

## Reunion

Flair POV

I entered the family mansion, accustomed to the glitz and glamor, my heels clinking against the hard tiled floor, the maid directing me to the living room, where my brother and my father were impatiently waiting for my arrival. I gave a tight smile, pausing in the doorway as I took in my father, clad in an expensive business suit, his hair immaculately groomed. He might be in his mid-forties, but he was still a handsome man, and Ian was seated on the couch, raising a sympathetic brow as he saw me standing there, debating whether to walk over and give my father a hug or wait until he saw me to acknowledge me, his back turned as he rushed up an important business call.

My father turned, and I saw his eyes soften as they greedily drank me in. I hadn't been home in over three years and the last time I had seen him, it had been because we had an argument over marrying Johnathon.

Flashback.

"Flair if you insist on marrying that man, don't even think of entering this house again, let alone relying on the Grant name to save you. This man is no good for you. He's not worthy of your love or your time. He's using you."

"Father I love him. He loves me. He doesn't know I'm a Grant. I'll show you that he wants me without using the Grant name. If you want to disown me, so be it, we'll make it without you."

"If you walk through that door, don't bother coming back. That will be the end of you."

I stared at my father, my chest heaving. I had thought he would be happy when I came to tell him I was engaged to Johnathon, but instead, he had been enraged. I knew he hadn't liked the man, but I thought he would swallow his pride and be happy for me. I thought he would support my decision, even though we were both young and a little reckless. My father had been the opposite. He had argued against the marriage.

"That man will leave you the second he thinks something better has come along" he roared as I turned my back and prepared to leave, my eyes narrowed in defiance "You're making a big mistake Flair. If you want to get married we can find somebody better suited for you."

I turned around and glared at my father, indignant that he would make such a suggestion to me. I was loyal to Johnathon. How could my father even suggest that I get married to someone else, someone that I didn't love? Johnathon was the only one for me.

"I would never betray Johnathon like that. You don't know what it's like to love somebody so much you would die for them" I shot back with a hiss "I'm sorry Father, I love you and I love my brothers, but I won't give up this man because you won't accept somebody who is a commoner. I never wanted this life, I never asked for it. I deserve to be happy and that's with the man who has loved me for the last year. I'm going to marry him. It's up to you if you decide to come to the wedding" I choked out, feeling tears trail down my cheeks.

Silence. I clenched my hands into fists, feeling despair sweep over me. Ian had been there, unable to say anything to dissuade me from the path I'd chosen. I'd turned my back and I'd walked slowly, resolutely out the door, my dress billowing around my ankles. I had half expected them to run after me, to apologize. But we were all prideful and the door had closed behind me, with an ominous creak and a sense of finality. I had walked away from my family home, with the sense I would never see it again.

End of flashback.

My father was the first to make a move. I tensed and then felt his large arms around me, holding me tight. "My Flair" he murmured as my throat tightened "My beautiful daughter," he said in a whisper, pulling away to look at me "You look more and more like your mother every day."

"You called me," I said softly, taken aback by the welcome I'd received.

I saw regret on his face. He motioned for me to take a seat, and I sat beside Knox, who placed a comforting hand on my thigh.

"I did," my father said heavily, seated opposite us, his eyes narrowed as he took in the paleness of my face, the trembling of my body "I saw the news in the paper Flair."

I licked my lips "It's not what you think" I began but he held up a hand, his eyes blazing.

"Now that I think?" he said darkly "The bastard is divorcing you, is he not?" he demanded as I stared at him mutely.

There it was. The question I'd been dreading. The moment when my father got to tell me he'd seen this coming. When I had to admit that he'd been right all along. I could feel tears forming and blinked them back. My head bowed in shame. "Yes," I said bitterly "Johnathon is divorcing me."

My father was not appeased "He cheated on you" It was an accusation, not a question.

"Yes," I said tiredly "he did."

My father slammed his hand down on the coffee table "Unacceptable" he snarled as I looked back up "Nobody treats a Grant member this way. I'm fully prepared to give a statement on your behalf, advising the wealthy elite exactly what kind of person your ex-husband is."

I was surprised. He was about to go on a tirade but I shook my head. "No Father," I said quietly "He doesn't know I'm a Grant and I want to keep it that way for now."

"Huh" my father blinked "Even after three years you didn't tell him your real identity?" he asked incredulously.

"You told me you would disown me" I pointed out and my father looked ashamed "I took it to heart."

He spluttered "I made sure you still received the money from the shares in our company and..." he was indignant.

I held up my hand "and I put that money to use, forming my own business structure. If Johnathon was to find out who I was, he would be entitled to half my assets and half my income. He left me for Charlotte Deluca because he wanted her wealth. I'm better off without him" I allowed.

"Would you consider coming back to the company?"

Knox nodded "You always had a good sense of business Flair."

I sighed "I have my own businesses to run. I like being in the background, instead of being in the limelight. I'm not saying I won't but I'm saying for the time being, I want to be"

"An observer?" Knox suggested coolly.

"Exactly" I beamed.

My father looked slightly disgruntled. "But what about Johnathon? You're just going to let him get away with everything?"

"No," I said sweetly "but at the moment, there's no rush to make him pay. Revenge is a dish that can be served cold" I reminded them both "and I have yet to sign the divorce papers."

"You won't stay with him if he changes his mind?" Knox checked.

"Hmmp," I said in disgust "I have my pride Knox. He cheated on me, I don't deserve that. I did everything for that man, cooking, cleaning, being his personal assistant and it still wasn't enough. All he cares about is money" I said bitterly "So I guess father was right in that regard."

My father looked apologetic "I'm sorry Flair, I wish I hadn't been" he said heavily "But I'm not sorry that you're no longer with Johnathon. I never liked him" he admitted.

"I know."

My father looked thoughtful "Perhaps we could organize for you to be married to another socialite or wealthy elite?"

I shook my head "I'm in no rush to marry again. The only saving grace out of this is that Johnathon and I never did end up having children" I said with a twinge of bitterness "he was too busy with work to want any."

Not to mention I hadn't been able to get pregnant in the three whole years we were together.

"I will of course give you the Grant name"

"I don't need it, not yet," I said honestly "I plan on going back to mother's maiden name after the divorce and being Flair Summer's again."

My father smiled "She would be so proud of you using it."

I looked at Knox who was a whiz at computers and also had several technological geniuses at his fingertips within the company. "Knox," I said quietly.

"What is it princess?" he winked.

"I want you to do something for me," I said biting my lip.

"Name it," he said eyeing me curiously.

"I want you to dig up as much dirt as you can on Charlotte Deluca. Medical records, family trees, past scandals, all of it. There has to be something in her past that she doesn't want people to know about, or something I can exploit."

My father looked at me approvingly "There's the spirit. But, sweetheart" he said gruffly "be careful with the until it's too late, you wouldn't want to let your enemies see the play you're about to make until it's too late" he advised and I smirked, leaning back in the chair.

This wasn't just some game, this was the ultimate form of revenge and it started by doing my due diligence on researching my enemies.