

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 9:

Staring at the word “Enjoy.” on her screen, Amelia could almost picture the smug, knowing smirk on Garrett Thornton’s face.

She felt like a mouse being toyed with by a very clever cat. Every move he made was calculated and unexpected.

She typed out a reply, trying to establish a boundary. “Thank you. But please don’t do this again. It’s causing a misunderstanding.”

His response was immediate. A single question mark.

Amelia sighed and explained. “My colleagues think the cakes are from Kayson Edwards.”

This time, his reply was even faster. “Isn’t that perfect?”

She frowned at the screen, not understanding.

His next message arrived before she could ask. “Let him think you’re still celebrating him. Let everyone think it. Then, when he finds out the groom isn’t him... don’t you think that’s much more entertaining, sweetheart?”

The word “sweetheart” landed like a spark on dry tinder. A hot flush crept up her neck.

She had to admit, he had read her perfectly. He had tapped into the secret, vengeful part of her soul that desperately wanted to see Kayson humiliated.

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She didn’t reply, but a small, wicked smile touched her lips.

On the other side of the city, Kayson waited all day for a call from Amelia that never came.

His patience was wearing thin, but he clung to his theory. She was just being stubborn.

He summoned Leo. “Go. Order a delivery to her office from the most expensive patisserie in the city. Send it in my name. Let her know I’m offering an olive branch. It’s up to her to take it.”

Leo nodded, but a seed of doubt was planted in his mind. Something about this didn’t feel right.

After work, Amelia returned to the vast, empty penthouse.

The silence was deafening, amplifying her loneliness. She went to the wet bar to get a glass of water.

When she opened the refrigerator, she stopped short. It was fully stocked with fresh, organic ingredients. Everything she loved. Artisan cheeses, fresh pasta, imported steak, the specific brand of sparkling water she preferred.

On the marble countertop was a sticky note. Garrett’s bold, masculine handwriting scrawled across it.

“Enjoy dinner.”

Amelia stared at the note, a complicated mix of emotions swirling inside her. This man was terrifyingly observant.

Her phone rang. It was him.

She hesitated, then answered.

“Are you settling in, Mrs. Thornton?” Garrett’s voice was laced with amusement.

“Thank you for the cakes. And the dinner,” she said, her tone more formal than she intended.

“You’re welcome,” he replied smoothly. “It’s my responsibility to make sure my wife is well-fed, after all.”

There it was again. That possessive, teasing language designed to blur the lines of their arrangement.

She was about to say something sharp in return when she heard another man’s voice in the background, cool and authoritative.

“Garrett. Mother wants to speak with you.” It was the voice from the other day. Clarence Thornton.

The atmosphere on Garrett's end of the line seemed to shift instantly.

"I know," he said to his brother, then his voice returned to the phone. "Sorry, something's come up at home. Get some rest."

And he hung up.

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