

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 6:

The elevator doors closed, and Faye stood paralyzed in the hallway, Amelia's words echoing in her mind. Not to him.

She finally snapped back to reality, her face ashen. She spun around and ran back into the living room, where Kristen was still fuming over Amelia's defiance.

"Ma'am..." Faye's voice shook. "Amelia said... she said she got married, but... but the groom wasn't Mr. Edwards!"

Kristen shot up from the sofa, her eyes wide with disbelief. "What did you say?"

Kamila, too, looked shocked, but a flicker of pure, unadulterated joy lit up her eyes before she expertly replaced it with a mask of concern. "How could that be? Sister must have been upset. She was probably just saying things to hurt us."

Kristen grabbed Faye's arm, her nails digging into the older woman's skin. "Did she really say that?"

Faye nodded, tears welling in her eyes.

A sharp, ugly laugh erupted from Kristen's throat. It was a sound full of mockery and malice. "Married? Her? Who would she marry without Kayson? Some homeless man off the street?"

She turned to Kamila, her expression dripping with contempt for her absent daughter. "Look at your sister. So clever. Throwing her entire life away over a little temper tantrum."

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Kamila snuggled against her mother. "Mom, don't say that. She was probably just impulsive..."

Kristen's expression softened instantly as she stroked Kamila's hair. "You're right, my sweet Kamila. You're so much more sensible. Not like her. She was born with a rebellious streak."

The stark contrast in her treatment of the two girls sent a chill down Faye's spine.

Faye pulled her arm free from Kristen's grip. "Ma'am, I have to go after her! Maybe she didn't mean it! I have to convince her to come back!"

She turned to leave, but Kristen's voice cracked like a whip. "Stop!"

Kristen's eyes were cold and hard. "Let her go. I want to see how many days she can survive out there without the Carlisle name or Kayson's money to protect her."

"But..." Faye pleaded.

"No buts!" Kristen cut her off. "From this day forward, we will not speak her name in this house. If she dares to come back, I'll break her legs myself!"

The raw venom in Kristen's eyes terrified Faye into silence.

Outside, Amelia stepped out of the building into the biting night air. A shiver ran through her.

The black Maybach was still parked by the curb, a silent, powerful beast waiting in the darkness.

She walked toward it, pulling her small suitcase. The back door swung open from the inside.

Garrett was leaning back against the seat, his eyes closed. He opened them as she approached.

His gaze fell to her single, small suitcase, and he raised an eyebrow. “Is that it?”

Amelia nodded, placed the suitcase in the trunk, and slid into the car.

The warmth of the interior enveloped her, a stark contrast to the icy chill of the confrontation with her mother. The tension in her shoulders began to ease just a fraction.

Garrett didn’t ask what had happened inside. He simply gave the driver an address. “To The Celestial.”

The car pulled away from the curb. Amelia watched the familiar streets of her old life recede in the window, knowing she could never go back.

A wave of grief and loss washed over her, stinging her eyes. She fought back the tears, refusing to show any weakness in front of this man. She pressed her lips together in a hard, thin line.

In the rearview mirror, Garrett saw the subtle clenching of her jaw, the faint redness rimming her eyes.

He didn't offer words of comfort.

He just quietly reached forward and turned up the heat.

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