

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte

Chapter 131-140

Chapter 131 Don't Go Anywhere

Nolan stopped in his tracks and looked down at her without saying a word. Except for the sound of water flowing, the bathroom was silent.

The hand that held onto his wrist was warm and moist, just like the current stalemate between the two of them.

Peyton could only say insincere words, "Don't go."

Nolan pinched her chin and spoke in a cold tone, "At this point, you were still playing leading for him."

Peyton found it difficult to communicate with him. No matter what she said, Nolan only had one thing on his mind – she had betrayed him.

The annoyance in her heart rose again. Just thinking about Eric and Rene's youthful faces made her let out a sigh.

Then she stood up from the bathtub and, disregarding the fact that she was soaked, embraced Nolan.

The water vapor gradually spread on his white shirt, but Nolan didn't move away.

She held him carefully and lightly touched his Adam's apple with her red lips. Immediately, she felt Nolan's body tense up.

It was like a bow that had been pulled taut, ready to be released.

"Nolan, I didn't betray you," she said softly, her voice filled with sadness and grievance.

The hand **hanging** by the man's **side** suddenly wrapped around her, **and** a scorching kiss fell.

Peyton frowned but dared not push him again.

They became intimate again after two years. Looking at the chest that she used to be so fond of and rely on, Peyton felt disgusted at the thought that he had also done these things naked with Helena before.

She tightly bit her lip, not wanting to let out even a tiny bit of sound.

Realizing her intention, Nolan mercilessly pried open her lips.

Peyton was forced to look up, and even in this matter, he maintained his habit of crushing her self-esteem as usual.

The bathtub accommodated two people, and the water slowly overflowed.

“Peytie,” he said, propping himself up and looking down at her, while Peyton blushed on both cheeks.

Nolan lifted her hand and forcefully squeezed his fingers into the gaps between hers.

This was their favorite gesture in the past, holding hands tightly.

When the emotions were strong, Nolan’s phone rang.

Helena’s exclusive ringtone rang.

Peyton breathed a sigh of relief and had never felt that Helena was so lovely.

Nolan wanted to continue, but the ringing sound echoed repeatedly in the bathroom like a death knell.

Peyton pushed his body and said, “Catch it.”

Nolan was annoyed by the noise and had to let her go.

His tall body stepped out of the bathtub, and the water in the bathtub instantly decreased a lot.

Nolan answered the phone impatiently. Peyton didn’t know what Helena said. The wrinkles on Nolan’s forehead deepened and he hung up the phone displeased.

Nolan grabbed the bathrobe hanging on the side and said helplessly, "I have something to do outside, wait for me at home."

Nolan seemed uneasy and added, "Don't go anywhere!"

Watching his hurried departure, Peyton finally relaxed her tense body.

Luckily, he didn't have time to do the final step.

She didn't know when it started that the man she had once deeply loved made her feel disgusted even with just a touch.

Peyton kept squeezing the shower gel.

The bathtub was filled with foam. She kept wiping every spot on her body that he had touched, washing herself over and over again with clean water.

The warm water thoroughly soaked her body, and Peyton looked at her blurry reflection on the glass through the misty steam.

Could she escape today, but could she escape tomorrow?

Nolan was even more despicable than before.

At that time, he ignored her and hated her, but at least she was **free**.

Unlike now, Nolan seemed to have added a chain to her body and mind at **the** same time.

Peyton got up after soaking her skin until it turned red.

Since she couldn't avoid it, she had to move forward with courage.

Peyton immediately dialed Bruce's phone number and asked, "Bruce, what did you find out?" i

Chapter 132 **Is Her Child Still Alive?**

She had been away for so many days, so logically speaking, Bruce would have helped her find some clues.

When he heard her voice again, Bruce's first concern was her physical

condition.

“Peyton, are you okay?”

After the incident on the boat, Bruce kept thinking about her. He called her several times afterward, but there was no response.

“Sorry for making you worry, I was temporarily out of touch for a while, but now everything is fine.”

Bruce finally relaxed and said, “It’s good that everything is fine. The things you asked me to investigate earlier did yield some results. Can we meet and discuss it in detail?”

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Peyton sighed, realizing that she had not yet gotten rid of Phillip and now had Bruce as well. Furthermore, she had no idea what Nolan was up to.

“Bruce, to be honest, I’m afraid it might alert him. I suspect that there might be someone around me monitoring my every move. When you were investigating, did you manage to avoid drawing their attention?”

Bruce shook his head, “Don’t worry, I know what to do. The person **you** mentioned, Dr. Yoder, had already resigned on the third day after Caitlyn’s death.”

“**Resigned?** What about that man?” Peyton frowned. No wonder she had felt **the doctor’s** gaze hostile at that time.

“He resigned the day before in front of Dr. Yoder. I conducted a

detailed investigation specifically, and it turns out that this man was a temporary worker who came in through Dr. Yoder’s connections, even his name was fake.”

“What about Dr. Yoder? She has a medical license, so she can’t be fake, right?”

“Dr. Yoder, originally named Marlie Yoder, studied medicine in college, just like us, but she graduated a few years ahead of us. After graduating from college, she went abroad for further studies and only returned this year.”

Bruce paused and continued, "I found something interesting too. She had once received financial support from your father."

Peyton was taken aback. This was clearly no longer a coincidence.

"Bruce, besides this, is there anything else? Like Marlie's family and friends, and also Caitlyn."

"Don't worry, I will tell you one by one slowly," Bruce reassured.

"Marlie grew up in a single-parent family. Her parents divorced when she was very young, and she lived with her mother. However, a few years ago, her mother passed away due to illness, and she went abroad to pursue her career. As for her father, she hasn't had any contact with him for many years."

From this background, Peyton didn't get anything. It's unlikely that Kason also hurt Marlie, right?

Peyton recalled the previous list, and her name was not on it.

"I can only find information about Marlie up until here, I don't even **know** what happened to her after she left the job. Then **there's** Caitlyn, her **parents** and family have already immigrated abroad."

"By the way, after Caitlyn died, her parents did not come back from abroad. I found out that she had been despised by her parents as a daughter since she was young, often being beaten and scolded. She had a very introverted personality and later dropped out of school due to pregnancy."

Peyton's mind was filled with Caitlyn's pale face again, "Are her children still there?"

If it was really Kason who did it, they would be able to find the DNA of that child.

"Sorry Peyton, she dropped out of school shortly after getting pregnant, and during that period I couldn't find any trace of her. It was said that she had an abortion, but I specifically had someone check several public and private hospitals, and there was no information matching Caitlyn having an abortion during that time."

Peyton's eyes lit up. She thought about Caitlyn constantly repeating the incident of her child being taken away, "So it's possible that her child is alive!"

The interrupted road lit up again, giving her an important clue.

Chapter 133 I Thought **You're Chris'** Biological **Mother**

Peyton was in a great mood and repeatedly thanked Bruce, "Thank you, Bruce. You helped me a lot."

Now as long as they found Caitlyn's child and did a paternity test with Kason, they could prove that Kason wasn't a jerk.

"Peyton, don't worry. I will continue to search for that man's whereabouts. However, it seems that he had already prepared himself to be pursued and did a great job in covering his tracks. Therefore, I cannot find him for the time being and it will take some more time."

"Knock, knock, knock."

Olivia's voice came from outside, "Mrs. Dalton, have you finished taking a shower?"

Peyton hung up the phone in a hurry and then put away her cellphone before opening the door. "Hmm."

"Mrs. Dalton must be hungry. I had already prepared the meal. Please come down and have dinner after changing your clothes."

Olivia was as enthusiastic as ever. Peyton's stomach was hurting again, so she obediently went downstairs.

"Mum, Mum!"

She had just gotten off when she heard Chris's voice in her ear. Chris, who was playing with toys, ran towards her with his little butt

twisting.

All of Peyton's unhappiness disappeared in that moment. **She** hugged

Chris tightly and said, "Sweetie."

Chris smiled at her with drool, which was very cute. Peyton thought of Nolan's words. Fortunately, she wasn't so impulsive at the time.

Peyton tidied up the little one's small padlock and carried him to the table.

During that week on the island, she had already gotten used to taking care of the children.

Olivia laughed and said, "Look how happy Chris is. People may think you're his mother."

Olivia, who was used to being careless, quickly covered her mouth after speaking and said, "Mrs. Dalton. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

"Nothing."

Peyton and Chris had a great time eating. After finishing, Peyton suddenly realized something.

If Nolan had been called away by Helena before, how could she have eaten anything? She would have surely waited with tears in her eyes, watching him leave.

Until **it** got dark. Until she had a stomachache.

It seemed that she had slowly let go of her love for Nolan.

But she didn't stay happy for long, as Lucian stood at the door and hesitantly said, "Mrs. Dalton, I'm here to pick up young Mr. Dalton."

Peyton's smile froze on her face as she gently released her grip on Chris's hand.

Yes, Nolan was not hers and the child was **not** hers either.

Lucian walked up to her and whispered, "Mrs. Dalton, **I'm** sorry."

After speaking, Lucian took the child away. Chris's crying could be heard, and Peyton wanted to reach out and grab his hand.

But she thought about her identity. Who was she to the child? Why did she have the right to keep him?

In the end, Peyton could only let his hands hang weakly at his sides and watch as Chris, who was crying uncontrollably, left.

Olivia washed the dishes and left the villa. Peyton was left alone in the big house.

There was a guard at the entrance of the villa, which seemed to give her great freedom, but actually imprisoned her here.

Peyton stood in front of the large French window, looking at her clear reflection inside. She forced a grimace. Whether it was in the past or present, she had always been alone.

But this time, she didn't have anyone to wait for anymore.

Returning to the room, she hugged her knees and watched as the night enveloped the entire world, with a full moon hanging in the sky.

Peyton thought of the people on the island. At that time, Eric and Rene should have already fallen asleep.

It seemed that she should have a good talk with Nolan.

In the early morning, the door of the bedroom was pushed open.

Chapter 134 The Truth

When Nolan dealt with the Chase family, he thought Peyton would be waiting for him in the living room.

As usual, no matter how late he came back, he could always see a small figure sleeping on the sofa in the living room.

She always kept a light on.

But when he pushed open the front door today, the room was dark and Peyton wasn't on the sofa.

He drank some alcohol and was slightly drunk.

If it were in the past, Peyton would have already come up and complained while making tea for him at this time.

Although she used to nag, she was Nolan's favorite.

Unlike now, even when the room was filled with heating, he still felt cold.

Nolan pushed open the door and could vaguely see a lump on the bed in the dim light outside.

She had already slept.

Peyton had just fallen asleep when she was suddenly pulled into a warm body, and the smell of alcohol in the air woke her up from her dream.

"Did **you** drink alcohol?"

Upon hearing the voice that woke her up from her dream, Nolan unwillingly said, "Peyton, you changed your mind."

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Peyton looked as if he had heard a joke, "Are you kidding me? Weren't you the one who changed your mind first?"

Nolan held her tightly in his arms, and he seemed less aggressive, like a large dog.

A low and hoarse voice, with a hint of drunkenness, sounded in her ear, "I didn't cheat on you, never did."

Peyton only said the drunken words when he had the right to say he hadn't changed his mind, after all, he and Helena's son were both one year old.

But she understood Nolan's personality and at this time could only agree with him, otherwise she wouldn't be able to sleep tonight.

She dared not move and could only curl up quietly in Nolan's arms, afraid of provoking him.

It did make Nolan feel relieved, and he tightened his hand around her waist. He even rested his head on Peyton's shoulder.

“Peytie, I finally found you after a lot of effort. Can you please stop running away?”

She hadn't heard that coaxing tone for a long time.

If it were two months ago, she might have been pleasantly surprised, but now her emotions are stable without any fluctuations.

She knew he was just drunk and he would return to his normal state when the day broke.

They couldn't even respect each other, only endless quarrels between them.

That night, Nolan held her tightly, as if he had found a precious treasure that was lost and regained.

There were no harsh words, only gentleness.

He fell asleep quickly, but Peyton was used to sleeping alone. The sudden presence of a hot body next to her kept her awake for a long time.

Her mind was full of Caitlyn's death,

Making sure that Nolan was already fast asleep, she slowly slid out of his embrace.

After putting on a coat, Peyton walked carefully to the study.

She didn't know whether to say he was promiscuous or faithful. The password is still Peyton's birthday and has never changed.

Peyton reopened the safe and took out the file folder that she had only glanced at hastily earlier that day.

There must have been something she had overlooked. Paula's death, Kason, Caitlyn, there must have been some connection between them.

Peyton didn't rush to look at other people's files this time, but instead focused on Paula's file bag.

For Nolan, her death was a taboo, and Peyton used to be afraid to even mention it. So that night, she didn't take a close look at anything

related to Paula.

In the safe, besides some toys from Paula's childhood, there was only one paper bag left.

Peyton thought to herself that after she died, her entire life would perhaps **be reduced** to a stack of papers documenting her past, only **to**

be forgotten by people completely in ten years' time.

Paula's foster parents died many years ago. But she surely had friends.

People could not live **in** this world without leaving a trace.

Peyton took pictures of the information with her phone, believing that the truth must be hidden in them.

As she was filming nervously, a chilly voice suddenly came from the door, "Have you seen enough?"

Chapter 135 **No Intention Of Hiding From You**

Peyton looked up and met the eyes of the man standing by the door. Nolan had not taken off his clothes before sleeping, so his shirt was wrinkled and the collar had a few buttons undone.

Nolan lazily leaned against the door. Although his hair was a bit messy, it didn't diminish his sharp beauty in the slightest.

Peyton was always feeling guilty. Her relationship with Nolan was complicated and constantly entangled

Peyton had previously upset Nolan. When thinking about the people on the island, Peyton's first reaction was fear.

"I... I couldn't sleep," Peyton explained anxiously, watching Nolan approach her step by step.

Peyton knelt on the ground. Nolan, being tall, blocked the light above Peyton's head, casting a shadow over her.

Nolan's gaze was clear. He had sobered up a bit from his alcohol. There was no emotion in his pitch-black pupils, making it difficult for her to decipher his feelings.

Peyton hurriedly tried to put the documents back, stammering as he explained, "I was just looking around."

A hand grabbed Peyton's wrist, the hand was hot and strong.

Peyton's heart tightened, and he instinctively pleaded, "I was wrong, I shouldn't have touched your sister's files, please don't be angry..."

Nolan held Peyton's hand and looked down at the woman in front of

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him, thinking, "Since when did Peyton's eyes no longer hold love or hatred towards me, only endless fear?"

"It was very late," Nolan's voice was hoarse.

Peyton looked at Nolan with confusion.

Nolan took the documents from Peyton's hand and bent down to lift her up. "You have plenty of time to look at this during the day," he

said.

Peyton widened his eyes in astonishment and thought, "Does Nolan mean I can freely enter the study? Can I even freely look at anything of his?"

It seemed that Nolan could see Peyton's thoughts, and he calmly said, "I didn't change the password, so I didn't intend to hide anything from you."

Peyton was placed back onto the soft bed by Nolan. The iron arm wrapped around her waist once again, as Nolan tightly held her in his embrace.

A muffled sound came from above Peyton's head, "Now you should rest."

Peyton stared at the silver buttons on Nolan's shirt. The surface of the buttons gleamed with a cold silver glow in the darkness.

At such a close distance, Peyton could clearly hear Nolan's heartbeat.

Peyton was completely confused and had no idea what Nolan was thinking.

"If you don't want to sleep, I don't mind continuing with the unfinished **tasks** from the day."

Peyton trembled in fear, quickly closed their eyes, and dared not make any further movements.

Peyton only realized that Nolan got drunk tonight.

Nolan gazed at Peyton, who lay motionless and curled up in his arms, with a hint of profound meaning in his eyes.

Peyton and Nolan had not slept in each other's arms for a long time. As soon as Peyton opened their eyes, they saw Nolan's handsome sleeping face.

At this moment, time seemed to have turned back three years ago. Peyton could see Nolan as soon as she opened her eyes.

Nolan, with a few strands of hair softly resting on his usually smooth forehead, closed his eyes tightly. In this moment, Nolan appeared harmless, devoid of the coldness he used to possess.

There was a faint stubble of greenish-blue on Nolan's tightly clenched jaw, and even in his sleep, his brows were furrowed.

Peyton instinctively raised her hand to smooth out the furrow on Nolan's brow. But as she lifted her hand, she realized they had already divorced. Just as she was about to retract her hand, Nolan's eyes opened at that moment.

The two of them locked eyes, and Peyton saw tiny dust particles dancing in the air.

Peyton's hand remained stiffly raised in the air. It was quite awkward for her whether she withdrew her hand now or not.

Peyton was still hesitating on how to resolve the current awkwardness. Nolan tightened his grip around her waist. Suddenly, Nolan leaned **down** and his thin lips landed on her lips without any warning.

Chapter 136 Let's **Make A Deal**

Peyton paused for a moment. When she regained her senses, her first reaction was to push Nolan away.

Not because of anything else, but simply because Nolan had touched someone else's body before touching her, Peyton would only feel disgusted.

Peyton's struggle had no effect. Nolan deepened the kiss by covering the back of her head with his large palm.

Nolan forcefully pried open Peyton's lips and dominated everything about her in a domineering and powerful manner.

Peyton frowned and wanted to bite Nolan, but he caught her. He reached out and firmly held her cheeks, making his possession even more aggressive.

The natural physical disparity between men and women, Peyton could only let Nolan dominate.

When Peyton thought she would suffocate to death, Nolan finally let her go.

A strand of silver thread broke off from their lips. Peyton stared at Nolan with red eyes, like an angry little rabbit.

Nolan looked coldly and said, "What, am I not allowed to touch you?"

Without waiting for Peyton to answer, the fingers pinching her cheek gradually tightened, and a coldness **filled** the man's lowered **eyes**.

Peyton frowned and thought, "Why is this person acting like a

"Let go!" Peyton struggled to pull Nolan's hand away. "If you want to make love, go find Helena. She is your fiancée."

"Peyton, I see that you have become braver."

Nolan was infuriated by Peyton's actions. He reached out and slipped his hand into the

corner of her clothes, his palm covering her smooth skin, causing her to tremble slightly.

Peyton, having learned from previous lessons, dared not resist too much, fearing it would only further anger Nolan.

Peyton was forced to endure. Nolan saw her give up resistance, and there was a hint of silent humiliation in her eyes. Nolan released her and went to the bathroom.

Peyton rubbed his sore cheek that Nolan had pinched and thought, "Nolan's temperament has become more unpredictable compared to before."

Peyton silently reminded herself not to anger Nolan anymore.

Ten minutes later, the refreshed man walked out. There was still steam on his head. Without looking sideways, he walked past Peyton and went to the wardrobe.

Peyton knew very well that annoying Nolan would only put her in a more passive situation.

Peyton opened the other side of the wardrobe and took out a suit, "How about this one?"

It was a set of ash-colored suit, both dignified and elegant, without the overpowering feeling of black. This suit was perfect for Nolan's

schedule **today**.

Nolan approached Peyton step by step. She thought he would reject her kindness. However, Nolan leaned on her side with one hand. Peyton instinctively stepped back.

Nolan pressed on relentlessly, until Peyton's body lay back against his soft clothing. He trapped her in the cramped closet.

Peyton felt nervous as he met Nolan's eyes, feeling at a loss.

"You..."

Nolan reached out and caressed Peyton's cheek, "It's been a while since you picked out clothes for me."

Peyton's heart fluttered as she thought, "This man always manages to easily strike a chord in my heart."

"Wasn't it you who didn't come home?" Peyton's voice sounded reproachful and resigned.

Nolan leaned down and kissed Peyton's lips. Peyton had to wrap her arms around his neck to steady herself.

The cramped space made Peyton breathless, but she dared not push Nolan away again and was forced to accept his kiss.

Nolan couldn't say for sure whether his feelings towards Peyton were more love than hate or more hate than love, but he was certain about one thing.

He had thought that the woman he could let go of was deeply engraved in his heart.

Even though there was deep hatred between them, even though there were thorns everywhere, he still wanted to break through those thorns and embrace her again.

Nolan's mind was filled with only one thing, which was to kiss her, possess her, and make her belong to him.

Nolan's lowered eyes were filled with deep affection, wrapping around Peyton like vines.

Nolan said in a hoarse voice, "Peyton, let's make a deal."

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Chapter 137 I'D Rather Be Your Mother Than The Third Party

"Deal?" Peyton looked at Nolan, confused.

Peyton didn't know that she had nothing now, and had nothing to trade with Nolan.

The cramped and narrow space, along with the stagnant air, made Peyton feel suffocated, like a fish out of water. Sweat started to form on Peyton's back.

Nolan leaned forward slightly, and a droplet of water slid from the end of his hair onto Peyton's face, giving her a momentary coolness.

Nolan looked serious and said, "Stay by my side, and I will settle the grudge between me and the Schmitt family."

Peyton chewed on Nolan's words repeatedly. Her clear gaze collided with his dark eyes as she calmly asked, "In what capacity do you want me to stay by your side?"

Nolan paused and spoke, "I can give you anything except becoming Mrs. Dalton."

Peyton asked, word by word, "So you wanted me to be wanted me to be your mistress?"

Such words brought displeasure to Nolan. He rubbed his forehead and tried to explain, "Apart from not having a title, we were just like before."

"Before..." Peyton chuckled lightly, knowing full well that she should **have** shown weakness and acted obediently in order to negotiate better with Nolan. However, the condition Nolan proposed infuriated her to

the point of a headache.

Peyton felt like a huge balloon filled with gas that was about to explode on the spot.

Peyton's hand, leaning against the wardrobe, didn't know what it had touched. She smiled and approached Nolan, "Can **you** really give me anything?"

It had been a long time since Nolan had seen Peyton's bright and radiant smile. It was then that he realized that, instead of hating her, he actually wanted to see her smile.

Nolan seemed to be enchanted by Peyton, and he nodded calmly, saying, "Yes, what do you want?"

Peyton got closer to Nolan. Her red lips landed on his ear, "I wanted..."

Thinking about the way Peyton kissed his Adam's apple, Nolan swallowed nervously.

Peyton hurled the tie box she had just touched towards Nolan's head.

"I wanted you dead, why don't you just die and show me? You bastard, I really wonder how you can say such shameless words. Are you out of your mind? We have already divorced, and you still want me to be your mistress? You really think highly of yourself."

Nolan didn't realize Peyton's intentions, so he was hit by the box. He winced in pain. Peyton grabbed his collar and continued, "If you love me, why did you get engaged to Helena? And if you're getting engaged to Helena now, why do you insist on clinging to me? Or is this just your special fetish? Do you find cheating exciting?"

Nolan was not angry when he was hit, but this statement crossed his bottom line.

"Peyton, shut up,

"Shut the fuck up, Nolan! You caused my family to be destroyed, the Schmitt family to go bankrupt, and my father to never wake up again. Where do you get the audacity to say such shameless words? I'm going to kill you today!"

Nolan was furious. He grabbed Peyton out of the closet with one hand. Peyton took the opportunity to punch and kick him.

"Let me be your mistress? Dream on! I have never seen such a scumbag like you in my entire life! Even if all the men in the world were dead, I would never be with you!"

Peyton was furious, his face turning red. He burst out, "I would rather be your mother than your lover. I should have strangled you when you were born."

Nolan was also scolded by Peyton's words, his face turning red. Anger surged in his black pupils, and he raised his hand, ready to strike Peyton's face.

Peyton, with a neck full of anger, bravely said, "Come on! You better kill me!"

Chapter 138 He Was Going To Get Engaged.

Peyton closed her eyes, prepared to be slapped. However, the imagined slap never came.

When Peyton opened her eyes again, all she saw was Nolan picking up the charcoal gray suit she had chosen and leaving. Immediately after, he slammed the bedroom door shut, making a deafening noise.

There was only Peyton left in the room, and she weakly collapsed onto the ground.

No one knew that Peyton was so angry that her whole body was soaked in sweat, and she is still trembling all over, not knowing if it was from anger or fear.

Just now, Nolan's expression was incredibly terrifying, Peyton thought she wouldn't survive tonight.

Since Peyton and Nolan got together, she had never cursed at him like this. Not to mention her, probably no one else had ever done such a thing.

Peyton touched her chest, and her heart in her chest was beating rapidly, still not having regained its calmness.

A few minutes later, Olivia hurriedly ran up. She looked at Peyton's pale face and sighed helplessly, "Mrs. Dalton, what did you just do? I have never seen Mr. Dalton so angry before."

Peyton finally came to his senses and brushed his hair away from his face with a helpless smile. "It's nothing, I just had an argument with him."

As soon as Olivia heard these words, she became unhappy and quickly sat beside Peyton, advising, “Mrs. Dalton, although Mr. Dalton has found a mistress outside, I always feel that he doesn’t have much affection for that woman. Even when you were not around, he used to come back to the Dalton’s mansion to rest every day.”

“Take the incident of you and Chris disappearing, for example. Mr. Dalton stayed awake for several days without eating or drinking. He was so well before, but he got sick from all the worry. You probably don’t know how many days Mr. Dalton was ill. He only started looking better these past two days.”

Olivia placed both hands on Peyton’s shoulders and said, “Don’t blame me for meddling. I watched Mr. Dalton grow up. You are the only woman he brought home. His feelings for you are truly incomparable to ordinary people. If he did something wrong, he should be punished, but you shouldn’t cut off his sincere feelings for you.”

“Really?” Peyton thought of Nolan’s face again, a faint smirk appearing at the corner of her mouth. “I can’t afford such sincerity.”

“Mrs. Dalton...”

“Stop talking, Olivia. I know what’s going on,” Peyton didn’t want to hear Olivia speak well of Nolan anymore.

Olivia sighed deeply and said, “Mrs. Dalton, I am doing this for your good. You know Mr. Dalton’s temperament. If you insist on confronting him, in the end, it will be you who will suffer.”

Peyton was startled.

Peyton didn’t like a single word of what Olivia said before, but the last sentence was indeed true.

“I can tell that Mr. Dalton has feelings for **you**. After all that has happened, I’m afraid he won’t let you go again. If you continue to resist

him, the only person who will benefit is that woman. Mrs. Dalton, life **is** long. **If** you can’t make a choice, why not make your days more.

comfortable? The path you are currently taking is a dead end that will only bring pain to both of you.”

Peyton thought about that island and remembered the unfinished tasks he had.

Peyton knew that if she was constantly confined here by Nolan, she would have no way out but death.

“I understood, Olivia.”

“You understand, that’s good. Actually, this man is just like a child. If you appease them, everything will be fine. Mrs. Dalton, don’t let that woman take advantage of you for no reason.”

Peyton still held the box to smash Nolan, thinking, “I had agreed to talk to him. This one smash might completely destroy the little bit of affection between us.”

Sure enough, that afternoon, Peyton came across a message on their phone.

The originally postponed engagement banquet was scheduled for the end of this month.

In the scene, Nolan was wearing a serious expression in the ash gray suit chosen by Peyton, while Helena was holding his arm with a smiling face.

Peyton felt that Nolan and Helena looked like a perfect couple. Peyton felt **as** if her healed wounds were instantly torn open by someone’s hand.

Chapter 139 Rather Jump From The Dalton Group Than Eat Her Food

Olivia saw that Peyton’s face was pale, so she quickly took her phone away.

“Mrs. Dalton, what are you looking at these for? They’re very

unhealthy. If you want to watch something, watch some videos about young male idols. I heard that the recently debuted idol group XO has great figures, they can even dance better than women.”

Peyton felt a little gloomy, but Olivia's words made her laugh. "You understand this?"

Olivia placed her hand on Mrs. Dalton's shoulder and advised, "Mrs. Dalton, even the smartest person is not perfect. We all make mistakes to learn what is right and wrong. Don't punish yourself for the mistakes of others."

Peyton felt stunned. She didn't expect Olivia to stand on her side.

"Since Mr. Dalton could divorce you, he could naturally divorce her as well, so you should wait a bit longer. He must have..."

Peyton didn't want to continue listening to Nolan, so she interrupted him directly, "Hmm, I know. Prepare some ingredients. I'll come and cook dinner tonight."

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Olivia's eyes lit up. It was rare for Peyton to take the initiative to be friendly to Nolan.

In her eyes, the first spouse is still the best. Nolan was just impulsive for a moment. He and Helena couldn't last long.

"Okay, I'll call Mr. Dalton right away."

Peyton turned off her phone with a cold face and stood up.

She thought about the past two years, the Schmitt family was gone, and her father remained unconscious.

Her transformation into what she is today is not entirely due to Nolan. It is also because she was so immersed in love that she forgot

everything around her, which gave others an opportunity to take advantage of her.

There wasn't much time left. Peyton couldn't waste any more time arguing with Nolan.

Putting away the sharp blade and wearing a mask is also a way of growing up

President's office.

Everyone was trembling and hardly dared to breathe, afraid of being sent to a remote branch by Nolan.

Lucian stood beside Nolan with a thick stack of documents in his hand. Nolan's brow had not relaxed since the morning.

"Mr. Dalton, the news of your engagement to Ms. Chase had spread all over the internet."

Nolan looked down at the documents in front of him without answering, but Lucian knew he wasn't really reading them.

Nolan had been staring at this page for a full five minutes, and the document was upside down.

"Just now, there was a phone call from the Dalton's mansion..."

Nolan's eyes brightened. He said coldly, "Did she want to go out?"

Peyton had a big temper tantrum this morning. He thought Peyton was going to ask to leave again.

"No, Mrs. Dalton cooked dinner herself. Olivia asked if you wanted to come back for dinner?"

Nolan's face immediately relaxed. He snorted coldly and said, "Tell her I'm not available."

Lucian thought and thought, and finally said, "Mr. Dalton, too many things have happened to Mrs. Dalton in the past two years. She looks much thinner than before. Please be kind to Mrs. Dalton."

Nolan pointed to the red mark under his chin and said, "Do you think she was gentle?"

"Mrs. Dalton knew she was wrong, so she took the initiative to give you a way out."

Nolan slammed the file on the table and said, "She thinks I'll accept her offer just because she gave me a way out? Does she really think I can't live without her? I forgave her for running away. What else does she want?"

Nolan's mind was filled with images of Peyton and Phillip holding hands on the island. He suppressed his hatred and let out a long sigh.

He slammed the table and said, "Even if I jumped off the Dalton Group tonight, I wouldn't go to eat the meal she cooked."

Lucian told Olivia about Nolan's reply. Five minutes later, Nolan's private phone rang. After answering the call, his face visibly relaxed a lot.

"**Suit** yourself," he hung up the phone, with a curve of his lips.

Under Lucian's inquiring gaze, Nolan cleared his throat and explained, "**She** came to deliver food. I didn't ask her to come."

Lucian was very speechless.

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Chapter 140 She Still Couldn'T Stand The Light

No one knew Nolan's preferences better than Peyton did. It wasn't difficult to please him, but the challenge was whether he would give others the chance.

In the past, Peyton prepared dinner countless times and waited for him to eat together. However, even if she waited until midnight, he still didn't show up.

He was really heartless. No matter what she said or did, she couldn't see him.

This phone call was her litmus test. Obviously, he was no longer as heartless as before.

After preparing dinner, Peyton took a ride to Nolan's company.

Peyton held the food box and thought carefully. The mastermind behind the scenes knew everything about them, which indicated that the person was likely around Nolan.

Who would that have been?

Jayson and Lucian were obviously not the masterminds behind the scenes. Olivia was carefree and couldn't keep a secret. Could the mastermind behind the scenes be an employee of Nolan Company?

Before they got divorced, Peyton had never been to Nolan's company. At that time, she thought he was protecting her well enough. Looking back now, it was just a joke.

Everyone knew that he was engaged to Helena. News about the two of them was everywhere.

And her identity, didn't really change. Whether it was in the past or now, she still couldn't see the light.

She took the CEO elevator to the top floor. At this point, all the employees of the company had already left work.

Only Nolan's secretary and staff in the office worked overtime with him.

Peyton stopped in front of the door.

Nolan had six secretaries in total, four men and two women. She could generally recognize them.

Peyton looked over and found herself facing the woman sitting at the workstation in the corner. The woman raised her hand and adjusted her glasses. The reflective lenses made it difficult for Peyton to see the woman's expression.

"Mrs. Dalton, the president's office is ahead," Lucian gestured with an invitation.

The people inside were all busy. Peyton couldn't see much either. In order not to alert anyone, she quickly left.

"Knock, knock, knock."

There was a knock on the door. A voice, as cold as ice, came from inside, "Come in."

Lucian opened the door for her and left quietly. The people in the secretary's office hurriedly greeted him, "Lucian, who is that young -lady?"

After all, Nolan has always been quite disciplined. Apart from his work partners, no other woman has ever appeared quietly at this time.

Lucian reached out and tapped Justin's head. Among the employees in the secretary's office, Justin was the most lively.

"Don't talk nonsense. Did you finish your work?"

Justin touched his forehead and muttered a few words under his breath. Lucian glanced at everyone and said, "Mind your business."

"Yes, Lucian."

Everyone's eyes were full of curiosity. No one dared to comment.

Peyton looked up at Nolan who was working hard. Ironically, she had only come to his office after her divorce.

Nolan seemed immersed in his work and didn't pay attention to Peyton. Peyton put the food box aside and neatly arranged it.

The sky had already darkened. The city in the distance lit up its lights.

Nolan's handsome face looked even colder under the fluorescent light, and his jaw was tightly clenched.

He didn't even look at her. The atmosphere in the room was as silent as death.

Peyton couldn't read Nolan's mind and thought that even though she had insulted him that morning, he didn't lay a hand on her. So, he couldn't possibly hit her now.

She bravely walked step by step towards Nolan. The closer she got to him, the more she could feel his powerful intimidation.

Even though he didn't say a word, he still made people feel scared.

Peyton walked up behind him, intending to say a few kind words with patience. When she saw the back of his head, she instinctively picked up the nearby ashtray.