

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 14

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Chapter 14 I'm Her Family

When it came to drunk behaviors, Kadence had the worst kind.

If Peyton didn't stop her, Kadence would've had group sex with those male escorts. Anyway, Peyton had never seen Kadence cling to a man before and call herself an empty nester.

Noticing Kadence was as drunk as a skunk, Peyton had to take Kadence back to her new rented apartment.

When the care worker heard Peyton was looking for a new place, she recommended her relative's apartment. Peyton figured it would save her the commission fee, and the care worker vouched for it, so Peyton agreed.

The house owner wouldn't return home for the time being. They didn't sign a contract. Peyton talked to the owner on Facebook. After he gave her consent, she moved in and cleaned the place.

Without any papers or records, it would take Nolan ages to find her.

Although the small apartment wasn't as fancy as Schmitt's mansion before its bankruptcy or her wedding house, it was cozy and much more to Peyton's liking. She also kept a few of her dad's favorite tropical fish.

Here, Peyton could see the sea when she opened the window. She used to think Seaview Villa was Nolan's gift for her, but she didn't expect him to let Helena move in the moment Helena went back.

For a long time, Peyton repressed her anger, but now, she realized that the sea she saw would still be the same no matter where she lived.

There was a small terrace in the apartment. Peyton covered it with a thick carpet. After her father's condition was stabilized, she would take him home and let him enjoy the sun in his leisure time.

However, things changed fast. She didn't foresee she would get cancer nor Kason would end up like this.

Peyton felt her stomach churning. She took some meds and went back to lie down in that cramped crib.

Every night, she had to curl up into a ball. Only in this position could she fall asleep for a while.

But tonight, because of the alcohol, she was out like a light. It was already late morning when she woke up the next day.

Kadence made breakfast. There was a tacit understanding that neither of them should bring up what happened last night.

During the day, the grownups liked to act tough. Kadence picked up her high heels and trotted towards the door.

There was a toast in her mouth when she slurred, "The breakfast is in the kitchen. I'm late. I'll be leaving now."

Peyton stopped her. "Kadence, I'll be very busy in the next few days. I can't hang out with you."

"Don't worry. I'm not a nouveau riche who has tons of money to burn. What happened last night is to grieve over our lost youth. Now, I bounce back and realize money is way more important than man! If you need any help, just ask. Don't wear yourself out by doing several part-time jobs."

"Thank you. I will." Peyton embraced Kadence gently.

“Kadence, you’ll find someone nice to you. What you’ve been through

in the past is for a better future.”

Kadence joked, “Why are you consoling me? Didn’t you also get dumped by a nice man? How are you supposed to find someone better than him?”

“How?” Peyton faced the sun and smiled, “Who knows…”

Kadence wanted to leave, but when she saw Peyton’s lonely silhouette, she hugged Peyton from behind. “I’ll be swamped with work these days. After that, we can hang out. It’s about to snow. Take care of yourself even if you can’t find someone to keep you warm.”.

“OK.”

After seeing Kadence off, Peyton cleaned the apartment and turned on her phone.

She was surprised to find Nolan’s missed calls. He probably wanted to talk about the divorce, but unfortunately, she wouldn’t be available in the following days.

Except for Nolan, Colette also called. Then Peyton called her back.

The call was answered very quickly. Colette’s worried voice came from the other end. “Peytie, why didn’t you answer my calls? I was worried sick of you. Do you still need money? I’ll remit it to you right now.”

Hearing the waves crash against the rock, Peyton felt much calmer.

For many years, Peyton was resentful of her mother’s decision. She didn’t know why her mother wanted to abandon her.

What was even more unacceptable was that her mother was Helena’s stepmother. All of the people, why Helena?

No matter how sad Peyton was, the die was cast. Peyton knew there

Was nothing she could do.

“I’m fine, mom. Nolan gave me a sum of money, so you don’t need to worry about dad’s medical bills.”

When Colette recalled Peyton left in the pouring rain, it couldn’t set her mind at ease.

“Where are you now, Peytie? I want to see you. I want to make it up to you.”

Peyton stared at the blue sea and said indifferently, “Mom, if you truly wanted to make it up to me, you would’ve called these years. If you still had feelings for dad, you would’ve visited him after you came back. It was my fault. I was at my wit’s end and forgot you had married someone else. I won’t make the same mistake and ask you for help again.”

“Peytie, I...”

“Mom, just let it stay the same. Dad will take care of me. You never gave birth to me, and I never had a mother, like you.”

Peyton didn’t blame herself for making a fool in front of Helena. She blamed Colette’s nonchalance after Colette left the country.

When she needed her mother the most, her mother was by another man’s side and taking care of his daughter.

Peyton couldn’t change Colette’s decision, so she couldn’t forgive Colette or get over it.

After Peyton hung up, she went to quit her part-time job. Then she texted Nolan, saying she was busy and needed to take a rain check on that divorce.

No matter what the truth was, she and Nolan wouldn’t be together again.

They wouldn’t be friends, let alone lovers.

After getting everything done, Peyton went to the hospital. Alwyn saw Peyton come here alone and felt pitiful for her.

Alwyn hid his sympathy and asked gently, "Scared?"

"I was, but after I saw you, I wasn't."

"Don't worry. I prescribed your chemo drugs. I'll make sure they work well and the side effects are reduced to the minimum."

"Thank you."

At the in-patient department, Peyton felt as if she was in a living hell. For the first time, she saw so many patients of all ages and sexes. They were either wearing wigs or hats.

Several bald middle-aged men didn't care about their appearance and meandered in the corridor. In most wards, patients were undergoing chemotherapy.

Some people were also crying, some staring blankly outside the windows.

When Peyton knew she would soon become one of them, her eyes dimmed. She no longer had hopes for life.

She dragged her feet onward.

Thanks to Alwyn, Peyton was assigned to a private ward. The nurse saw her and said politely, "Are you Ms. Schmitt? Dr. Russell told us you were coming. Please come here and get ready. Meanwhile, tell your family to fill out some admission forms and pay your bills."

Family?

The patients here were often accompanied by one or two families. Only she was all alone. People around her began to commiserate with her because she had cancer and had to go through the chemo alone.

Peyton bit her lips and said awkwardly, "I don't have any family. Just get me a care worker."

"No can do. You need a family to sign the papers." The nurse was in a quandary. "Don't you have a boyfriend? How about your parents, siblings?"

Peyton stood there helplessly, like a lonely and sad kid whose parents didn't come to school and pick her up.

Alwyn suddenly took a step forward. "I'm her family. I'll sign for her."