

The Billionaire’s Hidden Heiress

Chapter 27

Grayson POV

I stared at the flickering flames, my jaw clenched, my expression hard as he stood behind me. It wasn’t often that I prevailed upon this old man’s presence but this was a necessity, in an attempt to keep him informed of the current events, so that he would not be shocked or feel like he was being deliberately kept out of the loop. I suppose I should be honored that he had graciously deigned to visit me, instead of the other way around, but I did not want Charlotte overhearing my plans and this man was not the type to let slip what I was planning, even if it was a complete surprise to him.

“What exactly do you know about this woman Grayson?” his voice was low and even.

I turned my head slightly. “I know enough. I know that she’s kind and loving. She has an honest job. She’s spent the last three years trying to please a man who cheated on her. She is gracious and compassionate.”

“So this is not merely a ruse to get back at her ex-husband?” his voice was shrewd.

“It’s one of the reasons for it. I suggested it” I told him honestly.

“Hmmm,” his voice was a matter of fact, with no hint of admonishment or rebuke.

“Revenge is hardly a good way to start a marriage,” he said quietly “although considering the circumstances, I can hardly blame her for wanting it. Or for you” he added, rubbing his chin.

“I dislike Johnathon and that’s no secret,” I said, pinning my gaze on my grandfather who remained standing in the shadows “he’s always been an arrogant condescending son of a b***h anda pathetic lawyer. He might have built up a reputable law firm, but only through the help of a foreign investor who invested a lot of money into it, otherwise it would still be a small brick building, instead of the huge one it is today that brings in a lot of clients and money.”

“Whereas you have worked hard to build your own law firm up, without the help of your family name, or connections,” my grandfather said calmly.

“I never wanted the advantage of my family name. I have always wanted to make my own way in this world. Can you blame me for that Grandfather?” I asked and my grandfather shook his head, a thoughtful expression on his face.

“No, but what you’re proposing to do, the woman you are proposing to marry, is going to tear the very fabric of this family apart. Are you prepared for the consequences of that?”

I gave a bitter laugh. “We have never been a proper family. You know as well as I do, that Karen despises me and that Charlotte has always had her eyes on the money. I’ve always been the bastard, that nobody wanted, the one whose mother was just a w***e. As far as I’m concerned there is nothing to tear apart” I told my grandfather, whose eyes saddened for a moment.

“Son, one thing I want you to learn,” my grandfather said quietly “is that blood doesn’t always make a family. I want you to consider that. A marriage is something to be treasured and valued. It’s to bring two people together in harmony and form a family. It’s not a tool to use as revenge, but if that’s what you choose it to be, I won’t stand in your way, god knows enough people have done that to you already” he sighed “I just want you to be happy.”

I turned and regarded him silently, this man who had treated me with nothing but kindness even in the face of my father’s callousness.

“I don’t intend to let my family’s company fall into Charlotte’s greedy manipulative hands Grandfather” I finally said, not acknowledging his words.

My grandfather sighed. “Your sister feels the same way about you” he pointed out evenly “Are you aware of the stipulations? The conditions in which you have to fulfill in order to get the company?” he was pushing, a sly grin on his face.

I eyed him suspiciously “I have, even the ones you have changed you sly bastard” I murmured.

“Then perhaps this marriage thing should be reconsidered?” he asked accusingly.

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I shook my head “No. I’m determined to marry Miss Flair. If I wait, she’ll slip through my fingers. Besides, I have already asked her and she’s said yes. To back out now, would only be the actions of a coward.”

I was no coward. Not like my father.I would honor my word.

“You’re determined then,” my grandfather said nonchalantly “I must say I’m not surprised. You were always the more stubborn out of you and Charlotte. She thinks she has you beat, won’t she be surprised to discover that you’ve beaten her to the post.”

I glowered at him “You won’t speak a word of this to her” I demanded.

He gave a shrill laugh “I wouldn’t dream of it. The drama that’s sure to ensue from your announcement shall be amusement enough for me.”

I frowned at him. “Why then, were you so insistent on seeing me?” I asked him slowly “I could have merely told you the news over the phone. There was no need for you to personally come here for it.”

Heaven knows the old man disliked leaving his mansion if he could avoid it, even if he did despise Karen and Charlotte. My grandfather gave a small laugh and then walked over to me, seating himself on the opposite armchair and looking at me carefully.

“Perhaps there was a reason for coming,” he said slowly, digging into his coat pocket and slowly withdrawing a small ring box, which he placed in front of me as I stared at it “I can only think that you haven’t had a chance to buy a ring yet” he added with a wry smile.

“I was planning on buying one in the morning” I murmured, looking at the box.

Surely it wasn’t...

“Open it” he urged me.

My fingers opened the box, my breath hitching. It was. I stared at the old man, stunned. Never had I anticipated that he would take such an action. I knew how much this item meant to him. It was sentimental. It had belonged to his wife. I could not dream of taking it from him. No matter how beautiful it was. But the old man’s eyes were shining as he gazed at it, a reminiscent expression on his face.

“Grandfather,” I said, trying to hand the box back to him, but he held up a hand and halted me in my tracks.

“Stop,” he said harshly, his eyes fixated on the black diamond ring “I am gifting this to you. I want you to have it,” he said as I gently placed it back down on the coffee table, “I want you to put it on your new wife’s finger. Your half-sister Charlotte has been eyeing this, the little snake-like viper, and her mother too. Neither of them appreciates the ring for what it is, or what it stands for. This ring has been in the family for generations” he said fondly, a small smile curved on his lips “and every marriage has been a happyone with this ring. I hope that you will have the same. I know that this Flair woman” he said, fixing his eyes on me “will appreciate the ring far more than Charlotte ever will. Your grandmother will be pleased to know that it was going to you. She wanted to gift it to you and I’m honoring her wishes.”

His eyes were suspiciously shiny as he stared down at the ring. He cleared his throat. “Anyway,” he said briskly, getting back to his feet and becoming the strict businessman again “good luck on your marriage tomorrow and I hope that you keep me well informed on how things are progressing, especially when it comes to producing an heir,” he said loftily. I inclined my head, standing up and leaving the box sitting there, the diamond twinkling in the flames “I will Sir” I said gruffly “and I will also ensure that you receive a copy of the marriage license,signed by the witnesses.”

“Good,” he said pleasantly, reaching over and shaking my hand “Charlotte’s having an engagement party in a few days” he added as I let go of his hand “I expect you and your new wife to attend as a show of solidarity” he chuckled “it should prove to be very interesting when you introduce Flair to the family in an official capacity” he added, shaking his head and then turning on his heel.

He left without another word, leaving me alone. I reached over and plucked the ring out of the box, examining it closely. It was a beautiful ring, but what made it priceless was the sentimental value and the knowledge it was a family heirloom that spanned several generations. I never thought the old man would willingly part with it, not as easily as he had done. I pictured it on Flair’s finger and gave a slow smile. I knew it would look perfect on her. I only hoped she liked it as much as my grandmother had loved it. Tomorrow morning, I would find out for myself. I carefully put the ring back in the box and then took it upstairs with me. As I placed it in the safe, I mused that by tomorrow evening, this house would no longer feel as empty and I looked forward to having company with a beautiful woman such as her.