

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 1

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Chapter 1 Let's Get a Divorce

On the day Peyton was diagnosed with stomach cancer, Nolan was with his beloved for his son's vaccination./

On the hospital corridor, Alwyn Russell held the biopsy report with a serious expression and said, "Peyton, the test results are out. It's a Stage 3A malignant tumor. If the surgery is successful, the five-year survival rate can reach 15% to 30%."

Peyton tightly gripped the shoulder strap of her bag with slender fingers, her pale face showing a solemn expression. "Alwyn, how long can I live if I don't have the surgery?"

"About half a year to one year. It varies from person to person. In your case, it's better to do two cycles of chemotherapy before the surgery to prevent the risk of infiltration diffusion and metastasis."

Peyton bit her lip and said with difficulty, "Thank

"Why are you thanking me? I'll arrange for your admission right away.

"

"No need. I don't plan to receive treatment. I can't endure it."

Alwyn wanted to say more, but Peyton respectfully bowed to him. "Alwyn, this is between us. I don't want my family to worry.'

With the bankruptcy of the Schmitt family, Peyton had been burdened with the high expenses of her father. Informing her family about her illness would only make things worse.

Alwyn sighed helplessly. “Don’t worry. I’ll keep it a secret. I heard you got married, and your husband...”

“Alwyn, I will appreciate it if you can take care of my dad. I have something else to do, so I have to go.”

Peyton seemed reluctant to mention that topic.

Without waiting for a response, she quickly left.

Shaking his head, Alwyn recollected that Peyton dropped out of college and got married without graduating. The former medical school genius seemed to have fallen like a shooting star, leaving only ruins behind.

For the past two years, only Peyton had been busy taking care of her father’s treatment. Even when she fell ill, it was a stranger who brought her to the hospital. Her husband never appeared.

As Peyton thought about the past, she recalled that in the first year of their marriage, Nolan was good to her. But unfortunately, everything changed after his pregnant beloved returned to the country. Peyton was also pregnant at the time, and both of them fell into the water.

As Peyton struggled, she saw Nolan desperately swimming towards Helena. Helena and Peyton were both frightened and gave birth prematurely. Peyton was rescued later, so she missed the best treatment time. When she arrived at the hospital, her child was dead in the womb.

On the seventh day after the child’s death, Nolan proposed a divorce, but Peyton never agreed.

Now that Peyton learned about her condition, she couldn’t hold on any longer.

With trembling hands, Peyton dialed Nolan's number. After three beeps, his attractive but indifferent voice came. "I won't see you unless it's for a divorce."

Peyton's nose tingled, her eyes feeling warm. She wanted to tell him about her illness, but she managed to hold her tongue. Helena's voice abruptly rang on the phone. "Nolan, it's time for our baby's check-up."

Tears that Peyton had been holding back for a long time fell at this moment. Her child was gone, her family was destroyed, but Nolan had started a new family with someone else. It was time for everything to end.

Without the meek pleading as before, Peyton's faint voice came out. "Nolan, let's divorce."

There was a noticeable pause from Peyton, followed by a cold laugh. "Peyton, what are you up to?"

Closing her eyes, Peyton said seriously, "Nolan, I'll be waiting for you at home."

Hanging up the phone drained all the strength from Peyton's body. She slid down straight from the wall, and the heavy rain outside the corridor flew in, wetting her body. She tightly held the phone and bit her sleeve in tears.

Nolan stared at the suddenly disconnected call, lost in thought. He hadn't been on speaking terms with Peyton for a year. But she stubbornly resisted getting a divorce. Why did she suddenly change her mind today?

Peyton sounded like she was sobbing. Nolan took a look at the pouring rain outside the window and left the diagnosis room.

"Nolan, where are you going?" Helena asked after him with her child in her arms. However, she only saw Nolan's retreating figure. Helena's gentle face

suddenly turned terrifying

Peyton just refused to give up.

Nolan hadn't come to their marital home for a long time. He thought that Peyton would prepare a table of dishes he liked, but when he arrived, the empty villa was lifeless with no lights.

Winter nights always came early. It was already dark outside at just past six o'clock.

Nolan glanced at the withered flowers on the table.

Peyton would never allow the flowers to wither like this without throwing them away. There was only one possibility. She hadn't been home these days and had probably been staying at the hospital.

Peyton pushed open the door and saw the tall Nolan in a suit standing by the table. His handsome face was cold and indifferent, and his pitch-black pupils were filled with boundless hatred as he looked at her.

Peyton's whole body was soaked from running

through the heavy rain after getting off the car. When she was met with Nolan's chilling gaze, her back turned cold.

"Where have you been?" Nolan's icy voice echoed.

Peyton's once bright eyes were now devoid of life. She looked at Nolan indifferently and said, "Do you still care about me?"

Nolan sneered, "I'm afraid no one would sign the documents if you die."

Those words pierced Peyton's wounded heart like a sharp thorn. Peyton walked in with her drenched body. Without crying or making a fuss, she took out the agreement from her bag surprisingly calmly.

“Don’t worry. I’ve already signed the papers.

”

A clear and concise agreement was placed on the table. Nolan had never felt that the word “divorce” could be so annoying.

Peyton only had one request. She wanted 1.6

million dollars in compensation.

“I knew you wouldn’t be willing to divorce unless it was for money.”

Nolan’s mocking expression filled Peyton’s vision. If it were in the past, she would have argued, but today she was exhausted.

So, Peyton stood quietly in place and gently replied, “Mr. Dalton, I could have taken away half of your fortune, but I only asked for 1.6 million dollars. I am too kind.”

Nolan took a step forward, and his tall figure enveloped Peyton. He held her chin with his slender fingers, his voice cold and deep. “What did you call me?”

“Mr. Dalton, if you don’t like that address, I don’t mind calling you ex-husband. Once you sign the papers, you can leave.”

Peyton’s defiant look displeased Nolan. “This is my house. Who do you think you are that you can make me leave?”

Peyton smirked, “You’re right. I’m nobody. Mr. Dalton, don’t worry. Once I get the divorce decree, I will move out.”

After saying that, Peyton shook off Nolan’s hand. Her dark eyes stared straight at him as she coldly said, “Mr. Dalton, bring the divorce agreement to the courthouse at 9 o’clock tomorrow morning. We will meet there.”

