

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 12:

As he waited for the call to connect, he paced over to his floor-to-ceiling window, glancing down at the street below.

What he saw made his breath catch in his throat.

Amelia was just walking out of the building's main entrance. Waiting for her at the curb was a sleek, silver-grey luxury sedan. And standing beside it, looking effortlessly commanding, was Garrett Thornton.

Garrett opened the car door for her with a gentlemanly flourish. As she stepped in, his hand rested on her lower back, a gesture of undeniable, protective intimacy.

"You didn't have to come pick me up. People might see us." The car pulled away, the seatbelt tight across Amelia's chest, making her breath catch slightly.

Neon signs and streetlights swirled outside the windows, their glow spilling into the car and falling over Garrett. He steered with one hand, leaning lazily back against the seat.

His fitted black turtleneck clung to his frame, outlining his sharp, perfect physique, equal parts charming and reserved.

“So what if someone sees us?” The car halted amid rush-hour traffic. Garrett pressed the brake and slowly turned his head, the corners of his eyes lifting. “Mrs. Thornton, I need to remind you: we’re legally married with a marriage certificate. I’m not some secret affair.”

Spots of neon light shimmered in his dark eyes. “That said, if you prefer sneaking around, I’d be happy to play along as your husband.”

Amelia’s cheeks burned hot. “It’s not that... I just worry colleagues from the company will gossip. After all, our sides are competitors right now.”

intense *romance* on galnovels.com

“Let me correct you. The rivalry is only between Kayson Edwards and me. As for you,” his voice dropped to a low, husky timbre, “there’s never been any competition between us.”

Up in the office, Wyatt’s phone finally connected. His hands were trembling so badly he almost dropped the receiver. He recognized Kayson Edwards’ greatest rival immediately.

“Kayson,” Wyatt gasped, his eyes glued to the silver-grey car pulling away from the curb. “You need to get back to the company. Right now.”

The silence in the Maybach was thick with unspoken questions. Amelia stared out the window, watching the city blur past. Her heart was still beating too fast.

Garrett's phone buzzed, a low, discreet sound. He glanced at the screen. The caller ID read "Eleanor Thornton."

He answered, and his entire demeanor shifted. The hard edges softened, the predatory gleam in his eyes vanished, replaced by a genuine warmth. "Eleanor."

The voice on the other end was vibrant and clear, so loud that Amelia could hear it from her seat. Words like "Amelia" and "dinner" and "finally" floated across the car's quiet interior.

Garrett listened patiently, a fond, exasperated smile on his face. "We're on our way now," he soothed. "We'll be there soon."

He ended the call and turned to Amelia. "My stepmother," he said, as if that explained everything. "She can be... enthusiastic. Don't be nervous."

.

.

