

# Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte

## Chapter 101-110

### Chapter 101 The Clue Was Lost.

It was still dark when the cruise ship docked ahead of schedule. The guests had no idea what had happened and wondered why the trip had ended early.

When everyone else had been sent off the ship, Helena immediately started causing a scene.

“You quickly had someone go find Peyton. That bitch actually conspired with outsiders to kidnap my son, she...”

Lucian, upon hearing these words, felt the urge to slap Helena. He kicked Chapman from outside the door, sending him flying in.

Helena was furious when she saw the situation. “What do you mean? Why are you arresting my uncle instead of going after Peyton?”

“I wanted to ask what you guys wanted to do?”

Nolan sat on the couch, his face gloomy. He threw a stack of lists down from the table.

“I spent 16 million dollars on Chris’s birthday banquet, how much did Chris eat?”

Chapman was Ruby’s only brother. Since their mother passed away, the Chase family had always treated him well, but unfortunately, he had a gambling problem.

This time, Helena insisted on asking Chapman to help organize the first birthday party, just to make sure Chapman could benefit from it.

“I know you care about your uncle and want him to earn some money,

but have you ever thought that he simply doesn’t have the ability to do so? He buys ingredients cheaply to save money, resulting in them not being fresh. He doesn’t even use the professional team that I hired at great expense, but instead randomly

hires people from the community who have no security experience. This has caused serious safety risks!”

“Mr. Dalton, listen to me, I...”

Nolan stood up, his tall figure blocking the glare of the overhead incandescent light. With anger in his eyes, Nolan walked towards Chapman step by step.

“You only used the existing masters to save money, but you drove away their apprentices. You hired people at a low price, what do you think this place is? Is this your home?”

Chapman stood up and wanted to explain, “Mr. Dalton, I was trying to save you money. It’s not easy for you to earn money...”

Nolan kicked him on the shoulder, and Chapman begged for mercy in pain.

When Chapman saw the furious look in Nolan’s eyes, he dared not speak.

“If you hadn’t hired some people with unchecked backgrounds just to save money, those people wouldn’t have been able to get on the ship! If something happens to my son, I won’t spare you!”

Helena looked at the list and the actual quotation, and the price of eggs alone was five times higher than the market price.

Helena knew that Chapman was somewhat greedy, but she never expected him to go to such lengths to make money.

“Uncle, you’ve caused trouble for me this time!” Helena threw the quotation sheet onto Chapman’s face.

Chapman also wanted to explain, “I didn’t expect things to turn out like this. I had someone train them. The disappearance of Chris has nothing

to do with me, I...”

Nolan’s foot stomped hard on Chapman’s shoulder. Nolan felt a chill all over his body as he stared at Chapman with a dark gaze. “If you try to argue again, I’ll cut off your tongue.”

Chapman quickly covered his mouth, trembling with fear.

Thinking about how Chris and Peyton were kidnapped because of Chapman, Nolan couldn't help but wish to kill Chapman.

Lucian walked over with a gloomy expression on his face. "I checked Ms. Schmitt's phone location, but her phone had no signal. As for that speedboat, it didn't return to the harbor, but sailed into the deep sea."

The worst thing happened. The sea was so vast, which meant all the tracking clues were lost.

Chapter 102 I Really **Wanted To Open Up Your Head.**

Helena quickly ran over and said, "You just need to investigate Peyton. If that doesn't work, we can threaten her with Kason, and she will return Chris."

Nolan stopped in his tracks, and turned around to look at Helena, with an uncertain glimmer in his eyes.

"Nolan, I..."

"Helena, sometimes I really wonder what you were thinking."

Nolan leaned slightly and lowered his voice in her ear, "If it weren't for Brodie, I really wanted to split your head open."

Helena trembled slightly, frightened by Nolan's gloomy voice. She looked at Nolan with trepidation, only to meet the fury burning in his eyes, as if it could consume everything.

Nolan was on the verge of losing control. He had exerted all his strength to suppress the anger within him.

Nolan did not hide his disgust and anger towards Helena.

"You'd better pray that they are fine, otherwise no one can save Chapman!"

After Nolan left the room, the overwhelming sense of killing gradually dissipated, and even the air became much fresher.

Helena's back was covered in cold sweat as she slumped weakly in the chair. She thought, "Could it really be that Peyton didn't take Christ away?"

What happened to Chris?

Nolan stood in front of a map. Lucian analyzed, "There is an archipelago near by, consisting of over three hundred islands, possibly including some uncharted deserted islands."

"Exclude the islands with a large population. You should investigate the islands that are treacherous, steep, and lacking in resources. You must be cautious and avoid alarming them. It would be best to use drones for reconnaissance."

"Okay."

"Did you extract the fingerprints from the bullet?"

Lucian busily said, "The fingerprints have been extracted. I have also compared them with the fingerprints in the database and have not found any relevant individuals for now."

"Since we couldn't find the culprit through fingerprints, why don't you investigate the bullets and the MK23 handgun? Go to the black market/ and inquire about it, as this type of gun is now very rare."

"Yes, Mr. Dalton."

"Interrogate everyone who had contact with the criminals rigorously, to see if any clues can be obtained. Additionally, keep a close eye on the movements of the criminals; if they are after money, I estimate they will appear soon."

Nolan stared calmly. "I wanted to kill them!"

Nolan thought, "I will make them regret messing with me."

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Peyton woke up groggily from her sleep. She suddenly thought of

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Chris and wondered how he was doing now.

Peyton suddenly opened her eyes and sat up, only to find a dagger pressed against her neck.

“Don’t move,” the person holding the dagger hoarsely reminded.

Peyton realized that she was in a dilapidated small wooden house. She thought that this place should not be far from the seaside, as she could hear the sound of waves crashing against the rocks.

Peyton caught a glimpse of a man dressed in black standing beside her. The blade of a knife was pressed against her neck, sharp and menacing. Chris was not in the room.

Peyton said nervously, “I didn’t move, don’t do anything reckless.”

“What did you jump on the ship for last night?” the man asked persistently.

Peyton did not know the origins of these people.

But Peyton knew they should have a common enemy with her.

“For the sake of this child.”

“From what I know, you were neither the child’s biological mother nor a nanny. Did you really risk everything and jump on the boat for someone else’s child?”

“Someone else’s child?” Peyton sneered coldly. “More accurately, he is the child of my enemy.”

Without waiting for the man to ask further, Peyton continued, “Two years ago, I had a happy family and a loving husband. But then another woman appeared, and she became pregnant with my husband’s child. One year ago, on a snowy night, she pushed me, who was pregnant, off

the cruise ship.”

“Later on, I lost my child, lost my husband, my father became critically ill and turned into a vegetable, our family went bankrupt, and yet she married my husband and held a first birthday celebration for her child.”

Peyton gritted his teeth in anger. The man never expected that a casual question from him would make Peyton vent his frustrations to him.

“You were...”

Peyton closed her eyes and said, “I was Nolan’s ex–wife.”

Chapter 103 Never Heard **Of Him Having An Ex–Wife.**

There was a sneer, “People always say Nolan is faithful and unchanging for ten years, but no one ever mentioned his ex–wife.”

Peyton clenched her fingers tightly, her face full of sorrow, “In his eyes, I was just a dispensable plaything. He naturally wouldn’t let anyone know of my existence. Last night was the anniversary of my premature son’s death. I sneaked onto the ship to take Chris away, but I didn’t expect you to beat me to it.”

“Your son has died, why did you steal his son?”

Peyton said word by word, “Let his son bury with my son! Do you know what kind of life I’ve had this year? I couldn’t sleep all night, and every time I closed my eyes, I could see myself lying on the operating table, I...”

Speaking of sad things, Peyton started crying, and tears fell onto the cold blade before running down onto the man’s hand.

The man moved away the knife and said, “Why are you crying? I didn’t do anything to you!”

Peyton complained loudly, regardless of who the man was, and accused Nolan of being a jerk.

Outside the door.

Eric had a piece of catnip in his mouth and was muttering to Rene with a mischievous look on his face, “Hey, hey, do you think the boss has a crush on that woman? He actually stayed with her all night.”

“Nonsense, has Phillip never seen a woman before? I think Phillip just

found her suspicious and was afraid she would run away, so he kept an eye on her.”

“If he had suspected her, he would have killed her last night or come back with a rope to tie her up. Did he really stay up all night? He must have fallen in love with her at first sight. To be honest, I have never seen such a beautiful girl before.”

“That woman should have woken up. Let’s go check on her. The boss is probably torturing someone severely right now. Don’t kill anyone by accident.”

Two people pulled down their masks and pushed open the door, but the scene in front of them left them stunned.

They stood by the bed, the once imposing leader now at a loss for what to do, trying to comfort him with the words, “The dead cannot be brought back to life, crying won’t help.”

And not only did the woman cry until she was out of breath, but she also pulled on his coat sleeves, wiping her nose with them.

“Did you say he was a jerk?”

“Yes, they were all bastards.”

“Why was I so miserable, oh...”

Although she cried a bit excessively, it was indeed pitiful to see her against such a background. Even the powerful leader looked helpless with his knife in hand.

Seeing Eric and Rene standing by the door, Phillip put on a sullen face. He coldly said, “Why don’t you come over and offer some comfort?”

Eric looked bewildered and said, “Phillip, you want us to comfort the

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woman you made cry?”

Rene became gentler and after rummaging in his pocket for a while, he took out a small grass-woven rabbit and placed it in front of Peyton. “Here, don’t cry. If you don’t cry, I’ll let you play with the rabbit.”

Eric tapped his head and said, “Do you think they are children to be fooled?”

Peyton saw two boys who were about twelve or thirteen years old standing in front of him. They were wearing hoods that couldn't hide their foolishness.

The man holding the gun was extremely indifferent just a second ago, but the next second he comforted her, making him look like a good person no matter how you look at him.

Did they kidnap Chris? What for?

Peyton choked back her tears and looked at the man standing by her bed with teary eyes.

He was very tall and wore a half-mask on his face to conceal his appearance. She could only judge his mood by the thin lips that were exposed.

Peyton tentatively spoke up, "That child took the life of my child, I hated him to the bone. Can you give the child to me?"

Chapter 104 He Was  
The Richest Man, He Couldn't Possibly Not Be Able To Come Up With Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

"That won't do." Rene immediately continued, "We still have to keep him to demand ransom."

After finishing speaking, Eric hit him on the head again, saying, "How can you not keep anything secret?"

Peyton never expected someone to be so bold as to dare to threaten Nolan for ransom.

It is estimated that before they could deliver the letter, Nolan's men had already found and captured all of them.

"How much do you plan to have?" Peyton further inquired.

Eric said, "With all his wealth, he must give us at least a 150 thousand dollars."  
"

Peyton looked at him in disbelief, "One million?"



Just for one million, did they take such a risk? Nolan probably thought they were mocking him.

Eric suddenly felt a bit insecure when she looked at him like that. "Wasn't he supposed to be very wealthy? Can't he even come up with two hundred thousand dollars? Or... one hundred thousand dollars will do."

Peyton rubbed his forehead, wondering what had caused him to feel sympathy for the robber for the first time.

If they had only asked for one hundred thousand dollars, Nolan would probably have considered leaving them with their lives. However, upon seeing the ransom demand of one hundred thousand dollars, he decided to throw them to the sharks.

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Seeing Peyton not speaking, Rene weakly spoke up, "So, you don't have one hundred thousand dollars, right? But you must have thirty thousand dollars, right?"

Peyton sighed helplessly as he heard their demands decreasing again and again.

"Oh my god, bro, I heard before that these wealthy people all appear to be rich on the surface, but actually owe a lot of money to the bank. Could it be possible that Nolan is a broke guy? Then if we kidnap his child, wouldn't we be at a loss?"

Peyton couldn't cry anymore and sincerely advised, "Well... maybe you should try increasing the ransom a bit, otherwise I'm afraid Nolan might think you're intentionally insulting him."

Eric showed three fingers and said, "Then let's make it 300 thousand dollars, isn't that a bit greedy?"

Peyton clutched his chest, dear God, where on earth did these kidnappers come from?

"Plus!"

“Eight hundred thousand dollars.”

“Bravely add above zero.”

“8 million dollars? Oh my goodness,” Eric could barely stand as he uttered these words.

“Eighty million dollars.”

As Peyton uttered these two words, Rene plopped down on the ground, “Dude, 80 million dollars, how much is that? Is it more than all the grass in the mountains combined?”

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“Sister, were you playing with us?”

Peyton was somewhat resentful and said, “Do you know how much money they spent on the fireworks last night?”

Eric thought carefully and said, “I watched those beautiful fireworks for a long time. It’s a pity that I couldn’t take them home. Otherwise, I could have shown them to Mrs. Manley and the others. Phillip bought me two firecrackers for one dollar before. A fireworks display would cost at least 200 dollars.”

“Add another zero.”

“2 million dollars?” Eric also sat down next to Rene, his mouth wide open, and he didn’t close it for a long time.

Peyton also tested their limits, it was obvious that these two robbers were inexperienced and even a bit naive.

“I was curious, how did people like you become robbers in the first place?”

Eric exclaimed, “A while ago, when Phillip went ashore to buy supplies, he accidentally overheard that Ms. Chase had spent a lot of money on her son’s first birthday party. We thought it would be a good opportunity to rob them. Coincidentally, they were recruiting security guards for their cruise ship, so Phillip applied for the job.”

Peyton was incredulous; Lucian Bryant would never casually hire someone unfamiliar to work as a security personnel.

Peyton was shocked, “Did it go so smoothly and succeed?”

### Chapter **105 No One Knew Even If He Died.**

Eric had a happy expression on his face. “Yeah, when he heard that he could bring a few people on the ship for free and just have to take care of the meals, Chapman was very happy and agreed. We ate a lot of delicious food in the kitchen, it was really good. I even packed a lot of food when I left.”

Peyton understood why they, being such fools, would succeed.

It was their good luck.

Chapman didn’t expect someone to be so bold as to cause trouble on the cruise ship, and even kidnapped Chris.

They didn’t expect the security to be so lax, so they were able to easily succeed.

It can only be said that it gave them an opportunity to take advantage of.

“So you were seeking wealth, then what about the child?”

“My granny was with me, that kid has such a big appetite, he almost drank up all the milk squeezed from Cora,” complained Rene.

When Peyton asked them, Phillip, who remained silent, locked his gaze onto Peyton.

“Have you finished asking all the questions?” a low voice came out from his mouth.

Just as Peyton was about to speak again, she saw the man twirling the claw knife in his palm. After a flash of white light, the knife was

resting against her neck.

“Tell me, who are you exactly?”

Peyton felt a chill down her spine, although these two boys were foolish, this man was not.

The eyes that could be seen through his mask were like those of a snake. He had been secretly observing, waiting for the moment when she would let her guard down. And then, in an instant, the man bit her neck.

“If you dare to hide anything from me again, I would kill you right now, and no one would ever know that you died here,” came the man’s icy voice, word by word.

The man stood by the wooden window against the light, his tall figure blocking the sunlight that streamed in from outside.

His emotions were hidden behind a mask, only his tightly closed thin lips and the murderous intent in his eyes could be seen, sending a chill down Peyton’s spine.

It was probably when she let her guard down and spoke clichés that aroused his suspicion. These two children were obviously not bad people, and this man shouldn’t be too bad either. She decided to take a chance.

“I didn’t lie, I still have the old photos of him and me in my phone.”

She took out a phone without signal and opened the album she didn’t want to open in front of several people.

Inside, there were many photos of her secretly taking pictures of Nolan in the past, either at work, or while sleeping, or while drinking coffee.

There were also one or two pictures of him sleeping while she made

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funny faces next to him.

All these photos reveal one message: she was by his side while he was working, and their past was very happy.

There is another set of photos taken after she became pregnant, but by that time, Nolan was no longer there. She was only seen with a big belly, and a faint smile on her face.

“My story has not a single word of falsehood, but there is indeed one thing I lied to you about. Although I hate Nolan and Helena, their child is innocent. Last night, when I saw you leaving with the child in your arms, I didn’t think much and followed you.”

Peyton took a deep breath and said, “I didn’t want to hurt the child, I wanted to save him, but I didn’t expect to faint due to exhaustion.”

Sure enough, her words gained the trust of the man. He looked at her deeply and let go of his hand.

“You were kind.”

“I was originally planning to make that child jump into the sea, but in the end, I gave up. I couldn’t bring myself to harm a child. Since your goal is not the child but money, I think we can cooperate.”

Peyton looked directly into the man’s eyes and said, “I hated Nolan, but I knew him better than anyone. I can help you get the money smoothly, but you have to give me the child. I want to ensure his safety.”

Chapter 106 The Abandoned Island in The Past, There Was An Island That Was Abandoned.

“Deal done.”

At first, Peyton felt like she had agreed too quickly. When she pushed open the small door and prepared to find Chris, she was startled by the scenery in front of her.

The scenery was beautiful, with clear blue skies, azure seas, and verdant mountains.

This was an island surrounded by seawater, as if it had been abandoned by the world.

So he didn’t need to hold her hostage at all, because there was no signal here, and no help could be found.

As long as they did not intend to harm Chris, Peyton never considered doing anything dangerous.

The moment she pushed open the wooden door, she saw Chris crawling on the ground chasing a kitten.

The clothes on his body were already dusty, but he seemed unusually happy, still giggling.

Made a “meow meow” sound with its mouth.

“This child doesn’t have a bad temper at all, he is quite well-behaved. I really like him.”

Peyton had already pounced towards Chris, and Chris happily exclaimed with open arms, “Mom!”

Eric was confused, “Is this really not your child?”

1845 Wouters Peyton felt a little sad and said, “When children are young, they call everyone ‘mom’.”

“That’s not necessarily true. Previously, Auntie was kind enough to feed him milk because she was afraid he would be hungry, but he didn’t even look at it.”

Peyton recalled that the child seemed to have called her “mom” the first time they met.

Thinking that his child died before he was born, could it be that his child was reincarnated into his body, which is why they are particularly close?

Peyton held the child tighter and kissed him on the face twice, “It’s good that you’re okay.”

“Sister, don’t worry, we didn’t mistreat him. I couldn’t even bring myself to eat the small cake I stole, I even fed him a piece.”

Peyton almost understood their living conditions. On the island, there were no basic facilities, no electricity, no internet, and no signal.

Only the solar panels bought from the outside provided minimal electricity for lighting at night.

Fortunately, the island was rich in resources and had a few sources of fresh water. The few islanders relied on nature for their livelihoods.

They didn't even take the small jade pendant around Chris's neck.

These people were kind.

When she was thinking, Chris suddenly blushed, and Peyton, who had never taken care of children before, asked worriedly, "What's wrong with you?"

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Chris seemed to be exerting himself, and the next second Peyton heard a "puff" sound. Peyton felt his palm warm and smelled a foul odor.

"Oh dear, the little one pooped." Eric pinched his nose, and even his hat got squished by his grip.

Mrs. Manley followed along and said, "Miss, let me do it, I will wash his bottom."

Peyton instinctively didn't want to give the child away, "I'll take care of it."

Mrs. Manley poured the hot water she had boiled into the basin. It was Peyton's first time washing the child, and she was clumsy. However, Chris was not impatient; instead, he happily laughed while lying on her lap.

After helping him wash, Mrs. Manley used a piece of cloth cut from the clothes to dry Chris's body, and she also put a diaper under him.

Mrs. Manley, who was in her fifties, had white hair and rough fingers. Her face was covered in wrinkles, but she wore a kind and uneasy smile. "Miss, please don't mind. We don't have those items from the city here, only diapers as substitutes."

Eric had taken off his hood, revealing a handsome face. He earnestly explained, "Mrs. Manley was afraid of hurting the little guy, so she cut her warm clothes. You see, Mrs. Manley only has one set of warm clothes, and it was a birthday gift from Phillip."

Peyton looked at the faded floral diapers, feeling a mix of emotions.

Chapter 107 **Wanted To Settle Down Here**

She tried to force a smile and said, "I'm fine with this."

Chris changed drastically in just half a day. He took off his branded clothes and wore Mrs. Fanny's children's clothes, which had been worn by countless children and had many patches.

The clothes were thick and relatively warm.

Chris was perfectly fine, following Peyton like a little tail.

Sometimes he would be curious and want to chase cats or pull the grass by the roadside. Everything here made him feel amazed.

On the contrary, Peyton initially boarded the ship with a determination to die, but it only took her half a day to get used to this island.

Here lacks the advancement of a city, but it has a cleanliness that cities are far from having.

She was blowing the sea breeze, holding Chris, and at that moment she unexpectedly felt the urge to settle down here forever.

But she was very clear about one thing, even though this small island was not marked on the map, it was only a matter of time before someone would find her.

One day, Nolan would come to the island.

"There were only a few dozen households on the island," Eric told Peyton, "and everyone was very simple and honest."

They wanted to kidnap Chris in exchange for ransom, in order to improve the conditions on the island.

The children here never went to school and spent their whole lives fishing at sea. When they fell ill, they could only resign themselves to fate. Several villagers died in agony at the hospital entrance because they couldn't afford medical treatment.

Peyton found it ironic that Helena spent a billion dollars to throw a birthday banquet for Chris.



But the children here couldn't bear to eat even the cake they stole from the kitchen. Each of them took a small bite and licked their lips in reminiscence.

What is good? What is evil?

What is right and what is wrong?

Night fell, Peyton caught a whiff of the delicious food, and excitement filled Eric's eyes.

"You were lucky. Mrs. Manley cooked steamed rice tonight to entertain you, and we also had a treat."

Peyton fell silent as the excitement in the children's eyes pierced her deeply. They used to have rice with every meal, but on this island, it had become a rare commodity.

She grew up in the Schmitt family and was accustomed to good living conditions. Although she knew that there were many poor people in the world, understanding and experiencing it firsthand were two different things.

Peyton walked to the door with Chris in her arms, and she noticed Rene drawing on the ground with burnt charcoal.

What surprised her was that the child could draw very beautifully.

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"Have you learned it?"

Eric proudly said, "We don't even have a teacher, and even the letters are taught by Phillip, who of course hasn't learned them. Rene learned it by himself! He draws pretty well, doesn't he?"

"Not just good, but very good," Peyton sincerely praised him.

"Phillip had bought him a notebook and pencils, but he said he couldn't bear to use them because he could write and draw on the ground without having to pay. If my younger brother lived in a big city, he would be a great artist too!"

When Eric said these words, a look of extreme pride flashed across his face, while Peyton's mood grew increasingly heavy.

On the dining table, there were Mrs. Manley's stir-fried shredded potatoes, some unidentified wild vegetables, and a plate of green pepper stir-fried meat.

No wonder when she was chasing after a few people, each person was carrying a sack of things.

Those were all ingredients stolen from the kitchen, which were precious to them.

Eric and Rene stared at the meat, their eyes fixed on it but they didn't pick up their chopsticks. It wasn't until Phillip took the initiative to pick up his chopsticks and put the largest piece of meat into Peyton's bowl that he also gave some to Mrs. Manley. He divided the remaining meat equally between his two brothers.

He poured all the green peppers into his bowl, and then he spoke in a dull tone, "Eat."

## **Chapter 108** I Changed My Mind

Peyton looked at the large chunks of meat in the bowl, and she didn't know what to say.

Eric and Rene were growing taller, praising Mrs. Manley's skills.

The man glanced at her, seeing that she hadn't touched her chopsticks, and explained, "The ingredients on the island are limited, so you'll have to make do with a little."

Eric bit his lip, and although he was reluctant, he generously placed the meat from his bowl into Peyton's lap.

"Peyton, you look so pale. Please eat a little more."

She looked at the pile of meat in her bowl, and Peyton's heart ached even more.

Even if someone who lacks love receives just a little bit of kindness from others, it can still brighten up their entire being.

"Sorry, I wasn't very hungry. You guys go ahead and eat."

Peyton held Chris and left. The winter island appeared even more lonely under the serene moonlight.

Not long after, there was already someone sitting beside her, and it was the silent Phillip.

“There was no food available here if one got hungry at night.”

“Well, I knew, I wasn’t hungry.”

The man handed her a small piece of mousse cake from behind, which  
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had been slightly deformed after a bumpy journey.

“You couldn’t get used to the food in the mountains, but these should suit your taste.”

Peyton did not refuse; she found the sweet and sour strawberry flavor delicious.

“Do people here treat hostages with such enthusiasm?” she said in a low voice.

“Not hostages, but guests.”

Phillip propped himself up with both hands on the ground, gazing at the moon above and murmuring, “I know you look down on us in your eyes, you rich young ladies. We may be as dirty as ants to you, but we still struggle to survive.”

“I did not look down on you, Phillip. Let’s talk again.”

The man looked at her deeply and said, “Okay.”

Peyton picked up the yawning child and said, “I’ll put him to sleep first.”

As soon as Eric entered the room, he boiled some hot water. “Peyton, Mrs. Manley said that people in your town value cleanliness, so she specially prepared hot water.”

Peyton smiled gently and said, “Thank you.”

”

“What are you thanking for?

We don’t have good food here, but we have enough water.”

Eric secretly took out a piece of chocolate from his pocket. “I stole this earlier, it’s so delicious. You haven’t had dinner, you must be hungry. Go ahead and eat it, but don’t tell Rene.”

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He heard footsteps and quickly stuffed the chocolate into Peyton’s pocket. The person who came was Rene, who was also carrying a thick blanket.

“It was cold at night. Mrs. Manley asked me to give you an extra blanket. Let me lay it for you.”

Seeing Peyton not speaking, he hurriedly explained, “The quilt is made of hand-picked wild cotton, sewn stitch by stitch by Mrs. Manley. She has cleaned it thoroughly, and the quilt is very warm and the leaves are not dirty.”

“Well, I knew, I was just very grateful.”

Peyton patiently put Chris to sleep. Chris, who was separated from his parents, surprisingly behaved exceptionally well by her side. He didn’t cry or fuss the whole day and soon fell asleep.

Peyton walked out of the room carrying a small lamp, while Phillip was still waiting there.

He was dressed lightly, but he seemed to feel no cold at all.

Peyton turned off the lights and sat beside him, wrapping her down jacket tightly.

“During the day spent together, I really liked your small island.

Although it was not big in size, everyone was very genuine. You were not bad people.”

Half of Phillip’s face was hidden behind a mask, with a self-deprecating smile on his face. “Stealing

someone else's child, demanding ransom, and yet I'm not considered a bad person?"

Peyton's gaze was determined, "I changed my mind."

Chapter 109 **I Had Money But Not Much, Only 80 Million Dollars.**

Phillip looked at her in confusion, but Peyton didn't look at him. She continued to gaze into the distance and said, "Actually, when I said I would help you at first, it wasn't sincere. Once you get involved with that person, there's no way for you to escape unscathed."

"The moment you received the ransom, you fell into his trap. At that time, not only a few of you, but even everyone on this island could not escape the disaster."

Upon hearing these words, Phillip instinctively touched the hidden claw knife on his side, but Peyton ignored him and continued, "Until I saw each and every one of you, despite being poor, still so cheerful."

"Perhaps it was an old person in the village who died because they didn't have money for medical treatment; perhaps it was because Rene wanted to learn how to draw but couldn't even afford to use a pencil; perhaps it was because Mrs. Manley cut her softest piece of clothing into diapers for an unfamiliar child. Suddenly, I started to understand you a little bit. You must not be from here."

"No," Phillip answered succinctly.

"You wanted to do your best to help them, and I feel the same way now. This place is beautiful and should not be tainted by worldly matters. They should also continue to maintain a sunny life."

"What do you mean exactly?" Phillip was very patient. On that day, he didn't mention anything about blackmailing Nolan, instead treating her as a guest.

It was precisely this kindness that made Peyton change his initial intention of teaching them a lesson.

“What you wanted was money, it doesn’t matter who gives it, it doesn’t necessarily have to be Nolan.”

Peyton stared into his eyes and said word by word, “I had money, not much, but enough to help you all.”

“How many do you have?”

“Eighty million dollars.”

Phillip was shocked. It was a lot.

In Phillip’s bewildered gaze, Peyton chuckled lightly, “I know you must be wondering how someone could be so foolish. Willing to give money to a complete stranger. I only told you half of the story. Would you like to hear the other half?”

“You spoke, I listened.”

Peyton’s voice was gentle, mixed with the soothing sea breeze, as she recounted the events.

Phillip’s immediate response upon hearing the first sentence was, “I killed him for you!”

She smiled lightly and said, “Even if I kill him, it won’t prolong my life. I don’t have much time left. Before, I donated 80 million dollars to charity. Finally, I found a place for the remaining 80 million dollars. It’s still his money, after all. Let me pay this ransom for him.”

Phillip remained silent for a while, while Peyton continued, “Don’t mess with him, he’s just a lunatic. Lunatics in this world are not scary, what’s scary is lunatics who are both rich and powerful. Maybe you think this place is hidden, but it’s only a matter of time before he finds

it.”

“Don’t you hate him?”

“I have loved him and also hated him. At times, I even wanted to seek revenge on him by causing the death of his child. But today, after spending a day here, I suddenly feel much calmer.”

Peyton reached out and felt the sensation of the sea breeze slipping through her fingertips. “I think I have finally found my home, Phillip. How about I buy a resting place for 80 million dollars?”

She wanted to be buried on this island after she had clarified

everything, avenged herself, and completely ended things with that person. How nice.

Phillip was well aware of cancer as he bid farewell to the elders on the island, who departed in great pain.

I didn't expect that this thin and fragile woman in front of me would also have such an illness. No wonder she fainted when she jumped onto the speedboat.

She wasn't too stupid, she was too weak.

“...Okay,” Phillip agreed to this life—or–death pact.

“Let Chris stay with me for another week, and then we will send him back.”

“Okay.”

Phillip suddenly reached out and pulled her up, saying, “Come with me.”

## Chapter 110 Interest Given **In Advance**

Peyton didn't know what he had to do, so he could only pick up a small lamp. The lamp emitted a faint light, swaying from side to side with Phillip's footsteps, illuminating a small area around her.

She was taken to the kitchen, where Phillip put on an apron and quickly prepared the ingredients. He mixed the leftover rice from the evening with beaten eggs, peas, and bacon, stir-frying them.

The man was tall and slender, and despite the dim lighting of only a small lamp, he effortlessly chopped vegetables and flipped the pan.

The leaping flames touched the bottom of the pot, and the firelight reflected on his metallic mask. Peyton thought of the former Nolan.

Even in late night, whenever she was hungry, he would get up and cook for her.

The fragrant fried rice was quickly served in front of her, and Phillip even specially decorated it.

“Go ahead and eat, I don’t care how long you can still live, I hope it’s longer than you can imagine.”

Peyton, with tears in his eyes, hung his head and ate the fried rice bite by bite.

The stranger’s concern was like a blue whale, opening its enormous mouth and swallowing her whole, temporarily making her forget about the unfortunate betrayal she had experienced.

Phillip gently rubbed her head with his slender hand and said, “Even if there’s only one day left, you must live it well.”

Vouchers

“...Hmm.”

The following days were simple and joyful. Peyton took on Phillip’s task and gathered the children on the island, teaching them how to read.

Chris was pulling the cat’s tail on the side, he waited for her to finish class and followed her like a little tail. He opened his arms and shouted with a smile, “Mom, hug me.”

At first, Peyton tirelessly corrected him to call her Aunt, and over time, she also got used to it.

“Sweetheart, let Auntie have a look. Did you fall again? Look at your little bruised face.”

Peyton gently wiped his face, and Chris laughed and gave her a kiss on the cheek.



“Peyton, can you explain why airplanes can fly in the sky?”

“Peyton, can people really dive underwater? Won't they suffocate?”

“Peyton...”

The children on the island were all very kind to her. Peyton had already planned that they had been staying on this island for many years without any household registration.

The first step she needed to take was to submit the necessary documents to apply for purchasing the island, in order to prevent others from destroying their original way of life under the pretext of development.

The second step was to process identity authentication for all the people on the island.

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The third step is to develop the island, providing guarantees for the residents, at least to be in line with modern life, with water and electricity supply, and sending the children to the mainland for education.

Having found the purpose of life, she felt that living was not so difficult anymore.

It was almost holiday, and Phillip went out to do some shopping.

Eric and Rene had been waiting by the shore, eagerly watching him return with a boat full of things. Eric and Rene happily moved all the belongings into their home.

In addition to some supplies, surprisingly, he even bought fruits and snacks. He even bought diapers and formula milk.

Peyton was somewhat surprised, “Why buy these?”

“You won't have to change diapers at night anymore.” Phillip handed over a package and said, “These are yours.”

Peyton blushed as she glanced at it. Inside were some freshly laundered undergarments, a set of facial skincare products, and hand

cream.

Although this man was quiet, he was more attentive than anyone else. He even specifically asked her about the medication she usually took before he left.

“Take a look and see if these are the ones.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Phillip turned around and said, “Why thank you, I was just giving some interest in advance.”