

# Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 7:

The next morning, Garrett's assistant, Casey Henderson, arrived with a moving crew at the apartment Amelia had once shared with Kayson. It was a space filled with ghosts.

Casey was the epitome of professionalism. "Ma'am," he said, his tone respectful but distant. "Just tell us what needs to be packed."

Amelia's gaze swept over the room. Kayson's golf clubs in the corner. His custom suits hanging in the closet. His collection of vinyl records by the stereo. Each item was a monument to a life that was a lie.

Her voice was ice. "Pack everything that is personally mine. The rest of it... throw it all away."

Casey paused for a fraction of a second, his composure unwavering. "Of course, Madam." The title felt foreign and heavy.

Amelia walked into the bedroom and opened a drawer. Inside were nine years' worth of anniversary gifts she had bought for Kayson but never had the chance to give. Cufflinks, tie clips, a watch. Nine tokens of her devotion.

She scooped them all up, boxes and all, and dropped them into a black trash bag without a second thought.

addictive *stories* on [galnovels.com](http://galnovels.com)

Then she took out her phone.

She opened Instagram. Searched for Kayson Edwards. Blocked.

She opened Facebook. Blocked.

WhatsApp. Blocked.

With each tap of the screen, she felt lighter, as if she were methodically severing the ropes that had bound her for so long.

When it was done, she felt a profound sense of peace. It was a funeral for her old life, and she was the sole mourner.

A notification popped up on her screen. A friend request. The profile picture was the hood ornament of Garrett's Maybach. The name was simply G. T.

She hesitated for a moment, then accepted.

She clicked on his profile. The first and only public post was from two days ago. The picture of the marriage certificate. The caption: "Married."

Beneath it, a storm of shocked comments and frantic speculation. On a whim, her thumb moved, and she pressed the "like" button.

In his office, Kayson was on the verge of losing his temper.

Leo's report was useless. No credit card activity from Amelia. Her phone was still off.

For the first time, Kayson felt a genuine sense of panic. It was as if she had vanished from the face of the earth. She had always been a fixed point in his universe, and now she was gone.

He ended a meeting abruptly, stormed back to his office, and fought the urge to sweep everything off his desk.

He grabbed his phone, needing to see her social media, expecting to find passive-aggressive posts or sad quotes. Some sign that she was thinking of him.

He opened her Instagram profile.

A blank screen greeted him with the words: “User Not Found.”

He froze. He tried Facebook. The same. WhatsApp. Her profile picture was gone.

She had blocked him.

She had blocked him.

A tidal wave of pure, unadulterated rage crashed over him. How dare she?

With a roar of frustration, he hurled his phone against the wall. It hit with a sickening crack, the screen shattering into a spiderweb of glass.

He had never imagined this. Not in a million years. The quiet, compliant Amelia he knew would never do something so final, so absolute.

This wasn't a tantrum. This was a declaration of war.

After the movers had left, Amelia called Tatum.

"Tatum," she said, her voice calm. "I got married."

A shriek erupted from the other end of the line. "WHAT? To Kayson? You actually went through with it after he stood you up?"

"No," Amelia said, cutting her off. "I married Garrett Thornton."

The silence on the line was absolute. It stretched for a full ten seconds.

Finally, Tatum's voice returned, a strangled whisper. "Amelia Frye, have you lost your goddamn mind?"

Amelia leaned against the window of the now-empty apartment, looking down at the moving truck below. "Maybe. But I feel fantastic."

Just then, her phone buzzed. A new notification appeared next to the one showing she had liked Garrett's post.

G. T. had liked one of her photos. A landscape she had posted three years ago.

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