

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 5

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Chapter 5 Don't You Care About Anyone?

Colette looked at Nolan in confusion. She hadn't heard about Nolan getting married.

"Mr. Dalton, we have been living abroad for many years and we are not familiar with the news at home. What is the relationship between my daughter and you?"

Nolan remained calm and said expressionlessly, "We were once in a relationship. I am currently filing for divorce."

Peyton didn't expect that after years of sincere feelings, it would all be reduced to a mere past for Nolan.

Was Peyton angry? Of course, she was.

But more than that, Peyton felt disappointed. It was stupid of her to love such a scum.

Peyton took out the ring box and threw it heavily on Nolan's forehead. "Bastard, fuck you. The biggest regret of my life is marrying you. Meet me at Courthouse at 9 o'clock. Whoever doesn't come is a coward."

Nolan's forehead turned red from the hit. The box then fell to the ground, and the ring landed by Peyton's feet. But Peyton didn't even glance at it. She stomped on the ring and slammed the door as she left.

Too many things had happened to Peyton in the past two years. This event was like the last straw, and she didn't run far before fainting on the road.

Watching the continuous raindrops in the sky, Peyton felt the world had hostility against her.

She thought it would be better to die like this.

Everyone was scheming against Peyton. There was nothing for her to hold onto.

When Peyton woke up, she found herself in an unfamiliar room. The warm yellow light dispelled the darkness, and the room was as warm as spring with the heating.

“You’re awake.”

Peyton opened her eyes and saw Alwyn’s gentle eyes. “Alwyn, did you save me?”

“I saw you faint on the roadside when I was going home from work, so I brought you here. Seeing you soaked, I had the servant change your clothes for you.”

Alwyn’s eyes were clear, without any hint of obscenity.

“Thank you, Alwyn.”

“I made soup. Have some warm tea first.”

Peyton pulled back the blanket and got out of bed. “No need, Alwyn. It’s late. I won’t disturb you.”

As weak as Peyton was, when her feet barely touched the ground, she fell towards the floor. Alwyn quickly caught her, and the pleasant scent of laundry detergent filled her nose.

It was just like the one Peyton used at home. Nolan had the same scent on him.

The thought of Nolan brought a piercing pain to Peyton’s heart.

“You’re too weak right now. If you want to live a little longer, don’t

push yourself.” Alwyn gently advised her, “Think of it as doing it for your father.”

A glimmer of hope emerged in Peyton’s lifeless eyes. “I’m sorry to trouble you.”

Watching Alwyn bustle around in the kitchen, Peyton realized that she had little interaction with Alwyn. At most, when she was a freshman, he was in his fourth year and presented her with an award for being an outstanding student.

At that time, Alwyn was an intern at a famous hospital. He didn't have much time at school. Later on, Peyton met him at the hospital, so they connected with each other more often.

But this kind of relationship couldn't be the reason for Peyton to constantly trouble Alwyn.

After having dinner and taking some medicine, Peyton finally felt some relief in her stomach.

Alwyn once again mentioned chemotherapy. "Medical science is advanced now. You are only in the mid to late stage. Some cancer patients survive even in the late stages. You have to believe in yourself. Chemotherapy is a useful treatment method."

Peyton lowered her head. "I studied medicine. I know the benefits and side effects of chemotherapy."

Alwyn further advised, "After chemotherapy, the chances of surgical cure are high. Although there are significant side effects, as long as you have the confidence to endure..."

Peyton slowly raised her head, with tears in her eyes. She used all her strength to hold back her tears. Her voice was trembling as she said, "... But I can't hold on anymore."

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Alwyn couldn't bring himself to say any comforting words as he looked into Peyton's red eyes, feeling a sense of depression.

After a long while, Alwyn asked, "Peyton, is there no one else in the world that you care about?"

Peyton paused for a moment before slowly answering, "Only my father."

"In that case, you should live for your dad."

Peyton forced a smile and said, "Thank you, Alwyn. I feel much better now. I won't bother you anymore."

Alwyn noticed that the ring she always wore was missing. He opened his mouth, but in the end, no words came out.

"Where are you going? Let me give you a ride."

"No need, I've already called for a taxi. It will be here soon." Peyton declined decisively. Alwyn had no choice but to agree, but he became suspicious. Peyton looked sad and said such things. Alwyn was afraid that she might kill herself, so he secretly followed her car.

The car drove to the riverside. Peyton stood alone while staring at the river blankly. Although the rain had stopped, the temperature was low. Alwyn wanted to go up to console Peyton. But a black business car parked next to her.

The car door opened, and the dignified man who always topped the financial magazines' rankings appeared under the street light.

Alwyn was shocked. Could it be Peyton's husband?

The river wind blew Peyton's hair, adding a touch of melancholy to her haggard face. Nolan instinctively wanted to raise his hand to tuck her hair behind her ear, but he quickly suppressed the thought.

"What's the matter?"

Peyton stared coldly at him, seemingly trying to see his true face.

“Are you responsible for the bankruptcy of the Schmitt family?”

“Yes.”

Peyton asked straightforwardly, and Nolan answered resolutely.

“Is the child your son?” Peyton asked the second question.

She stared at Nolan without blinking, wishing she had just misunderstood. However, Nolan had no intention of denying it. He calmly replied, “Yes.”

Peyton took two steps forward and slapped Nolan across his face. “Nolan, you are shameless!”

Nolan easily grabbed Peyton’s wrist, and his hand brushed away the tears on her face. “Does it hurt?”

“You bastard, why did you treat me like this? What did my family do to deserve this?”

Nolan’s eyes under his long lashes were void of any emotion. His voice was cold.

“Peyton, if you want to know the answer, you can ask your dad what he has done.”

Peyton asked through sobs, “Nolan, did you ever love me?”

There was nothing but ruthlessness in Nolan’s eyes. He slowly said, “Peyton, from the beginning, you were nothing but a pawn in my

hands.”

Tears rolled down Peyton’s face, dripping onto her hand. The warmth was gone as the chilly wind blew.

“You hate me, don’t you?”

“Yes, this is what your family owes me. Peyton, because you are Kason’s daughter, I want you to live in pain every day to atone for my sister!”

“Your sister was missing a long time ago. What does it have to do with the Schmitt family?”

Nolan looked at Peyton in disdain. “Peyton, while you were enjoying the love of everyone, my sister was suffering inhuman torture. Guess for yourself. I won’t tell you the truth. I want you to live in perpetual fear, and taste the suffering my sister endured!”

With a cold expression, Nolan got into the car before saying, “I’ll be waiting for you at Courthouse tomorrow at nine o’clock.”

Peyton hurriedly caught up with Nolan and banged on the car door. “Tell me clearly what happened to your sister?”

The car accelerated and swiftly left, leaving Peyton to fall to the ground helplessly.