

Intrigued

Grayson POV

I was studying some legal documents with a heavy frown when my personal assistant Timothy came walking in, carrying some coffee and a newspaper folded underneath his arm.

"Good morning Grayson" he greeted me, placing the coffee down in front of me carefully.

I inhaled its sweet aroma and put my documents aside, taking an appreciative sip of the scalding hot liquid and enjoying the caffeine x, my personal assistant's eyes twinkling as he adjusted his spectacles.

"Good morning Timothy. I have the legal documents that you faxed to my home last night and I believe that I have an appointment with Miss Claudette later this afternoon, involving a wrongful eviction claim?"

"Correct" Timothy conrmed, "I don't believe you'll have any issues with that case. It seems to be pretty up and dried. The landlord is throwing his weight around, but the law is clearly on Miss Claudette's side as you've no doubt already determined" he said as I grunted and gave a nod.

If there was anything I hated more, it was arrogant wealthy men who thought they could use their money to grant them special privileges or make them believe they didn't have to adhere to the laws. I would enjoy taking down this landlord who had a tendency to evict its tenants for the simplest of breaches, none of which were legal while threatening them with expensive lawyers if they threatened to stand up against him.

"The case will be over within an hour," I said with nonchalance "The landlord is all talk and bluster."

Timothy just chuckled "Well when the other lawyer sees he's going up against Grayson Oakes, the mighty defense lawyer, he might just turn tail and run" he suggested as I gave him a devilish grin "and save us the trouble of even going to court."

"Not likely" I growled "he'll want his paycheck, just like any other lawyer working for a wealthy businessman, whether he wins or loses."

I nodded towards the paper that remained rmly folded beneath Timothy's arm. "What's with the paper Timothy? Is there something in there you don't wish me to see?" I drawled, raising a brow.

"Oh, this," Timothy said, glancing down at his arm "Well actually, the thing is.." he sighed and then untucked the paper from his arm and smoothly slid it over to me.

I grabbed it and spread it over my desk with disinterest, my eyebrows raising as I took in the front page.

Spoilt Heiress Has Affair With Married Man. Gets Slapped by Wronged Woman.

Featured prominently on the front page, was a picture of none other than Charlotte Deluca, my half-sister, getting slapped by another woman. I studied the other woman's prole, taking in her delicate features, the stunning mixed hues of brown and blonde in her hair, the blazing light in her eyes, and her porcelain-like complexion, and my chest tightened slightly. The other woman was beautiful. Not in a supermodel kind of way, but in a unique, down-to-earth way that called to me. I glanced at Charlotte, noting that she was dressed in designer clothing and heavily made up as usual, a stark contrast to the woman who had slapped her.

I shook my head in disgust. "It looks like Charlotte has managed to smear the good name of our family once again," I said nonchalantly, shaking my head.

It was no surprise to see that Charlotte had managed to get herself in the papers. Every month or so, there was some scandal that was attached to her in the media. I was intrigued though, by the other woman, my hand tapping the image of her as Timothy sat down and glanced at the picture with interest.

"Sir, if I may be so blunt" he began.

I nodded toward him "Well if she's having an affair, then it's likely that this woman and the man she's seeing are going to be getting divorced" he said.

"The thought had occurred to me," I said coldly.

"Right," Timothy nervously adjusted his tie "Well do you think, maybe, that Charlotte might marry this man?"

I glanced at my personal assistant. "Perhaps, if my grandfather has anything to say about it, he'll be pushing for them to become engaged in order to do damage control."

I knew my grandfather well and how the mechanisms of his mind worked. I was unperturbed but Timothy pressed on regardless "But Sir the company will be given to Charlotte if she's successful in getting married before you," he said as I stiffened.

Ah, yes, the terms of Grandfather's will. Even if he was still alive, he continued to pull the strings. It was why I used my mother's maiden name as a lawyer rather than the infamous Deluca name.

I glanced at my personal assistant. "The company passes to the person who marries and provides the rst living heir" I corrected him in a dangerous tone "so the company will not automatically pass to Charlotte just because she marries."

"But you know she's had her sights on the company from the very beginning," Timothy said outraged "Are you really going to let her win? After everything she and her mother have put you through?"

I stared at my personal assistant who seemed indignant on my behalf. "Timothy, you should calm yourself," I said smoothly "I have no intentions of allowing Charlotte to get her greedy little hands on the company. She and that spiteful mother of hers will only ruin it or run it into the ground. The lives of too many people will be affected if she was to become the sole owner and CEO."

Timothy visibly relaxed, slumping in the chair. I eyed my personal assistant, slightly amused at how protective he was of me. We had been friends for years, and I had taken him in when he was but a client, one of my rst, offering him a job when he had nothing and he had been loyal to me ever since. Now I had a ourishing law rm that only took jobs that helped those in need, rather than defended those whose morals and ethics were questionable and nobody knew I was a Deluca, which suited me just ne. I didn't need the Deluca name to be successful, I was successful in my own right.

"Then what are you going to do Sir?" he asked nervously.

I tapped my chin, mulling it over, and then gave a careless shrug. "It looks as though I need to get married," I said blithely as my assistant gaped at me.

"To whom?" he said puzzled "You can't just pull somebody off the street. Unless you plan on paying someone" he added suspiciously.

"I wasn't planning on pulling just anybody off the street," I said with a mischievous glint in my eyes "Give me some credit Timothy" I added.

The poor man looked as though he was about to have an apoplexy or explode. "Then what are you saying?" he said, beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Well you just said that the woman in this photo and the man my sister's been having an affair with are going to get divorced" I pointed out as Timothy nodded slowly, not comprehending where my mind was going "So that means the woman is going to be free to marry again," I said patiently.

His jaw dropped open "You're telling me that you want to marry the woman that slapped your sister in public" he practically yelled, leaping to his feet and staring at me as though I had gone insane.

I perused the article while Timothy ounded, tapping my nger on the woman's name. "Flair Rourke, aka soon-to-be Flair Summers once more," I said, pausing at her name. "Timothy," I said icily and my assistant gulped, "nd out everything you can about this woman. I want her background checked, all of her medical history, everything you possibly can. I want all the information, on my desk, by the close of today, do you understand me?" I leveled a gaze at my assistant who was practically choking himself with his tie.

"I understand sir" he stammered "but what makes you think this woman is going to be amenable to marrying you if she's getting divorced?"

I chuckled, "Put it this way. If your husband had an affair with a spoilt heiress and you had the option to marry into her family, in order to get your own personal revenge, wouldn't you take the opportunity to do so?"

Timothy was silent. "I don't know whether to commend you on your brilliance or to be frightened at your cunning" he admitted.

"Both Timothy," I said glancing back down at my les on the desk "Now leave. I want to get ready for Miss Claudette's appointment. Make sure there are no interruptions" I advised him "and inform me when you have all the information ready. I'm quite interested in this woman's background."

Frankly, I was more interested in why her fool of a husband had chosen to let her go. He'd be regretting his mistake soon enough, but by the time he came to his senses and saw Charlotte for the manipulative b***h she really was, it would be far too late and Flair would already be mine.