

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 24

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Chapter 24 1.6 Million Dollars

Peyton's cheeks were marked by tears. She knew deep down that she and Nolan could never go back.

Nolan had betrayed her and harmed the Schmitt family, who owed Nolan his sister's life.

The scores between them were unsettled. It was a total mess. The more they struggled, the tighter the bindings became, suffocating them and leading to their demise.

Nolan cupped her cheek, his thumb gently wiping away the tear stains on her face.

"Peytie, hate me. I betrayed you. I killed our baby. There's no going back."

Peyton sensed Nolan's wavering. His rare tenderness was like a sapling sprouting from an iceberg.

But soon it was shattered by a storm.

Nolan left the disheveled room, leaving Peyton behind.

Peyton knew it was their farewell.

There was no turning back.

When Peyton emerged from the room, Olivia was nowhere to be found. Olivia thought they were just quarreling, so she had been attempting to make peace between the two.

In Olivia's eyes, Peyton was Nolan's one and only wife. But Olivia was unaware that she had made a big mistake.

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Peyton mocked herself. In the past, she didn't feel lonely because of Olivia's presence. When Olivia left, Peyton realized the house and life itself were meaningless and boring.

Outside, it was already dark. Olivia had prepared some soup. Peyton poured it into a bowl.

Steam rose, casting a glow on her face.

Peyton's expression was calm as she ate.

She had found a way to break free from the exhausting fight. It drained them both physically and mentally.

"Nolan, I will repay what my father owes you," Peyton thought.

Peyton decided to stop the chemotherapy and enjoy the remaining days of her life.

She could feel the pain and inner conflict of Nolan. As long as she was gone, he wouldn't have to live with constant conflict and hatred.

It turned out that with her death, Nolan would have a better life. The only cost was her life.

Nolan would have a lover and a baby that he had always wanted.

He would still be the legend of Aelford City.

Everything would be fine without Peyton.

It would be perfect.

When Peyton had figured it all out, she felt relieved.

That night, Nolan didn't return. The Dalton's mansion was in dead silence.

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For the first time in many days, Peyton woke up early and left her room.

Days of rest and recovery had greatly improved her spirits. Olivia took credit for that. Peyton looked healthier with her care.

Perhaps the chemotherapy worked, Peyton hadn't had any discomfort in her stomach recently.

She changed her clothes. Just as Peyton was about to open the door, she saw Lucian standing outside with a stern expression.

Lucian said respectfully, "Ms. Schmitt."

Peyton revealed a warm smile. "Good morning."

Lucian was surprised. In the past two years since Peyton's relationship with Nolan turned sour, she had been in hysteria or despair. Lucian hadn't seen her smile for a long time,

Seeing her smile, Lucian hated to break it to Peyton. But Peyton took the initiative. "Just say it."

"Mr. Dalton asked me to take you to Courthouse."

Peyton wasn't surprised. In the past, she could fool herself with excuses. Now, there were no more excuses, only reality.

A reality that she and Nolan had to face.

Nolan was ready to give up on her completely.

But she had made her decision. Peyton smiled gently at Lucian. "I'm sorry. Please tell him that I've changed my mind."

Lucian just couldn't wrap his head around it. First, Nolan was determined to get a divorce. Then it was Peyton who wanted to leave.

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Now that Nolan finally agreed, Peyton ate her words.

Were they playing some children's game?

Did they think getting a divorce was not a big deal?

Jayson would've probably started complaining if he had heard it. But Lucian still wore his poker face. "I'm sorry, madam. It is beyond my authority. Please come with me."

"I don't want to give you a hard time. Let's go." Peyton had expected it. She wrapped herself in a scarf before following Jayson out of the house.

Every time they were about to get a divorce, something unexpected would happen. Surprisingly, this time it went well. Even the snowstorm had ceased. The sun shone brightly.

After the snow had melted, the temperature remained as frigid as ever. Droplets of melted snow on the treetops drip down the branches.

Nolan was already waiting when Peyton arrived.

There was no one else in the hall but him. Nolan sat with his legs folded, his eyes half-closed, and his fingers rubbing his temples. He looked tired.

There was still a faint smell of alcohol lingering around him.

He didn't drink much. But now he couldn't do without it.

Nolan was tired, yet sleep evaded him.

Unexpectedly, small hands landed on his face. The touch and the scent of the hand cream were familiar.

He opened his eyes and whispered, "You are here."

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"Yeah."

Neither of them spoke. It felt like time had reversed back. In the past, Peyton would give him a massage when he was tired.

After a while, Peyton had sore hands. Her body was weakened by the chemotherapy. She couldn't lift her hands for too long.

Nolan took out pieces of paper from the document bag and pushed them toward Peyton. "I've revised the divorce agreement. If you have no issue with it, sign it."

Peyton scanned it. In the previous divorce agreement she had drafted, there was only one clause, 1.6 million dollars in compensation,

This new divorce agreement was much more generous. It included a staggering amount of 100 million dollars, several villas, cars, and real estate properties.

She couldn't help but let out a chuckle. "You are indeed very generous."

Nolan didn't look at her but rather glanced at his wristwatch. "You deserve it."

Peyton wondered what had been going through his mind the previous night. It was clear that he intended to cut the ties with her completely.

Labeling Nolan as heartless would be a lie. He was more affectionate than anyone else. Yet, saying him faithful would fall short, as he was cold-hearted.

Peyton took a pen and crossed out those clauses. "Thanks for going through the trouble. I told you I only want 1.6 million dollars. You've paid me 800 thousand dollars already. There's still 800 thousand to go."

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Nolan frowned in annoyance as he looked at her.

"Peyton, don't be ungrateful."

Peyton, however, kept her smile as she stared at him. "I'm used to living a lavish life. These past two years, though tiring, have been fulfilling. Besides, we don't have children to raise. Giving me so much money would be inappropriate."

Nolan was about to say something when Peyton suddenly leaned over the table and moved closer to him.

"1.6 million dollars and one more condition."

His dark pupils reflected her figure and gentle smile. Nolan raised an eyebrow and asked, "What condition?"

The corner of Peyton's mouth curled up into a captivating smile. Her sweet voice spread into Nolan's ear. "Nolan, I want you to be with me for three months."

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