

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 19

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Chapter 19 Her Death Will Be the Best Revenge

Peyton's slender ankles were like fragile butterfly wings in his hands. He could easily crush them.

Nolan arched his body like a hungry panther. He approached her slowly on both knees from her side.

Peyton's frightened and confused face was reflected in his dark pupils. Her refusal stirred his desire again.

Nolan's fingers climbed onto her delicate skin like a viper. Peyton's heart thumped. She howled angrily in shock and anger, "Don't touch me with hands you've stroked others with. Take away your filthy hands!"

Nolan's kiss sealed her lips and stopped what she was going to say.

Peyton stared with wide eyes and shook her head frantically, trying to get out of his grip.

Nolan's hand moved behind her neck and steadied the back of her head. He forced her to tilt her neck and accept the punishment kiss.

The fresh and rough breath reached Peyton's mouth. Peyton thought that he might have kissed Helena as well. This made Peyton feel sick to her stomach.

She suddenly gained some strength and pushed away Nolan. She threw up on the edge of the bed.

When she turned back after vomiting, Nolan's handsome face looked gloomy and solemn.

Nolan kept staring at her. Peyton said word for word, "I told you long ago. Don't touch me. I don't like your filthy hands!"

Nolan felt a fire igniting in his heart.

His words completely put out the fire in his heart. A phone call came in. Nolan left without hesitation.

Soon, a maid, Olivia Harvey, rushed in a hurry to clean up. Seeing Peyton's tired appearance, she was a bit worried. "Mrs. Dalton."

Peyton weakly said, "Olivia, we haven't seen each other for a long time."

"Indeed. We haven't seen each other for almost a year or so since Mr. Dalton moved back to the Dalton's mansion. What happened to you and Mr. Dalton? Mr. Dalton used to be so good to you. I've never seen Mr. Dalton so heartbroken over someone."

Peyton lay on the bed, tired. She was staring at the stars on the ceiling. He had those stars specially customized for her. At night, when other lights were turned off, the specially made lights looked like twinkling

stars.

Nolan used to take any random word she said to heart. Now when Nolan would think she was acting even if Peyton died in front of him.

Peyton muttered, "I also wonder what's wrong with us..."

Olivia sighed. "Mrs. Dalton, I can see that Mr. Dalton adores that lover, but he still has you in his heart. Even if Mr. Dalton comes back late in the past year, he still goes home. He never stays up at that bitch's place."

Peyton was stunned. The media had reported more than once about him going at night and leaving the next morning. Was it true that he didn't stay overnight at Seaview Villa?

Peyton smiled to herself. Nolan had a child with that woman. Did it matter whether he stayed overnight or not?

“Mrs. Dalton, a couple’s fight never lasts for over one day. If your attitude softens, Mr. Dalton will forgive you. I.....”

How would an onlooker know about the story between them? Nolan’s grudge against her was deep. Her love for him was slowly turning into resentment. They couldn’t be together again with or without Helena.

Sensing Olivia’s good intentions, Peyton forced herself to get out of bed. “Olivia, I’ll go wash up first.”

“Yes, Mrs. Dalton.”

She washed the parts touched by Nolan over and over again. She even carefully washed her hair which hadn’t been taken care of for a few days.

Peyton looked at the strands of hair on the ground. She hugged her knees and leaned against the corner of the bathroom for a while.

It wasn’t until Olivia’s voice came from outside that Peyton picked the strands of hair up one by one with paper tissues. She wrapped them up and threw them in the trash.

She didn’t want Nolan to find out about her illness.

Peyton made a bet with herself.

If Nolan still loved her, her death would be the best revenge for him.

Even if Peyton had to die soon, she still wanted Nolan to be upset for the rest of his life.

If Nolan didn’t love her, telling him the truth would be nothing more than a self-inflicted insult. It would only make Helena laugh at her.

Olivia had prepared a table full of good dishes. These were all Peyton’s favorites in the past.

Peyton asked Olivia to join her. Olivia wiped her hands on the apron and sat beside Peyton to serve her the soup. "Mr. Dalton personally asked me to cook the chicken soup. I told you that Mr. Dalton had you in his heart."

The table was full of dishes cooked in heavy oil and spice. The aroma of chili peppers and peppercorns filled the air.

Peyton liked spicy food, while Nolan liked light food. There used to be a few very different dishes on their dinner table.

But her stomach ached a lot now. She could no longer eat such spicy dishes.

"Mrs. Dalton, why aren't you eating? My cooking skills haven't changed. Mr. Dalton will ask me to cook one or two spicy dishes when he eats at home."

Peyton gave her a somewhat surprised look. As far as she knew, Nolan couldn't eat spicy food.

Olivia saw through Peyton's thoughts and continued, "That's why I said that Mr. Dalton has you in his heart. Even if he doesn't live with you, he will ask me to cook the dishes you like to eat. Mrs. Dalton, you used to force him to eat a bit of spicy food. But now he is willing to try some every day. He couldn't stand it in the beginning. For him, the food was so spicy that his face turned red and he coughed a lot. Mr. Dalton ate while drinking water. By now he can also eat some spicy food at ease."

Peyton suddenly felt ridiculous. Nolan tried a different kind of cuisine. But she had to give up her original favorite food and changed to a lighter one because she was sick.

They were not meant to be together.

Peyton didn't continue the topic again. She begged Olivia to borrow her cell phone.

Fortunately, Peyton had a good memory. She had Alwyn's number before and dialed the number.

She could not forgive herself if something happened to Alwyn. When Alwyn's voice came from the other end of the phone, she finally felt relaxed.

There was no sound on the other end of the phone. Alwyn realized something and asked tentatively, "Is this Peyton?"

That car accident happened strangely. Alwyn knew what was going on.

"This is me... I'm sorry, Alwyn. I'm the one who got you like this."

Alwyn's tired voice was mixed with a touch of joy. "You said those words in front of the Courthouse because you were afraid of dragging me down with you?"

Peyton didn't understand what Alwyn was thinking. "Alwyn, I'm not with my cell phone, so I couldn't contact you earlier. How is your injury?"

"Don't worry. I'm not hurt, for the airbags protected me. Is he holding you captive? Do you want me to call the police for you?"

"Without a divorce, we're still a married couple. There's no proof of imprisonment at all. Alwyn, I appreciate everything you've done for me. You don't need to care about me from now on. Today's accident was just a warning from him. I know you're a kind man, but I'm not worth what you've given me. I'm relieved to know that you're okay. Goodbye."

Peyton quickly hung up the phone. Alwyn was tittering while holding the phone. It turned out that she didn't say those words for the sake of Nolan.

Peyton gave the cell phone back to Olivia. She dragged her tired body back to her room to rest.

She didn't know how long she had slept. In a daze, she heard the door slam closed.

The room was filled with a strong smell of alcohol. Peyton felt sick of the pungent odor. Her stomach became uncomfortable again..

Before she could say anything, Nolan casually dropped his jacket to the floor. The mattress sank a bit. Nolan muttered, "Honey, I'm home..."