

Nine Rejected Marriages, I Wed My Ex's Rival

Chapter 8:

Amelia stood before the floor-to-ceiling windows of the penthouse at The Celestial, the glittering expanse of the Manhattan skyline spread out before her like a carpet of diamonds. It felt like a dream.

“Amelia, you’ve jumped from one fire into another,” Tatum’s voice crackled with worry over the phone. “Do you know who Garrett Thornton is? He’s a player. He’s Kayson’s mortal enemy! He definitely has an ulterior motive for marrying you!”

“I know,” Amelia replied, her voice surprisingly calm. “He needs a wife, and I needed a husband. We’re partners in crime, Tatum. It’s a transaction.”

Tatum sighed, a long, weary sound of defeat. “Okay. Fine. As long as you know what you’re doing. It’s better than being miserable with that asshole Kayson, I guess. What do you need from me?”

A warmth spread through Amelia’s chest. “For now, just keep it a secret.”

After she hung up, Casey Henderson informed her that all her belongings had been put away.

He handed her a laminated card. “Madam, this is the guide for the smart home system and the number for the 24-hour concierge. Mr. Thornton instructed that you should contact them for any needs you may have.”

Amelia thanked him. Casey’s professional demeanor and perfect sense of distance were a relief.

The next day, Amelia went to work at the architectural design department of Edwards Group, Kayson’s own company. Everyone in the office was well aware of her long-standing relationship with the CEO.

The moment she walked in, her colleague, Diane, rushed up to her, her eyes wide with excitement. “Amelia! Congratulations! We all saw!”

Amelia was confused. “Saw what?”

“The cakes from Mr. Edwards! Oh my god, a hundred individual cakes from Lady M, the limited edition ones! The whole department got one!” Diane gushed, her voice thick with envy and newfound reverence.

Amelia froze. Cakes? From Kayson?

Another colleague chimed in. “You and the boss finally tied the knot! Mr. Edwards is so generous!”

The reality of the situation crashed down on her. Because she worked right under Kayson’s nose, everyone naturally assumed she had successfully secured her position as his wife, and that these cakes were his celebratory gift to announce their union to the staff.

She opened her mouth to correct them, to explain the insane truth, but then she looked at their beaming, envious faces. The explanation was too complicated, too messy.

This misunderstanding was a shield. It would protect her from questions, from pity, and from the absolute chaos that would ensue if Kayson’s employees found out she had actually married his biggest rival.

So she just smiled, a noncommittal, mysterious little smile.

Meanwhile, in Kayson’s executive office on the top floor, Leo Foster was delivering his report.

“Mr. Edwards, we’ve confirmed it. Ms. Frye went to work in the design department downstairs as usual today. She seems to be in good spirits.”

Kayson snorted. “Of course she is. She thinks pulling a stunt right under my nose will make me come crawling back to her.”

Leo hesitated. “Sir, she also distributed celebratory cakes to her department. Her colleagues are congratulating her on her marriage. They believe the cakes were from you, an official announcement to the company.”

Kayson leaned back in his leather chair, a slow, triumphant smile spreading across his face. He let out a long breath, his shoulders visibly relaxing for the first time in two days.

“You see, Leo?” he said, his voice dripping with condescending certainty. “This is her little game.”

“She blocks me to make me panic, then creates the illusion that we’re married to spread rumors among my own staff. She’s trying to force my hand, to make me go down to her and make it official.”

“She still can’t live without me,” Kayson concluded, the familiar feeling of being in complete control washing over him. The anger was gone, replaced by a smug satisfaction.

He decided he would let her stew for a few more days. Let her pay the price for her clever little tricks.

Back at her desk, Amelia stared at the delicate slice of cake. The more she thought about it, the more certain she was. Kayson would never do this. This wasn't his style, especially not a public gesture in the office he preferred to keep strictly professional.

She pulled out her phone and sent a message to the contact named G. T.

"Did you send the cakes?"

A minute later, his reply came.

A word.

"Enjoy."

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