

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 5:

As Amelia turned toward her room, Kamila's eyes flashed with a brief, sharp glint of triumph before she quickly masked it with a look of hurt. She tugged on Kristen's sleeve.

"Mom, is sister still mad at me? It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let Kay stay with me..."

The use of the intimate nickname, "Kay," was a deliberate jab, a reminder of her place in Kayson's life.

Kristen immediately soothed her, patting her hand. "It's not your fault, sweetie. It's her. She's always been difficult."

She raised her voice, her tone turning to steel. "Amelia, stop right there. Apologize to your sister."

Amelia froze at her bedroom door. She turned around slowly, her expression unreadable. "Apologize? For what?"

“For your selfishness! For the disrespect you showed Kayson today!” Kristen’s voice was imperious.

A laugh escaped Amelia’s lips. It was a cold, brittle sound, devoid of any humor. “The disrespect he was shown? What about me? What about the humiliation I endured, waiting like an idiot at the Marriage Bureau all day?”

Kristen was momentarily taken aback, but her anger quickly returned, hotter than before. “Men have careers, Amelia. Important things to do. And Kamila was injured. As her sister, you should have a little compassion.”

Faye came out of the kitchen with a platter of sliced fruit, her eyes darting between them. “Ma’am, Miss, please don’t fight. Amelia, you haven’t eaten, have you?”

Faye reached for Amelia’s arm, but Amelia gently sidestepped her.

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Her gaze swept over the room, landing on no one in particular. Her voice was quiet but firm. “I came back to get my things. I’m moving out. Today.”

Kristen and Kamila stared at her, stunned into silence.

“Moving out?” Kristen finally scoffed. “And where will you go? Do you think you can afford a New York apartment without Kayson footing the bills?”

Amelia didn’t answer. She walked into her room and retrieved the small suitcase.

Her belongings were few, mostly books and a few personal keepsakes. It took her less than ten minutes to pack.

In a town car speeding through Manhattan, Kayson instructed Leo to track Amelia’s credit card activity and her location through her phone.

He was convinced she was just on a shopping spree with his card to spite him. Once he found her, he could smooth things over. It was a familiar dance.

Back at the estate, Kamila leaned toward Kristen, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. “Mom, you don’t think sister is really going to break up with Kay, do you? What about our family’s partnership with the Edwards Corporation...?”

Her words hit their mark, striking at Kristen’s deepest fear.

When Amelia emerged, pulling the small suitcase behind her, Kristen blocked her path.

“Amelia Frye, I am ordering you to call Kayson and apologize right now!”

Amelia simply walked around her, heading for the front door.

Faye hurried after her, her voice trembling with concern. “Amelia, where are you going? Did... did you and Mr. Kayson get married today?” She was hoping, praying, that this was all just a newlywed spat.

Amelia paused at the door and looked back at the woman who had raised her, the only source of warmth in this cold house.

She spoke softly. “Faye, I got married.”

Faye let out a sigh of relief. “Oh, thank goodness. All couples fight...”

“But not to him,” Amelia interrupted gently.

The words hung in the air like a death sentence. Faye froze, her face draining of all color.

Amelia offered no further explanation. She opened the door and walked out, letting it click shut behind her.

Inside the elevator, the doors slid closed, sealing her off from her past. She leaned against the cool metal wall, her legs suddenly feeling weak. It was the first time in her life she had ever truly defied her mother.

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