

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 14:

Amelia's breath caught in her throat. She took a step back, shaking her head. "Oh, no. I couldn't possibly. It's too valuable, too important."

Eleanor's smile didn't waver. She took Amelia's hand, her expression earnest. "My dear girl, Garrett has never brought anyone home. Not once. I trust his judgment, and more importantly, I trust my own. He chose you. That makes you family."

Her eyes were sincere, her words a balm on wounds Amelia didn't even know were still raw. "This ring belongs to you now. You deserve it."

Before Amelia could protest again, Eleanor slid the heavy ring onto her finger. It was a perfect fit.

The cool weight of the gold and the fire of the emerald felt like a brand on her skin. This overwhelming, unconditional acceptance, was it another part of Garrett's elaborate game, or was it something real? Something she had craved her entire life?

The ring was more than a piece of jewelry. It was a promise. A welcome. And a lie.

The weight of it was crushing.

It was 10:00 PM at the airport. Kayson Edwards strode through the arrivals terminal, his jaw set in a tight line. Being urgently recalled had left him full of displeasure. “Why did you rush me back in such a hurry?”

Wyatt Stone was waiting for him, his expression grim.

Wyatt didn’t waste time with pleasantries. “Are you and Amelia Frye actually married?” he demanded directly, shoving his phone toward Kayson.

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Kayson stared at the phone, his world narrowing to the small, pixelated image.

The photo was blurry, but Amelia could faintly be seen sitting in the passenger seat beside Garrett.

A hot, violent rage, unlike anything he had ever felt before, surged through him. At first, he flatly refused to believe it.

“Is this another one of your tricks, Wyatt?” he snarled at the other man. “You’ve always targeted her. Are you deliberately trying to slander Amelia?”

“Slander?” Wyatt scoffed, pointing at the candid photos he had captured. “Look at them. You think this is an act?”

Kayson stared at the undeniable proof, yet he continued to deceive himself. He couldn’t wrap his mind around any other possibility. It was inconceivable that Amelia, his Amelia, would leave him. This had to be a performance, a desperate, pathetic plea for his attention. “She’s just throwing a tantrum,” Kayson muttered stubbornly. “She’s doing this to get back at me because I missed our appointment to get our marriage certificate.”

Wyatt froze, staring at him in disbelief. “You missed it? Why?”

“Kamila had an emergency,” Kayson said impatiently.

A profound sense of chilling disappointment washed over Wyatt. He looked at Kayson, his heart growing cold at the realization that Kayson had repeatedly abandoned Amelia for Kamila at such crucial moments.

“Keep this to yourself. Don’t let a word of this get out,” Kayson instructed sharply, grabbing his luggage.

Leaving Wyatt behind, Kayson took a taxi alone, heading straight for the apartment he shared with Amelia.

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