

Chapter 3

Jessamine smiled bitterly. Thaddeus could think whatever he wanted. Since things had already turned out like this, there was no need for her to explain herself.

Thaddeus took one of the divorce agreements, leaving one for Jessamine. He said slowly, "We can't finalize the divorce yet, and I've to ask you to keep this a secret for now.

"The company's having a new product launch soon, and I won't allow anything to go wrong, especially with Grandpa—"

Before he could finish, Jessamine said, "Don't worry. I'll keep this a secret from Grandpa. If necessary, I can also explain things to Ms. Quilton for you. After all, you're paying me for this. It's only right for me to do these things."

Thaddeus' eyes darkened. He said somewhat sarcastically, "Thanks a lot, then. I might actually need it."

Jessamine's throat constricted as her stomach roiled nauseously. She ran to the bathroom and vomited everything she had just eaten.

Breakfast ended unpleasantly. Thaddeus left a half-eaten sandwich behind.

Jessamine watched him leave in silence, recalling the first time they'd met. He'd been wearing a tailored suit as he walked into the café. His handsome face and prominent features had made her fall for him immediately.

His grandfather, Thomas Holt, had made the decision for them. That day itself, they'd registered their marriage.

On their wedding night, Thaddeus had thrown an agreement her way. "I'm in love with someone else. I only married you because Grandpa forced me into it. Take a look at this agreement and sign it if you're okay with the clauses.

"This marriage won't be made public, and we can separate peacefully after three years. I can't give you anything other than money."

He was a man of his word. For the past three years, Thaddeus had allowed Jessamine to spend as much money as she wanted, but he hadn't let her into his heart at all. Even when in bed with her, his expression was as cold as ice.

Now that she thought about it, he'd probably only agreed to marry her because she looked similar to Amy.

Jessamine returned to her senses. She accidentally spilled half a cup of milk.

Lana hurried over to clean up the mess. "Mrs. Holt, you're usually so easygoing. What's wrong with you today? You didn't have to refute everything Mr. Holt said. Married couples shouldn't talk about divorce whenever they have tiny arguments.

"If you ask me, Mr. Holt doesn't actually want to go through with the divorce. Didn't you see how upset he looked when signing the agreement? Take my advice and sweet-talk Mr. Holt when you see him tonight. You two can just sweep this matter under the rug."

Jessamine dabbed at her damp eyes with a tissue. "I can't act like nothing's happened, though."

Amy would always be a thorn in her side, and a painful one at that.

After breakfast, Jessamine quickly packed her stuff and left Jardin Estate. Only after she'd gotten into a cab did she realize she had nowhere to go. She told the cab driver, "Take me to any hotel."

At that moment, Thaddeus was having a meeting. He received a call from Lana. He usually hated being interrupted during meetings, but he made an exception today and answered the call.

On the other end of the line, Lana said anxiously, "Mr. Holt, Mrs. Holt left with a suitcase, and I didn't manage to stop her. Hurry and have someone get her back! I don't think she's gone far yet."

Thaddeus pinched his nose bridge. For some reason, he felt irritated. The divorce had yet to be finalized, and he hadn't expected Jessamine to leave without a word after signing the papers. Her decisiveness had caught him off guard.

They'd slept in the same bed for three years. Did he mean so little to her that she couldn't even be bothered to have one last meal with him?

Thaddeus thought Jessamine would throw a fit, at the very least. If that were to happen, he would consider coaxing her. Yet she hadn't shed a single tear throughout the whole thing. In fact, she seemed to be in an even bigger hurry to get the divorce finalized than he was.

He thought about Malcolm, the man that she was constantly searching for. It got on his nerves. He said to Lana coldly, "There's no need for that."

After that, he hung up and returned to the conference room with an ugly look on his face. He dismissed the meeting and left with his assistant, Jordan Rhodes, in tow.

"Go find out where my wife's gone and who she's recently been in contact with."