

# Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte

## Chapter 181-190

### Chapter 181 Not Following Workplace Rules

Dillon looked at the mountain of food piled high on his plate and then glanced up at Peyton's sincere face.

For a moment, Dillon couldn't tell whether Peyton really didn't understand or was pretending to be ignorant. However, Peyton's clear gaze revealed no trace of pretense.

Considering Peyton's age, it is understandable that they didn't understand the etiquette at the dining table.

Brynn's heart was in her throat, is this what Peyton said she understood?

This time, instead of saying it was a collaboration, Dillon might just block Brynn directly.

It has been proven that Dillon always treated beautiful women with extra tolerance and patience.

Brynn cautiously watched Dillon, but could not detect a hint of anger as Dillon smiled. Dillon said, "It's good to be young, full of energy."

Brynn glanced at Peyton, who pretended not to notice and went back to their seat.

"Dillon liked it."

"I liked it, of course, when the beautiful lady served the dish."

Dillon happily prepared to pick up the asparagus in front of him, while Peyton, not knowing what he saw, turned the table and picked up the dish he liked to eat.

Brynn was speechless.

The boss had dinner and Peyton changed tables. Brynn is now very regretful for bringing Peyton here.

Brynn said, "Dillon, young people are ignorant, please forgive."

Sorry, but Brynn was tired of hearing the word "sorry" tonight. And it's a good thing Peyton is pretty enough, pretty enough for Dillon to foot the bill for her whims.

"It's okay, I liked Peytie's innocence and fun."

Brynn seized the opportunity to look at Peyton and said, "Peytie, we arrived late just now, so let's punish ourselves with three drinks."

Peyton nodded, "Okay, Brynn, go ahead and drink."

Seeing Peyton agree so readily, Brynn finally breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully, Peyton wasn't too unreasonable.

Peyton, being particularly sensible this time, got up to pour Brynn a drink and then stood by with hands hanging down.

Brynn coughed lightly and said, "Where is your drink? Fill it up too."

"Me?" Peyton looked at Brynn in surprise, "It was you who said you would punish yourself with three cups, I didn't say anything."

Brynn was on the verge of vomiting blood, but due to face-saving reasons, she couldn't directly say it. She could only stare at Peyton and squeeze out a few words from between her teeth, "Why did you come if you're not going to drink?"

Peyton still had those innocent eyes open, "Didn't you call me to come over for dinner?"

Brynn was about to crush the cup with her fingers when Peyton, the jerk, said, "Since Brynn seems to enjoy drinking so much, why not have my three drinks together?"

With a loud bang, the cup in Dillon's hand smashed onto the table, and the smile on his face could no longer be maintained.

"Brynn, it seems like your new recruit doesn't give me any face. Let's forget about this collaboration."

Dillon's lackey by his side also chimed in, "What's the matter if you don't drink at the dinner party? If you don't offer incense to the gods, even immortals won't be able to save you."

"Dillon, calm down. This girl has only been in the job for a few days and doesn't know any better. Six cups, I'll punish myself with six cups."

Brynn drank the wine in the blanket and was about to pour another glass when Dillon smashed the wine glass directly.

"No need, I'm not the type of person who likes to force things. A forcibly twisted melon is not sweet."

Dillon threw the contract onto Brynn and said, "Brynn, I have another appointment. I have to go."

When saying these words, Dillon's eyes were unabashedly fixed on Peyton, the meaning obvious.

Peyton would probably have to take the initiative and embrace his arms in the next second.

Peyton and Dillon stood up as they had imagined, hands hanging by their sides, resembling hotel waiters. "Dillon, take your time and don't forget to settle the bill," Peyton said.

## Chapter 182 **Why Did I Struggle So Hard To Make**

### Money

Dillon's confident chubby face froze completely.

He had never seen such an arrogant woman in his life!

He was originally very angry, but Peyton's remark about not forgetting to pay the bill made him burst out laughing.

"Okay, okay! Brynn, don't bother me anymore in the future. I won't have any cooperation with you guys.

"No, don't go," Brynn exclaimed in fear. Dillon was the person she had been talking to for a long time.

Just as it was about to happen. Peyton has now directly cut off Brynn's future financial path.

"It's all because the newcomer doesn't know any better. Dillon, please forgive us. I have planned many exciting programs for the future, it would be a shame if you left, wouldn't it? I will immediately have Peyton apologize to you."

Dillon's gaze lingered on Peyton's face in the past, and it was indeed exquisite.

Dillon caressed Brynn's hand and said, "What exciting show?"

Brynn gritted her teeth and pulled out a room key from her pocket. "Dillon, I have already prepared a place for us to rest tonight."

Originally, Brynn had planned to get Peyton drunk and take her to Dillon's bed. Now it seems that the situation is no longer under Brynn's

control, and Brynn is helpless.

Dillon squinted his eyes when he saw the room key and said, "Brynn rarely does something thoughtful like this. So, are we still going to have dinner?"

"Of course."

Brynn assured, "Even if I have to force Peyton, I will make sure she apologizes to you today."

After much persuasion, Dillon finally stopped in his tracks. Dillon said, "Alright, I am curious to see what grand gift you have prepared for us."

"Dillon, wait a moment, I need to have a word with Peyton."

"Done." Dillon waved his hand. "Brynn, please don't disappoint me."

Brynn pulled Peyton aside and found a secluded spot to speak. "Peytie, since we're here today, we have to seal the deal for this collaboration. As long as you can make Dillon happy, I won't hold the past against you."

"Brynn, is Dillon my father or my son? Why should I have to coax him? Are all your achievements based on coaxing men?"

Peyton's question made Brynn unable to come down from the stage. Brynn stared at Peyton with a pair of eyes in disbelief, "Peyton, are you here to work or to study? If it weren't for your somewhat attractive appearance, I wouldn't bother teaching you. We salespeople are supposed to be flexible. There are plenty of people who want the results you don't want. Let me tell you the truth, Dillon is coming tonight just for you. As long as you accompany him for one night and secure this contract, we can surpass Team B. Naturally, you won't have to leave. It's a win-win situation for both of us."

Brynn said casually, and Peyton couldn't help but find it amusing, "If every achievement has to be traded with one's body, I'd rather not have such achievements."

"Fine, you think you're superior and noble. Today you couldn't defeat Dillon, but by the end of the month, we'll both be doomed. At most, I'll face criticism, but you should pack up and get lost."

"It doesn't matter, do as you please," Peyton couldn't be bothered to argue.

Brynn grabbed Peyton's hand, looking frustrated, "Peyton, do you know that your face is naturally suited for this job? Even if you can't say anything, all you have to do is take off your clothes and lie on the bed, and you can have whatever you want. You made it to the Dalton Group, don't you want to keep climbing up?"

"I didn't want to."

"What about the money? Don't you want it either?"

"I didn't want to."

"Don't you want to achieve performance and realize your self-worth? Become a leader in the industry?"

Peyton shrugged, "Why did I have to work my butt off to make money for Nolan's company?"

Chapter **183** Nolan Takes Off **His** Clothes.

Tonight Brynn was shocked. It was the first time Brynn had ever heard Peyton say such shocking words.

“You, how dare you address Mr. Dalton by his name? Are you asking for death?”

“Is he God? Why can’t I just call Nolan by his name?” Peyton thought, “Not only will I dare to call him, but I will also dare to take action!”

Besides, Peyton already had shares in the Dalton Group. Before the divorce, Nolan even gave Peyton an additional portion. As long as Peyton is alive, even if they just lie flat, they will still receive a

considerable year–end bonus.

Did Peyton go to accompany Dillon just for a measly commission?

“You are young and naive, unaware of the harsh reality. When you reach my age, you will understand how powerless one can be. If you think I targeted you before, I apologize. Sitting in this position, I have also faced many situations where I had no choice.”

Did he start pretending to be pitiful by force? No wonder he is in sales, he knows how to talk a lot.

“Peytie, are you afraid of your boyfriend? Actually, this kind of thing is a normal supply and demand relationship. Your boyfriend may not necessarily be faithful outside. Men need to have some fun on the side, just like us women. Platonic love only exists in books, whose marriage and love are not a mess? Women should not be too obsessed with love, money is the most important.”

Brynn sighed, “Peytie, sis has been through it all, she won’t harm you.

We women, rely on ourselves to succeed, that’s the only reliable way in this world. Men can’t be trusted.”

“You’re right, Brynn.”

Peyton had clear and pure eyes. Brynn looked at Peyton with anticipation. Peyton patted Brynn’s shoulder and said, “So I will cheer for you. I hope you stay away from trivial matters and climb higher on your own. You worked hard tonight, so you have to bear with Dillon’s greasy big belly.”

Brynn talked for a while. Peyton still didn’t get it. Brynn also lost patience.

“Peyton, who do you think you are? What makes you qualified to look down on Dillon? Mr. Dalton may have a good physique, but can he respect you?”

Peyton had no right to judge others, but she had the right to talk about Nolan.

I thought about the silhouette of Nolan and Helena entering the elevator not long ago. I’m afraid that by now, the two of them have already been intimate in Peyton’s former room.

Peyton sneered, “Don’t even talk about whether Nolan could be interested in me. Even if Nolan were to strip naked in front of me right now, showing off his six-pack abs, I wouldn’t give him a second thought.”

“Alright, you asked for it, Peyton. I will make you regret begging me with tears!”

After Brynn finished speaking, she walked away in high heels. Peyton rolled her eyes and called her crazy.

“Click.” The sound of a lighter came from behind Peyton.

The sound of a lighter was particularly jarring in such a quiet corridor. Someone. That person also heard the words just now.

It was a huge embarrassing scene. Peyton wanted to run, and he ran without looking back.

As Peyton lifted his leg, a familiar male voice came into his ears, “Do you want to leave?”

Upon hearing the sound, Peyton mechanically turned around and saw Nolan’s familiar face.

The man, wearing a woolen coat, leaned against the white pillar diagonally. He played with a lighter in his hand, his cold eyes fixed on her face, filled with endless chill.

This was even more embarrassing than it was for outsiders.

Peyton raised her hand, her face stiff, “Hi, Mr. Dalton, what a coincidence.

Why did Nolan come running here when he wasn’t in the room fooling around with Helena?

Nolan put away his lighter and took a step forward with his long legs, directly standing in front of Peyton. “Coincidentally, I came here specifically to find you.

Peyton blinked, “You weren’t with Helena...

Nolan grabbed Peyton’s hand and shoved her into the exclusive elevator. Peyton’s body pressed against the handrail as Nolan approached her menacingly.

**Nolan gritted his teeth and said word by word, “Peyton, if I don’t reach out to you, will you never take the initiative to find me in your whole life?”**

### Chapter 184 I Don’t Want Things That Others Have Touched

The spacious elevator, which used to accommodate many people, now only had two individuals. The mirrors surrounding them reflected Nolan’s cold expression, while Peyton was trapped in a cramped corner. Peyton dared not move, enduring Nolan’s overwhelming presence.

“Mr. Dalton, please behave yourself, as you were engaged to Helena.”

Peyton never expected that one day she would use her most despised person as a shield.

Nolan stared into Peyton’s eyes and said coldly, “I told you, you don’t need to worry about me and Helena.

Just as Peyton was about to say something, the elevator shot up to the top floor. Nolan grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the elevator.

Seeing the familiar setup, Peyton’s face changed slightly. “Why did you bring me here? Are you trying to make me watch your live broadcast with Helena? Nolan, you’re being too much!”>

“Beep.”

Nolan held her hand and entered the fingerprint, and the door opened.

Peyton was stunned for a second. Hadn’t Nolan deleted her fingerprints yet? There was no Helena in the room.

In the blink of an eye, Peyton was thrown onto the sofa by Nolan.



The soft and large down sofa remained as comfortable and lazy as ever.

Peyton didn't have time to evaluate how good the sofa she picked was, when Nolan's body immediately pressed onto it.

Some shameful memories flooded Peyton's mind.

Here, there were more scenes that once carried the love between Nolan and Peyton, especially the sofa that held too many memories of their past.

Nolan did not turn on the light, and the room was extremely dim. Peyton could only see the outline of Nolan taking off his coat.

And Nolan leaned down to Peyton's ear, his voice hoarse, "I have never brought Helena here."

Peyton wondered, "Is Nolan explaining this?"

Nolan seemed to have guessed Peyton's thoughts, and for once, Nolan kindly explained, "Just now, I was only bringing her to meet a friend.

"Mr. Dalton, you don't need to explain to me, it's not important.

As the words fell, Nolan increased the force on Peyton's wrist.

"Peyton, my patience is limited," came Nolan's displeased voice.

"That day, I gave you enough time."

As early as one or two months ago, Nolan had wanted to make a move on Peyton, but he let Peyton go every time.

Peyton was in a panic, and Nolan was left with only one shirt.

Peyton saw Nolan's slender fingers slowly and calmly unbuttoning one button at a time, starting from the top.

The next second, the light in the room turned on.

Nolan's chest appeared unabashedly in Peyton's pupils.

The chest that Peyton had been obsessed with countless times, Peyton knew better than anyone how good Nolan's figure was.

The long-lost scenery still made Peyton's breath heavy.

Nolan's fingers brushed across Peyton's slightly flushed face, "Even if I showed off my abs standing in front of you, you would still disdain it."

Peyton awkwardly bit their lip, and as expected, Nolan heard it.

Peyton busied herself, turning her gaze away from Nolan's body, but her peripheral vision couldn't help but sweep upwards.

"Don't you want to touch it?" Nolan's enticing voice came.

You should know that being busy in the past was truly loved!

Every time Peyton attacked Nolan from behind, Peyton would maliciously reach out and touch Nolan's waist and abdomen, only to be caught by Nolan's restless little hand

Peyton knew better than anyone the uneven yet elastic texture of the skin.

Nolan's physique was not built in the gym. Compared to the meticulously measured muscle contours, his body was filled with wildness, making it even more irresistible.

Peyton swallowed a mouthful of saliva and dismissed his wandering thoughts. Peyton said earnestly, "I don't want it. I'm not interested in things that others have touched."

**Chapter 185** You Said You Would Accompany Me.

As the words fell, Peyton noticed a hint of curiosity on Nolan's face, and her fingers near her neck wavered in the air, "Are you jealous?"

"Mr. Dalton, you're joking. It seems my status doesn't warrant being jealous."

Nolan saw the flash of disgust in Peyton's eyes and he bent down, biting her neck.

Sometimes, he even wanted to bite down fiercely and break all the entanglements between them.

Peyton resisted fiercely as Nolan forcefully raised her hand above her head and held her chin with his fingers, saying word by word, "Since you know your identity, why won't you let me touch you?"

Peyton frowned, "Nolan, is Helena not enough for you? Why are you coming to me?"

"Huh."

Nolan released her chin and began to unbutton her buttons.

Peyton had long made an agreement with Nolan. She couldn't resist, let alone should she resist.

She could only mention the Chase family, "Nolan, you made a promise at the Chase's place, why are you touching me now?"

"Why? Do you think you're something special?"

The contempt and mockery in his eyes never changed. This made

Peyton feel completely humiliated.

She tightly pulled his sleeve, gradually tightening her fingers.

His breathing became more and more rapid, Peyton's clothes had already been torn apart, and the war was about to break out.

"Wait...wait!" she urgently shouted, looking up into those bloodshot eyes.

Nolan looked down at her and a faint voice squeezed out from between his teeth, "What?"

"I don't like the smell of perfume on me, I need to take a shower," Peyton came up with a lame excuse.

Just now, Nolan smelled the scent of perfume. This perfume was not

cheap, but it had a strong and unpleasant smell, the kind that both he and Peyton hated. It was the type that only heavily made-up women in nightclubs would wear.

He released his grip on Peyton and gave the final command, "Five minutes."

Peyton almost rushed into the bathroom and locked the door behind her. She looked at her terrified reflection in the mirror. Everything in front of her was a familiar sight.

The towel was personally chosen by her, and their toothbrushes were neatly placed together.

Everything in the room reminded her of the fact that the two of them were once in love.

But she had to try to avoid his touch.

Peyton looked at the scenery outside the bathtub. In the distance, the lights were dim, and she felt like a lost soul.

Escape? Where could she escape to?

Nolan stood on the balcony, gazing at the scenery that Peyton had seen. The evening breeze carried a hint of chill as it blew towards him.

He knew Peyton's resistance, but there were some things he couldn't say for now because it would involve too many people.

"What are you thinking?" Peyton walked up to Nolan's side. He glanced at his watch, exactly five minutes.

Nolan pulled her into his arms, smelling the familiar scent of shower gel emanating from her body.

"Do you think we look like we have returned to the past?"

In the past, when he stood here alone for a long time, Peyton would squeeze into his arms. Her eyes were big and bright. "Nolan, why do you always like to stay in such a tall and secluded place? It looks too lonely, so pitiful."

"Am I pitiful?" he hung his head.

She blinked, wearing a bright smile, "But from now on, I will accompany you, and you will no longer be alone."

The person in Nolan's arms overlapped with the face in his memory, and he said word by word, "You said you would accompany me, so I am not alone."

Peyton's face turned pale. "Yes, I did say that, but wasn't it you who pushed me away?"

## Chapter 186 Anyway, I Wanted You

Nolan touched Peyton's eyebrows with his fingertips. Her pitch-black pupils were like deep pools, ready to pull him in.

"What if I said, now I want you back?"

Peyton answered without hesitation, "It was too late."

She turned her back to Nolan, pointing at the ground beneath them. "In the past, you pushed me from here with your hands, along with all my love for you. I fell, unwillingly, and shattered into pieces."

Nolan tightened his hand around her waist. The next second, she was pressed against the glass.

He lowered his head and bit her ear, his hot breath spraying against her ear. "I don't care where your heart is, all I want is you."

The floor-to-ceiling window, wiped clean like a mirror, clearly reflected the figures of two people. Peyton, wearing a bathrobe, nestled in Nolan's arms.

Peyton could see Nolan's hand resting on her waistband. His slender fingers leisurely tugged at it.

His movements were slow, but to her, it felt like an execution.

At the moment when her shoelace was torn apart, her body was fully exposed to the glass window, which reminded her of some things.

Nolan leaned in close to her blushing ear and whispered, "You see, whether you are

happy or not doesn't matter, what matters is what I want to do. I still can't change, just like before."

There were no servants or elders here, she could be even more unrestrained.

When love was intense, there was no sense of shame, only endless joy.

In the same place, she still remembered how she was squeezed by Nolan at that time.

Sweat stuck to the glass and spread out in a haze.

Nothing had started yet, but as the images flashed through her mind, her body quietly grew hot.

Nolan lightly touched her waist, and she immediately flinched sensitively.

"It seems like you remembered."

He came closer, and their bodies were inseparable.

Peyton distinctly felt the warmth emanating from his trousers.

Her hands were forced to lean against the glass window, with the cold glass in front of her contrasting sharply with the intense heat behind her.

"Nolan, the condition for you to touch me was that you find Leo for me. But it's been so long, where is he?"

A sentence fell like cold water from the sky, shattering the current heated atmosphere between the two.

"I was looking."

Nolan was very annoyed when it came to this matter.

Nolan was avoiding Leo. It had been so long, yet he hadn't found Leo's whereabouts.

After all, Leo was a fake identity himself, so if he wanted to hide, he wouldn't be found easily for a while.

Although Nolan temporarily found other foreign experts to come over, they could only temporarily save Kason's life, as none of them dared to perform the surgery.

Everyone knew that the chances of death during surgery were too high in Kason's case.

No one dared to risk their future.

Peyton saw that Nolan's face was not good, and with a bit more confidence, she pushed Nolan away, saying, "You haven't found Leo, so why do you think you can touch me?"

Nolan didn't expect Leo to be so difficult to find.

But he had already made a promise, and not being able to find Leo was a kind of face slap to him.

"Peyton," Nolan gritted his teeth and glared at her with hatred.

Peyton re-tied his bathrobe in front of him and said, "Consider what you just saw as interest, you don't have to pay it back."

Nolan was speechless.

He now understood how angry Brynn was with Peyton.

As he watched her about to leave, Nolan casually pulled her back into his arms. "Peyton, this is something you've done a thousand times before. Why are you being so dramatic?"

Chapter **187** Tonight, I **Didn't Pour Any Alcohol On** You

Being overly dramatic?

Peyton was furious and stared coldly at Nolan, saying, "You have more than just me as a woman, why does it have to be me? Helena is downstairs, do you need me to call her up?"

Because only you!

Nolan kept this answer hidden in his heart, pinching the tender flesh around her waist and taking a deep breath.

“Did you have to have a problem with me?”

Peyton forced herself to swallow the words “I think you’re disgusting.” She knew that her relationship with Nolan was like walking on a tightrope now, and she had to carefully maintain her balance. Being too aggressive wouldn’t benefit her.

Realizing this, she weakly lowered her head and withdrew her minions, “I... just need some time to adjust.”

Sure enough, no matter when, her display of weakness was always the most effective tactic for Nolan.

Nolan looked at her pitifully as she hung her head, revealing her snow-white neck.

It was like a little kitten exposing its vulnerability, which made his anger subside a bit.

“Okay, I won’t bother you for now.”

Peyton was surprised. He had become so easy to talk to now.

Peyton lifted his head, with a gleam in his eyes.

She could feel that Nolan would occasionally be harsh to her, but the hatred she once had for him was not as strong anymore.

Perhaps she could probe his intentions.

If Nolan could be won over, the task she wanted to investigate would be accomplished with half the effort.

“Nolan, let’s talk.”

“Sure, I hadn’t eaten yet. Let’s eat and chat at the same time.”



Nolan ordered a meal and went to the bathroom. Peyton originally intended to say a few words and leave, but it was clear that Nolan had no intention of letting her go.

Hearing the sound of water in the bathroom, she sighed helplessly and opened the wardrobe.

Inside, there were indeed her clothes from before. Helena had never been here.

Peyton changed into a set of clothes and waited quietly for Nolan.

Dinner was quickly served, with flowers, red wine, and steak.

The scene was so romantic that it created an illusion for Peyton. They hadn't divorced, and today was their anniversary.

It should be Nolan who greeted, but the waiters did not stay. They left after putting down their things.

The candlelight flickered on the candlestick, and the air was filled with the scent of roses and fine red wine.

Nolan pushed open the door, bringing with him a refreshing scent.

He walked over with his long legs, pulled out the main seat, raised an eyebrow and glanced at her, "What are you staring at? Sit down."

Peyton looked at the dishes he ordered, all of which were her favorite dishes from the past. Even the steak was cooked to her preferred level of doneness.

"How long has it been?"

Peyton looked at Nolan through the flickering candlelight. His handsome face was no longer tense, but rather unusually relaxed,

"Two years and one month," he quickly replied.

She gave a bitter smile and said, "So it turns out I'm not the only one who hasn't forgotten."

"Peyton, I wasn't as heartless as you thought."

“If you had been sincere, we wouldn’t have ended up where we are today.”

“Steak couldn’t shut your mouth?” Nolan frowned.

Peyton cut a piece. The taste was the same as before, without any difference.

The people around her remained the same as before, but there was not a hint of familiarity.

Nolan raised his glass towards her, “Have a drink, I won’t pour you any alcohol tonight.”

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It seems that he hasn’t forgotten how long he vomited after getting drunk the last time he went to ask him.

She didn’t hesitate. Their silver cups lightly clinked. Peyton just took a small sip, while Nolan drank almost half of it in one gulp.

He pushed the foie gras towards her, “Try it.”

“Um.”

The two hadn’t had such a harmonious atmosphere in a long time. Nolan suddenly realized that she was quite obedient when she didn’t hit him on the head with the ashtray.

However, the smile on her face was gone.

He believed that everything would come back. Leo could be found, Kason would wake up, he would return her home to her, and she would surely fall in love with him again.

“Nolan,” Peyton suddenly looked up.

Nolan’s body trembled, his gaze fixed on Peyton.

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Chapter 188 Hidden In The Dark, Might Not Be A Form Of Protection

Peyton was horrified by the way Nolan looked at her. She cleared her throat and said, "I saw a janitor in your office yesterday."

Nolan thought she was going to say something sweet, but instead she mentioned someone completely unrelated.

"Peyton, do you suspect that I had an affair with the janitor?" Nolan's voice carried a hint of anger.

"Where did you go? I was just wondering, how could someone be cleaning your office, such an important place, while you were working?"

Nolan didn't care and said, "Salma lives far away and needs to leave work early. Occasionally, she cleans up early while I'm working. What? You don't mind Helena, but you do mind the cleaning?"

"When did The Dalton Group become a charity organization?"

Nolan sliced his steak and replied casually, "Salma is different from others. She saved my life, so giving her some privileges doesn't matter."

"When? How come I didn't know?" Peyton dropped the knife and fork.

"Do you care about me?" Nolan's face, which had been tense, showed a hint of a smile. "That was a few years ago. Some reckless people were lying in wait for me in the underground parking lot, someone wanted to run me over, and it was Salma who pushed me away."

Peyton frowned, "With your agility, you shouldn't have been unable to dodge."

"That day indeed had some things that distracted my attention."

"What happened?"

Nolan gazed at Peyton's cheeks and said, word by word, "That day was your birthday, and I specially had a cake custom-made."

When it came to cake, Peyton immediately understood. Back then, Nolan spoiled her to the heavens.

Before her birthday, she insisted on having a custom-made cake. This cake not only used extremely expensive ingredients, but also had a unique design.

A cake was worth six figures.

Rather than calling it a cake, it is more like a work of art.

When Nolan brought the cake to her, originally the necks of the two swans were intertwined, but the head of one of the swans fell onto the cake.

At that time, she did not make a fuss, she just felt ominous, as if it was foretelling something.

Nolan kept apologizing to her. After a few days, she received a swan cake, which the baking company had spent a week making.

On the cake, two big and beautiful crystal swans were necking on the lake. She was so moved at that time.

Unexpectedly, it turned out that he almost lost his life behind this matter.

At that time, he must have been afraid of ruining the cake and disappointing himself, so he was taken advantage of.

Peyton was moved in his heart and his voice was not as natural, "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"I was just fine living

Peyton pushed himself up from the table with both hands and said, "How many times have you dreamt of dying and told me about it, just like this?"

Nolan didn't expect her reaction to be so intense, and he didn't even cut the steak.

"Not many, probably around ten or so times a year."

No wonder he would get injured every now and then.

Nolan pulled her down, "It's all in the past. I have already eliminated those forces."

In that moment, Peyton had a strange thought in his mind. He hid himself to avoid getting involved.

Hiding in the dark may not necessarily be a form of protection.

But as soon as Peyton thought of Helena's existence, he quickly dismissed the idea.

"Salma happened to pass by when I just finished work, and she saved me in time. However, her leg got injured as a result, and it still hasn't fully recovered. I had planned to thank her properly and buy her a house for retirement. She has a poor background and no family, and she was willing to continue working as a cleaner, so I let her stay."

"So that's how it was. Nolan, actually, I also have something I want to tell you."

"You said."

"Have you ever considered that it might not have been my father who killed your sister?"

As soon as the words fell, the previously pleasant atmosphere vanished. Nolan forcefully threw his knife and fork onto the plate, wearing a sarcastic smirk on his face. "Peyton,

making amends?"

is this your idea of

**Chapter 189 If This Continues, You Will Die.**

Peyton, realizing something was wrong, quickly explained, "I looked through those documents and found some issues. Those documents cannot directly prove that your sister was killed by my father. There is no physical evidence or eyewitness testimony, just speculation that my father had a motive."

With a loud bang, Nolan directly threw the dishes and plates on the table onto the ground.

There was no trace of a smile on his face anymore, instead, there was an endless coldness. The Nolan from three months ago reappeared.

Without waiting for Peyton to further explain the issue, he stood up and looked down at her with a dominant and oppressive aura.

“Firstly, I had the body undergo DNA testing, and there is no doubt that she is my sister. Secondly, I also compared the fetus inside her stomach with Kason, confirming their biological relationship.”

“Also, I investigated Paula’s activities before her death. Whether it was her call records or other records, the person she had the most contact with was Kason.”

“Finally, the only person she had seen before was Kason. Besides him, who do you think it could be? Do you need witnesses, someone to miraculously heal your father, or someone to speak from the dead?”

Peyton stared at Nolan’s cold face. It turned out that no matter when, Paula was still the bottom line he could never touch.

She thought that the relationship between her and Nolan had improved, but now it seems that her position in his heart is neither

comparable to Helena nor to Paula.

She silently kept the truth she was about to reveal to herself, fearing that speaking it out would only bring trouble upon herself. Nolan would not have any sympathy, but rather think that she was making excuses for Kason.

Peyton looked at the mess on the floor. It reminded her of the wreckage of her past, as well as her broken marriage with Nolan.

Peyton hung his head and did not explain further, “Anyway, I believed in my dad.”

This sentence deeply ignited the fuse of hatred in Nolan. He grimaced and roared, “Then just get out of here!”

Peyton stormed out, leaving a stalemate between her and Nolan.

Even without Helena, Paula was always a barrier between her and

Nolan.

Peyton walked out of the hotel and looked at the towering floors that reached into the sky.

She knew that Nolan was standing on the balcony smoking at the moment.

He was alone, exhaling clouds of mist. Peyton couldn't even see his figure.

This time, in the end, only Nolan was left.

Nolan looked down at the bustling street. Perhaps Peyton had already blended into the crowd, but he tried hard to distinguish her.

But he found that in the darkness, he couldn't see anything clearly.

In front of me were countless lights, while behind me was a pitch-black room without any lights turned on.

And he stood at the intersection of darkness and light, with an expression of immense pain on his face.

Nolan reached out to grab Peyton, his fingertips wavering in the air for a few moments, but he didn't catch anything.

Nolan staggered and walked towards the room step by step.

The darkness was like a ferocious monster, slowly devouring him bit by bit.

He murmured in a low voice, "Peytie, you promised to accompany me, to always be with me."

"Paula, I'm sorry, I came late."

"Brodie, it was my fault, it was all my fault."

With a loud bang, Nolan fell heavily to the ground, holding his head.

Lucian rushed in. He turned on the lights and saw a messy room, as well as Nolan picking up a piece of ceramic shard, preparing to cut his wrist. His face changed drastically, and he quickly rushed over, "Mr. Dalton!"

Lucian restrained Nolan, whose eyes lost their focus, and he kept- muttering random words.

"Jayson, quickly get Mrs. Dalton back, Mr. Dalton fell ill!"

As soon as Nolan heard the words "Mrs. Dalton," he snapped back to reality. He looked at the debris around him and the blood in his hands, only then realizing what he had done.

"Don't call her!"

He didn't want Peyton to see him in such a miserable state.

Lucian sighed, "Mr. Dalton, find some time to go see Doctor Lane. If you continue like this, you will die."

Nolan's mouth twitched. "Lucian, you said, if I died, would I be able to see Paula?"

"Mr. Dalton, then you would never see Mrs. Dalton again."

Chapter 190 Peyton'S Waist Was **Soft And** Slender.

Peyton came home with a lot of anger. She opened her computer to check the locators she had given to the five secretaries.

All four of them were in the Golden Apartment. Peyton knew that it was an apartment arranged for senior employees.

Jaylah, on the other hand, was at a bar. This was in line with her character. She was a high-level secretary during the day and a party queen at night.

As for the whereabouts of the locator she placed on Ariella's desk, it was rather complicated. It traveled almost throughout the entire area and eventually ended up at the garbage disposal center.

Peyton held his forehead and indeed, Ariella had a problem.



“Who can’t get along with money?” she thought. The brooch Ariella had given was immediately thrown into the trash.

She didn’t know how Phillip’s investigation was going, so Peyton dialed his number.

“Sorry, the phone you dialed was turned off.”

Peyton felt a little uneasy, would Phillip be okay?

His identity was mysterious and unique. Even during the time I knew him, I never saw his face. The person behind the scenes could also never know him.

And he carried weapons with him, so he had the ability to protect himself.

It was probably to keep it a secret that he would turn off his phone. Peyton forgot about those not-so-good thoughts in his mind.

After determining the scope, Peyton wanted to obtain Ariella’s information as soon as possible.

That night, she slept restlessly, closing her eyes only to see Nolan’s roaring face.

He was like a wild beast breaking free from its chains, raging in the darkness of the night.

In her impression, Nolan was always calm and restrained at any time, just as it was written in his company profile. No one knew his true preferences, so no one could speculate on his mood.

Just now, Nolan was very off, it seems that Paula’s death has had a big impact on him.

After this incident, Peyton decided never to mention Paula in front of Nolan again.

She believed that she would uncover the truth on her own.

The next day.

Peyton returned to the company. She didn’t know how Brynn had handled things last night.

As soon as she entered the door, she noticed that Brynn was different from usual. She was wearing a Hermès scarf and her heavily applied foundation couldn't hide her exhaustion on her face.

Seeing Peyton appear, Brynn glared at her fiercely, like a vicious wolf in the desert, sending chills down Peyton's spine.

Surprisingly, she returned to the office without saying a word.

Peyton took a cup and went to the pantry to get water. As soon as she approached, she saw a few people who were talking with their heads down quickly separate. Their eyes kept scanning Peyton back and forth.

There is no need to think, we know what they were discussing.

Even the B team members, whom Peyton was not familiar with, stopped and t eased when they saw Peyton. "The C team really has a lot of talented individuals. I heard Brynn took the new recruit to a dinner once, and they managed to secure this collaboration. This new recruit is quite impressive."

"I saw that she was skilled in bed."

Peyton, I heard that Dillon had quite a few peculiarities in his sex life, s it true?"

Peyton only realized after she left yesterday that Brynn had betrayed herself in order to secure the collaboration.

Group B was well-informed. Group C's performance surpassed theirs, which made them unhappy, so they naturally vented their frustration on Peyton.

After Peyton finished getting water, she smiled and said, "If you guys are so curious, why don't you find out Dillon's plans for tonight and go hide under his bed in advance, see if you can overhear any news."

"It's true that as a newcomer who has obtained the project, she can speak so assertively to us. Her waist must be as strong as her bones."

"Hard? How come I feel like Peyton's waist is soft and slim? Dillon must have touched it a lot, I suppose."

Watching the two of them getting more and more out of line, Peyton didn't indulge them either. "Excuse me, may I ask if Dillon is your

father or your grandfather? You care about him so much, do your mother and grandmother know?"

"You little scoundrel, what are you saying? Who doesn't know about the things you did? And you have the audacity to talk back? If I were you, I would hide far away right now. How could you still be here, embarrassing yourself?"

Peyton let out a sigh and said, "I find it strange. Am I your mother? Why are you always concerned about my matters?"

When several people were arguing, a strange and stern voice suddenly sounded, "What are you arguing about? Do you think this is a market?"