

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 It's Humiliating

Helena was wearing a delicate white cashmere coat, and the white pearls on her ears highlighted her gentleness.

Just the shawl on Helena's neck was worth thousands of dollars. At the sight of Helena, the salesperson quickly greeted her. "Mrs. Dalton, doesn't Mr. Dalton come with you to choose jewelry today?"

"Mrs. Dalton, we have received the latest styles in the store. All of them are suitable for you.

"Mrs. Dalton, the jade that you asked me to set aside last time has arrived. Please try it on later. It will flatter your complexion."

The salesperson addressed Helena as Mrs. Dalton constantly. Helena smiled and looked at Peyton with a triumphant expression, declaring her victory.

Everyone knew that Nolan cherished Helena, but they didn't know that Peyton was his legal wife.

Peyton clenched her fists tightly as her hand hung down, frustrated by the timing of encountering the person she least wanted to see in her most embarrassing moment.

Helena gently asked, "If you sell such a high-quality ring for cash, you will lose a lot of money."

Peyton grabbed the ring box, and her face turned pale. "I won't sell it."

"Not sell it? What a pity! I quite like this ring. Considering our friendship, I was planning to buy it at a high price. Ms. Schmitt, aren't you in need of money?"

Peyton's hand froze. Indeed, she needed money, desperd

knew it well and took advantage of it to humiliate her.

The surrounding salespeople advised, "Miss, this lady is the fiancée of the president of the Dalton Group. It's your honor that Mrs. Dalton appreciates your ring. She will offer you a good price. Then you will get your money without procedures."

How ironic it was to hear that they addressed Helena as Mrs. Dalton! Just a year ago, Peyton told Helena confidently that she would never divorce Nolan and made Helena believe in it.

In just a year, Helena's identity became known to everyone. Peyton increasingly felt that her marriage to Nolan was a plot.

Helena saw Peyton hesitate and smiled brightly, "Ms. Schmitt, name your price."

The smug look on Helena's face was nauseating, but Peyton remained calm. "I won't sell it."

However, Helena refused to let go. "Ms. Schmitt, you are in despair. Don't tell me you still care about dignity. If I were in your position, I would let go happily. Hasn't anyone told you that persistent harassment is humiliating?"

"Ms. Chase, you sound so ridiculous. You like snatching other people's things. Do you think you should be proud of it?"

As they argued, the ring flew out of the box. It formed a parabola in the air before landing on the ground.

Peyton hurriedly went forward, and the ring rolled directly to a pair of delicate leather shoes near the door.

Peyton bent down to pick the ring up. A droplet of water fell on her neck, sending a cold chill through her.

Peyton slowly looked up and met a pair of cold and heartless eyes. Nolan still held the black umbrella. Raindrops fell on Peyton's head. from the curved umbrella.

The delicate black wool coat flattered Nolan's figure, which looked straight and stylish.

Peyton stared at Nolan blankly, remembering their first meeting when he was twenty years old. In a white shirt, Nolan stood on a sunlit playground. The scene had been imprinted on Peyton's mind since she was 14 years old.

Peyton was wearing a knitted sweater, and the fluffy texture

accentuated her slimness. Her chin was sharp, as if she was thinner than three months ago.

Nolan was noble, while Peyton felt she was as worthless as dirt.

Peyton paused while picking up the ring. When she was lost in thought, Nolan lifted his foot and stepped on the ring before passing by her with an expressionless face.

Peyton remained in a half-squatting position. This ring was personally- designed by Nolan according to her preferences. It had a unique and elegant design. There was only one in the world.

Since Nolan put it on Peyton's finger, Peyton had never taken it off except when she was washing up.

If it weren't for the fact that Peyton needed money urgently, she wouldn't have wanted to sell it. But to others, the thing she treasured was just an ordinary piece of junk.

Nolan didn't step on the ring but on Peyton's precious memories.

Helena smiled as she approached and explained to Nolan, "Nolan, you're here. I just happened to see Ms. Schmitt selling her ring while I

was picking out jewelry.

Nolan's face remained expressionless. His icy gaze fell on Peyton's small face as he coldly asked, "Are you going to sell this ring?"

Peyton held back the tears and bit her lip tightly, not allowing herself to cry. "Yes, Mr. Dalton. Do you want to buy it?"

Nolan's lips curled up in a mocking smile. "I remember Ms. Schmitt once said that this ring was very important to you. It seems that your love is so shallow. Something without love is nothing but trash to me."

Peyton was about to answer when a sharp pain in her stomach attacked her. As the tumor grew larger, the slight pain she had at the beginning had now become excruciating.

Peyton looked at the couple under the bright incandescent light. They were a perfect match.

Suddenly, Peyton felt powerless to argue. Even if she gave Nolan her heart, a man who had betrayed her would not care.

Peyton endured the pain and picked up the ring. Then she calmly returned to the counter to retrieve the box and receipt.

In front of Nolan, Peyton didn't want to show any weakness. Even though she almost fainted in pain, she still maintained a firm posture.

As Peyton passed by Nolan, she uttered faintly, "Just like Mr. Dalton, I used to consider it my destiny, but now it's just a stone that can be exchanged for money."

Nolan sensed that something was wrong with Peyton. Peyton's smooth forehead was covered in sweat, and her face was pale, as if she was trying her best to endure the pain.

Nolan's big hand suddenly grabbed Peyton's arm, and a low voice

came. "What's wrong with you?"

Peyton shook off Nolan's hand. "It's none of your business."

Peyton didn't look back at Nolan. Instead, she straightened her back with determination and disappeared from his sight.

Nolan stared at Peyton's departing figure, feeling pain in his heart even though he let her go.

Peyton found a secluded corner and fumbled in her bag for painkillers.

Peyton knew that all the treatments and cancer drugs had side effects, so she only bought some painkillers and regular stomach medicine, which had little effect.

Looking at the pouring rain outside, Peyton wondered if there was only one path left for her.

That woman was the last person Peyton wanted to see, but for the sake of her father, she had to take the risk.

Peyton went home to tidy herself up before taking a taxi to Star Manor.

More than a year ago, the woman called Peyton when she returned home. They hadn't seen each other for over ten years, and Peyton didn't know how she was doing now.

Peyton looked at the luxurious villa. It seemed that that woman had been doing well these years.

After Peyton explained her purpose, the servant led her to the living room, where a dignified beauty sat, just like the glamorous woman in Peyton's memory.

"Peytie." The beautiful woman looked at Peyton.

But no matter how hard Peyton tried, she couldn't call her "mom".