



Pregnant on the Cusp of Divorce

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Chapter 1

In the silent night, Jessamine Patton tossed and turned in bed. She had gone to sleep in a bad mood, and it reflected in her chaotic dreams.

When she felt a hand on her waist, she scooted a few inches away. But when she was almost asleep, whoever was behind her dragged her back.

Jessamine stubbornly moved away again, only to be tugged back. This went on for a while more. Her actions well and truly awakened the man's desire to conquer. Instead of placing a hand on her waist, he started trailing it over her body.

Jessamine was awake now. She held his hand on her and tried to push him away, pleading, "I'm not in the mood for it tonight."

Throughout their three years of marriage, Jessamine had been obedient and submissive. This was her first time rejecting him.

Thaddeus Holt ignored her protests and pinned her to the bed. He undid the buttons of her pajama top and planted kisses on her, starting from her shoulder.

Jessamine's struggles meant nothing. Her eyes were dull as she numbly fell prey to his advances. Tears streamed down her face. Perhaps it was only in the darkness that she would allow her tears to flow freely.

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A few hours earlier, Jessamine had been robbed on the way home after delivering something to Thaddeus' sister, who'd been at a bar.

The two robbers weren't interested in her branded bag, accessories, or purse. All they'd done was take her wedding ring. After that, they'd tried to drag her to a dark corner to defile her. Rather than being robbers, it seemed like they intended to rape her.

If not for a policeman happening to pass by, she would've been done for. As Jessamine crouched by the roadside, trying to keep her torn clothes in one piece, she dialed Thaddeus' number with trembling hands.

A woman's dainty voice rang out on the other end of the line. "Ted's taking a bath. What do you need him for?"

Her voice was sweet and melodic. She was asking a question, but it sounded more like she was marking her territory.

Jessamine could vaguely hear the sound of running water over the phone. It struck her like a bolt of lightning, and she couldn't speak. She silently put her phone away and sobbed like a child.

Jessamine had recognized the woman's voice. It belonged to Amy Quilton, the woman who had Thaddeus' heart. She was back.

After hanging up, Amy even sent her a message to provoke her. It only had one sentence and a photo. "In a relationship, the one who isn't cherished is the other woman."

The photo was a close-up of an ultrasound scan result. It stated that the woman was six weeks along. The fetal sac was clear to see.

Jessamine recalled that Thaddeus had gone to Marita on a business trip over a month ago. He'd spent about a week there. The dates matched up.

She bet he looked forward to his and Amy's baby.

There were too many things for Jessamine to process. The policeman who'd saved her had asked her a few things, and his words reverberated in her ears.

"Those two men had been instructed to do this, but we haven't gotten the culprit's identity out of them yet. Have you offended anyone?"

Jessamine was terrified. Who would want to do something like this to her? She was nothing but a housewife. Who could she have offended? She thought long and hard but could only think of one person who would be so hostile toward her.

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Jessamine was lost in thought. Her heart hurt so badly that it went numb.

Thaddeus became more aggressive with her, seemingly punishing her for being distracted.

"Amy's back. Since our contract is coming to an end, we should get the divorce over and done with someday."

Jessamine's heart twisted painfully at his words. She couldn't breathe through the pain.

She'd expected him to bring the divorce up at some point, but she never expected it to happen under such circumstances.

They were doing the most intimate of things, yet the topic of conversation was about him and another woman.

It was the best way to kill someone from the inside.

"Thaddeus, humans are made of flesh and blood. I have a heart, too, you know," Jessamine thought.