

## Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 28

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#### Chapter 28 I Am **Not** Good Enough for **You**

Alwyn didn't know what had happened to Peyton these days. Before, she clearly had a strong desire for life, but now there was nothing in her eyes and it seemed she neither longed for life or death.

Peyton was like a still lake with no ripples now.

"Is it because of Nolan? Is it him who hurt your hand?"

Peyton shook her head. "No."

"It's about him, isn't it? You are nothing like the genius girl I used to know."

Alwyn's expression changed and he couldn't bear to tell Peyton the truth. Looking out the window at the dancing snow, he sighed, "Maybe Nolan did love you that winter, but this winter he has chosen someone else. So you should not indulge in the past."

In the eyes of others, Peyton was blinded by love and had lost herself, but no one really knew what had really happened between her and Nolan.

Peyton was well aware that Nolan no longer loved her, and even if he had given up revealing on her, Paula's death was his deepest grief and he would be deeply trapped in pain in all his life.

Now that Nolan had decided to marry Helena, Peyton intended to find everything out within the limited lifetime she had. Peyton hoped that Nolan would not make things difficult for Kason if Kason woke up.

Peyton believed it was good for both Nolan and her.

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When Alwyn turned to look at Peyton again, the frail Peyton seemed gone and there was more firmness in her eyes.

Alwyn sighed, "Now that you've made up your mind, I have nothing else to say. Peyton, you know what will happen after taking out the infusion port. Will you regret it?"

"Alwyn seems to ask me that all the time..." Peyton thought. And then she replied with a smile, "Of course, I won't."

Peyton stripped off half of her clothes to reveal an arm and her fair shoulders. The wounds on her arm had healed.

Peyton didn't want to have anesthesia, which made things much simpler. It was just a small surgery, and Alwyn could manage it alone.

Although Peyton was lucky the infusion port didn't fall off, the subcutaneous tissue of her arm was damaged and there was a large bruise on it after Chris hit her arm.

Alwyn patiently dealt with Peyton's wound. When her newly healed wound was re-opened by a sharp scalpel, the pain spread from her limbs to her heart and it made her feel suffocated.

Peyton tried not to cry out. Alwyn felt so distressed to see her like that.

Alwyn said gently as he went on with the surgery, "If it hurts, call it out."

The doctor last time said that as well. But Peyton still clenched her teeth and gripped the cold table firmly, trying to bear the pain.

Alwyn quickened the movement. By the time the wound was stitched up, Peyton's hands were numb with pain, her body was soaked in a cold sweat, and she sank feebly into the chair.

Alwyn brought Peyton some warm water and sat across from her,

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saying patiently, "Peyton, I've been following up on your father's case

with his attending doctor, and if we find Leo Murphy, one of the world's top brain surgeons, to do a craniotomy for your father, your father has an 80% chance of waking up."

"I looked it up. Five years ago, Leo disappeared in a car accident. No. one knows whether he is still alive or not.

Peyton recovered a little after taking some water and a short rest. Despite the burning pain in her arm and the fact that even the slightest touch from the fabric made her gasp with pain, she stood up stubbornly to leave.

"Alwyn, thank you. You don't have to worry about me anymore,

Whether I divorce Nolan or not, he won't let me be in contact with any men, and I don't want to cause you any trouble."

Alwyn, who had been calm and gentle, suddenly got emotional. He rested his hands on his legs, crossed his fingers, and spoke in a deep voice, "Peyton, I just want to know what is on your mind. Why can't you just move on? Why don't you just let go of yourself? You should get out there and see how wonderful the world is."

Peyton even stumbled even when she just tried to stand up. She smiled weakly, "I fell in love with Nolan from the first moment I saw him. I've loved him for so many years. I... I just can't let go."

Seeing Peyton full of tears, Alwyn wanted to wipe them away for her, but he couldn't. He could only quietly look at her.

Tears ran down Peyton's thin chin, and she said with a bitter smile, "I know it is very humiliating for me to do that. But the thought that Nolan will marry another woman makes me suffer even more. If there is no meaning in life, I would rather choose to die.

"I read a passage recently. It says if you are destined not to be with this.

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man but you love him dearly, will you just enjoy the process of being with him or will you just turn around and go?"

Peyton sneered at herself, "If I had not met Nolan, I would have chosen to turn around and walk away. But sometimes everything is predestined and I can't escape. I made a final agreement with Nolan that after he accompanies me for a month, we will divorce. By then, I will go to see the world you talk about."

Alwyn watched Peyton leave with her right hand covering her left shoulder and staggering with each step. She didn't look back. "Alwyn, I appreciate everything you've done for me, but someone like me isn't good enough for you."

Peyton walked step by step in the cold corridor, and the snow was blowing outside, and she walked farther and farther away.

Alwyn was still worried about Peyton, watching through the window as she disappeared into sight one step at a time.

A helpless bitter smile appeared on Alwyn's lips, and Alwyn thought, "What's she holding on to after all this? Is it worth it?"

Alwyn felt that Peyton was like a devout believer, sticking to go after her belief in this vast world.

When Peyton was back at the Dalton's mansion, the lights were all on. Looking at the warm mansion in the snow, she felt like it was like

three years ago.

Opening the door, Peyton was wrapped by the warm air in an instant. She changed her shoes and walked a few steps. Then she saw Nolan busy in the kitchen.

Peyton felt it was just like old times and Nolan had never left.

Nolan was in a gray cashmere sweater with sleeves rolled up to the

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elbow, revealing a forearm line full of masculine beauty and there was a long scar on his left arm.

That was three years ago when Peyton and Nolan were just together. At that time, a thug with a sharp knife was about to stab her, and Nolan protected her without hesitation and thus got cut by the thug.

Nolan was preparing dinner skillfully and got stunned when Peyton hugged him from behind and buried her head in his back.

Nolan turned off the fire after a while and stood in front of the stove without looking back. Then he asked in a low voice, "Where have you been?"

"My hand got hurt and I went to the hospital."

Nolan knew Peyton well. In the past, even with a small cut, she would pretend to be pitiful and ask for his comfort, and this time, she fell heavily.

No matter what Helena said, Nolan saw everything himself and knew Peyton was trying to save Chris at that time.

“Thank you for today. Chris didn’t get hurt.”

With that, Nolan skillfully put the food in the pot onto the plate and went to get the other food ready.

However, Peyton froze. She was shocked that it was the first time Nolan had said thanks to her, and then she felt lost.

Because that meant alienation.

Peyton really wanted to tell Nolan that she got stitches and her hand hurt a lot. She wanted Nolan to comfort her.

Looking at Nolan’s tall figure, Peyton said nothing but murmur to

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herself, “Thank me for what? I hate that kid, and I want him hurt more. than anyone else . And I just stumbled and fell, and thus caught him by accident.”

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