

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 10:

Amelia lowered the phone, the abrupt end of the call leaving a strange silence in the vast apartment. Her curiosity about the Thornton family deepened, mingled with a healthy dose of apprehension.

She opened the refrigerator again, staring at the perfectly arranged groceries. It was an invasion, albeit a thoughtful one.

She sent a text to Tatum. "It's like he knows everything about me."

Tatum's reply was instantaneous. "Be careful, Amelia. A man like that is either obsessed with you or plotting against you. There's no in-between."

Amelia stared at the words, a shiver running down her spine.

Ten minutes later, her phone rang again. It was Garrett.

“All sorted,” he said. His voice sounded a little strained, but the playful edge had returned. “My dear older brother is insisting I bring my new bride home for dinner. A show of family unity, you know.”

Amelia’s stomach tightened. “Me?”

“Well, I can’t exactly bring Casey, can I?” he joked.

Amelia bit her lip. “Our agreement didn’t say anything about meeting your family.”

Read from your phone on ga/novels.com

“I know,” Garrett’s tone grew serious. “But Amelia, you’re Mrs. Thornton now. There are some performances that are mandatory. This is part of the deal.”

He added, his voice low and persuasive, “You can’t hide from them. The more you avoid it, the more they’ll investigate you, convinced you’re not fit for the role.”

She understood. It was better to face the firing squad head-on than to be picked off by snipers from a distance.

“When?” she asked, her voice firm.

“The day after tomorrow,” he said. “Which means you should move in with me tomorrow. We need to look like a real couple before we meet the parents.”

Move in with him?

Her heart began to pound against her ribs. This was moving too fast, spiraling beyond the simple, clean lines of their initial bargain.

But she knew he was right. If this was a play, they had to commit to their roles completely.

“Okay,” she heard herself say, the word sounding more confident than she felt.

A barely audible sigh of relief came from his end. His voice softened. “Good girl. I’ll pick you up tomorrow afternoon.”

The moment she hung up, she dialed Tatum.

“I have to meet his family. And I’m moving in with him!” she said in a rush.

Tatum shrieked. “This is escalating! This is how fake relationships become real, Amelia!”

“Tatum, I need you to do something for me,” Amelia said, her mind already shifting into strategic mode. “This is completely off the record, and I need you to be incredibly discreet. Find out everything you can about the Thornton family. Especially the older brother, Clarence. I need to know what I’m walking into.”

As a journalist, Tatum’s excitement overrode her concern. “Consider it done! And don’t worry, it’ll be completely off the record. I’ll dig up so much dirt you could plant a garden!”

Amelia ended the call, feeling a strange mix of terror and exhilaration. She was a soldier preparing for battle.

Across town, Garrett hung up his phone. Clarence was standing right behind him, his arms crossed, his expression unreadable.

“She agreed?” Clarence asked.

“Of course,” Garrett said, turning to lean against the balcony railing. “She’s smarter and braver than you think.”

Clarence’s gaze was cold. “I don’t care who she is, Garrett. Don’t let a woman ruin the Thornton family name.”

Garrett let out a short, sharp laugh, a dangerous glint in his blue eyes. “Don’t worry, brother,” he said, his voice dropping to a near whisper. “She won’t ruin the Thornton name.”

.

.

.