

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 27

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Chapter 27 He Had Indeed Changed

Peyton had been wondering what was wrong with Helena and why she had suddenly lost her balance. It turned out to be her scheme.

She knew exactly when Nolan would be back. That was why she had brought Chris here and fallen to the ground with him. Moreover, she had chosen a direction in which the child was sure to be injured.

What a heartless woman! She exploited her child to handle Peyton.

As Chris was about to fall, Peyton subconsciously lunged forward and tried to catch him. With a huge bang, Chris fell on her body.

Her arm, which had a prosthesis, happened to be struck. According to doctors, she had to avoid carrying heavy objects with her arm and injuring it.

However, she was so worried about Chris that she forgot all about her condition. Although Chris was no longer an infant, he was vulnerable.

She felt for a moment extremely dizzy from the rapidity of her rush, and a sharp pain shot through her arm.

She felt a little relieved until she opened her eyes and saw Chris lying in her arms and looking at her with his eyes wide open. Fortunately, Chris was not injured.

As Nolan strode closer to them, Helena scolded Peyton as soon as she stood up, "Ms. Schmitt, I know you hate me. Then you can come and deal with me. How could you hurt Chris? He is a child."

For those who couldn't see through Helena's scheme, it indeed looked like Peyton was trying to hurt Chris just now.

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It was not the first time Helena had framed Peyton. With a great pain searing along her back, Peyton was in no mood to argue with Helena. She broke into a cold sweat, and even her breathing was painful.

Instead of cursing Peyton, Nolan crouched down and picked up Chris. To his surprise, Chris kept grabbing Peyton by the collar and lisping out his words, unwilling to leave Peyton.

Just as Nolan gave him a cold look, Chris, who was little but sensible, stopped speaking. He looked at Peyton with an aggrieved expression and seemed to want her to hug him.

Helena took Chris from Nolan. Instantly, Chris cried out in displeasure and didn't want to be in her embrace.

Helena said miserably, "Nolan, Chris missed you, so I brought him here to meet you. I didn't expect that Ms. Schmitt would..."

Nolan stopped her in displeasure, "I will send you and Chris back."

Peyton lay face up on the ground. She tried to get up, but she was as weak as an elderly woman in her seventies or eighties now. It was hard for her to get up alone.

She needed someone else to help her up, and she looked up at Nolan. "Come and help..."

Nolan cast a glance at her and said, "I will be back later."

Peyton watched him leave without hesitation and gave a helpless smile slowly. She had to admit that he had changed.

He

used to comfort her, though he well knew that she had pretended.. Why did he no longer trust her in her distress?

In fact, it was only because he did not love her as he had loved her before.

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Snowflakes kept falling on her face. She thought of her first date with Nolan, who was aloof and walked in front of her with a gloomy face. all the time.

One day she pretended she had twisted her ankle and sat down on the ground. She counted in her mind, wondering how long it would be before he came back to her. It was only after she had counted three that he rushed back to her.

She saw him being anxious for the first time and threw her arms around his neck, smiling, "Don't walk so fast anymore, okay?"

From then on, whenever they went out together, he would hold her hand and walk side by side with her, never leaving her behind again.

Peyton counted silently in her heart, "1, 2, 3...

17, 18...

Nolan, it hurts! Can you look back at me?"

Nolan didn't look back once and got into the car soon.

Peyton, who seemed to be forgotten, remained lying on the ground in the same posture.

Although the sequelae of chemotherapy had weakened significantly from the start, she couldn't afford any intense movements. When she fell to the ground just now, she felt as if she had broken all her bones.

Lucian and the others had gone to send Nolan away, and Olivia had left the Dalton's mansion. No one else was here but Peyton.

With snowflakes swirling in the air, Peyton felt as if she were surrounded by chills from all directions. Her hands and feet were cold.

She thought, "Is there anyone to save me today?"

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Her bag was on the ground not far from her, but she did not even have the strength to turn over and take her phone out.

Seeing the snow all over the sky, she counted slowly with her tears streaming down, "885, 886..."

As she counted to 1,038, Peyton felt better, so she slowly got up with her other hand.

She shivered with cold. Her nose turned red when the taxi arrived. Unable to lift her injured hand, she breathed on the other to keep it

warm.

"Are you cold? Do you go to the hospital alone? It's late. You'd better ask your family to go with you. I hear there are a lot of pretty young girls disappearing these days. You are beautiful and should be careful."

Since it was late and Peyton went to the hospital alone, the driver reminded her to protect herself.

Peyton put her hand down and finally felt warm because of the heating in the car. She looked outside of the window and said with a smile, "Thank you. I'm fine. My family will come soon."

She only said that to reassure the driver. Actually, she didn't have any family anymore.

Alwyn must have gone home. It was a lucky thing for her as she didn't want him to worry about her. She went to see the doctor on duty.

To her surprise, a familiar figure came into her sight as soon as she entered the office.

Alwyn, dressed in a white coat, lowered his head. With a pair of silver- framed glasses on his face, he looked even more elegant.

Peyton didn't expect him to be on duty. It was too late to walk out. Just

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as she was hesitant, Alwyn looked up and noticed her.

He was a little excited as his eyes behind the glasses opened wide. Soon, his eyes were full of concern.

He realized that Peyton wouldn't come to the hospital to see him at midnight. He stood up and asked, "What's the matter?"

Peyton couldn't feel her arm. She wondered if it was because of the cold or something else.

She said directly, "Alwyn, my arm is injured."

Hearing that her arm that had the port-

cath getting injured, Alwyn changed his expression dramatically. "Hurry up and sit down.

I need to check your arm. You are a medical student. Don't you know how serious the consequences would be if the port-cath dropped?

It will threaten your heart and risk your life."

Alwyn was shocked at the sudden incident. Peyton had been paying attention to protecting her arm. What exactly had happened?

Alwyn checked her arm in a hurry. Fortunately, the port-cath didn't drop. He breathed a sigh of relief.

Peyton suddenly said, "Alwyn, can you remove the port-cath for me?"

"What? It's necessary for your future chemotherapies."

Peyton looked into his anxious eyes and said in a flat voice, "I don't want to have any chemotherapy."

"Why? You can't give up. You were in good health before you got cancer. There is a high chance of survival after the surgery."

With a pale face, Peyton replied weakly, "Alwyn, I'm tired."

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