

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 11:

Amelia woke to the unfamiliar weight of silk sheets against her skin. She pushed herself up, the silk pooling around her waist. Barefoot, she padded across the cool marble floor.

Instead of hiding, a new resolve hardened in her chest, cold and clear. Before she became Mrs. Thornton in their world, she had to erase every last trace of Amelia Frye, Kayson Edwards' former fiancée, and sever her ties with his company.

She walked into the massive walk-in closet. She chose a crisp, white pantsuit she'd bought on a whim but never had the courage to wear. The fabric was structured, almost like armor. She applied a deep, blood-red lipstick, her war paint.

Taking the black card Garrett had given her, she spent the morning acquiring a few necessary additions to her new life.

Carrying several sleek designer shopping bags, Amelia returned to the company, walking into the bustling ground-floor lobby just as the lunch hour began.

She hadn't taken ten steps before a harsh voice cut through the chatter. "Amelia!"

It was Wyatt Stone, a company shareholder and vice president. He had always harbored a deep-seated hostility toward her, viewing her as an unworthy attachment to Kayson's success.

Wyatt marched up to her, his eyes immediately locking onto the luxury shopping bags in her hands. He sneered, raising his voice to ensure the passing employees could hear. "Is this how you treat your position now? Leaving during work hours for a shopping spree? You have zero regard for the company's professional image!"

In the past, Amelia would have swallowed her pride, shrinking back and apologizing to keep the peace. Not today.

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She met his self-righteous anger with absolute, icy calm. "It is the lunch hour, Wyatt," she retorted, her voice crisp and unwavering. "Since when does a vice president have the right to dictate how I spend my personal time, let alone publicly berate me for it?"

Wyatt's face flushed a blotchy red. He wasn't used to her talking back. Before he could sputter a furious reply, the nearby elevator doors chimed open.

Amelia stepped inside and held the door open, looking directly at him. "Are you getting in? I actually have a business proposition for you."

Frowning in suspicion, Wyatt stepped into the empty car. As the doors slid shut, cutting off the whispers of the lobby, Amelia didn't waste a second.

"I am transferring my entire six percent stake in the company," she stated straightforwardly, pulling a neatly folded document from her handbag and offering it to him. "Are you willing to take it off my hands?"

Wyatt stared at the document, his bravado deflating instantly. This cold, corporate execution was not what he had expected.

Twenty minutes later, Wyatt sat at his desk in his office, flipping through the share transfer agreement. The terms were flawless. He reached for his phone, intending to call Kayson immediately to inform him of this sudden development.

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