

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 18

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 18

Chapter 18 Can We Head Our Separate Ways, Please?

Peyton did not fall to the ground. She was pulled up by someone.

Nolan who helped her up was not Nolan but Jayson. As soon as she looked up, Peyton saw Nolan standing not far away and coldly staring at her. There was no worry in her eyes at all. There was only indifference.

She figured him out. How could anyone fall to the ground while standing? In his eyes, she was putting on a show again.

How could Nolan care about her when all he left for her was hate?

In contrast, Jayson got worried and asked, "Mrs. Dalton, are you alright?"

"I'm fine. I've just got low blood sugar." Peyton put on a self-mocking smile and followed behind Nolan.

It had been snowing all night. The yard was full of snow. The servants seemed to have vanished, and no one swept the snow in the yard. Even if it was only a short distance, Peyton kept panting.

She walked to her room against the wind and snow, trying to warm herself up. Nolan stood by the door with a sneer. "I have to admit that your acting skills have improved."

At that time, Peyton used all the tricks she could to change his heart, including the ones she used to disdain the most. She cried and threatened to kill herself.

Hearing this, Peyton only felt sarcastic. She didn't explain but laughed coldly. "Thanks for the compliment."

She wore an indifferent face. She walked past Nolan and into the room. The comfortable warm air in the room made her feel slightly cozy. She took off the thick jacket, poured herself a cup of warm water, and leaned on the sofa. Then she asked, "Say it. Will you divorce me or not?"

"I'll let you know when I decide. You're staying here for now."

Peyton sat opposite Nolan with a calm expression. She was twirling with the fur ball dangling from her hat.

"Nolan, you brought up the divorce seven days after I had a miscarriage. I never figured out why you were in such a hurry until I saw that child who resembled you on that day. You were in a hurry to get away from me to establish a new home with Helena."

Peyton's voice trembled a little. "During this year, no matter how cold you've been to me, I always ignored your betrayal and cruelty by remembering the past when you treated me well. I think maybe you were just seeking fun. I'm your wife. It must be my fault that you are cold to me. I can change myself, and I can even tolerate your affair.

"How foolish I was back then! While you were enjoying a family with another woman and your child, I was staying in that cold and empty home, waiting for a man who would never come back.

"It takes me a year to come to terms with that. I've realized how stupid I was, so I'm letting go of you. I don't care if you're going to find your happiness or give them a home."

Peyton got up and stumbled towards Nolan. Tears were slipping down her cheeks and dripping onto the cold floor tiles.

She stopped in front of Nolan and surveyed Nolan who was sitting upright with a calm face. He had no expression. His aura was cold and scary. He looked like a strict teacher who could get angry at any time.

He used to treat other people in this way. But there was always a trace of imperceptible gentleness in his eyes when Nolan looked at her.

But now she was like a stranger to Nolan.

It was time for Peyton to let go of Nolan.

Peyton lowered her head and opened her mouth. Her face was filled with desperation that he had never seen before.

She said, "Nolan, can we head our separate ways, please?"

Nolan's heart skipped a beat when he sensed Peyton's begging voice. He could see her weary face.

In his eyes, Peyton was like a broken dam that managed to stand for years in a rolling flood. The dam that seemed to never collapse suddenly appeared to have an opening. The moment the dam gave up hanging there, the flood would strike it down. The stones would be torn apart by the flood.

Giving up was simpler than perseverance.

When the dam was engulfed by the flood, it gave up the faith held on to for so long. No one knew how long it had held on, how difficult to do so, and how sad it was to give up.

Peyton was right. Other than revenge. Nolan was in a hurry to get divorced to fight for the custody of his son.

After one year of struggling, Peyton finally agreed to let him go. But Nolan was not as happy as he once imagined.

"You want me to let go of you? Impossible! From today on, you shall stay in the Dalton's mansion. You'll be mine even if you're dead."

Peyton's tears fell onto his face. Nolan's heart also seemed to be tinted

with a touch of sadness.

Annoyed, Nolan took out his cell phone and tapped on a picture. On it, Alwyn was being taken away by the ambulance.

“If you have contact with this man again, the next ones on the ambulance will be his whole family. Peyton, you won’t be able to live as you want in this life.”

“Asshole! If you hate me, just vent your anger at me. Why did you do this to Alwyn?” Peyton’s hand was grabbed by Nolan before she could slap him.

His pupils were filled with ruthlessness, “Do you care about him that much? Don’t forget that. As long as I won’t divorce you, you are still Mrs. Dalton.”

“I...”

Before Peyton could explain, she felt her body lightened. She was picked up by Nolan in his arms.

Nolan carried a violent aura all over his body. He threw her onto the large bed in the master bedroom.

Luckily, the mattress was customized to her liking back then. It was soft and bouncy, so she didn’t get hurt.

But with the violent fall, her head became dizzier. She felt sick. Her body was so weak that she could only lie on the bed with a face of fear. She was looking at Nolan who was standing in front of the bed.

Nolan impatiently took off his tie with his long fingers. As if

compelled by the devil, he approached the shivering Peyton on the bed with an almost cruel smile.

“Peytie, have you been with him these past few days? How far did you

go?”

He hadn't called Peyton's name so intimately for nearly two years. Peyton felt he was like a pervert now. Her whole body was covered by dense goosebumps.

Nolan looked like a beast about to break the chains and pounce on her.

Peyton shook her head and tried to explain, “We're just friends. It's not as nasty as you think.”

“Nasty? Huh...” Nolan pursed her lips into a cold smile. He reached out and grabbed Peyton's feet.

Peyton forced herself to endure the pain. She struggled with difficulty. But her strength was like a fist on cotton.

How could she know that Nolan had searched every possible place in the past few days? Nolan hadn't slept up to ten hours in these days. His eyes had been filled with hatred for a long time. He looked like a demon sucking up a lot of negative energy. He desperately needed an outlet.

He took off Peyton's shoes and socks. Her small feet were easily held in his hands. He missed Peyton for a long time. The blood all over his body rushed straight to his head. His pair of black pupils were occupied by desire.

Peyton knew too well what his greedy eyes meant. She begged in a trembling voice, “No, Nolan! You can't...”