

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 I'll Cover His Funeral Expenses

On the pitch-black night, Peyton returned to the bathroom alone.

The steaming hot water dispelled Peyton's coldness as she rubbed her swollen eyes and walked into a warmly decorated room. After she pushed open the door, a cozy nursery appeared before her eyes.

Peyton gently flicked the mobile, and the absolute music of the music box filled the room. The room's light was dimly yellow, creating an extremely warm atmosphere. However, tears uncontrollably streamed down Peyton's face.

Perhaps this was what Peyton deserved. She failed to protect her child, so she was going to die.

Peyton climbed onto the 1.2-meter-long baby bed and curled up her body like a small shrimp. Tears from her left eye flowed to her right eye and then slid down her cheeks, wetting the baby blanket beneath her.

Peyton held a doll tightly in her arms and murmured, "I'm sorry, baby. It's all my fault. I failed to protect you. Don't be afraid. I will be with you soon."

After the baby's death, Peyton had been in a poor state. She withered like a bright flower.

Looking at the unyielding darkness, Peyton thought that as long as she left the money to her father, she could go to her baby.

The next morning, before sunrise, Peyton had been dressed neatly. She lowered her head and looked at her beaming face on the marriage

certificate.

It had only been three years.

Peyton made a stomach-friendly breakfast. Even though she couldn't live much longer, she wanted to take care of her father as long as possible.

Just as Peyton was about to leave, she received a call from the hospital. "Ms. Schmitt, Mr. Schmitt suddenly had a heart attack and has been taken to the emergency room."

"I'll be right there!"

Peyton hurriedly went to the hospital. The surgery was still ongoing, and Peyton waited outside the operating room with her hands clasped together. She had lost everything. Her only hope now was for her father to live well.

A nurse handed Peyton a stack of bills. "Ms. Schmitt, this is the cost of the emergency treatment and surgery for your father's sudden condition."

Peyton glanced at the details, and it amounted to 20 thousand dollars.

Her father's monthly medical expenses were 8,000 dollars, and she barely managed to break even by working three jobs. Just after paying this month's hospital expenses, there were only 800 dollars left in her bank account. How could it be enough for the surgery fee?

Peyton could only dial Nolan's phone number. His voice carried sternness. "Where are you? I've been waiting for you for half an hour."

"I have an urgent matter here. I can't leave."

"Peyton, is it funny?" Nolan let out a cold laugh. "I knew something was off about you suddenly changing your attitude. Do you think I'm a fool to believe such a lame lie?"

Nolan thought Peyton was lying. Peyton explained, "I didn't lie to you. In the past, I was unwilling and thought you had your reasons for treating me like this. But now I see clearly that this engagement has long lost its necessity. I am willing to divorce you. I didn't come because my father had a heart attack and needs surgery..."

"Is he dead?" Nolan asked. Peyton felt strange. Who would say that?

"No, he's still being rescued. Nolan, the surgery costs 20 thousand dollars. Can you give me 1.6 million dollars first? I promise I will divorce you!"

Nolan gave a mocking laugh. "Peyton, you better understand this. I'm more than happy to see your father dead. I can give you the money, but only after we get the divorce."

The phone on the other end went to a busy signal, leaving Peyton in disbelief. She remembered how Nolan respected her father when she was dating Nolan. But the hatred in Nolan's voice she heard just now had no trace of joking.

Did Nolan want Peyton's father to die? Why?

Peyton thought back to the bankruptcy of the Schmitt family two years ago. Everything seemed to make sense.

Was it just a coincidence?

Maybe the Schmitt family's downfall was all because of Nolan, but what had the Schmitt family done wrong to him?

Peyton had no time to think too much. The most urgent matter was to gather 20 thousand dollars for the medical fees.

As the operating room door opened, Peyton hurriedly came forward. "Dr. McCain, how is my father?"

“Don’t worry, Ms. Schmitt. Mr. Schmitt is lucky to survive, but his mental state is fragile. Don’t let him experience any more shocks for now.”

“I understand.” Peyton breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you, Dr. McCain.”

Kason Schmitt was still in a coma, and Peyton asked the caregiver, “My father seemed to be in good spirits. Why did he suddenly have a heart attack?”

The caregiver answered immediately, “Mr. Schmitt has been in a good mood lately, and he even said that he wanted to eat shrimp and

something more. I thought it would only take about ten minutes to come and go to Delicacies Restaurant, so I went out to buy food for Mr. Schmitt. By the time I came back, he had already been taken to the emergency room. Ms. Schmitt, it’s all my fault!”

“Did my father see anyone before you left?”

“No, there was nothing unusual with Mr. Schmitt before I left. He even mentioned that you like the cake from Delicacies Restaurant and asked me to buy a portion. Who would have known that something like this happened all of a sudden...”

Peyton always felt that it was not that simple. She instructed the caregiver to take good care of Kason and quickly walked to the nurse station to check the visitor registration.

“Ms. Schmitt, no one visited Mr. Schmitt this morning.” The nurse gave Peyton the answer.

“Thank you.”

“By the way, Ms. Schmitt, has Mr. Schmitt’s bill been settled?”

Peyton said embarrassedly, “I will take care of it immediately. Sorry.”

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Nolan was not seen.

Peyton anxiously dialed Nolan's number. "I have arrived at the courthouse. Where are you?"

"At the company."

"Nolan, can you come for the divorce formalities now?"

Nolan coldly laughed, "Do you think the tens-of-million-dollar contract that I am about to negotiate is less important than you?"

"I can wait for you to finish the contract. Nolan, please. My father urgently needs money."

"If he dies, I will pay for the funeral expenses."

After saying that, Nolan hung up. Peyton called Nolan again, but he turned off his phone.

The heavy raindrops were like a large net trapping Peyton, leaving her unable to breathe.

Peyton squatted under the bus stop sign. Watching the busy street, she was filled with regret.

If Peyton hadn't dropped out of school due to pregnancy, she would have received her graduation certificate by now. With her abilities and qualifications, she would have had a promising future.

Who could have predicted that the Schmitt family would go bankrupt and that Nolan, who treated Peyton like a treasure, would suddenly change? Overnight, Peyton lost everything.

A year ago, Nolan had someone take away all of Peyton's jewelry and branded handbags. The only valuable thing she had left was their

wedding ring. Determinedly, Peyton took off the ring and walked into a high-end jewelry store.

The salesperson looked at Peyton, whose cheap clothes were soaked through, and said, "Miss, do you have the invoice and proof of purchase with you?"

"I do." Peyton pretended not to notice the salesperson's scrutinizing gaze and handed over the invoice.

"Okay, Miss. We need to send the ring for appraisal. Can we give you the update tomorrow?"

Peyton licked her dry lips and anxiously said, "I need money urgently. Can you expedite the process?"

"Alright, I'll try my best. Wait a moment, Miss..."

Before the salesperson could take the ring, a fair and delicate hand pressed down on the lid. "This ring is very beautiful. I'll take it."

Peyton looked up and met the one she detested, Helena!

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