Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 20

Chapter 20 Whether Live or Die, We'll Be Together

Hearing the intimate voice, Peyton froze and forgot to react as if someone controlled her.

She didn't know how much Nolan drank to end up like this. Nolan acted as if they had never had a dispute before. He naturally wrapped Peyton in his arms.

Peyton felt Nolan's familiar and hot embrace. It was a great shock to her.

She maintained her sense and reached out to push him away. But

took her fingers and put them near his lips for sucking.

The warm lips gently stroked the back of her hand. Nolan muttered, "Honey, where have you been? I've been looking for you for so long."

Peyton failed to hold back her tears. The tears slipped down her cheek. All the tears in her life seemed to have been used up this year.

Suppressing her grief, Peyton said, "Weren't you the one who pushed me away?"

"Nonsense." Nolan hugged her a little tighter. His kisses fell behind her ear with the smell of alcohol. "You're the person I love most in my life. How could I push you away?"

Peyton pushed him away and said, "Nolan, take a good look at who I

am."

There were no lights on in the room. The curtains were not fully

drawn. Through the faint light from the courtyard, Nolan saw drops of tears in the corners of Peyton's eyes.

He leaned down and kissed her tears drop by drop. He murmured, "Peytic, don't cry. Who did this to you? I will help you beat him to death!"

His childish words made Peyton cry even hard. She didn't know how much he drank. How could he be so drunk like this?

If he had any bit of lucidity, he wouldn't have forgotten the hatred toward her. Nor would he have talked to her in such a childish

manner.

Peyton buried her head into Nolan's arms. She sniflled and said in a trembling voice, "Nolan, if I die, what will you do?"

"Nonsense! How could you die?"

"People all die. No one can escape their fate."

"Then I will die with you. Whether live or die, we'll be together."

Peyton's fingers tugged tightly on his shirt. She pursed her lips and smiled helplessly. "You're the one who's talking nonsense, I'm afraid that as soon as I die, you'll immediately marry someone else."

As soon as Nolan heard this, he became annoyed. He propped himself up and held her hand near his heart. Without any fabric covering him, Nolan's firm and smooth skin pressed against her palm.

His heart was beating fast.

It sounded like a drum.

She heard Nolan's words above her head. He was drunk, but he sounded extremely serious.

you. If you die, it dies too."

Peyton nodded with tears in her eyes. "I heard it."

Nolan's palm slowly landed on her waist. Peyton got startled and trembled. Nolan's body leaned over.

Nolan kissed Peyton's car when he was quite drunk. He was no longer the indifferent man in daily life.

"Peytic, let's make a baby."

Baby…

Peyton cried harder.

Feeling her trembling body, Nolan got so scared that he hurriedly wiped her tears with his hands. "Peytie, don't cry. Please don't. I don't want a baby. I just want you to be well. Don't cry.

Nolan held her in his arms tightly. He sensed Peyton's trembling body and patiently soothed her over and over again.

Peyton tightly grabbed his clothes and pressed her head against his chest. Her tears moistened his shirt. She called his name in a low voice, "Nolan. Nolan…"

Why did they end up like this?

She wanted to go back to two years ago. She craved the carefree time.

"I am here. I am here." Nolan responded to her time and time again.

Peyton knew that his gentleness was rare. She was not supposed to have any closer contact with him, but she just couldn't help holding onto his warmth.

She thought, "Nolan, how good it would be if you didn't change."

Nolan woke up at almost dawn. He felt someone in his arms before he even opened his eyes.

He thought about the pile of empty bottles he left last night. He had a high alcohol tolerance. He didn't drink often. He didn't believe he would get drunk one day.

With a splitting headache, he couldn't remember what happened last night. He was disturbed, afraid of opening his eyes to face reality.

He didn't open his eyes until he had prepared himself to do so. When he saw that the woman in his arms was Peyton, he sighed in relief.

But in the next second, he realized what was going on between them. He instantly shook her body away from him fiercely.

Just as Nolan was about to pull out his arm, his gaze suddenly landed on Peyton's face. He stopped moving his arm.

How long had it been since he'd looked at her quietly like this? When they met recently, they would fight with each other fiercely.

Without makeup, her fair complexion was noticeable.

She had fair skin before. But wasn't this a little too fair? He thought Peyton's skin was as pale as paper.

Her small face with delicate features didn't show a trace of blood. She was like Snow White.

Peyton slept on her side in Nolan's arm. Instead of wrapping her arms and legs around Nolan like before, she curled up into a ball like a kitten.

Nolan curled his lips into a self-deprecating smile. This meant that she no longer believed in him.

As soon as he thought of this, Nolan felt angry again. He viciously drew out his arm.

Peyton suddenly opened her eyes. She looked a bit confused. She blankly looked at the world like a kitten.

Her eyes were innocent and beautiful.

When she saw Nolan's handsome face clearly, her expression changed drastically. She blurted out, "You pestered me when you were drunk last night."

The scene of a couple cuddling together suddenly disappeared.

Nolan's face sank. He just woke up, so his voice was still a bit hoarse. "I know. If I weren't drunk, I wouldn't have held you like this."

To hide his embarrassment, Nolan hurriedly went into the bathroom with his clothes. Peyton quickly put away the hair scattered on the bed after Nolan closed the door.

Nolan ripped off the buttons with anger. What kind of thing was this? They were still husband and wife. Why did he have to explain about hugging her during sleep?

He felt that he failed to behave well last night. He was about to throw his shirt into the dirty clothes basket when his thumb touched a strand of black hair.

He wouldn't have cared too much if it had been a single strand. But there were surprisingly strands of black hair scattering on the ground. He roughly counted. There were two dozen of them.

When Peyton still had long hair, she always complained about her hair

loss. Different kinds of shampoos couldn't bring out any effect. She even laughed at herself, wondering if she would be bald one day.

At that time, she would jump on his back and flirted, "Ilubby, if I become bald, why don't you become a monk?"

Nolan's eyes flickered. Did every woman suffer from such terrible hair loss?

Nolan thought of her pale face and tearful explanation not long ago. She said, "I'm not lying to you. I'm just sick…"

Nolan pushed the door open and headed toward the bed.