

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte

Chapter 41-50

Chapter 41 **Your** Love Made **Me Feel** Disgusted.

“What if I really died?”

A faint whisper mixed with the sound of cold water echoed in the bathroom. Nolan froze, “With me here, you won’t die.”

Yes, he had supreme power and wealth, and had access to the world’s top medical resources, but there was not a single doctor on this earth who could guarantee a cure for advanced-stage cancer.

Although he had everything and could freely control the life and death of many people, he was unable to stop her.

Low laughter echoed in his ears, “Nolan, the Schmitt family owes your sister a life. How about using my life to repay her?”

“Peytie, if I really wanted to take your life, I would have done it two years ago. Although I hate you, I also love you, so I want you to stay alive, alive to face the punishment for what you’ve done.”

“Do you love me?” Peyton sneered, “If you truly loved me, how could you betray me? Back then, I said I wanted to open a large hospital in the future, creating a green channel to provide free medical treatment for those who couldn’t afford it. You spent billions to build it and even named it ForeverLena Hospital.”

“I said I liked the sea and chose the address, but you built Seaview Villa for Helena.”

“I suggested naming our child Chris, and you named your child the same.”

“Nolan, is this what you said you loved me for?”

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The cold shower water slid over his firm jaw, his lowered eyelashes hiding the expression in his eyes. He opened his mouth, as if he had many words to say, but in the end, not a single explanation came out.

Peyton initially wondered if he had any hidden reasons, otherwise, given his personality, he would have naturally changed all the passwords long ago.

But considering that he was contradictory by nature, his love for Peyton did not prevent him from hating her.

Perhaps this was his revenge, he didn't want Peyton to die, yet he knew every method that would make Peyton suffer unbearably.

The light in Peyton's eyes gradually dimmed. She grabbed Nolan's collar and whispered in his ear, "Your love is truly disgusting."

"Peytie, don't anger me, it's not beneficial for you."

Nolan had already unbuckled his belt. A bad thought arose in Peyton's mind, "What, what are you going to do?"

"Peytie, when you make a mistake, you have to accept punishment," Nolan said, his thin lips uttering each word. Immediately after, he bound her hands behind her back.

"No, Nolan, you couldn't treat me like this," Peyton panicked.

Nolan, however, couldn't listen to anything. He quickly bound her hands and immobilized her under the showerhead using a towel.

Peyton struggled with all her might, but that was her unique way of tying knots. Peyton couldn't untie it at all. Her tender skin turned red from her vigorous scratching.

Nolan reached out and lifted her chin, whispering gently in her ear, "Peytie, I really wanted to give up on you."

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The gentle voice that came out of his mouth would only give Peyton goosebumps all over her body.

“But as long as I saw a man approaching you, I couldn’t help but wish to tear a part the person beside you. You tell me, where did Alwyn touch you?”

The gentler Nolan became, the more extreme he became. Thinking about the car accident Alwyn had experienced, Peyton quickly distanced himself, saying, “My father is hospitalized, and I occasionally ask Alwyn to take care of him, that’s all. As for the apartment you mentioned, I have no idea about it at all. It was introduced to me by my father’s female caregiver, and the landlord is overseas.”

“Peytie, I want to trust you, but how do you explain him carrying things to your house for several days in a row?”

Peyton’s eyes were red. This person was simply a lunatic!

What a suffocating possessiveness.

“Those few days, I was sick with a fever and had no energy to get out of bed. Alwyn was worried about my well-being, so he bought some groceries for me to cook. Can’t you see that he would only stay for one to two hours each time? Once the meal was prepared, he would leave.”

Nolan

furrowed his brow and gently rubbed her cheek with his fingertips, “Did you really get sick?”

Peyton mocked with a laugh, “In your eyes, am I incapable of getting sick? Incapable of feeling sad? Nolan, I am human, not Superwoman. Since you have already decided to give up on me, do it completely. Don’t drag it out. I can assure you that I will have no further involvement with Alwyn, so please leave me alone.”

Nolan smiled bitterly, “I couldn’t let go.”

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Your Love Made Me Feel Disgusted

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He slowly released her body, "Peytie, remember today's punishment well."

"Nolan, I beg you, whatever you came at me for, please don't target the Russell family."

"Nolan, let go of me, don't leave me alone, I'm scared!"

"Nolan, turn it off, I'm cold, I can't get sick..."

She was answered only by Nolan's indifferent back and the sound of the door closing.

"Don't leave me behind."

"I was wrong, you can torture me however you want, but you can't leave me alone here."

"Nolan, I was so cold. Please let me out, I will listen to you..."

"Don't turn off the lights, I'm afraid..."

The almost pleading voice made him have a moment of softness, but such emotion quickly disappeared.

He changed his clothes leisurely and walked downstairs with elegant steps.

Helena looked around the lobby, relieved when she didn't see Peyton by his side.

"Nolan, where did you go? I looked for you everywhere."

“Did you go to the restroom? How?” Nolan’s indifferent expression revealed no emotions.

Helena reached out to pull him. He discreetly dodged. “I have another

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appointment tonight, I will have the driver take you back.”

“Okay, then you drink less alcohol and go back early,” Helena responded obediently, suppressing her dissatisfaction.

That day, he did not agree to get married outside Courthouse. In order to obtain that decree, she had to continue pretending to be an understanding and supportive partner.

“Um.”

After Nolan left in big strides, Helena immediately suppressed the smile on her face. In such a short time, Nolan had already changed his clothes.

Was it because of the upcoming social events or Peyton?

“Good dog, get out of the way!” Kadence stomped over in high heels. from behind. She actually bumped Helena to the side.

“Kadence!”

Kadence hurriedly continued walking without stopping, “Sorry, I didn’t see the person in front of me.”

Helena was speechless. Kadence meant that she was not human.

Helena wanted to argue, but she was pulled back by the classmate who followed her out.

After leaving the hotel, Kadence anxiously called Peyton. She had intended to secretly gather some gossip, but Peyton’s phone went unanswered.

Kadence felt a bit uneasy, thinking about Nolan who had left with them.

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but no one answered. Kadence became frustrated and cursed, "What the hell is Nolan up to?"

"Are you looking for me?" a cold voice echoed in Kadence's ears.

Kadence was startled and looked toward him. Nolan had a cigarette in his mouth under the big tree. The flickering flame from the lighter danced on his stern face.

Kadence saw a face that was extremely handsome, but it appeared like the face of the Grim Reaper.

He exhaled a puff of white smoke and slowly spoke, "I have been waiting for you for a long time, Kadence."

Chapter 42 **What Illness Did She Have?**

Kadence's first reaction upon seeing Nolan was to shrink her neck. The reason she had been so bold at the table earlier was twofold: firstly, because alcohol gives people courage, and secondly, because Peyton was by her side.

She had witnessed Nolan's doting on Peyton with her eyes. The more he adored Peyton, the more ruthless he was towards outsiders.

Kadence still remembers two years ago when she took Peyton to a pub. Nolan personally came to pick up Peyton and gave Kadence a cold look when Peyton wasn't paying attention, leaving only four words, "No next time."

When he left, Kadence had already been drenched in cold sweat. For several days in a row, she had nightmares of Nolan's eyes.

"Click."

He closed the lighter lid and looked faintly at Kadence. That kind of fear struck again.

Kadence cleared her throat and her voice lowered by a few decibels, “Um, Mr. Dalton, I was looking for Peytie. I won’t bother you anymore.”

Nolan casually flicked off the ash from his cigarette, glancing at her sideways, “Wanna chat?”

Kadence didn’t think Nolan would catch up with her. She politely declined, saying, “My mom says good girls have to be home before dark. Maybe next time, next time.”

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Speaking, she planned to run away, but she

bumped into another person, who happened to be Lucian, the enforcer whom Kadence used to secretly refer to as Nolan.

“Ms. Fletcher, please.”

Kadence wanted to cry but a few minutes later she was invited to the nearby café.

Although she was sitting, her legs never stopped shaking, causing the coffee on the table to ripple.

Nolan intended to pick up the coffee, but he saw the latte art on top of it being shaken and distorted by her Nolan’s hand froze in mid-air.

There was a hint of awkwardness in the air, Kadence raised an awkward yet polite smile and handed over the coffee cup attentively, “Mr. Dalton, please.”

After doing all this, she secretly cursed herself for falling into her professional habit again.

After she handed over the coffee, the atmosphere became even more awkward. Nolan placed the coffee aside and spoke up, “I wanted to know about Peyton and Alwyn.”

Kadence didn't know that Nolan was sick, but she knew that Nolan. was possessive.

As her ex-husband, Nolan was still inquiring about Peyton's current situation, clearly indicating that he still had feelings for her. Kadence immediately spoke up, saying, "Mr. Russell should have a liking for Peytie, but Peyton has no interest in him, otherwise I wouldn't have made efforts to match them."

Nolan's gaze towards her noticeably grew colder as the words "matchmaking" were mentioned. Kadence, with a submissive

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demeanor as if facing a superior, cautiously looked up at him, keeping her neck tucked in.

"Um... Mr. Dalton, you didn't... still have feelings for Peytie, did you?"

This question clearly involved his forbidden territory. He didn't answer, tapping his index finger lightly on the table, "How far have they developed?"

"No, no, I can assure you, there was nothing between them. Peytie was feeling very down after the divorce, and she didn't leave the house for many days. Today, I convinced her to come out and take a break. As for Mr. Russell's appearance, it should be related to our class monitor making plans with him, it has nothing to do with Peytie."

Nolan remained silent, his eyes as deep as black holes. Kadence watched in fear and uncertainty, unsure if he believed or not.

Kadence really didn't know how Peyton got along with him. This person was completely poker-faced, showing no signs of joy or anger!

Others couldn't tell what he was thinking at all.

"If you don't believe me, I can swear that if there is anything between Peytie and Mr. Russell, let me go out and get hit by a car.

Nolan raised his eyelids, but didn't make any other response. Kadence gritted her teeth and added, "Then let me be single for the rest of my life."

Wasn't this oath vicious enough? Nolan added, "I'll be broke for the rest of my life."

Damn it, Nolan! He immediately seized Kadence's fatal weakness. Kadence managed to squeeze out a few words, "Fine, then leave me penniless."

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Nolan believed to some extent because Kadence didn't dare **to** deceive him.

"Did she get sick recently?"

"Yes, at that time I broke up with the scumbag and ignored her, but luckily Mr. Russell cooked for her every day."

Kadence wanted to tell Nolan the truth, but the relationship between Peyton and Nolan was so complicated that even Peyton couldn't explain it clearly. Kadence also didn't know what kind of

consequences revealing the truth would bring to them, so she had to follow Peyton's decision.

Thinking of Peyton's pale face during that time, Nolan asked one more question, "What illness did she have?"

Kadence's heart skipped a beat. Under Nolan's sharp eyes, she dared not show the slightest expression on her face, "I caught a cold."

"Just a cold?"

"What else? Peytie's health has always been good."

"True," Nolan agreed, thinking to himself, "She pretended to be so weak, probably just to gain my sympathy and avoid divorce."

After getting the answer he wanted, Nolan stood up and said, "If you're interested, you can work at Dalton Building tomorrow."

Kadence's eyes lit up. The Dalton Building was the real estate division of the Dalton Group. If she could work there, no one would dare to underestimate her!

"Thank you, Mr. Dalton. Mr. Dalton was great."

As Nolan left, Kadence chased after him and asked, "Mr. Dalton,

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Peytie's phone has been unreachable. I love you seen her?"

Nolan turned to look at her, "What do you think?"

Kadence thought, "Nolan is right here, why did I ask such a silly question?"

Kadence scratched her head, "I was really silly, I was just a little worried about Peytie."

Nolan ignored her and continued to leave. Kadence thought and thought, and finally mustered up the courage to speak, "Mr. Dalton, if you truly still love her, please treat her better and stop hurting her. She still has feelings for you."

Although Nolan was a scumbag, it seems that Nolan still cared about Peyton. Kadence only hoped that Peyton wouldn't have any regrets in the limited time they had.

Kadence felt relieved when she found out that Nolan was not with Peyton. She assumed that Peyton had put her phone on silent and was probably on the way home with Mr. Russell.

She didn't know that Peyton was locked in the bathroom at that moment, and Nolan had turned off the lights before leaving.

Peyton used to be fearless. Since she fell into the water, she watched Nolan's figure leaving with Helena, while she held her stomach and was gradually engulfed by darkness.

She was afraid, afraid that the child would leave her.

When Peyton woke up, she was already on the operating table in the hospital, with a bright white surgical light shining above her head. In agony, she bid farewell to her child.

So she was afraid of both darkness and overly bright light.

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Just like now, the cramped bathroom was filled with cold water, not enough to suffocate her, but it reminded her of the day she fell into the water.

She pleaded desperately, hoping that someone could save her and get her out.

However, the soundproof wall on the 38th floor effectively drowned out all of her voices.

Just like that day, even if she screamed her lungs out, she couldn't change the outcome.

Peyton's body had already lost all warmth, and her voice had long become hoarse. She was numb from the cold, and her voice gradually grew weaker.

"Help, anyone, save me..."

Chapter 43 Mrs. Dalton Was In Danger Of Losing Her Life.

Peyton looked at the door that seemed like it would never be opened, and the light in her eyes faded little by little.

No matter how many times, the outcome remains the same.

Was it a child last time, and is it her this time?

Peyton still remembered how, half an hour after her surgery, he finally

arrived late from Helena's ward. Faced with the fact that she had already lost her child, her heart shattered, and she hesitantly asked, "Why did you save her?"

"You could swim."

When she heard this answer, her restrained tears slowly fell.

At that time, she was six months pregnant and her feet were bound by the fishing net underwater. She was just a pregnant woman, not a

superwoman.

This time, he once again thought that her body was the same as before. Even if she got soaked in cold water, she would at most catch a cold. He didn't know that even a minor cold might take away the life of a patient after chemotherapy.

He thought he could control the world, but this time he would pay the price for his arrogance.

Apart from Kason, who remained unconscious, she had no attachment to this world anymore.

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She seemed like

only able to bow her head and wait silently for the judgment of death.

I don't know how long had passed when the door was finally opened. She weakly lifted her head and her gaze fell upon the tall and slender man standing by the door.

Peyton struggled to hold on to her last breath as she watched him approach her and stand in front of her. He asked, "Peytie, do you know you were wrong?"

Wrong?

What was her mistake?

At this moment, Peyton wanted to laugh, their stomach had long been numb with pain, their hands were stiff and motionless, and even their body was so cold that they couldn't feel anything.

What else could she say? It was all her doing.

Peyton's lips parted with difficulty, "Nolan, I was wrong."

He laughed in the darkness.

Nolan quickly released her restraints, accompanied by Peyton's weakly drooping body and the chilling words.

"My biggest mistake was meeting you.

Lucian turned on the light. At the moment the light illuminated Peyton, Nolan saw a bloody mess on her wrist.

She

hurt herself to such an extent in order to break free from the belt. In the past, even a small prick from a needle would make her scream for half a day.

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He lifted Peyton's body, her face pale and lifeless, her black hair pressed against her cheeks, she looked like a porcelain doll.

Nolan's heart started to race. How could this be?

In the past, her physical condition was so good that she could go. winter swimming. How could she become so weak just because of getting a little cold water?

“Peyton, stop pretending.”

Looking at the person who looked like a corpse, he reached out and touched her cheek, but there was no warmth.

Nolan’s hands, which were holding onto her body, were trembling. “Call the doctor!”

Lucian was also frightened and quickly dialed the private doctor’s phone number.

Nolan panicked. He thought he knew enough about the human body. It had only been half an hour, it should have just been a lesson for her, how could it turn out like this?

He busily took off Peyton’s clothes and started to administer first aid.

Fortunately, although her breath was weak, at least there was still a breath.

It was his once most familiar body, but he still saw the sear on Peyton’s abdomen for the first time.

Actually, he knew that she was allergic to anesthesia, so during the surgery, they had to perform a cesarean section. He heard her heart-wrenching screams from outside the operating room, and he was well aware of how many layers and stitches were used to close her wound.

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In addition to the wound on her abdomen, there was a new wound on the inside of her left arm. Nolan suddenly remembered the day when Helena caused trouble and Peyton went to the hospital.

Nolan thought she had at most just scraped her skin, but he didn’t expect it to be such a long scar.

How did someone afraid of pain manage to stay silent? She casually brushed off this matter.

Nolan pursed his thin lips. As he thought about the words he said to Peyton before she fell into a coma, his heart seemed to be bleeding.

Nolan changed her into soft pajamas, raised the room temperature, and held her tightly in his arms.

Lucian quickly entered with his personal doctor, Timothy Abbott. Upon seeing this scene, their initial reaction was to avoid it.

“Roll back and see what happened to her?”

“Yes, Mr. Dalton.”

Timothy was Nolan’s personal doctor. Peyton was rarely sick and had no good health. Every time she saw him, she either had a bruised hand or a sprained foot.

At that time, he used to joke that the little girl was quite energetic.

He hadn’t seen her for two years. Now, the lively young girl he used to talk about is lying there weak and pale.

Timothy made a simple diagnosis, “Mr. Dalton, based on my preliminary assessment, Mrs. Dalton fainted due to excessive

weakness. She just caught a chill, so it is important to keep warm and prevent fever. The wound on her hand did not affect the bones, but it should be taken care of cautiously.”

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“Weak? Although she was a bit weak recently, it was just a common cold. She should have been fine a long time ago.”

“Yeah, Mrs. Dalton’s heart rate and pulse indicated that she was not as healthy as an average person, and she also had some symptoms of gastric heat. Of

course, when it comes to traditional medicine, I am not as proficient as my master. Mr. Dalton should find time to take Mrs. Dalton to the hospital for a thorough examination.”

After Timothy finished speaking, he took out the blood-drawing needle and said, “I will first draw blood from Mrs. Dalton and send it for testing to determine whether it is a bacterial infection or a viral infection, and then prescribe the appropriate medication.”

“Um.”

Peyton had a difficult night. She had a very long dream, in which she saw a young boy wearing a white shirt for the first time on the playground, and she fell in love with him at first sight.

When they met again, he saved her from drowning. She still remembered how elated and joyful she was at that time. In a panic, she clung to his neck, feeling his strong body, blushing shyly.

And then, they finally fell in love and decided to be together. He adored her very much.

If the dream ended abruptly here, it would be better, so she wouldn't have to repeatedly experience those pains over and over again.

Nolan saw her furrowed brow and heard her muttering incessantly, “My child, Nolan, give me back my child!”

“Nolan, I gave my life to you.”

“Nolan, you let me go.”

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“Nolan...”

Every sentence is about him, but every sentence is filled with hatred toward him.

Nolan grabbed her hand and whispered, "Peytie, I let you go. Who will let me go?"

He was afraid that if he let her go, even the last thread of connection would be completely severed.

The little hand in his palm was extremely hot, as Timothy had expected, she indeed had a fever.

Nolan brought a fever patch and stuck it on her forehead, then took out fever medicine to prepare for her to take.

Lucian rushed in without even knocking on the door, "Mr. Dalton, the blood test results for Mrs. Dalton are out. Her various indicators are significantly lower than normal, especially her red and white blood cell counts, which are even below the minimum values. Dr. Abbott said that Mrs. Dalton must not develop a fever. Her white blood cell count is only 2.3, and there is a life-threatening risk if she gets a fever! She must be given a white blood cell booster shot as soon as possible."

"What did you say?" All the fever-reducing medicine in Nolan's hand fell to the ground.

Chapter 44 She Had Already Lost The **Will** To Live.

In Nolan's mind, Peyton has always been a symbol of vitality. When he heard Lucian say that Peyton's life was in danger, he felt very confused.

Lucian walked briskly to Nolan's side and opened the blood test images on his phone. The images showed that, apart from red and white blood cells, the values of various other cells such as lymphocytes were slightly lower than normal.

Nolan thought about the heart-wrenching sound of Peyton's voice when he left, and he asked himself what he had done.

He became at a loss, even his response was half a beat slow, "She had a fever."

“The situation was not good, we should have immediately taken her to the hospital.”

“Prepare the car.”

Nolan thought about the previous few times he had met Peyton, who was always wrapped in thick down jackets, which was completely different from his behavior of only wearing woolen coats in previous years.

So... she was not putting on a show at all.

She was really sick.

Nolan hurriedly wrapped Peyton tightly, afraid of letting even a slight breeze in.

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both pitiful and adorable.

Nolan wondered why Peyton’s condition had become life-threatening this time, considering that Peyton had previously only had a fever.

At this moment, as Nolan held Peyton, he realized that Peyton’s weight had become much lighter than before, and he became anxious once again.

Nolan rushed Peyton to a private hospital overnight. Timothy

approached with the blood test report and said, “Mr. Dalton, I have understood the situation. Mrs. Dalton is in critical condition, so I need to administer a white blood cell booster to her.”

Throughout the whole time, Nolan held Peyton in his arms. And Peyton, in a daze, kept muttering.

She instinctively covered her stomach with one hand and extended the other hand, saying, "Nolan, save me and save our child too."

Peyton was still receiving intravenous fluids. Nolan quickly stopped her to prevent the needle from coming off.

Peyton grabbed Nolan's hand as if grasping onto the last straw, and then she finally calmed down, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. "My child, I have finally found you. Are you blaming me for not protecting you? Don't worry, I will come to be with you soon."

Nolan's brows furrowed tighter and tighter, "Lucian, go fetch Chris and tell him I missed him."

"Yes."

Nolan was never a person who believed in fate; he only believed in himself throughout his life.

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But hearing those ominous words

he started to panic. Although he hated Peyton because of his sister's death, he had never thought of wanting Peyton dead!

As

soon as Nolan arranged a series of medical examinations for Peyton, he prepared to start the tests immediately after her fever subsided.

"Peytie, you wouldn't have any trouble. I promise I wouldn't let anything happen to you."

The fact, however, was not as simple as he had thought. Timothy tried various methods, but Peyton still had a high fever.

The only result of continuing like this was.

Peyton died.

“Worthless, can’t even do such a simple task!” Nolan thundered in anger, grabbing Timothy by the collar and said, “If anything happens to her, I will withdraw all the funding for your research team.”

Timothy was also feeling aggrieved. “Mr. Dalton, it’s not that we didn’t- want to save her, but Mrs. Dalton’s physical condition was unique, as she had already lost the will to live...”

“You are talking nonsense,” Nolan said angrily.

Peyton’s willpower was particularly strong. Moreover, how could she bear to leave Kason behind?

Timothy explained helplessly, “Mr. Dalton, we are not shirking responsibility. The various functions of the human body are inherently controlled by the brain, and most of those medical miracles occur because the patients have a strong will to survive. You should understand this, even if the body is on the brink of death, as long as the brain has the will to live, miracles can happen. But Mrs. Dalton...”

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she has lost the belief to keep going, I’m afraid...

After releasing Timothy’s collar, Nolan took a few steps back, with Peyton’s words filling his mind.

“Nolan, I was wrong.”

“My biggest mistake was meeting you.”

Nolan thought that Peyton must have hated him so much that she even gave up on the hope of giving birth.

Timothy saw fear on Nolan’s face for the first time. It took a while before Nolan spoke again, “I looked at her blood report, why are the values lower than normal?”

“Generally speaking, it was highly likely that this situation had occurred...” Timothy promptly stopped himself from saying what he wanted to say.

Chemotherapy can cause a rapid decline in various bodily data. Although he did not give Peyton a physical examination in the past two years, Peyton was in good health before and would not have had

cancer.

Moreover, Peyton is so young. Cancer patients are usually middle-aged and elderly people.

Timothy felt that Nolan’s current situation was not good. He couldn’t say such words to add to Nolan’s psychological burden before the examination.

“What could it be?”

“Nothing much, has Mrs. Dalton had anything unusual recently?”

“She had a serious illness recently, and her arm was injured.”

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“That’s right, some bacterial and viral infections can also cause a decline in various bodily functions. She probably hadn’t fully recovered yet when she suddenly got drenched in cold water, which is why the illness came on so aggressively.”

Every sentence felt like a sharp stab in Nolan’s heart.

Noticing

Nolan’s expression was off, Timothy added, “Mrs. Dalton had a weakened immune system now, so we must protect her well. She mustn’t catch a cold or fall ill. I will increase the dosage of medication to ensure her fever subsides.”

Nolan slowly lowered his hands and murmured, “Hmm.”

Seaview Villa.

Helena had no idea that Nolan intended to send the child to Peyton, so she was quite happy. Chris was becoming more and more like Nolan, no wonder Nolan liked Chris so much.

Helena felt that the more Nolan liked children, the more advantageous it was for herself. Therefore, she was not worried at all about her position because she believed that one day Nolan would marry her.

Lucian rushed into the ward with Chris in his arms, but Peyton's high fever had not subsided yet, making the situation very tricky.

"Papa, hug me..." Chris extended his little hand from the swaddle and looked at Nolan.

Nolan brought him over and pointed at Peyton, the woman with flushed cheeks on the bed, saying, "Look at who she is?"

Chris's eyes lit up and he exclaimed. "Mama. Want mama."

Nolan gently placed him next to Peyton and said, "You hold her."

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Chris was very clever. Without Nolan's guidance, he twisted his butt and went straight into Peyton's arms, wearing a brown teddy bear outfit.

Chris buried his head in Peyton's arms.

Nolan gently brushed the tear stains at the corner of his eyes and whispered in Peyton's ear, "Don't cry, Chris has come back."

Peyton had been having nightmares for over a year. In her dreams, there would be a child crying and constantly asking her why she didn't want them. However, she never saw the face of that child.

This time, in the dream, it was very quiet, with no children, only a deep and secluded sea. She walked step by step towards the sea.

She was very calm.

My child, you have waited for a long time, and I have come to accompany you.

“Mom,” Peyton heard a sweet voice suddenly coming from behind.

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Chapter 45 From Now On, We **Both** Moved On.

Peyton’s dream changed. She found herself in a place filled with sunflowers. There was a child running and laughing inside.

“Mom, come and chase me!”

“Child, my child.”

Peyton caught up with the child. Peyton hugged him tightly and said, “I found you, my child. I’m sorry, Mommy. Mommy will protect you well this time.”

After speaking, Peyton realized that the child was Chris.

Peyton was very surprised. At that moment, it started raining from the sky. Peyton held Chris and got soaked in the rain.

Peyton woke up from her dream. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Chris. Chris’s saliva was about to drip onto her face.

Nolan reached out his hand, trying to catch Chris’s saliva. Peyton noticed Nolan’s action. The atmosphere became somewhat awkward.

In Peyton’s eyes, Nolan was a cold-hearted person. Nolan’s actions were very different from his style.

This made Peyton feel unfamiliar. Peyton chuckled self-deprecatingly, “Is this a dream? Or am I already dead? I can’t believe I’m dreaming about you all.”

Nolan frowned and coldly asked, “Do you really want to die like this?”

“Yeah, death is a kind of relief for me,” Peyton replied. Peyton thought

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she was still in a dream. She reached out and pinched Chris's face, saying, "Being alive is too exhausting."

Chris couldn't understand Peyton and Nolan's conversation. Chris liked Peyton. As Chris tried to get closer to Peyton, he said, "Mommy, hug me."

Chris's words surprised Peyton. With a trembling voice, Peyton asked, "Chris, what did you just say?"

Nolan did not interrupt Peyton's words. Nolan believed that Kason could make Peyton have some attachment to this world.

It has been proven that Nolan was right. Chris gave Peyton some energy.

"Mom, kiss me."

Chris could only say simple words. Strangely, he had never called Helena "mom".

Helena tried to teach Chris several times but was not successful. This made Helena very angry.

Chris repeated his words over and over again. Peyton held Chris tightly, thinking, "Chris might be the child I lost."

Chris reached out and embraced Peyton, pressing their cheeks together.

Peyton cried and said, "Chris, I wish you were really my child."

Chris smiled at Peyton and said, "Mom."

Chris's saliva dripped onto Peyton's neck, instantly pulling Peyton back to reality.

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Peyton realized that he was now in the hospital room.

Nolan stood by the bed and asked with concern, "Peyton, are you okay?"

Peyton realized that he was not in a dream and he was not dead.

Peyton couldn't forget what Nolan had done to her before. Therefore, Peyton said coldly, "I'm fine."

Nolan wanted to touch Peyton's forehead to see if she had a fever. Peyton avoided him and said seriously, "Nolan, please stay away from me."

"I just wanted to confirm if you were sick," Nolan explained.

Peyton found it ironic. Peyton laughed and said, "Nolan, your behavior is ridiculous. It was you who made me sick. Shouldn't you be happy that I'm ill? What are you up to now?"

"I didn't know that your health had already deteriorated."

Peyton was amused by Nolan's words. Peyton said, "You don't need to know. We had already divorced. You don't have to pretend to care about me. It's disgusting."

Peyton didn't know why Chris was here. But she knew she should stay far away from him.

Peyton gently pushed Chris away. Peyton then got off the bed and pulled out the IV tube from their arm.

Because Peyton's movements were too big, the needle pricked her hand and it started bleeding. However, Peyton didn't care at all.

"You..."

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“Peyton interrupted Nolan’s words. She firmly said to Nolan,”

“Nolan, you cheated on me during our marriage and even asked for a divorce, and I endured it. Because I killed Paula. If you think that’s not enough, I can jump from here right now.”

Peyton climbed onto the balcony while speaking.

This is the seventh floor. If Peyton fell down, even if he didn’t die, he would be disabled.”

Nolan had no idea that Peyton was planning to commit suicide. He shouted, “Pevtie, calm down!”

Peyton was wearing only thin pajamas. She wasn’t wearing any shoes on her feet. A gust of wind blew and lifted the white curtains.

Snowflakes fell on Peyton’s pale face, but Peyton didn’t feel cold at all.

“Nolan, I fell in love with you from the first time I saw you. Do you remember? You once saved me. Back then, I was thinking, how wonderful it would be if I could marry you.”

“Later, I was truly with you. That was the happiest day of my life. I cherished every day I spent with you. I also worried that one day these happy days would be gone.”

“I never expected that the days of happiness would be so short-lived. In just two short years, I lost my beloved and everything I had.”

“At first, I couldn’t believe that you would betray me. I thought it was just a dream. I believed that once the dream ended, you would come back to me. But it was all real, you abandoned me, and you abandoned our child.”

“It took me a year to accept all of this. Now I respect your decision.”

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“I thought everything would be over after we got divorced. But what have you done? You threatened me and even hurt those who were kind to me. Now, you hate me, don’t you?”

“This kind of life is absolutely terrible. I was already exhausted.”

“Nolan, do you know? Before marrying you, I was so free. I was willing to give up my freedom to marry you. But you still betrayed me.”

Peyton cried. She continued, “I don’t blame you for cheating. Maybe we really aren’t meant to be together. I know you hate me. Now I’m going to jump, so you should be satisfied. From now on, we’re done. I’m going to find my freedom.”

Peyton opened her arms and jumped off the balcony like a butterfly.

“Peytie!” Nolan shouted.

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Chapter 46 If There Were Another Life, I Only Wish To Never Encounter You Again.

Peyton looked at the moonlight in the sky, just as her current life was equally miserable.

She really didn’t want to have any more connection with Nolan. If she died, all the emotions, including love, hate, and obsession, would disappear completely. From now on, this world would no longer have her. In this way, his obsession would also cease to exist, wouldn’t it?

But she didn’t expect that at the moment she finally jumped, Nolan exerted all his strength and made a desperate leap, catching her hand before she fell.

Chris was in bed. He was startled by the sudden change and quickly climbed to the edge of the bed, slid down along the edge, and then ran with his short legs out of the ward, heading straight for Lucian.

Lucian was smoking outside the ward. As he saw Chris limping towards him, he immediately extinguished the cigarette.

He squatted down and patiently asked, "Chris, how did you come out?"

Chris exclaimed anxiously, "Mom cried..."

He gestured with his hands and feet, dancing around. Lucian couldn't understand and what he was trying to say, so he got up and picked him up. "Let me take you back. It's cold outside, don't catch a cold."

At this moment, by the window, Nolan tightly grasped Peyton's hand. While Peyton continued to calmly look at him. "Nolan, don't you hate me? If I died, you would be able to avenge your sister, right?"

Nolan leaned half of his body out of the window. The veins on his arms were visible, and his temples were bulging. He held onto her

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tighter. "Peyton, if you dare to die, I'll make your father accompany you to the burial!"

Peyton smiled faintly and said, "My dad has been in a perpetual coma, he might never wake up in his lifetime. Death could be a kind of relief for him."

"Who said he wouldn't wake up? I already know where Leo is. As long as he operates, there's an eighty percent chance your father will wake up. You're a medical student, you should have heard of Leo's reputation."

There was finally some movement on Peyton's face. Nolan keenly noticed this change and continued to coax, "I did resent you, and I resented him too, but now the Schmitt family is destroyed, your father is unconscious, and we are also separated. I no longer resent you."

A fluttering snowflake landed on Peyton's long eyelashes. Peyton's eyelashes trembled lightly, like fragile butterfly wings.

“Nolan, you already had a new family, and I no longer have any attachment to this world. Let go, it’s better for both of us.”

She knew that Nolan had only temporarily compromised.

“We couldn’t go back. We haven’t been able to go back for a long time.”

Nolan held her blood–
stained wrist. Fear appeared on his handsome face, which was a rare sight.

Peyton laughed, “So you were afraid of me dying. If I died, would you remember me forever?”

“How dare you die without my permission? I caught you, and you used my strength to come up.”

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Nolan wanted to pull her up. Just then, Lucian arrived and was terrified when he saw this scene.

Nolan had already leaned half of his body out of the window, extremely dangerous.

The most crucial thing was that Peyton had no will to survive, which increased the difficulty of saving her. Lucian quickly made a phone call to instruct the bodyguards.

Then Lucian placed Chris on the bed and joined Nolan in persuading Peyton, “Mrs. Dalton, what could be so serious? If you speak up, Mr. Dalton will surely grant your request. Don’t joke about your life. You are still so young, and you have a long way to go.”

With Lucian’s arrival, Peyton’s body gradually lifted, and Nolan slowly straightened his back.

Peyton had made up her mind. In her opinion, she would rather choose death than continue to be tormented by Nolan.

“Lucian, the path I had to take had long been severed.”

She suddenly let go of one hand. The situation, which had just improved a second ago, instantly worsened.

“Mrs. Dalton!”

Nolan’s waist was pulled down again, but he didn’t loosen his grip even a bit. The hand he had left, holding onto Peyton’s, seemed to be his only hope.

He panicked, really panicked.

Even though he had brushed shoulders with death multiple times, he was not as terrified as he was at this moment. It was only now that he realized what Peyton meant to him.

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“Peyton, if you dare to die, I will make the Russell family go bankrupt. You know I always follow through with my words.”

“Nolan, you still remained the same. You always do things your way.”

Peyton smiled brightly and said, “Nolan, you can’t threaten a dead person. If I were to die, how could I possibly control others?”

“Why do you have to die? If you wanted to die, you didn’t have to wait until today. A year ago, even when the Schmitt family went bankrupt, you could have chosen to commit suicide. Peyton, how did you become the person you are now?”

Nolan didn’t understand why, back then, no matter what difficulties she encountered, she would grit her teeth and overcome them, never bowing down. But why is it now that she only has this one path left?

She had already survived the most difficult days. Clearly, he had provided her with generous expenses, so she could live without worries, and even do every thing she wanted to do.

“What do you want, I’ll give it to you,” Nolan said, making a concession.

“Nolan, why do you think that after hurting me like that in the past, I can just fo rgive you with a few words and pretend that none of it ever happened, and then continue living as if everything is normal? Why do you always believe tha t you can control everything?”

“I told you, in fact, you can’t control anything. A year ago, I was pushed into th e water by Helena, just because she said, ‘If both of us fall into the water, who would you choose to save?’ How could I gamble with my child against her? I can indeed swim. But have you ever thought that I am pregnant and I would cr amp in the water? At that time, my feet were entangled in a fishing net, and I a lmost lost my life!”

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“In the bathroom, I pleaded with you desperately, just like that day, but you stil I believed that nothing would happen to my body. Nolan, I’ve had enough of y our arrogance, mood swings, and self–contradiction. You can’t control my life, nor can you control my death.”

Peyton pulled her body with force. Her fingers slipped one by one from Nolan’ s palm.

“No. Peytic...”

“Nolan, how I wish I hadn’t seen you that year. You would never know that yo u had occupied my entire youth. Because of that brief glance, I had loved you for many years and thought of you countless times. But today, my heart shoul d stop beating for you.”

She struggled to lift the corners of her mouth and said, “Nolan, if there is a nex t life, I only wish to never meet you again.”

After saying the last sentence, Peyton let go. Her five fingers completely left N olan’s palm.

She thought, “Goodbye, Nolan, my youth.”

“Nolan, we never saw each other again.”

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Chapter 47 I Want **You To** Stay Alive **For** Atonement.

Peyton jumped from the seventh floor with undeniable determination. She could only sever the ties with Nolan in this way.

But she never expected that when she jumped down, Nolan was faster than her.

She saw him jump out of the window without hesitation, and he used his left foot to push off the windowsill as a pedal, giving his body an acceleration.

In the blink of an eye, he had already arrived by Peyton’s side. Peyton widened her eyes, and her pupils were shaking intensely.

She wondered, “Is he crazy?”

In the dancing snowflakes, she saw Nolan’s icy and furious eyes. He lunged at her with all his might, like a giant net. Peyton wanted to escape, but she couldn’t escape from his grasp no matter how hard she tried.

In front of him, she was as fragile as a moth. Once, for him, she was like a beam of light, willing to give up and sacrifice everything.

After being hurt by him, she regretted it. Her heart was broken, but he still refused to let her go and continued to torment her, not giving her any way out.

Her body was tightly embraced by him. Their bodies plummeted rapidly from the sky.

Jayson brought the inflatable column used for activities to the entrance of the hospital. The bodyguards hurriedly followed, luckily catching

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up at the last moment.

With a loud bang, Nolan slammed Peyton's body onto the inflatable pillar, and then their bodies rolled onto the ground.

Fortunately, the air column absorbed the majority of the impact, so neither of them got hurt. Lucian upstairs breathed a sigh of relief, thinking to himself, "Thank goodness I was well-prepared, otherwise both of them would have died today."

Jayson and the bodyguards were all terrified. If something happened to Nolan, they couldn't bear the responsibility.

Nolan's body rolled over the inflatable pillar and crashed heavily onto the ground. He frowned but did not utter a sound.

Throughout the whole time, Peyton was held tightly by him and didn't receive any harm.

The first thing she did when she got up was to slap Nolan hard across the face. "Nolan, why do you want to deprive me of even the right to die? Don't you hate me? I'm dead, you should be happy, shouldn't you?"

Ignoring the pain in his back, Nolan furrowed his brow and reached out to grab her delicate wrist. The anger in his eyes had not yet dissipated.

He was like an enraged beast king, gritting his teeth and emitting a low growl, "Death is the best release. I want you to live and atone. I want you to redeem my sister with your dirty and dark remaining life!"

Maybe it was because the outdoor temperature was too low, or maybe it was because Nolan's voice was too cold. Peyton sniffed and felt her limbs incredibly cold. That kind of coldness penetrated her heart.

In a moment, he stood up and looked down at Peyton.

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The dim light of the street lamp fell on Nollis

any warmth to him.

His jawline was cold and tense. His features were blurred by the swirling snow, giving him an added touch of bone-chilling coldness.

The innate nobility that emanated from him made Peyton feel incredibly small in his presence.

She started to panic.

She had a deep sense of powerlessness in her heart.

She knew very well that her current status and power were far inferior to his, and her recent actions had only further angered the man in front

of her.

Now, he would never let her go!

The cold wind silently blew his clothes. He slowly bent down, reached out his hand, and lifted her chin.

“Peyton, this is not to be repeated. If you ever think of seeking death again, I will have the people around you accompany you in your burial, including Alwyn, Kadence, Kason...”

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His fingers tightened gradually. Peyton in so much pain that tears streamed down her face. And he seemed to hate her so much, his pupils even radiated coldness.

“Peyton, you can't die until you have atoned for your sins.”

Nolan reached out his hand towards Peyton, but her first reaction was

to escape.

Nolan sneered and reached out to grab her wrist, pulling her into his embrace and bending down to lift her up.

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His

actions were not gentle at all, but rather rough with a hint of anger. His arms tightly imprisoned her legs.

Peyton instinctively waved her finger and accidentally touched his neck, which scared her and made her quickly move her hand away. However, the warmth of his skin lingered on her fingertips.

“Nolan, let go of me,” Peyton weakly struggled, but couldn’t move him an inch.

She could only

let him hold her and walk into the snow. He stepped on the thick snow, making a sound.

From beginning to end, he didn’t say a word. Such silence was suffocating. Peyton was carried back to his ward by him.

The warm indoor gradually warmed up her cold body, just like spring.

Confused, Chris stumbled towards her, seemingly wanting to embrace her.

Looking at Chris, who had snot and tears all over his face, Peyton instinctively opened her arms, wanting to hug him.

But Nolan lifted Chris up by the back of his neck with one hand, his voice chilling to the extreme, and said, “Take Chris back.”

“Yes.” Lucian finally breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing Peyton unharmed.

Timothy checked her body

and then gave her a bottle of intravenous drip. He patiently advised, “Your white blood cell count is very low, so please don’t mess around anymore. Otherwise, no one will be able to save you.”

Peyton nodded, looking like a rag doll. She stared at the white ceiling above her.

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She thought, “Nolan had already cut off all my escape routes, he didn’t even give me a chance to die. What can I do?”

“I knew.”

“You had better have learned your lesson.” Nolan coldly averted his gaze from her face and walked out of the room with long strides.

Timothy followed cautiously behind him. The chilling aura surrounding Nolan couldn’t be dispelled no matter what.

Suddenly, Nolan stopped in his tracks. Timothy quickly followed suit and came to a halt.

Nolan’s face turned extremely gloomy as he looked at Timothy, and his voice was filled with chilling coldness. He said, “Investigate thoroughly. Why are her white blood cells so low?”

Nolan thought, “Everything that happened today felt eerie. Peyton jumped off the building without any hesitation.”

“Her body has always been in good condition. How come her white blood cell count became so low when she had a fever?”

“A while ago, she seemed to faint at the slightest provocation. I always felt that things weren’t that simple.”

Timothy nodded. “Alright, Mr. Dalton. I will conduct a detailed examination for Mrs. Dalton tomorrow. Mr. Dalton, rest assured that although Mrs. Dalton hasn’t had a check-up in recent years,

considering her physical condition from a few years ago, it is likely an acute illness rather than a chronic one.”

“It would be best like this.”

Timothy left respectfully. He was afraid of angering Nolan at such a time.

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He returned to the office immediately and printed out the checklist of tasks that Peyton needed to do

That night. Peyton’s high fever finally subsided

The next morning. Peyton was awakened from her deep sleep “Ms Schmitt, it’s time for your physical examination”

Dazed and groggy. Peyton suddenly snapped awake “What

The nurse patiently explained, “Ms Schmitt, you needed to undergo further examination”

Upon hearing the word “check,” Peyton felt a chill run down her spine She wondered, “Has Nolan noticed something”

Chapter 48 I **Was** A Woman With **A** Vicious Heart

Despite only sleeping a few hours last night, Timothy was still full of energy. Noticing Nolan’s absence, he deliberately lowered his voice and said, “Mrs. Dalton, Mr. Dalton really cares about you. You see, he even arranged a medical check-up for you.”

Care?

Peyton found the word laughable when he heard it.

She thought, “He made me undergo the examination just to ensure that I was alive, and then it would be easier for him to torture me.”

“I was curious. If he really knew that I had stomach cancer, what expression would he have?”

“Okay,” Peyton didn’t say anything else. After all, she didn’t have any other choice now.

There are many examination projects, but there is no gastroscopy. This project of gastroscopy is particularly troublesome. The examinee needs to take laxatives in the early morning, have several bowel movements until the stomach and intestines are empty, and then be given anesthesia for the examination.

Peyton was already weak in health and couldn’t handle such turmoil. In addition, she had married Nolan since her student days, and her daily routine had always been very regular, so her digestive system generally wouldn’t have any issues.

Timothy never thought about her stomach being bad, so he didn’t specifically ask her to undergo any checks in that regard.

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After Peyton finished the examination, the test results

Peyton had been hungry all morning and had just sat down to have a few sips of soup when Nolan appeared at the door.

He stood at the doorway, his expression as cold as ever. She guessed he must have rushed over from the office. He was wearing a perfectly tailored suit, and the black and white striped tie made him look even more imposing.

The tie was bought by her for him in the past. Peyton still remembers the sweetness when she used to tie the tie for him.

Two years have passed, and now she only feels heartbroken.

Nolan looked at her pale face. He wondered, "Why does she always look so frail every time I meet her?"

"Could there really be something wrong with her body?"

"Mr. Dalton, don't worry, I didn't die. And I won't seek death in the future," Peyton said, breaking the silence between the two.

She continued to drink soup. Her fair hand was swollen in a large area due to the previous needle extraction. She looked particularly fragile, evoking sympathy.

After one night, Nolan had already lost his anger from last night. "Did the results come out?"

"Not yet."

Speaking of the test results, Peyton put down the spoon in their hand and looked up, meeting Nolan's gaze. "If there were any issues with the test results, you..."

Nolan interrupted her directly and asked, "What could be wrong with your body?"

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"For example, if I had a terminal illness or something," Peyton stared directly into his pupils. "Can you spare me?"

Nolan had just sat down on the couch when he heard the question posed by Peyton. His heart sank, causing him to instinctively straighten his back and rub his left hand with his right hand, continuously. His tone remained icy as he said, "Go ahead, tell me. What terminal illness do you have?"

Peyton thought, "Although I didn't have a colonoscopy, I had an enhanced CT scan. Even if I couldn't determine whether my tumor was benign or malignant, it can be seen on the CT images that there is local thickening of my stomach wall. Moreover, if my tumor is particularly large, it may also invade other tissue

s and structures around my stomach, such as the left liver. The images even show enlarged lymph nodes due to tumor metastasis.”

“So, there would be results on my test report,” Peyton looked into his deep and inscrutable eyes, as a knocking sound came from the door.

“Come in.”

Timothy came in with the urgent report results. Peyton stopped drinking soup. “It seems like my test results are out.”

She looked up at Nolan, her hand holding the spoon sweating. She was a little nervous.

All along, what she was most curious about was what expression Nolan would have if he knew she had a terminal illness.

Was he happy that she was finally going to die, or was he slightly sad?

The life and death that she had long abandoned, at this moment, seems to have gained a little meaning.

Nolan didn’t speak. He had a gloomy face and coldly stared at the

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report card in Timothy’s hand.

Under Nolan’s gaze, Timothy felt immense pressure and quickly put on a smile, saying, “The results are in. Mr. Dalton, rest assured. I told you Mrs. Dalton would be fine. Here are the report results, take a look.”

Peyton wondered, “Was my body okay?”

Peyton frowned. She thought, “It’s normal not to see any abnormalities on the CT scan if it’s in the early stages of cancer. In the early stages, even the patient’s organs themselves won’t have significant changes or symptoms.”

“But I was already in the advanced stage of cancer. According to common sense, there should have been some issues visible.”

In her contemplation, Nolan finally felt relieved, but soon his expression became even more indifferent.

He walked towards Peyton step by step. Peyton watched the man getting closer and closer, feeling a chill running through his body.

Peyton felt uneasy as she was being stared at by him in such a way. She didn't know what exactly he had seen.

She had thought about how he would look after knowing about her condition, but she had never thought that he would be angry.

Nolan had approached her. He looked down at her with anger in his eyes.

"The inspection results..." Peyton began.

Nolan angrily threw a pile of reports at her and said, "See for yourself!"

Peyton found the CT order, and it clearly stated that there were no abnormalities in the results. Furthermore, her blood report indicated.

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that her white blood cell and red blood cell counts were around four point something.

Her white blood cell count increased, which she could understand because she had received an injection last night. However, she

believed that there must be a problem with the CT results. With the level of equipment in this private hospital, it was absolutely impossible not to detect any issues.

The checkable results were right in front of her. Just as Peyton was feeling strange, Nolan suddenly bent down. His hands were propped up on either side of her.

“Peyton. I indeed underestimated you.”

Peyton looked up and saw the mockery in his eyes. “You did a good job with this act. You almost fooled me too.”

“Do you think I was pretending to be sick?” Peyton finally understood what Nolan meant.

Nolan sneered, “Did you think that by doing this, you could change anything?”

Peyton found it laughable. Clearly, he had hurt her, yet in the end, he still smeared her reputation.

She took a deep breath and didn’t want to argue with Nolan.

She thought, “For those who trust me, I don’t need to explain anything. They will find ways to believe me. But for those who don’t trust me, even breathing in their eyes is wrong.”

“I admit, in the past, I would desperately cling on and come up with various excuses to avoid divorcing him.”

“But my feelings of resentment had long dissipated with time. From

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the moment I signed the divorce agreement, I was prepared to end this relationship.”

“But at this moment, in Nolan’s mouth, I had become a deceitful woman.”

In the past, she used to explain, but now she just quietly watches him and agrees, "You're right. I can't bear to lose your wife's title.

I pretended to be sick and deliberately sought Mr. Russell to provoke you, even jumping off the building was part of my plan. I am such a treacherous woman. Mr. Dalton, do you see it clearly now?"

Peyton admitted to what she had done, which surprised Nolan.

Nolan stared at her pale face for a while and coldly asked, "How did you become the way you are today?"

Upon hearing Nolan's words, Peyton felt her blood boiling throughout her body. She became so angry that her chest heaved rapidly.

She tightly gripped the bedsheet with the hand holding the spoon, her whole body tense like a taut bow.

"Didn't I become the person I am today because of you?"

Chapter 49 Crushed To Death!

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became tense, and even the air seemed to solidify.

A war without gunfire was about to break out. Seeing this, Timothy quickly spoke up in an attempt to ease the tension, "Mr. Dalton, in any case, it's good that Mrs. Dalton is okay. The rest doesn't matter."

Nolan averted his gaze from Peyton, seemingly unwilling to waste another second on a woman like her. He turned around expressionless.

"Take care of yourself."

Peyton endured and endured, but in the end, she couldn't hold back any longer. Looking at Nolan, this arrogant man who always believed he was right, she suddenly threw the bowl filled with soup in her hand.

"Get lost!"

She thought, "It was you who pursued me back then, it was you who wanted to marry me, and it was you who had such a strong possessiveness that made me give up everything."

“Now, it’s one thing that you have made me like this. And yet, you have the audacity to accuse me of pretending?”

The soup spilled all over Nolan’s back. The mixture of food flowed down the designer suit that he was wearing.

Nolan looked at her with cold eyes. The anger in his eyes was very evident.

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He walked briskly towards Peyton. Timothy W with a sense of unease.

Timothy reached out his hand in a hurry, his face filled with anxiety. “Mr. Dalton, I believe Mrs. Dalton must have just slipped. She didn’t do it on purpose. Mrs. Dalton, won’t you say something?”

Peyton raised his head and said coldly, “I slipped.”

Timothy breathed a sigh of relief. “Mr. Dalton, you heard. Mrs. Dalton...”

Timothy hadn’t finished speaking yet when Peyton fearlessly

continued, “If it weren’t for my slippery hands, I should have smashed the bowl on the back of your head! It would have killed you!”

Timothy instantly didn’t know what to say.

He thought, “She was trying to make the situation worse.”

Nolan pushed Timothy aside and strode up to Peyton, gritting his teeth as he said, “Peyton!”

Peyton was furious. She grabbed a bottle of medicine from the basket on the bedside table, forcefully threw off the covers, and jumped out of bed.

She looked very fierce. She raised her hand and smashed the medicine bottle onto Nolan’s head. “Bastard, I’ll fight you!”

Nolan reached out and grabbed her soft hand, then twisted it behind her back.

He instantly subdued Peyton. Peyton was in his arms, her face turning red with anger and tears welling up in her eyes. Looking at her, Nolan couldn't describe his current emotions.

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He felt that his heartache was greater than his hatred towards her.

In the end, he took a deep breath and calmed the anger in his chest.

He threw Peyton back onto the bed, gritting his teeth tightly, and squeezed out a sentence, "Remember what you did today. You better pray that you never fall into my hands in this lifetime."

Peyton's actions were already suicidal. Nolan restrained himself from strangling her.

The words he said completely angered Peyton. "Even if I jumped from the seventh floor, I would never beg you."

Nolan glared at her fiercely, then slammed the door and left, taking everyone with him.

Lucian followed behind. "Mr. Dalton, aren't you afraid that Mrs. Dalton would commit suicide again?"

Nolan took off his coat while looking serious and said, "How could a woman like her be willing to die? There's no need to waste any more time on her."

Lucian frowned. As an onlooker, he saw more clearly. No one would gamble with their life.

No one would have expected that the person who jumped from the seventh floor would come out unharmed. If Nolan hadn't held onto her at that moment, if Jayson hadn't placed the air cushion in time, she would have undoubtedly died.

Nolan had already concluded that Peyton was just playing hard to get with him. He couldn't care less about what others said.

Timothy

found a nurse to tidy up the room. He laid the bed flat and patiently reassured, "Mrs. Dalton, why can't we have a proper

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conversation? Don't be so extreme. Mr. Dalton cares about you. He stayed outside all night watching over you. Did you know that..."

Peyton didn't want to hear what he said. She just asked a question, "Dr. Abbot, could the test report be wrong?"

Timothy immediately became serious upon hearing this. "Mrs. Dalton, you can say anything you want, but you cannot insult my profession. The experts who conducted the examination are all professionals, how could the results be wrong?"

He breathed a sigh of relief. "I was startled when I found out last night that your white blood cell count was so low. I thought it was... By the way, Mrs. Dalton, you haven't undergone any treatment recently, have you?"

Out of his duty as a doctor, Timothy asked her a question.

Thinking of Nolan's gaze, Peyton answered bluntly, "No."

"That's good. Your symptoms were just caused by a virus. Mrs. Dalton, you can be discharged from the hospital after a few days of observation."

Timothy felt relieved and proceeded to persuade Peyton a few more times. Seeing that she kept her head down and ignored him, he had no choice but to leave.

Peyton had stomach cancer and had undergone a biopsy, which was a fact. However, this time the enhanced CT scan did not reveal any issues with her body.

She had only undergone chemotherapy once. Even if the chemotherapy had been effective, her tumor would only gradually shrink, rather than disappear overnight.

It is obvious that there was a problem with the inspection results. The

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only ones who could tamper with the inspection results are the internal staff of the hospital.

Peyton thought, "It takes quite a bold person to do something like this right under Nolan's nose."

"Who would do this? Helena?"

"She felt that what happened at the grave was not enough, and now she is tampering with my examination report."

"Although there wouldn't be anyone else besides Helena, I always felt that there was something peculiar about this matter."

"If it wasn't for Helena, then this person would be too terrifying."

"Many things that have happened in the past two years seem

coincidental, but upon careful reflection, they appear eerie, as if there was a hand manipulating me."

"If I had relied on Nolan, I could have easily found out the identity of the culprit. But now, in Nolan's mind, I am just a fraud. He only thinks that I am making up stories. And if I were to mobilize a large number of people to investigate, it would only raise the culprit's suspicion."

Peyton didn't dare to disturb Timothy. She could only secretly go to the radiology doctor.

Grace Hospital was the Morris family's property. Peyton already had a guess in mind.

Although the incident that happened last night has been sealed off, Bruce has already heard about it.

Peyton had not taken any action yet, but Bruce came to visit her proactively.

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Bruce and Timothy are different. Timothy is dedicated to pharmaceutical research and development, while Bruce joined his hospital before graduating. In just three years, he has already become a director.

Bruce had some idea about her and Nolan's affair. A warm smile still lingered on his face.

"Peyton, I never expected to see you again so soon. Is your body doing well?"

"My fever has already subsided. Thanks for your concern, Bruce."

Peyton's face was still somewhat pale, and she appeared weak as she spoke while lying in the hospital bed.

Seeing her dry lips, Bruce handed her a glass of warm water and said gently, "Have some water to moisturize your lips."

"Thank you," Peyton said as she took the water and took a big sip. She swallowed too quickly and started coughing uncontrollably.

Bruce put a pillow behind her and gently patted her back.

"Don't rush. Drink slowly."

"Bruce, you are still the same as before," Peyton was not as indifferent as in front of Nolan.

Bruce's eyes filled with pity. He asked the question that was on his mind, "Did you drop out of school for Mr. Dalton back then?"

Peyton smiled helplessly, "Was I foolish? I thought the future would be bright, but when I threw myself into the struggle, I realized how wrong I was."

"As long as you are willing to walk, the path is there," Bruce said

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gently. "Your journey is still long."

His warm tone, as always, gave Peyton some courage. "Bruce, considering that we were once classmates, could you do me a favor?"

"Peyton, you tell me. As long as it is within my capabilities, I will give it my all."

Peyton looked around and made sure there was no one before lowering her voice, and then briefly explained the situation.

She had thought that Bruce's initial reaction would be to uphold the image of the hospital and deny her.

He put away Peyton's report card. His expression became less gentle and more serious.

"Peyton, don't worry. If anyone in my hospital dares to deceive or falsify, I will punish them severely."

Peyton told Bruce about her concerns. Bruce patted her shoulder. "It wouldn't be beneficial for the hospital if this matter escalated. I will handle it discreetly and give you an explanation."

Chapter 50 **Life** In Danger

In the following days, Nolan did not appear again, only Kadence took care of Peyton. Kadence took care of Peyton while scolding, "What is Nolan going cra

zy about? One moment he wants to divorce you, the next moment he can't stand seeing you with other men. And now he's saying you're faking illness to deceive him. Why don't you find a doctor to have him checked?"

Peyton appeared indifferent. "He was not in his right mind."

After a few days of rest, Peyton had basically recovered to normal, except for his stomach problem.

Bruce suggested that Peyton have another check-up, but she smiled and declined. She said she had already had a check-up at another hospital and was undergoing treatment.

Bruce didn't think much about it. After secretly investigating for a few days, he brought the answer to Peyton.

"Kadence, are you here too?" Bruce was wearing a white lab coat, with a white shirt and a black tie underneath. He was also wearing black trousers, looking very handsome.

Kadence stopped speaking ill of Nolan, raised an eyebrow, and whistled. "It's really surprising. When the hospital uniforms are worn by others, they look like expert directors. But Bruce, when you put on this uniform, why do you look so charming?"

Bruce smiled warmly and pointed to the badge on his chest that belonged exclusively to the hospital experts. "Kadence, you can question my appearance, but you cannot question my expertise."

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Kadence made a few jokes and Bruce kept smiling. He said, "Peyton, let's do one more check before you're discharged. If the results are normal, you can be discharged."

"Kadence, wait for me for a moment, I'll be right back."

Kadence stuffed cherries into her mouth. "Do you want me to accompany you?"

Peyton waved her hand. "No need. It was just a routine check."

Saying that, Peyton and Bruce walked out one after the other.

They arrived at the inspection room.

The doctor in the examination room had already left, leaving only the two of them in the room.

“Sit.” Bruce extended his hand.

Peyton

was a little anxious and quickly spoke after sitting down, “Bruce, it seems like you found something.”

Bruce nodded and concealed the smile on his face.

“Peyton, you were right after all. Someone indeed tampered with it in secret.”

“Who was it?”

Bruce said in a low voice, “On that day, my brother arranged for experts from the hospital to conduct your examination. However, the doctor who was originally responsible for your CT scan, David Wallace, suddenly had diarrhea. He was afraid of delaying your examination time, so he handed the job over to his assistant, intern Keyon Carter. After Keyon finished the CT scan for you, he was preparing to send the results to the radiology room when he was called

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out by a nurse. It was at that moment that someone took the opportunity to enter the room and switched your CT films. The CT scan signed by Dr. Wallace did indeed show normal results, but that report was not your pathology test report.”

Bruce handed Peyton a glass of warm water and continued, “That person was impressive, skilled in computer operations, and even hacked the surveillance. The radiology room was already understaffed, and he managed to take advantage of that. Fortunately, the janitor saw it and provided all the details.”

Peyton took a sip of water, set down the cup, and asked, “Was that person a man or a woman?”

“According to the description given by the cleaning staff, the person was wearing a hospital uniform, male, tall, approximately 1.85 meters, with a strong build, and also wearing a large pair of black-framed glasses. The cleaning staff did not get a clear look at his appearance.”

“Did he have any special signs?”

Bruce nodded. “Yes. He has a mole on his right ear. He seemed guilty, as he left in a hurry and almost slipped when he passed the freshly mopped floor. The janitor noticed a tattoo of an eagle on his hand from his sleeve. She didn’t think much of it at the time, but it later dawned on her. Hospital staff undergoes checks before employment, and generally, we do not allow employees to have tattoos on their hands.”

Peyton looked at the water cup and pondered, “It’s just a tattoo, I’m afraid we won’t be able to determine his exact identity.”

“Peyton, don’t worry, I have already submitted the surveillance footage that he hacked to the expert hackers. I believe the content of the surveillance video will be restored soon. I will inform you as soon as possible.”

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Peyton showed gratitude. “Thank you, Bruce.”

“Don’t thank me. It was the hospital’s fault in the first place. If this matter gets out, it will bring a significant negative impact to the hospital.”

Peyton was very clear about one thing. “This matter was targeted at me by someone with malicious intentions, and it has nothing to do with your hospital. I will not speak about it to anyone. At the same time, I also hope that you can k

keep it confidential, including Timothy. Please do not mention it to him. I don't want to alert the wrong people."

Bruce nodded, clearly understanding her concerns. "This matter is not the most important at the moment, Peyton. My suggestion is that you can undergo another comprehensive examination. This time, I will conduct the examination for you. If there are any issues with your body, we can address them as soon as possible."

Peyton smiled and said, "There wasn't anything major wrong with my body. Bruce, don't worry."

"Alright. These hospital equipment do emit radiation, so it's not advisable to undergo frequent examinations in a short period of time. If you want to have a follow-up check-up in a few months, feel free to contact me anytime."

"Okay."

Bruce smiled gently and said, "Your body is fine, you can be discharged from the hospital. I have already arranged for someone to handle your discharge procedures. Also, let's exchange contact information."

Peyton and Bruce added each other as friends on Facebook, and she bid him farewell while holding her discharge certificate.

Bruce personally saw her off at the hospital. Kadence exchanged a few

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jokes with Bruce before leaving.

When Peyton was in the car, she kept thinking about this matter. She thought, "This matter must be related to the hospital's internal staff. If the person who did this is not very familiar with the hospital, they cannot accomplish the task flawlessly."

"But after all, I didn't have concrete evidence. Bruce didn't want to make a big fuss about this matter, as it would tarnish the hospital's reputation, so he couldn't extensively investigate e

very department. The entire hospital, including doctors, nurses, permanent staff, interns, and temporary workers, amounted to thousands of people. How could he possibly investigate?”

“So, the surveillance footage is the only clue. As long as I can recover the surveillance video, I will be able to catch the person who switched my CT scan.”

Peyton reached up and pinched his nose bridge, his face full of exhaustion.

Kadence chattered away by Peyton’s side for a while, but Peyton remained unresponsive. Unable to resist, she reached out and tapped Peyton’s shoulder.

“What’s wrong? Are you thinking about that jerk again?”

Peyton remembered Nolan’s expression when he left. At that time, his eyes were filled with anger.

She had completely fallen out with Nolan. At this point, she only wished to have no further involvement with him.

“No,” Peyton answered, looking out at the scenery outside the window. She didn’t know when the results from Bruce’s side would be available.

However, just a few days into her rest, she received a call from the

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hospital. “Ms. Schmitt, Mr. Schmitt’s condition is very critical. His heart rate suddenly dropped, and he is experiencing respiratory failure. He has just been rushed to the emergency room. Please come to the hospital as soon as possible.”

In the hospital corridor, Peyton anxiously waited outside the operating room.

The caregiver busied herself with comforting words, “Ms. Schmitt, you need to be prepared. Considering Mr. Schmitt’s condition, he could. anytime and any where...”

Peyton clenched her fingertips into her palm. Her voice was hoarse. "I knew."

"You've had it tough," the caregiver said helplessly.

The caregiver looked at Peyton. Peyton was about the same age as her daughter and very young, but Peyton already had to shoulder the burden of life.

Peyton was already married, but the nurse had never seen Peyton's husband. Peyton was always alone outside the hospital room. She was clearly becoming thinner day by day, and her frail body evoked pity.

After the operating room door opened, Peyton immediately went up to greet him.

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