby is yours.

What you choose to do with this information is entirely up to you. I'm not asking for anything. But if you ever want to know your son or daughter, you know how to find me.

—Danica Georgiou.

Nicholas let out a low, humourless laugh. “A gold digger with a long game. Creative. But no.”

“The lawyer says the child is with the mother’s sister now, a Calista Georgiou,” Demetri added.

Nicholas leaned back against the edge of the desk, folding his arms—cool, composed, completely unshaken. “Demetri, I always use protection. Every time. I don’t revisit past affairs. I have no interest in being a father. I’m meticulous.”

“I know,” Demetri replied, though his voice held a note of caution. “But this doesn’t feel like a typical play for money. They’re not asking for anything. No financial support. No legal action. Just... awareness.”

Nicholas’s jaw tightened. “They all start that way. First, it’s just information. Then it’s the house, the trust fund, the nondisclosure agreements.”

Demetri paused, then slid a photo across the desk.

Nicholas picked it up without thinking—then froze.

Something tugged at the edge of his mind.

A small girl stared back at him. She couldn’t have been more than three. Golden-blond curls framed her delicate face, and her wide blue eyes were impossibly vivid. She was beautiful. Innocent. But unfamiliar.

“She looks nothing like me,” he muttered, though his gaze lingered longer than it should have.

“No request for a paternity test,” Demetri said. “That’s what makes this unusual. They’re not demanding anything. Just said you have a right to know.”

Nicholas stared at the photo, brows low, lips pressed into a hard line. A thousand thoughts moved behind his stormy gaze—calculations, memories, consequences.

Finally, his voice came—quiet, sharp, and unmistakably firm.

“Arrange the paternity test,” Nickolas said coldly. “Quietly. I want it handled off the record. No names. No loose ends. We’ll put this to rest quickly—it’s going to come back negative.”

Demetri gave a single nod. “Understood. I’ll go personally, make sure nothing leaks.”

“Good,” Nickolas said, his tone final. “Handle it fast. I don’t have time for distractions.”

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