

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 15

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Chapter 15 After the Operation

Peyton took a grateful look at Alwyn. Alwyn nodded to her and turned to go through the formalities for her.

The nurse patiently explained to Peyton, “Ms. Schmitt, you need to be treated for a long time. You will take chemotherapy drugs through injections, and needle treatment is needed every time for the injection. So your blood vessels have to bear the damage brought by chemotherapy drugs. In severe cases, there will be drug extravasation, and many chemotherapy drugs are corrosive. In order to prevent it, we suggest you first get an infusion port in your arms.”

“To ensure that the drug can be smoothly injected into the vein and various organs of your body, the access will be placed in the vein in advance, and the advantage is that it can be used for a long time, and it will be safe and convenient for the next chemotherapy, but the

disadvantage is that you can no longer lift heavy objects with this

arm.”

Peyton agreed with the nurse’s advice and had a minor operation before chemotherapy, having an infusion port buried in her arm.

Peyton’s body had antibodies to the anesthetic, so she refused to use the anesthetic. When the scalpel cut her fragile flesh, she just frowned. and said nothing.

The doctor said, “Few girls can bear such pain like you.”

Peyton said helplessly, “No one cares about me. I have to be strong.”

She thought of the emergency treatment of her preterm delivery after she fell into the water a year ago. Even after the injection of anesthetic, she could still feel the clear pain of the scalpel cutting her abdomen

open, and that day she fainted and woke up time and again on the operating table due to the pain.

At the same time, Nolan was waiting outside the delivery room of Helena. Even though Peyton screamed asking to see Nolan, he never showed up.

Since then, Peyton would never utter a word no matter how painful she felt.

The next day after chemotherapy, all kinds of side effects appeared, and Alwyn went through the discharge procedures for Peyton.

During the short journey from the inpatient department to the underground garage, Peyton rested countless times. She felt dizzy and nauseous at the slightest movement, and her strength seemed to have, been emptied.

Alwyn sighed. He squatted down and held Peyton in his arms. Shocked, Peyton hurried to refuse, "Alwyn, please don't..."

Alwyn did not follow her this time, but said in a dignified tone, "You are in poor condition now. If you don't accept my help, for the sake of your health, I can only call your family. Your only family that can come now is Nolan, right?"

Hearing that, Peyton only felt ironic. Without the divorce decree,

Nolan was still her husband legally, the only family that could come to look after her.

"Don't tell him."

Peyton was already in a very sorry state. If Nolan had known that Peyton had cancer, he would be happier. She didn't want to be laughed at by him, losing all her dignity.

Alwyn carefully sent Peyton back to her apartment and suggested,

“Peyton, you have to find someone to take care of you. Now, your three meals are a big problem for you.”

Peyton nodded, “I know. My friend is about to come home from

abroad. She will come to take care of me. Alwyn, just go back to work. I won't bother you.”

Alwyn checked his watch. He indeed didn't have much time. He still had an important operation to do today, so he left after telling Peyton to pay attention to some matters.

Peyton was lying in bed alone. She couldn't describe how she felt. She felt pain all over her body and dizziness kept bothering her. She even had a stomachache, and the wound on her arm hurt so much.

Peyton was alive, but she felt she was in hell.

She did not expect that the person she missed the most at this time was still Nolan. She recalled that when she had acute appendicitis that year, he braved the heavy snow to hold her in his arms all the way to the hospital.

At that time, Peyton was a delicate girl. When she was sent to the operating room, she was so afraid that she shed tears. Nolan held her hand tight and never let go. He even followed and stayed in the operating room. The doctors finished the operation with Nolan around.

Even though it had been a long time, Peyton still remembered how Nolan looked when he said, “Don't be afraid. I am with you.”

Peyton did not leave the bed for a month after the operation, and Nolan took good care of her. But now, Nolan was with another woman, taking care of their child.

Peyton repeated telling herself about how unfaithful and cruel Nolan was. She had to forget the old gentle Nolan.

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In severe pain, Peyton groped out of bed. She clenched her teeth and told herself that she would be able to hold on. She had not found the truth, and she could not die.

Peyton took out a bottle of milk from the refrigerator, but her tears fell into the glass.

The most painful thing was not that the drugs absorbed into her bone marrow, but that the strong affection Peyton had for Nolan was like countless knives, cutting and pulling crazily on her body, so painful that she was out of breath.

For three whole days, she was in bed enduring the pain. When Peyton woke up on the fourth morning, she felt less pain in her body and seemed to be less dizzy.

Suddenly, someone pulled the curtains. It was Alwyn that came to take care of Peyton as soon as he finished his work.

Alwyn brought over fresh ingredients and her favorite doughnuts that she missed the most.

Alwyn came in a hurry, with moisture on his black wool coat and signs of wetting on his black hair. When he looked down at Peyton's complexion, Peyton saw an unmelted snowflake on his thick long eyelashes.

"Is it snowing?" Peyton asked weakly.

Alwyn nodded. "Yes, it snowed all night last night. I'll take you out for a walk when you recover in a few days."

"Okay. I feel much better today." Peyton stood up in thick pajamas.

As soon as Peyton looked back, she found so much hair loss on the pillow.

Even if she had 'cut her hair short for the result she had expected, she was still shocked at this time.

Peyton hurriedly pulled up the quilt to cover the pillow. No one was willing to show others their awkward mess.

Anxious, Peyton said, "I'm going to wash up."

Alwyn had seen too many cancer patients. He knew that in addition to the fear of death, it was often more difficult for them to face themselves.

"Okay, take your time."

Peyton closed the bathroom door and looked at her face in the mirror with weakness written all over her face. When she tentatively pulled her hair, she realized that she didn't need to pull hard, because a mass of black hair fell off in the palm of her hand easily.

Peyton was a young and beautiful girl. She was very upset when she saw such a scene.

She would soon lose all her black hair.

Peyton made up her mind that she had to finish the procedure of the divorce as soon as possible.

The last thing Peyton wanted to do was to meet Nolan when she became a bald-headed girl.

Peyton finally clicked open her phone. Ignoring the countless unread messages, she immediately called Nolan.

She had no idea that Nolan had been searching for her for the past few days.

Surprisingly, Peyton didn't wait like before. Nolan picked up the phone

as soon as Peyton dialed his number, and he asked angrily immediately, "Peyton, where the hell are you going?"

Nolan had been searching for Peyton for four days and nights,

Peyton didn't explain. Instead, she said in an anxious tone, "Nolan, I will be waiting for you at Courthouse one hour later. I don't want to delay any longer. Let's get a divorce."