

The Billionaire's Hidden Heiress

Chapter 10

Grayson POV

"This is all the information I could find on Flair Rourkes, aka Summer Flairs Mr Grayson," my assistant said, handing me a file that was small and thin.

I raised a brow and opened it, scanning the contents eagerly then frowned. "There's hardly anything in here" I commented with a low growl of frustration "Even her medical history barely contains the basics" I added, putting the file down and sighing heavily.

"I'm sorry Sir," Timothy said apologetically "I gathered as much as I could, but that's everything I could find."

"It's strange," I said, surveying the file "There must be more to Miss Flair Summers than meets the eye" I added, remembering the woman I had seen in the restaurant last night.

She had been even prettier in person. I smiled coldly to myself. Her hair had been like strands of gold with brown undertones that reminded me of an earthy forest and her eyes, had been like big jewels. Her figure had been petite, her complexion pale and porcelain. She had been stunning, her makeup lightly applied to make her look fresh-faced and youthful. Not like the other women who usually pursued me. There had been something down-to-earth and honest about this woman. I had instantly been attracted, despite myself.

"Johnathon Rourkes is an i****t" I mumbled.

Imagine divorcing such a beautiful creature for someone as vain and shallow as my half-sister Charlotte. Was the man a complete moron? Or was he so greedy that he was willing to overlook her faults in order to get his hands on her money? "When do you think you might try to meet with her Sir? Should I try and set up a meeting?" my assistant asked, looking through his trustworthy Blackberry.

"I don't think that will be necessary," I told him dismissively as he looked at me uncertainly "In fact, I rather think that you'll find that Miss Flair will come to me."

My assistant was confused "But Sir if you haven't met..." he began.

"I met her last night" I interrupted, leaning back in my chair "She is extremely beautiful Timothy, her picture doesn't do her justice" I added, glancing down at the file.

"But how?"

"She happened to be at the restaurant I went to for dinner" I mused "A little surprising given her income, but who am I to judge how she spends her money?"

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"Well if you introduced yourself to her then..." he trailed off.

"I sent over some drinks and left her my card," I said with a sidelong glance at him "I'm aware that she's divorcing and if she's as smart as I think she is, then she's going to need a lawyer to look over her papers before she signs them."

My assistant looked frustrated. "But I don't understand. What if she doesn't take you up on your offer? Then what? How are you going to broach the subject of marriage with the girl, especially given she's divorcing? Maybe you should look into marrying someone else" he began, starting a tirade as I held up a hand in warning.

"No, no other woman will do," I said skeptically "I've had my fill of the greedy vultures who are only after my money or the connections they can make through me. Even without my family's last name, it doesn't prevent gold diggers from trying their luck. This woman is different" I told him, nodding tightly "I don't know how, but I can just tell by looking at her. She hasn't even maligned her miserable excuse of an ex-husband in the papers even if he deserves it."

My assistant looked at me doubtfully. "Women can be deceiving Mr Grayson."

I rifled through the file again. "She works as a yoga instructor," I said with interest "How unique" I added with a grin.

I could already picture my family's dismay when they saw not only who I had married but found out what her occupation was. I could see my grandfather falling over in shock not to mention my stepmother being utterly disgusted. I, on the other hand, thought it was a hardworking job that was both interesting and somehow suited her personality as well. It was very much her.

I leaned forward and gazed at my assistant who looked like a deer in headlights. He swallowed hard. "Mr Grayson," he said weakly "When you get that look on your face, it spells trouble for me and I don't like it," he said.

I put my hands together on the table and surveyed my assistant thoughtfully. "Timothy, you work out," I said pleasantly as he eyed me suspiciously.

"Yes," he said "I run and I go to the gym several times a week. But I don't understand why you're asking me such a question."

"Well it occurs to me that we could use some more information on this Miss Flair," I said, "and what better way to get it and see what her personality truly is like, than seeing it firsthand?"

He was slow to comprehend. I waited. His brows nearly shot up out of his head as he got the notion of what I was hinting at. "Oh no, no, no" he protested, wildly shaking his head and staring at me with bright red cheeks "No way, I'm not doing it. I refuse."

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I was unfazed by his retorts. I merely tapped my fingers on the desk as my assistant began to grow even more panicked "Can't you get one of the women employees to do it? I mean, it would look suspicious if I did. She would think that I was..."

"Was what?" I asked firmly.

He deflated. There was a look of utter resignation on his face. I smirked "Come on Timothy, I'll make it worth your while" I coaxed him.

"Then why don't you do it" he muttered.

"Because your opinion of her matters to me" I countered "and she doesn't know who you are. She's more likely to be herself in front of you. This should dispel any doubts you have about her" I added while my assistant looked at me unforgivably "So in retrospect, it's a win-win."

"I want two more weeks of vacation paid this year," Timothy said shrewdly.

"Done."

"Just like that?" he remained suspicious.

I gave him an easygoing grin "Timothy you do this for me and not only will you get that two-week vacation, but I'll throw in a \$500 bonus for you too."

He sighed. "Fine."

He began to tap away at his blackberry. "She has a 3:30 pm class this afternoon" he muttered glancing at me warily "Lucky I bring my gym clothes with me," he said wryly "It's a beginner's class as well, how lucky for me," he said with a heavy dose of sarcasm.

"That's settled then," I said triumphantly "You'll go to the yoga class, converse with Miss Flair (I refused to think of her as Mrs Rourkes as she was getting divorced), and then come to my home and inform me of your thoughts about her."

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My tone was smooth. Timothy looked as though I had ordered him to kill someone.

"Shall I cancel your appointments then this evening?" he said a little moodily.

"What have I got?"

"An appointment with Mrs Hunter. I can reschedule that for tomorrow and it will leave your evening free"

"Do it. From what I recall, she merely wants confirmation that the will she's drawn up is legal and valid. The woman is only thirty years old and isn't dying" I said nonchalantly "It's not urgent. If she is unhappy with the request then forward her to one of our employees."

He nodded. Cleared his throat and eyed me carefully. "What is it, Timothy? Speak."

"Sir, if I may, it's just, what made you settle on this woman out of all the ones you could have chosen? Is it just because you want to mess with your half-sister or are you genuinely attracted to her?"

I gave a grim smile "Flair Summers has an innocence about her. She's not tarnished with the greed and selfishness that being wealthy can bring. She's wholesome, intelligent from what I can gather, and selflessly loyal, even to that bastardhusband of hers. All fine qualities to have in a wife" I told him, watching my assistant nod in agreement.

"But what about...?" he began to ask.

"What about what?" I prodded.

"What about love sir? Don't you want to marry someone for love?" he asked tersely.

I gave a bitter laugh "Love is merely a fairytale Timothy. Past experience has taught me that. I would rather have a contract with an amenable wife than pursue something that will forever allude me. As long as my wife is amenable to providing me with an heir and provides even the merest bit of affection, it shall have to be enough for me."

Timothy was silent for a moment. "That seems rather lonely," he said at last.

"No" my voice was harsh and angry "What's lonely is having somebody leave you for somebody they believe is wealthier. Money is all it takes for somebody to show their true colors."