

Chapter 6

Thaddeus was pleased by Jessamine's reaction. "Amy's the one who designed it. Holt Jewelry officially signed a contract with her yesterday. She's now the chief designer.

"This necklace is the first masterpiece she designed since her return to the country. I'm sure it'll be well-received."

After singing Amy's praises, Thaddeus didn't forget to insult Jessamine. "Take a look at it. It's much better than those scribbles you're always drawing."

Whenever Thaddeus talked about Amy, he would look smug and proud. Perhaps he didn't realize how boastful he sounded when talking about her. It was as if he were introducing some precious treasure to the world.

Jessamine's scalp tingled. There was a voice in her mind that told her her design had been stolen. She just couldn't understand how her incomplete draft had ended up in Amy's hands.

Thaddeus was so arrogant and proud that he wouldn't stoop low enough to steal someone's designs. Besides, he didn't think there was anything special about her designs.

And Jessamine's draft had gone missing from the study at home. It couldn't have sprouted wings and flown into Amy's hands, could it?

Jessamine was lost in thought. Suddenly, a wave of nausea washed over her, perhaps due to carsickness. She clapped a hand over her nose and mouth while dry heaving.

Thanks to Thaddeus, she hadn't had any money to have lunch. She kept dry heaving, but nothing came out.

Thaddeus handed her some tissues while asking, "You ... Has your period ..."

Jessamine froze at his words. Had her period come this month? Her mind seemed to go blank. She couldn't recall when her last period was. All she knew was that it seemed very far away.

She still felt terrible. "I think it's just carsickness."

She started dry heaving again.

Jessamine used carsickness to brush Thaddeus off. He set his doubts aside and said to Jordan, "Pull over for a second."

Jordan pulled over and turned off the engine. Jessamine had yet to get over her nausea when Thaddeus' phone rang.

"Ted, I feel uncomfortable. Can you come over?" The car was so quiet that the woman's dainty voice on the other end of the line seemed especially loud. It stabbed Jessamine's already bleeding heart.

Thaddeus glanced at Jessamine, who was disheveled from her bout of nausea, then turned to Jordan. "Take us to Islington Apartments."

The car, which had just stopped, got onto the road again. It turned around to head to Islington Apartments. As soon as it started moving, Jessamine started dry heaving again.

If her memory served her right, Thaddeus owned a luxurious apartment at Islington Apartments. Thomas had given it to him and Jessamine when they'd married. It was registered under both their names, but Thaddeus was now using it to hide his lover.

What a joke.

As they drove along, Jessamine's dry heaving grew worse. Her eyes were filled with tears, and her brows were tightly furrowed. There was a light sheen of sweat on the tip of her nose. She looked absolutely pitiful.

Thaddeus couldn't help feeling guilty for putting her through this, which was rare. He reached over to rub her back. "Sorry, but I have to ask you to endure this. Amy has a heart condition and needs immediate attention. Why don't you lean against me?"

Jessamine scooted away from him, pressing herself against the door. She looked distant. "Please, just let me down. I'm carsick and feel terrible."

Thaddeus frowned and leaned close to her. He pulled her into his arms. "Why are you throwing a tantrum, and why are you being so petty with someone who has a heart condition? Amy's in a lot of danger when it acts up. It's not as simple as a bit of vomiting."

Jessamine tried to break free of his arms. She wanted to push him away, but the disparity between their strength was too great. She barely had any impact on him.

Seeing that she refused to settle down, Thaddeus pressed his lips to her ear and asked huskily, "Is it because you're not comfortable leaning against me? Do you wanna sit on my lap?"
