

Revenge

Flair POV

I never expected to see my soon-to-be ex-husband in the club tonight. All I wanted was to spend some time away with my friend Rachel, partying instead of licking my wounds on that undeserving bastard. I never anticipated his reaction to seeing me though. Was it my imagination, or had my ex-husband acted jealous? I seethed as I stormed from the club, Rachel in my wake.

"That son of a b***h" I muttered through gritted teeth as Rachel put her hand on my shoulder, attempting to comfort me "How dare he accuse me of cheating when he was the cheater!" I exclaimed indignantly.

I glanced down at my hand and exed my ngers. I had to admit that slapping Charlotte Deluca had given me great satisfaction. Rachel snorted "Well you certainly gave the reporters a scandal to write about," she said as I turned my head to look at her.

I shrugged. It was not my business if they plastered Charlotte's pathetic face all over the papers. In fact, I hoped they did. I wanted her reputation to be ruined. She thought she was a victim in all this? It was galling that she had seen t to accuse me of the very thing she had done to me.

My brother stepped forward. It had been a long time since I had seen Knox, years in fact. Ever since I insisted on marrying Johnathon against my family's wishes, I had cut them off, pretending to be a nobody, to gain Johnathon's trust and have him fall in love with the real me, rather than my family's name. That had backred. It had been Knox I had been dancing with when Johnathon saw t to interrupt me with his damning accusations. I smirked. If Johnathon knew how wrong he was and what Knox's real identity was, he'd be horried. Then again, Knox tended to stay out of the papers and was something of an introvert at times, while his fraternal twin Ian, was the face of our family name and the occasional extrovert.

"Say the word and I can have Johnathon disappear," Ian said tightly, a scowl on his face.

I knew he had never liked Johnathon and this little scene had cemented in his mind exactly how untrustworthy and despicable Johnathon's character was.

I shook my head and gave my older brother a grim smile. "As much as I would like to take you up on that offer Ian, I want to deal with Johnathon on my own. Once the divorce is nal, he'll have no reason to continue contacting me or be in my life. That's all I want, is for him to leave me alone."

Rachel looked troubled. "He didn't act like a man that was going to leave you alone Flair. Did you see the angry look on his face? He acted like you were still his wife. He acted exactly like a jealous husband would act."

I laughed, trying to shrug off Rachel's concerns "Well he's out of luck then because the divorce will be nal soon. Besides" I sneered, folding my arms across my chest and regarding my brother and best friend steadily "I would never get back with somebody who cheated on me."

Knox frowned even deeper. "Father is going to be displeased when he nds out that Johnathon had the gall to cheat on somebody of your status," he said with glinting eyes.

"I'm aware that Father is going to be extremely angry" I agreed "but he should be angry with me. I'm the one who ignored his warnings about Johnathon. I'm the one who told him that Johnathon was the one for me. He was right when he said that Johnathon was untrustworthy and undeserving of my love" I said a bit bitterly.

Knox glanced around and noted that reporters were beginning to walk out of the club. He grabbed me by the arm and tugged me into the limousine, Rachel hastily getting in behind us.

"Where to Mr Grant?" the driver asked respectfully, dipping his head to me and giving me a warm smile.

Knox attened his lips "My mansion" he said.

"Knox, I can't go there," I said, even as the limousine began to peel out "What is father going to say when he sees me?" I added, feeling slightly panicked.

He gave me a cool look "The sooner you get this over with the better. Besides, did it occur to you that your face is about to be plastered over the newspapers as well? It's better that father hears from you about Johnathon than seeing the news for himself in the paper."

"What about Rachel?" I asked grasping at straws.

"I love Knox's mansion," Rachel said, the traitor, looking through the window "and it's not as though I haven't stayed at your family home before" she added nonchalantly.

Damn. I felt betrayed as I stared at her. She blinked her eyes at me. I glowered at Knox. He looked at me unrelentingly. "He's going to be so disappointed in me" I whispered, feeling close to tears "I did everything he asked, except for this one thing and I failed. I failed at my marriage" I added, sniing, and then the dam broke as I burst into noisy tears, Rachel looking stricken, while Knox's arms went around me and held me close.

"Flair you didn't fail" Knox murmured, his grip tight and strong, as I laid against him "I know you. You're tenacious, stubborn, loyal, and sometimes a right pain in the ass" he teased as I stared at him with watery eyes "the woman I know would have given her all in the marriage. You gave up everything to be with him. You changed your name, you worked, you cooked, you cleaned. You did everything he wanted. You didn't fail. Johnathon's just an asshole" he growled.

I gave a small laugh. "Oh Flair" Rachel murmured sympathetically "You really loved him, didn't you?" she asked quietly.

I nodded, as Knox grabbed me and placed me on his lap "I know that I should be angry and I should be lled with rage" I said biting my lip "but I can't help but mourn and give as well. I wanted so badly to be the perfect wife for him and when I found out he was cheating, my rst thought was that there was something wrong with me, some aw that had made him go looking for someone else."

"Nonsense" Rachel barked, her eyes blazing ercely "You are perfect Flair, exactly as you are. Any man would have been proud to have you as a wife. Johnathon has no idea how lucky he was to have you in his life, let alone as his wife. It's his loss but don't you dare question what was wrong with you, because the answer is nothing" she snarled.

Knox stared at Rachel approvingly. He took out a handkerchief from his jacket pocket and tenderly wiped my eyes. "Your friend is right," he said gently "Baby sister, I have always loved you and so has Ian. There is nothing we wouldn't do for you. Father is going to be angry, but not at you. You have always been his favorite," he said fondly, without anger in his voice "his little princess. If anything he will be glad to welcome you home" he said.

He gave me the handkerchief. Knox's gaze sharpened "If you would like, I could have the story pulled?" he offered.

I knew he had the power to do that. One phone call and the scandal would be toast. I hesitated. If I said yes, then Charlotte's name and reputation would remain the same as it was before. But did she deserve to have her name stricken from the record so to speak? Did she deserve to go unpunished for her actions?

"Charlotte knew the consequences of going after a married man and she did it anyway," I said dully "If anything I want the story to focus on the fact that she's not an innocent victim and that her actions pertained to the slap."

Knox grinned and grabbed his cell phone out of his pocket as I moved slightly so he could get a hold of it. He began to text at a furious pace while I stared out the window, watching the city leaving behind us.

"That's my girl," Rachel said with a smile "Don't let that spoilt b***h off the hook. If anything Johnathon will suffer too, maybe even lose some business at his law rm."

I hadn't thought of that. A look of immense satisfaction came over my face as I mulled that over. "It's not enough" I whispered as Knox began to put his phone back in his pocket and Rachel looked at me confused "It's not nearly enough."

"What's not enough?" Knox asked tenderly, smoothing my hair back from my forehead and gazing into my eyes.

"I want Johnathon and Charlotte to be ruined," I said quietly "and I don't care how I have to go about it. I'm going to ruin their lives" I added as Rachel began to nod and Knox's eyes narrowed "and they're not even going to see it coming. By the time they realize who I really am, it will be far too late."