
SANDITON
Samuel Colbourne & Lady Susan
A Negotiation Worth Losing

Offscript A.S.

A Sanditon story (Samuel Colbourne & Lady Susan)

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Аннотация

Sanditon gave us Alexander and Charlotte's love story. But somewhere between their misunderstandings, missed opportunities, and romantic complications, another couple caught my attention: Samuel Colbourne and Lady Susan.

I loved their chemistry. They deserved more time in the spotlight.

After all, helping two people fall in love is one thing. Falling in love yourself? Quite another. Especially when your romantic rival happens to be the King of England.

So here's my little tribute to a man who finally discovered that some negotiations are worth losing.

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Samuel Colbourne had known many women in his life.

From his boarding school days to his years as a young lawyer, and eventually as one of London's most successful closers, he had broken a considerable number of hearts. Some inadvertently, others with somewhat less innocence.

He had spent countless evenings enjoying the company of London's high society, and just as many nights enjoying the rather less respectable hospitality of Mrs Willson's establishment, where he was a frequent and particularly welcome visitor.

He might even have fallen in love once or twice himself. Or at least he had thought so at the time. Fortunately, such feelings had a tendency to dissolve into boredom before they could develop into anything requiring commitment.

He knew, of course, that he should have lived a very different life.

As the eldest son, he ought to have taken responsibility for his father's debts and the family estate, instead of leaving the whole miserable business to his younger brother and running away to

London.

He knew it perfectly well. And as the years passed, ignoring that knowledge required ever more generous quantities of wine and increasingly agreeable female company.

He certainly hadn't expected to find his brother standing outside a London brothel one evening, after more than ten years of not seeing each other.

Alexander Colbourne. Of all people. At Mrs Willson's door.

And asking for help.

Samuel could have dismissed him. Indeed, under ordinary circumstances, he probably would have. But there was something in Xander's voice, and, rather unexpectedly, something inside Samuel's own chest, that made him follow.

Riding together after so many years felt strangely natural.

Returning to Sanditon, to the family house he had abandoned so recklessly, to the housekeeper's welcoming voice, even to the kitchen where he used to hide from his governess as a child, stirred something he had long believed lost.

He had spent years convincing himself that London offered everything he could possibly want. The finest company, the best entertainment, beautiful women, and enough distractions to keep any unpleasant thoughts at a respectable distance.

Yet sitting in his father's favourite chair by the old fireplace, he began to suspect that his entire London existence had been precisely that: a distraction.

From his father's death. From the responsibilities he had

abandoned. And, perhaps most of all, from the overwhelming fear that he would never be capable of fulfilling them.

Well, he thought, almost smiling into his brandy, Xander had certainly done a magnificent job in his absence.

His younger brother had always been the serious one. Quiet, hardworking, painfully conscientious. The sort of man who considered duty a privilege rather than an unfortunate inconvenience.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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