

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 6

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Chapter 6 I Gave You a Chance

The chilly wind felt like a sharp knife on Peyton's face. But she got up and continued to run after the car.

However, Peyton overestimated her current physical condition. Before she could run far, she tripped and fell. The car stopped and its door opened. A pair of shining handmade leather shoes stood in front of Peyton.

Peyton's gaze moved up from the shoes to Nolan's crease-free trousers. Peyton only stopped when she looked into Nolan's hard eyes.

"Nolan..." Peyton's voice was weak.

A pair of strong hands reached out and poised above Peyton. In a daze, Peyton thought she saw the white-shirt young man again. The one who had lit up her youth. Peyton subconsciously reached for those hands.

As soon as their hands touched, Nolan redrew his hand harshly. Nolan showed Peyton a light of hope and took it back the hope ruthlessly. Peyton fell to the ground again.

Peyton wasn't hurt from the first fall. But this time, her hand landed on the shattered glass. The blood on her palm looks alarming as it dripped. on the ground.

Nolan's pupils dilated, but he still stood rigidly.

For a second, Peyton was confused. One time, Nolan had taken her to the hospital for a paper cut on her finger.

Peyton remembered how the doctor laughed at Nolan, "Sir, if you came here later, her nick would be healed."

Peyton looked at Nolan. He looked exactly like the man who cared about her so much. His features were the same. But the loving look was gone. Nolan looked gloomy and impatient at the moment.

Nolan said in an aloof tone, "Peyton, you may fool others. But I know you. You can do a somersault after running 1,500 meters. What would you trip over yourself?"

Peyton felt she was being cut into pieces by Nolan's scornful gaze.

Peyton bit her pale lip and explained, "No. This isn't an act. I'm weak because I'm sick..."

Before Peyton could finish, Nolan leaned down and lifted her face by her chin. Nolan's callused finger caressed Peyton's lips. "Like father, like daughter. You and your hypocrite father are the same. Both of you are willing to put on a bad show to con people for a little money."

Nolan's words cut Peyton deeper than the chilly wind. A huge gap was curved out on Peyton's heart.

Peyton slapped Nolan's hand away. "My dad is a decent man. He'll never do any unconscionable things!"

Nolan scoffed. He seemed to lose his interest in arguing with Peyton. Nolan took out a check from his wallet and filled in a random number. He carried the check with two fingers and fiddled it in front of Peyton.

"Do you want this?" Nolan asked.

Peyton looked at the number on the check. 800 thousand dollars was a lot of money. Once she took it, she wouldn't have to worry about Kason's hospital bill for a long time.

Peyton doubted Nolan had suddenly grown a conscience. She didn't reach for the check.

“What’s your condition?”

Nolan whispered into Peyton’s ear, “Say the words. Kason is a rotten. bastard. Say it and the check is yours.”

Peyton’s face dropped. She raised her hand to strike Nolan. But Nolan snatched her wrist. Peyton struggled and left a bloody handprint on Nolan’s shirt.

Nolan tightened his grip and his tone became more dangerous. “What? Is that a no? Fine. Let Kason rot in the hospital. I already picked out a spot to bury him.”

“Nolan, why did you turn into this monster?” Peyton cried.

Nolan promised to protect Peyton forever. And he said he wouldn’t let Peyton cry. Peyton suddenly suspected that those promises were all her imagination. The Nolan in front of her would only be pleased by her

tears.

The yellow street light couldn’t bring warmth to Nolan’s face and make him look less annoyed. “So, you’re not going to say it, are you?”

Nolan released Peyton and tore the check into pieces slowly.

Peyton launched forward to stop Nolan. Nolan pushed her away harshly. He was so cold that he almost looked unhuman. “I gave you a chance.”

Peyton’s last hope was shattered into pieces like the check. The falling scraps of paper surrounded Peyton like dancing butterflies and eventually fell to the ground.

“No. No!” Peyton scrambled to pick up the pieces. Her tears hit the ground like raindrops.

Peyton was flustered. Like a child who had lost everything, Peyton

was helpless and confused.

Nolan turned and walked away. As he was about to get in the car, he heard a loud sound. Nolan looked back. Peyton had fainted.

Jayson Bryant, Nolan's driver, looked worried. "Mr. Dalton, Mrs. Dalton passes out. Shall we bring her to the hospital?"

Nolan sent Jayson's cold glance. "Do you care about her?"

Jayson had worked for Nolan for a long time. Jayson knew how much Nolan loved Peyton before, But Nolan acted like a different person since he identified the body.

Jayson stopped talking since this wasn't his business. He started without a word.

the car

As the car drove off, the woman in the rearview mirror was getting smaller and smaller. Nolan noticed that Peyton didn't move at all. The disdain on Nolan's face grew bigger.

Nolan thought, "She's getting better at acting."

Although the Schmitt family was well off, Kason had started training Peyton since she was little. Kason wanted Peyton to be able to protect herself against bullies.

So, Peyton had a black belt and was a seven-grade free boxing expert. She was as strong as an ox. Nolan refused to believe that Peyton would pass out so easily.

Nolan believed it was an act Peyton put on for money.

Nolan looked away indifferently as he didn't want to look at Peyton.

anymore.

After Nolan's car disappeared from view, Alwyn finally hurried over to

Peyton.

When Peyton woke up, she found herself back in the hospital she just left. She was having an intravenous drip. The cold liquid entered her blue veins through the needle. Her wounded left hand was cleaned and bandaged.

The clock on the wall told Peyton that it was three o'clock in the morning. Before Peyton could open her mouth, she heard Alwyn's calm voice. "I'm sorry. I followed you because I was worried you were going to hurt yourself."

Peyton tried to sit up. Alwyn rapidly grabbed a pillow, propped Peyton up, and helped Peyton drink some water. Peyton finally gained the strength to speak. "Did you see everything?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry," Alwyn apologized again.

Alwyn was so simple that one could see through him easily. He was completely different from Nolan.

"It's alright. I'm his wife. It's not like I'm his lover or something."

Peyton noticed the fleeting hesitation on Alwyn's face. Peyton chuckled bitterly. "Right. Everyone thought he was about to marry Helena. It's OK if you don't believe me..."

Alwyn cut Peyton off hurriedly. "No. I believe you. I recognize your wedding ring. It's a one-of-a-kind limited edition. According to the magazine, the ring was designed by the brand's owner as a gift for his wife. I checked and found out that Nolan was the owner."

Alwyn sort of guessed Peyton's relationship with Nolan. But the gossip about Nolan and Helena was all over the news. And Alwyn had never seen Nolan visit Peyton in the hospital. So, Alwyn thought he guessed

wrong.

Peyton reached for the ring out of habit. There was nothing but a white belt on her finger. It looked as ridiculous as her marriage

“It doesn’t matter We’re getting a divorce at 9 am tomorro

“Does he know about your condition” Alwyn asked

“He lost the right to know,” Peyton answered.