

# The Greek Tycoon Claims His Virgin Bride

by Alison Reid



Theo watched her.

Closely. Too closely. The pieces were already moving. Fitting together. The timing. The engagement. The way she had reacted when she saw him. The nausea. And then—

Memory surfaced. London. The hotel. The second time. His jaw tightened. A cold certainty settled into place.

“Are you pregnant?”

The question cut cleanly through the room. No preamble. No hesitation. Amelia froze. Her fingers tightened around the glass. For a moment neither of them moved. Silence stretched between them. And in that silence—

Everything changed.

She looked at him. Really looked at him. And knew. He already understood. A slow, uneven breath left her.

“Yes.”

The word was barely audible. Theo stilled. Completely. The room seemed to narrow around them. His gaze never left her face.

“Is it mine?”

Amelia closed her eyes briefly. Only for a second. Then opened them again.

“Yes.”

The answer landed. Final. Undeniable. Theo didn't move. Didn't speak. For a long moment he simply stood there. Absorbing it. The reality of it. A child. His child. Something shifted behind his composure. Deep. Fundamental.

His gaze dropped instinctively. To her stomach. The movement was brief. Almost involuntary. Then his eyes returned to hers. Nothing in his expression gave him away. But Amelia felt the change. The magnitude of it. When he spoke again, his voice was lower. More controlled. As though control suddenly required effort.

“Then why,” he said slowly, “are you engaged to him?”

Amelia's chest tightened. Because this—this was the part that mattered.

“It isn't what you think.”

Theo's expression remained unreadable.

“Then explain it.”

She swallowed.

“It's an arrangement.”

The word sounded inadequate the moment it left her mouth.

“For protection,” she continued quietly. “For stability. For the baby.”

His gaze sharpened.

“You agreed to marry another man,” he said, each word precise, “because it was practical.”

“Yes.”

No denial. No softening. No apology. Theo stared at her. As though recalculating everything he thought he knew.

“You are carrying my child.”

The words were quiet. Far more dangerous than if he'd raised his voice.

“And you didn't tell me.”

Amelia met his gaze. Steady despite the tension tightening in her chest.

“I didn't know how to find you.”

A beat.

“I didn't even know your last name until tonight.”

The truth settled between them. Unavoidable. Heavy. Theo exhaled slowly. His gaze drifted away for the first time since entering the room. Just briefly. As though he was forcing himself to think. To process. To control a reaction that wanted to become something else.

When he looked back at her, something had changed. Not anger. Not shock. Something deeper. More dangerous. The certainty of a man who had just discovered that everything he believed about the last four weeks was wrong.

And that Amelia Grant—and the child she carried—had never truly belonged to anyone else.

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The door opened without ceremony.

William stepped inside. Fast. Focused. His gaze went straight to Amelia.

“Amelia.”

He crossed the room in seconds, dropping into a crouch beside her without hesitation, his hands immediately finding hers.

“Are you okay?”

His voice was low. Concerned. Real. Amelia nodded, still pale but steadier now.

“I felt faint,” she said quietly. “I’m okay.”

William's grip tightened slightly. His eyes moved over her face, searching for anything he might have missed.

"You don't look okay."

"I am," she insisted gently. "It was just too many people. Too warm."

He didn't look convinced.

"You should have told me."

"I didn't want to make a scene."

"You don't get to worry about that," he replied, his tone firm but not harsh. "Not tonight."

His thumb brushed lightly across her knuckles. Grounding. Familiar. And Theo—Theo watched. Silent. Still. His expression revealed nothing. But something inside him tightened. Sharply. The ease between them. The instinct. The familiarity. The way William touched her without thinking. The way she accepted it without hesitation. As though they belonged to each other.

Theo's jaw tightened almost imperceptibly. His gaze dropped to their joined hands. Then to the ring. Something cold settled beneath his composure.

"Miss Grant appears to have recovered."

The words were perfectly polite. The tone was not. William glanced up, as though only just remembering they weren't alone.

"Andrakis."

A beat.

"Thank you," he added evenly. "For helping her."

Theo inclined his head once.

"It was necessary."

His gaze returned immediately to Amelia. Unrelenting. As though the conversation that had taken place before William arrived still existed between

them. Untouched. Unresolved. William felt it. The tension. The awareness. The connection that didn't belong in this room.

His gaze shifted from Amelia to Theo and back again. Something had happened. Something significant. His hand tightened slightly around hers. Then, quietly—

“Did you tell him?”

Amelia hesitated. Only briefly. Then nodded.

“Yes.”

Theo went completely still. His attention shifted to William. Focused. Hard.

“You know I’m the father.”

Not a question. A fact. William met his gaze without flinching.

“Amelia told me.”

A beat.

“Just after you left us.”

Silence stretched between them. Theo’s attention shifted to Amelia. Then to the ring. Then back to William.

“And you're still marrying her.”

William’s expression hardened slightly.

“Yes.”

The answer was calm. Certain. Final. Theo stared at him for a long moment. Then shook his head once. Slowly. Controlled.

“That doesn't make sense.”

The words landed harder than if he had raised his voice. The room seemed to tighten around them. William rose to his feet. Not aggressively. But deliberately. Putting himself beside Amelia. Making his position clear.

“You don't have all the facts.”

“No,” Theo agreed.

His gaze shifted back to Amelia.

“And I intend to.”

The words were directed at her. Only her.

“You're carrying my child.”

His voice remained level. But there was no mistaking the weight behind it. The certainty. The significance. William's jaw tightened.

“And she's not a decision for you to make.”

Theo didn't even look at him. Which somehow made it worse. Because his attention remained fixed on Amelia. Entirely.

“You don't understand,” Amelia said quietly.

Theo's expression didn't soften.

“Then explain it to me.”

Not a demand. Not quite. But close. William stepped in before she could answer.

“This isn't the time.”

His voice remained calm. Measured.

“There's a house full of guests out there.”

A beat.

“And whatever this conversation becomes, it shouldn't happen tonight.”

Silence followed. Then Amelia nodded.

“William's right.”

She looked directly at Theo. Steadier than she felt.

“I know we need to talk,” she said quietly. “But this isn't the moment.”

Theo didn't move. Didn't step back.

“When?”

A single word. Simple. Unavoidable. Amelia hesitated.

“How long are you in Sydney?”

Theo didn't pause.

“Indefinitely.”

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