

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 25

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Chapter 25 A **Life for a Life**

Nolan was almost enchanted by Peyton's smile, but he came back to reality very soon.

His brows furrowed, as he disgruntled, "Peyton, what trick is this?"

Peyton said earnestly, "I'm not playing any tricks. I just want you to stay with me for three months. After three months, I won't step into your personal life. Marry Helena or have a baby, as you wish."

By then, she would be approaching the end of her life, seeking a place where no one would find her.

Nolan met her serious gaze, puzzled. He had thought that after their conversation, Peyton would hate him even more. Yet, she made this strange decision.

Nolan glanced at her coldly. "What if I don't agree?"

"Then I will never sign the papers. I can wait, but I fear Helena and the baby can't."

Peyton raised an eyebrow, being as playful as ever. "Only three months. After that, I'll sign the divorce papers and leave Aelford City for good."

Nolan sneered, "Can you bear leaving Kason behind?"

Peyton was dying. She had no spare time for others.

Peyton's expression softened. "The doctor said my father's chances of waking up are slim. So, if he remains unconscious, it doesn't matter where he stays."

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Perhaps on the day of her death, Peyton would ask the hospital to end Kason's life. If she passed away before him, she was afraid no one would take care of Kason's funeral.

What if Nolan threw Kason to the sea? What if his body was not intact? It was disrespectful.

It would be better to die together rather than face the journey to the afterlife alone.

Nolan didn't answer. But Helena interrupted, "Nolan, is it done?"

The previous divorce attempts had failed. Helena decided to take the initiative rather than passively waiting for a result.

This time, Helena came with her baby in her arms to make Nolan determined and prevent any accidents.

It was a little girl. But she took after Helena and bore no resemblance to Nolan.

Peyton's eyes froze as they fell upon the child. She couldn't breathe.

If her baby were still alive, she would be around the same age. She had lost her baby, whereas Helena had been fortunate enough to give birth to twins.

The baby reached out towards Nolan and mumbled, "Papa, hug."

Nolan casually picked up the baby. Helena stood beside him, wearing a gentle smile as she looked at Peyton.

"Ms. Schmitt, Nolan no longer has any feelings for you. Why can't you let him go?"

Helena glanced at the papers. A flicker of surprise crossed her face, quickly replaced by composure. "Nolan has been generous enough to

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you. Take what you can get. Beware of losing more than you gain.”

Peyton looked at her with disdain. “That’s why you can never replace me.”

Helena had to force a smile at Peyton’s sarcasm as Nolan was present.

Peyton toyed with the pen in her hand. “Nolan, that’s my condition. If you don’t agree, I’m not in a hurry. Let’s wait and see who is more patient.”

“One month.”

Nolan’s gaze fixed on her face.

Peyton wanted to bargain, but Nolan interrupted her coldly. “That’s my -bottom line.”

No room for negotiation.

“Okay, one month then.”

Counting the days, she could spend the New Year with Nolan. Peyton extended her pinky finger, as they had done in the past. “Deal.”

Nolan was surprised. Helena moved uncomfortably and said discontentedly, “Nolan, please.”

Nolan didn’t look at Helena. He slowly reached out his finger for the pinky swear. “A deal’s a deal.”

They reached a consensus.

It was the only thing Peyton could think of. Nolan would stay with her for a month. In return, she would let him go.

Helena grumbled, "Nolan, I'm not trying to rush you into a divorce. It's

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just about our girl."

Peyton sensed Helena's uneasiness and her stomach churned again. "I need to use the restroom."

Nolan was a good man in every way, except for his poor taste in

Women.

Helena used to be Nolan's neighbor, but Peyton couldn't understand why Nolan chose her. Peyton felt disgusted standing next to Helena.

Or was it because Nolan liked this type of woman?

Peyton thought about this as she made her way to the restroom. It seemed women who knew how to play vulnerable were popular

men.

among

In the past, every time Peyton played vulnerable, Nolan would go to great lengths to satisfy her.

A month.

Well, for one more month, she could still indulge herself.

Peyton slumped over the toilet, vomiting uncontrollably. This morning she had even thought that her condition had improved over the past few days. Now, everything returned to her previous state.

The mixture of blood was horrifying, no matter how many times. Peyton saw it,

The only good news was it wouldn't be much longer before it all came

to an end.

She wiped her mouth

and rinsed it, preparing to leave. But she felt a gentle tug on the coat hem.

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Peyton looked down and saw a child bearing a slight resemblance to Nolan. The boy clutched the sink with one hand and tugged at the corner of her coat with the other. Saliva dribbled from his mouth. He mumbled, "Ah. Mommy."

The boy was supposed to be the child of Nolan and Helena. Peyton should have hated him.

Having been a mother for a brief period, she couldn't bring herself to hate the boy.

Peyton crouched down and tapped the child's nose with her fingertip. She pretended to be serious. "Little brat, when you grow up, don't bully girls like your dad did."

Chris opened his arms and threw himself into Peyton's embrace. "Hug."

Peyton made a face to scare him. "I'm a witch. I'll kidnap you and sell you for money. Are you afraid now?"

Chris wasn't afraid. Instead, he giggled.

A nanny pushing the stroller hurried over with a look of horror on her face. "Oh my, you scared me out of my wits! How did you end up here?"

When the nanny saw Peyton, she quickly pulled the child away. Chris, who had been laughing moments ago, now wore a face full of

grievances. "Mommy, hug."

"Don't call her mom. She's not your mom," scolded the nanny.

With that, she ran with the child in her arms. Peyton watched the tearful face, her heart aching.

She watched as the boy waved his chubby little hand at her. The child

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called her in a slurred voice, "Mommy."

When Lucian found her, Peyton was standing at the entrance of the restroom, tears streaming down her face.

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