

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte

Chapter 121-130

Chapter 121 That's It

Peyton finally understood why Nolan was so confident that he could find her. Although Chris couldn't speak, he wasn't stupid. After living on the island for a week, Chris knew the island well!

So Nolan didn't need to waste time searching island by island, he just needed to find the one that would excite Chris the most.

Just like now, Chris was waving his arms excitedly and shouting "Mom, Mom, Kitty..." before he got off the helicopter.

He said all the vocabulary he knew.

Nolan held Chris with one hand and smirked, "Looks like this is it."

Everyone waited anxiously. After all, their enemies were armed, so they couldn't underestimate them.

Jayson also put away his previous hippie smile and spoke into the walkie-talkie. Warships quickly appeared from the sea and surrounded the small island from all directions.

The sniper took position in the high ground. Other special forces wearing bulletproof vests slid down the rope ladder from the helicopter and landed in the mountains and forests one after another.

Peyton didn't expect that Nolan would mobilize so many people to catch her!

She had known early on that Nolan's identity was extraordinary, but she never imagined that this man standing at the top of the business empire could easily summon the army, navy, and air force..

More and more ships and helicopters appeared nearby. Special forces also landed on the coast.

It was just a matter of time to find out where Peyton was.

Chris struggled out of Nolan's arms in excitement. Nolan released his grip only after confirming that there was no danger nearby.

"Good boy, go find mommy," Nolan's eyes shone with confidence.

Nolan thought, "Peyton, I wonder where you could escape to this time."

Chris was very familiar with the environment on the island, like a search dog. Jayson kept reminding Chris behind him, "Chris, slow down and be careful."

Chris waddled quickly towards the front, occasionally stumbling but quickly getting up and continuing to run.

Chris saw a calico cat run by and whispered, "Kitty, kitty."

Nolan gestured to Lucian with his eyes, and Lucian quickly followed the kitten to a house. In front of this house, Laci was cleaning up the debris on the ground.

Lucian took out a photo of Peyton and politely asked, "Excuse me, have you seen this woman before?"

Laci shook her head and spoke in a dialect that Lucian couldn't understand.

Chris crawled and scrambled to the front door, and ran straight towards Laci, calling out, "Mrs. Manley..."

Laci wanted to explain, but Nolan had already walked up to her. There was no smile on his face, and a cold breath hit her face.

Thats

40 Vouchers

Nolan said in a low voice, "Sir, I didn't mean to offend you. I just came here to find my wife. I hope you can cooperate well, otherwise..."

Nolan continued, word by word, "I didn't know what impolite behavior I might have done to you."

The terrifying aura sent shivers down Laci's spine. However, even so, she still waved her hand and explained that she had not seen Peyton.

Nolan was an experienced veteran who could see through people with just one glance.

Chris was very familiar with the island. He didn't even look at the other houses, but followed the cat directly to this one.

It was very likely that this was the place where Peyton was.

Chris didn't understand why Laci, who used to be very kind to him, didn't even look at him today. Nolan gently touched Chris's head and asked, "Sweetheart, where is mommy?"

Chris also stopped dwelling on the matter and headed toward the room he used to share with Peyton.

Laci was being stopped by Jayson's tall figure, "Excuse me, ma'am."

Chapter 122 If You **Dare** To Escape, I **Will Burn This Island**.

Nolan pushed open the wooden door and found a simply decorated room with furniture made entirely of wood.

There was a small bed in the room, and next to it, there was a drawing board.

The scene showed a cherry blossom tree under the moonlight. This island appeared particularly tranquil under the moonlight.

The painter was highly skilled, and Nolan could tell at a glance that it was the work of Peyton.

At that moment, Nolan's heart was filled with joy and he thought, "Finally found it."

Next to it, there was a thick stack of paintings, and Nolan calmly examined them.

In the scene, men who had been fishing under the sunset returned, while women and children had smiles on their faces.

There were young boys making grasshoppers, there were young boys painting in the morning sun. And there was a man wearing a metal mask leaning against a cherry blossom tree.

Perhaps she painted it without any intention, but this painting took on a different meaning in Nolan's eyes.

Nolan thought, "It was this man who took her away."

Nolan exuded a chilling coldness all over his body. Holding a scroll,

40 Vouchers

he approached Laci and asked in a cold, harsh voice, "Mrs. Manley, tell me, where is she?"

Peyton watched as Nolan entered Laci's house and she was excited to go back.

One hand tightly grasped her wrist. She snapped back to reality and saw that it was Phillip's hand. Phillip didn't know when he had come back.

Peyton's face was filled with panic, "He came!"

"I knew, don't be afraid," Phillip comforted her as he gently touched her head, "I will take you away, come with me."

Peyton's heart was both anxious and chaotic. She quickly followed Phillip down the path and off the island. There, a speedboat was waiting, and as soon as she stepped onto it, she would be free.

But could she really obtain freedom?

She turned around and glanced back, someone had already noticed her tracks and immediately reported it to Nolan.

Nolan's angry voice came out from the loudspeaker, "Peyton, if you dare to escape, I will burn down this island!"

The nightmare of many days turned into reality. Nolan's voice clung tightly to Peyton like a nightmare.

Peyton's mental defense completely collapsed. She trembled and said, "I have to go back."

Phillip said earnestly, "If you leave now, you still have a chance to obtain the freedom you desire."

"How many lives does my freedom cost? This island doesn't even exist

40 Vouchers

on the map, and even the residents on the island have no identification. Have you seen those warships? Nolan can simply claim that all the people on the island are extremely dangerous terrorists, and they can open fire without Nolan having to take any responsibility."

Phillip furrowed his brows and asked, "Who exactly was he?"

"I didn't know," Peyton only knew that Nolan had saved her from the sea that night, wearing camouflage clothes. And not far away, a military ship had sunk a pirate ship.

Amidst the blazing flames, Nolan wore a mask adorned with a demonic totem on his face.

During the years they were married, Nolan would occasionally leave for a period of time, using "business trips" as an excuse. It could be for a few days or even a month. During that time, he would completely disappear and not give any updates.

He had more than one wound on his body. These wounds included knife wounds as well as gunshot wounds.

Nolan didn't speak, and Peyton never asked either.

She only vaguely knew that the Dalton family, like the Chase family, secretly worked for the government.

Who exactly is Nolan, she never cared.

But she had no idea that Nolan not only had great influence in the business world, but could also command the army, navy, and air force!

If Peyton left, she would have implicated everyone on this island. She couldn't just leave like that.

While Peyton hesitated, Nolan had already walked over. He stood on the high hill, looking down on everything in the world like a king.

11

“Peytie, as I said before, you couldn’t escape.”

Chapter 123 How **Dare You?**

Peyton looked up at him, the sunlight falling on his body, his gaze as cold as ice.

There was anger, sarcasm, and contempt inside.

“Nolan, what do you want me to do? Am I not even worthy of having my life?”

Even though they had already divorced, Nolan’s possessiveness towards Peyton was even deeper than before, reaching a disturbing level.

Nolan’s gaze fell upon the large hand tightly gripping her wrist. Phillip caught his gaze and instinctively shielded Peyton behind him.

The two of them locked eyes in the air, and Phillip’s gaze showed no sign of fear. “You two have divorced, she doesn’t want to leave you.”

This action, this sentence completely angered Nolan.

Nolan looked into Phillip’s eyes, deep and unfathomable, with a strong displeasure evident on his face.

Even the air around was filled with a tense atmosphere. The sea breeze was fiercely stirring, blowing Peyton’s slightly longer hair.

Peyton’s face turned pale as she hid behind Phillip. In Nolan’s eyes, although Phillip had a good physique, his shabby black jacket was not presentable.

Nolan suddenly became very upset and thought, “This man is completely different from me. Yet she keeps running away for him?”

1321

Nolan habitually took out a cigarette and lit it. His posture was lazy, yet exuded indifference.

“What were you to her? Did we have your permission to speak?”

Phillip stuttered, but quickly replied, “We were friends.”

“Friend?”

Nolan sneered, “Peyton, you really have some interesting friends, like the kidnapper.”

The three words “kidnapper” came out of his mouth, especially cruel.

“Nolan, things were not as you thought, I can explain about the child.”

Nolan’s eyes narrowed, his slender eyes only revealing coldness.

“Come up.”

The game has already ended.

The web he cast down was so vast that Peyton had no escape.

Phillip also knew in his heart that Peyton’s departure would lead her into a living hell.

“Don’t go,” Phillip held onto Peyton’s wrist, attempting one last struggle, unaware that this action completely enraged Nolan.

Nolan fired a shot. Peyton was used to the sound of gunshots, so he didn’t scream.

The bullet shot by Phillip landed near his feet. If it weren’t for Peyton in front of him, this shot would never have landed here.

Peyton struggled to break free from Phillip’s grip. She knew that the more she resisted, the closer she would get to Phillip, and the more

Dare You?

140 (Vouchers

gruesome their deaths would be.

She stood by Phillip and gratefully said, "Thank you for your company during t his time, but it ends here."

Phillip still wanted to approach, but Peyton refused, saying, "Don't come over."

She walked towards Nolan step by step. Phillip clenched his fingers, but he da red not make any sudden movements.

Several snipers had targeted Phillip in the surroundings. As soon as Peyton le ft, Nolan gave the order, and Phillip would be immediately shot dead.

Peyton couldn't possibly be unaware of Nolan's thoughts. Nolan has never be en a virtuous man.

Not to mention, Phillip also kidnapped Chris and injured Mary.

So before Nolan gave the order, Peyton busily threw herself into his arms. Sh e softened her stance and whispered, "Don't hurt him, please, he's a good per son."

Nolan looked down at Peyton, his eyes filled with undisguised mockery.

"In order to beg me for another man, Peyton, you have grown up."

He held her hand. Their palms touched. His hand was hot, as if it was going to burn her.

Chapter 124 **Did You Like That** Kidnapper?

The scorching temperature seemed to spread from the back of her hand to ev ery inch of her body. Peyton felt terrified.

"Nolan, everyone on the island was fine. They took good care of me, and even Chris didn't harm me. Chris really liked it here. The kidnapping was a misund erstanding, and I can explain..."

Peyton didn't struggle from his grasp, but pleaded, "I'll go back with you, will y ou spare them?"

Nolan's fingers, holding a cigarette, gently brushed over Peyton's head as his voice turned icy cold. "Peytie, why did you always have to make me angry? If only you had been this well-behaved earlier, we wouldn't have ended up where we are today."

Peyton endured the humiliation. Her pale face forced a unnatural smile. Tears swirled in her eyes.

"Okay, from now on I didn't run away, I will never run away again."

"That's what you said yourself, what should we do if you run away again?"

Peyton looked at him without saying a word, his teary eyes making him even more pitiful to behold.

Nolan's index and middle fingers held the cigarette, pinching Peyton's chin, with the burning tip of the cigarette just a few centimeters away from her skin.

She could clearly feel the temperature of the cigarette butt, and whenever she moved, she would be burned by the scorching hot

Vouchers

cigarette butt.

Peyton could only maintain this action, allowing Nolan to say word by word in her ear, "Peytie, if you try to escape again, I will make this island disappear, I mean it."

Peyton closed her eyes in humiliation, and two tears fell down.

"Yes, I understand."

As soon as the words fell, Nolan suddenly kissed her.

Peyton was unwilling because there were at least a hundred people around.

The sea breeze blew fiercely. He reached out and pulled her into his arms completely.

Nolan threw away the cigarette in his hand and then deepened the kiss with force.

Peyton felt an indescribable embarrassment and humiliation. She understood, “Nolan is not unaware of her feelings. But so what? He just wants to let Phillip know in this way that I am his woman.”

Sometimes, a man’s sense of victory or defeat can be so childish.

Before Peyton suffocated, Nolan finally let go of her. Then he coldly glanced at Phillip and left with Peyton in a victorious manner.

Peyton knew deep down that this was just the beginning. Nolan wouldn’t let her off so easily.

“Mom!” Chris ran towards her from a distance.

Chris scrambled over to Peyton’s feet, and Nolan reached out and lifted him up, saying, “Go play somewhere else.”

Chris pouted in dissatisfaction.

However, he didn’t dare to resist Nolan and could only look pitifully at Peyton.

Little did Peyton know that he himself was in danger and he was powerless to do anything about it.

Nolan handed the child to Jayson and then took Peyton directly into her room.

At the moment the door closed, Peyton was pinned against the wall by Nolan.

Peyton instinctively wanted to struggle. Her hand was tightly held up to her head by Nolan. Nolan’s legs squeezed between her legs. She was completely trapped by him.

Nolan tightly pinched her chin with his fingers, lowered his voice and whispered in her ear, “Did you fall in love with that kidnapper?”

Peyton was extremely displeased by such harsh words. She glared at him angrily with her eyes.

“I didn’t like him, but I disliked you.”

The sentence pierced into Nolan’s ears like a needle. He lowered his eyes, his gaze icy cold, and asked, “What did you say?”

Chapter 125 Paying The Price For Your **Betrayal**

Peyton knew that she was doomed today and decided not to be as cautious as before. She met Nolan's eyes and emphasized her tone.

"I hated your arrogance, I hated your inconsistency. It was you who didn't want **me**, but now it's still you who clings to me. You said my father owed you Paul's life. The Schmitt family went bankrupt. My father was critically ill time and time again. And I sacrificed my marriage, **my children**, isn't that enough? If it's not enough, then take my life away."

Nolan's gaze grew colder and colder. Peyton became extremely nervous, with their heart beating rapidly.

"When you were happy, you gave me 160 million dollars and asked me to leave. When you were unhappy, you came back to find me again. Nolan, I am a person, not a plaything in your hands. Do you know why I would rather stay on a deserted island than return to the bustling city? Because here, everyone treats me as a human being! They respect me and make me feel the meaning of being alive."

Nolan pressed his fingers harder, and Peyton's words sounded to him like she had fallen in love with someone else.

"Just because someone was a little kind to you, you betrayed me and defied me without any consideration, completely forgetting our agreement. You are still as naive as ever."

Peyton frowned and thought, "Does this man have a problem with understanding?"

"I didn't..."

40 Vouchers

"Do you know what his identity was? Do you know what his intentions were? There has never been such a thing as a free lunch in this world. You should know the outcome of a moth flying into a flame."

Peyton was very dissatisfied with his description of Phillip, "Yes, I don't know about his past or what his identity is. But one thing I do know is that he wouldn't hurt me like you do!"

Seeing her desperately defending another man, Nolan couldn't control his expression.

He resembled a fierce beast as he bared his fangs, "I had said that making mistakes would incur punishment, and you will pay a heavy price for your betrayal."

After saying that, he let go of Peyton and was about to leave. Peyton knew that a great disaster was about to come.

She could not care about her life, but Laci, Rene, Phillip, and everyone on the island became her burden.

Peyton quickly embraced Nolan from behind, lowering their stance and pleaded, "Nolan, I will go back with you. Please don't harm anyone else."

Nolan had a stern face, with a chilling glare in his eyes, "It's late."

As the words fell, he reached out and began to pry open Peyton's fingers one by one. "Peyton, if this man were to die in front of you, would you finally learn your lesson?"

Peyton deeply regretted and thought, "Why did I blurt out what I was thinking in a moment of haste?"

"Nolan had clearly given me a way out. As long as I surrendered, he would spare everyone."

40 Vouchers

"Nolan, don't. I was wrong. I was really wrong.

She wanted to hold his hand, but Nolan was one step ahead and grabbed her hand, pulling her out forcefully.

Phillip was surrounded by several people, and he dared not move at all. Even a slightly heavier breath from him could possibly trigger someone to pull the trigger.

Phillip's endurance has always been good, and he knew very well that Nolan would have made a big deal out of him if he hadn't already started on their first meeting.

He was waiting, waiting for an opportunity to strike, but not now.

Watching Peyton being led into the room by him, Phillip felt anxious and unable to act recklessly, not knowing what kind of abuse she would suffer again.

Chapter 126 **He Had To Die.**

Phillip knew very well that dealing with someone as paranoid as Nolan, being overly concerned about Peyton would only harm her.

Shortly after, the door opened and Phillip saw Nolan dragging Peyton out. Despite Peyton's obvious weakness, Nolan showed no mercy.

Phillip instinctively wanted to step forward, but Lucian coldly warned, "Don't move."

Phillip anxiously watched as Peyton opened his mouth, but remained silent.

Nolan had already appeared with a pitch-black handgun in his hand, standing tall and seemingly in control of others' lives and deaths.

"Peytie, look closely, he died because of you."

Peyton was very scared, she didn't know what to do now to stop Nolan's killing.

The more she begged, the more it would only fuel Nolan's murderous intent, but even if she didn't plead, he would still take action.

What should we do? What should she do exactly?

Just at that moment, a clear voice rang out, "Go to hell, you evil person."

It was Eric's voice, he didn't know how long he had been hiding, always searching for an opportunity.

He had learned gun shooting from Phillip, but due to the danger of

40 Vouchers

firearms, Phillip usually forbade him from using them.

He naively believed that as long as he killed Nolan, the crisis would be resolved and Peyton would be free from now on.

At that moment, a gunshot rang out, and the bullet did not come from Nolan's hand, but from Eric's gun. No one noticed that he was actually armed.

The gun was aimed at Nolan, but Eric's shooting skills were obviously not proficient. In his haste, he fired the gun and missed the target.

The bullet whizzed through the wind and flew straight towards Peyton's chest.

The sudden turn of events caught everyone off guard, and no one realized that the child was actually holding a gun!

The moment Peyton saw the bullet, she had already been embraced by someone.

Between the nostrils was a familiar woody scent, much like Nolan's personality, calm and aloof.

His tall figure not only blocked the wind and snow, but also blocked the bullet.

"Nolan!" Peyton looked at him anxiously, in that moment her emotions were all over the place, all her thoughts focused on Nolan.

"How are you? Are you okay?"

Peyton broke free from Nolan's embrace, and only then did she breathe a sigh of relief as she saw the bullet piercing through the black wool coat and hitting the bulletproof vest underneath.

Just then, all the snipers aimed at Eric. Peyton hurriedly said, "Don't

40 Vouchers

shoot! He's just a child!"

Nolan extended his cold fingertips to brush the tear stains at the corner of her eyes. “Even a young beast with fangs is still a beast, Peytie. If I hadn’t been wearing a bulletproof vest, both you and I might have died.”

He leaned down and whispered softly in her ear, “Being kind to the enemy is being cruel to oneself.”

Nolan’s voice was soft, without any discernible emotion.

But Peyton knew he was angry! And he was very angry.

Apart from matters related to her, his emotions fluctuated greatly. The angrier he became towards others, the calmer his emotions were.

Peyton held him tightly with both hands and gently pleaded, “Nolan, Eric didn’t mean to hurt me. He’s just a child, please don’t hurt him.”

Chris didn’t know why Peyton was crying so hard. When Chris saw her crying, he also started crying as if he had been wronged.

“Dad, Mom!” Chris’s crying disturbed Nolan’s concentration.

Nolan hurriedly picked up the child. Chris and Peyton held him on both sides, crying incessantly.

He had to compromise, “Alright, I can spare this child’s life, but he...”

Nolan stared at Phillip with a cold and indifferent tone, “He had to die.”

Chapter 127 **Sacrifice Your Life**

Peyton shook her head and continued pleading, “Nolan, I...”

Nolan held the child in one hand and wiped Peyton’s tears with the other, his voice cold and thin as he spoke, “Peytie, if you say one kind word for him, I’ll shoot him one more time. Do you want to give it a try?”

Peyton immediately shut her mouth. She knew Nolan was a pervert who was capable of doing anything..

She could only silently shed tears, as Nolan gently said, “Every tear you shed for him will turn into his blood.”

Peyton felt like there was a huge stone blocking her heart. She had a thousand words in her mind, but couldn't say a single one at that moment.

Peyton could only shake her head continuously as Nolan reached out to touch her eyes and said, "Be good, don't look, after today we can be like before."

Eric, who was being restrained by someone, muttered angrily. Rene appeared out of nowhere and said, "If you want to kill someone, kill me, not Phillip. He just wants to improve the conditions on the island, he is a good person. Even though we took your son away, we haven't harmed him in the slightest. We even gave him the milk that we couldn't bear to drink ourselves."

Rene had also appeared in Peyton's portrait. Nolan softly uttered a word, "Go away."

The usually submissive boy remained motionless at this moment. Rene continued, "If you truly love Peyton, you shouldn't hurt her friend. Your actions like this are not called love, they are harm."

Nolan finally looked straight at Rene, a devilish smile playing at the corner of his mouth.

"Who told you that I loved her? The more she was in pain, the happier I became. If killing all of you could make her heartbroken, I wouldn't mind killing all of you."

Rene couldn't understand how he could say such cruel words. But in the suffocating coldness emanating from Nolan, Rene bravely fought back.

"If you hated her, you wouldn't have immediately shielded her from danger. Bullets travel so fast that your first instinct would have been to let her fend for herself, rather than holding her in your arms."

Rene saw through Nolan's lies and Jayson, who was standing beside them, was as astonished with his mouth wide open.

Jayson thought, "This thin and weak-looking boy is quite brave. Even I wouldn't dare to say such things in front of Nolan."

“You can’t hide true love in your eyes. If there was no love, you wouldn’t go out of your way to find Peyton; if there was no love, you wouldn’t see Phillip as an enemy. Even a child knows that if you love, you should love deeply. Even if you don’t love, you shouldn’t hurt. While hurting her, won’t you feel sad yourself?”

Nolan let go of Chris and walked towards Rene step by step. For a moment, everyone’s hearts tightened, and they all sweated for the young boy.

As Nolan approached, Rene’s heart trembled, but he did not take a step back.

140 Vouchers

Nolan was tall and towering, standing half a head taller than the slender Rene. The overwhelming presence of strength surrounded him from all directions.

“Are you teaching me how to do things?” Nolan sneered coldly, and the next second his gun was aimed at Rene’s head.

“Let him go if you want, but use your life as a substitute.”

Nolan wasn’t that angry, on the contrary, he quite liked Rene. Not to mention teenagers, even adults rarely dared to meet his gaze and speak so frankly in front of him.

Nolan thought, “It seems that this young man just wanted to expose the ugliness of human nature.”

Soon, the young boy would be in tears, begging me to spare him.

Rene opened his mouth without hesitation and said, “Alright, go ahead and kill me.”

Rene spoke without any hesitation.

A gunshot rang out.

Chapter **128** As You **Wished**

At that moment, everyone’s hearts were in their throats. But it was just a sound coming from Nolan’s mouth. Rene’s eyebrows furrowed

tightly.

Nolan released the gun, a hint of admiration flashed in his eyes, "Not bad, very brave. However, no one can replace his life."

Nolan approached Phillip. At that moment, Phillip quickly drew his gun and aimed it at Nolan's forehead.

"Don't move!" Several guns were pointed at Phillip. It turned out that Phillip had been waiting for an opportunity to act.

"My life is worthless, it wouldn't be a loss if I could exchange it for Mr. Dalton's life." A rare smile appeared on Phillip's face beneath the mask.

Phillip looked deeply at Peyton, as if his eyes were saying, "From now on, you are free."

Phillip was well aware that as soon as he fired the gun, bullets would immediately come at him from all directions, leaving him with no

escape.

Peyton did not expect this sudden change.

She had only known Phillip for less than half a month, how could she have hitched her life to him?

"No, don't shoot!" Peyton ran frantically towards the two people.

Even though he was held at gunpoint, Nolan did not show the slightest sign of fear. Instead, his eyes were filled with a crazy and excited gleam.

"Shall we make a bet on who would survive?"

Peyton shouted, "Phillip, don't shoot! Please, don't shoot!"

Once the gun was fired, no one knew what consequences would arise. The only thing Peyton could be certain of was that it would be a tragedy,

Before Phillip could shoot, Peyton had already stood between the two of them.

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you guys were to take action, then kill me first.”

Nolan frowned, highly displeased with Peyton’s sudden intrusion, “Take her a way.”

Peyton threw herself at Nolan, embracing him tightly as warm tears slid down her neck. She trembled as she pleaded, “Stop, I beg you to stop. I agree to your demands. I won’t run anymore, I really won’t. Please spare them?”

Peyton’s body kept trembling, and tears couldn’t stop flowing. The cold sea breeze blew on Nolan’s face, awakening his momentary sanity.

Seeing Peyton cry uncontrollably, Nolan’s heart felt like it had been stabbed with a hole. He felt no joy whatsoever, but instead, an endless pain.

It seemed like he hadn’t seen her smiling face for a long time.

Was Nolan clinging onto Peyton out of revenge or was it his inner possessiveness at play?

No matter what the reason was, at least he didn’t want her to cry anymore.

40 Vouchers

Nolan asked in a low voice, “Do you really know you were wrong?”

Peyton tugged at Nolan’s coat, her stray hair flying in the strong wind. Tears welled up in her eyes as she nodded repeatedly, “I understand, I really do.”

Nolan’s slender fingertips gently tucked the stray strands of hair behind her ear. His lowered eyes held a rare touch of tenderness as he said, “As you wish.”

Peyton looked at him incredulously, as if she thought she had misheard.

Nolan bent down and lifted Chris towards him. The sea breeze swept up the hem of Nolan’s clothes, causing a strand or two of his hair, which was fixed behind his head, to slip down onto his forehead.

The sunlight cast a gentle glow on Nolan. In that moment, Peyton unexpectedly saw tenderness in Nolan's eyes, making her feel like she was in a dream.

Peyton dared not question his thoughts and quickly placed her hand on his palm.

Their fingertips touched, and with a slight force, Nolan pulled Peyton into his arms.

"Go home."

Nolan coldly uttered two words, shattering Peyton's fantasy. She had no choice but to take a step and follow him.

Chapter 129 Farewell, Little Island

As Eric and Rene passed by, the two children looked at her with reluctance.

Peyton smiled slightly at them to reassure.

Phillip remained silent, watching Peyton board the helicopter. He knew it wasn't the right moment.

Phillip thought, "Nolan cannot die here. I cannot bring trouble to the island."

"But once Nolan left the island..."

Phillip's eyes were filled with a fierce look, and at that moment, Nolan turned around as if he sensed something.

The two individuals locked eyes in the air, resembling a stare-down between a lion and a tiger.

They all understood that today was by no means the end.

Peyton left the island without saying goodbye. She looked at the small wooden house and the giant cherry blossom tree. Laci, the neighbor's aunt, and the children stood at the door, all watching Peyton leave.

Phillip quietly turned around and left, the sunlight only capturing his silhouette. He was like a lone wolf, gradually moving further away in the forest.

Goodbye, little island.

Peyton closed his eyes and thought, "It's a pity that I couldn't wait for the cherry blossoms to bloom."

"And if Nolan were to bring me back so conspicuously, I would be discovered, and my plan would be ruined."

"What? Can't bear to?" Nolan's deep voice echoed in her ear.

Peyton is now very careful with his words, afraid that any wrong statement might anger Nolan.

She shook her head and for a moment, she didn't know how to respond.

The truth would make Nolan angry, but he could see through lies at a glance.

Her fear of him had penetrated to the core. Peyton didn't even know what to say.

Nolan seemed to realize this as well. He leaned towards her, and Peyton reflexively trembled, like a startled cat. She looked at him with a guarded expression on her face.

Nolan didn't know why, but he felt a bit sorry for her sudden fright. Nolan reached out and pulled her into his arms. Peyton didn't dare to struggle and stayed still, leaning against his chest, listening to his strong and powerful heartbeat.

She hunched her body, unable to guess Nolan's thoughts, nor could she guess how he would torment her next.

The plane landed on the Dalton's mansion's runway, and Peyton was suddenly filled with fear and apprehension.

Even when she got off the plane, her legs were trembling, and Nolan noticed it.

Vouchers

Peyton was particularly like a stray cat in the wild. After experiencing abuse from humans, they were especially wary of humans.

Whenever Nolan looked at Peyton, his eyes were filled with fear.

Just like now, even though he didn't do anything, he just glanced at her from the corner of his eye, and her body trembled slightly.

Although Peyton came back, he became even more sensitive and even timider than before.

She would carefully examine Nolan's expression and dare not speak her mind casually anymore.

This kind of Peyton made Nolan feel quite annoyed.

Peyton stared at his back and felt like he was angry again. Peyton thought, "But I didn't do anything, I didn't say anything. Why is he angry?"

Peyton secretly touched the pocket where the gun was hidden, hoping that she would never have to use it.

As soon as Olivia entered, she took Chris to one side to play, while Peyton followed behind Nolan and went upstairs.

She entered the door with her front foot, and the next second the door closed behind her.

The room was not lit, the blackout curtains were tightly closed, leaving only a slit for the light to seep in. Peyton saw dust dancing in that beam of light, as well as Nolan's rolling Adam's apple.

His face remained hidden in the darkness, so Peyton couldn't see any expression on it.

Her lips and neck were exposed to the sunlight. In the darkness, a hand

40 (Vouchers

caressed Peyton's lips, and the rough fingers still felt warm.

She didn't know what new torment Nolan had come up with. Just as she was about to speak, Nolan's slender fingertips slid from her lips all the way down to her delicate and petite collarbone.

In the darkness, Nolan's breathing grew heavier, and Peyton couldn't quite figure out his thoughts.

Just as Peyton was about to speak, she saw Nolan turn his head and lean towards her. His face flashed in the sunlight and the next second, it was pressed against her lips.

Chapter 130 Did **He** Touch **You**?

Peyton widened his eyes.

These days, she has fantasized countless times about the actions Nolan would have taken if he had caught her.

But the current situation exceeded her expectations.

How could this happen?

Nolan was like a traveler in the desert, longing for a source of water. Finally, he found a pool of clear spring water. He kissed it delicately, tasted it, afraid of losing it.

Peyton's heart was pounding.

She looked at Nolan in the sunlight. His trembling long eyelashes covered the expression in his eyes, making it difficult for her to discern his thoughts at that moment.

The tenderness that had not been experienced for a long time unexpectedly appeared on Nolan.

Just as she was lost in thought, Nolan suddenly bit her lips hard.

Nolan's voice was cold, "Are you thinking about him again?"

Peyton was helpless and thought, "Oh my goodness, my mind is filled with thoughts of you right now, I don't have the time to think about anything else."

Peyton said coldly with a stern face, "No, how many times do you want me to say it? We are just ordinary friends."

"Huh." He chuckled coldly.

It was obvious that in Nolan's eyes she was a cheating wife, and he refused to believe anything she said.

Not only did Nolan not believe, but his emotions became even more extreme. His fingertips caressed Peyton's face, his voice heavy, "Did he touch you?"

Peyton's eyes widened, seemingly not expecting him to say such words. Her voice grew colder, "No, you stop right there!"

Every word of his was like a knife cutting open her heart, and then sprinkling salt little by little. The wounds on her body were nothing compared to the pain in her heart.

"He touched your hand." Nolan was like a paranoid child. His fingers slid, trapping her fingers one by one within his five fingers.

Peyton opened his mouth, but only managed to utter one word in anger.

She didn't know how to explain.

Peyton had to suppress her emotions and not let herself anger Nolan.

Her compromising posture was also a provocation, and Nolan bent down to pick her up and headed toward the bathroom.

Peyton instinctively grabbed at the clothes on his chest. Unpleasant memories resurfaced in her mind, causing her body to tremble instinctively.

Peyton thought fearfully, "Is he going crazy again?"

Nolan gently placed her in the bathtub and said softly, "Don't be afraid, I will wash you clean."

Peyton thought Tearfully, "It's the damn cleaning again!"

Peyton thought of the feeling of cold water penetrating her bones and quickly shook her head, "Nolan, don't, don't treat me like that."

The shower head turned on, and the rising mist filled the bathroom.

Fortunately, this time it was hot water.

Nolan's fingers moved, and he began to peel off her coat.

One by one, soon only the last layer remained to cover.

In the past, the two of them had done more intimate things, but Nolan hasn't touched Peyton for two years.

Having experienced all these ups and downs, Peyton's emotions towards him were a complex mix of love, hate, anger, and various other feelings.

Peyton felt even more disgusted by his touch.

"Don't touch me!" she crossed her arms in front of her chest, refusing Nolan's approach.

Nolan looked at Peyton. She sat in the bathtub, hugging her knees, with teary eyes and a clear expression of resistance on her face.

He lowered his head and stared at her with cold, icy eyes.

"What? I can't even touch you now?" Nolan sneered.

Peyton clearly felt Nolan's breath turning extremely cold, especially in those eyes, which had no warmth at all.

He seemed to misunderstand even more. Nolan didn't say a word as he got up, with a clear sneer in his eyes, about to leave.

Peyton knew what Nolan wanted to do.

It's not her who is unlucky, it must be the people around her.

Peyton grabbed Nolan's wrist.

"Don't go."

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