

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte

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Chapter 61 Peyton Posted On Her Moments, But Nolan Couldn'T See

It.

When Kadence went to get seasoning from the boss, Peyton changed her profile picture to a photo that Kadence had just taken of her.

This was a photo of the sea view. Peyton captioned this photo as "Faraway".

Peyton didn't know that there was a car parked outside her apartment building at that moment.

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After seeing Peyton's departing figure, Nolan was reminded of the 80 million dollars she had donated. Like the day she jumped off the building, he felt uneasy in his heart.

Nolan wanted an answer.

Peyton and Kadence did not come back, so he waited in the car.

Not until Lucian spoke, "Mr. Dalton, Mrs. Dalton is still eating barbecue. She shouldn't be back for a short while."

"Where was she?"

"She should be on Coast Road. Mrs. Dalton just posted on Facebook."

Nolan immediately took out his phone. The first post he saw was a link posted by a health expert, "Eating boiled eggs often can actually cause this disease!"

The time was an hour ago.

"When did she post that thread?"

"22 minutes ago," Lucian saw Nolan's expression getting colder and his voice getting smaller. "Mr. Dalton, can't you see that post?"

Nolan clenched his phone tightly and gritted his teeth, saying, “She deleted me.”

Lucian thought, “This is awkward. She deleted Mr. Dalton, but not me.” Lucian cautiously reminded, “Mrs. Dalton also changed her nickname and profile picture.”

Nolan snatched Lucian’s phone.

Peyton’s new profile picture was a photo of herself. In the photo, she stood under a dim streetlight. The soft light outlined her blurry profile. The wind blew her hair. Her smile, however, made her look particularly gentle. This photo was very beautiful.

Nolan touched her lips, but only felt the coldness of the screen.

Peyton said she wouldn’t remove the couple’s profile picture even if she died.

On the newly released photo by Peyton, there was only a blurry sea. Nolan asked, “What does she want to express?”

“Mr. Dalton, I don’t know. I have never been in love. But usually when girls change their profile pictures and post something, it’s because they have been triggered. As for tonight’s incident, Mr. Dalton...”

Lucian didn’t say anything else. What Nolan did before was indeed wrong.

“I knew.”

“Mr. Dalton, you were too indulgent towards Ms. Chase. You built Seaview Villa for Mrs. Dalton, and you spent a lot of time and effort on that dress. When Ms. Chase said she wanted them, you gave them to her. The dress clearly didn’t fit her size, but she insisted on altering it. She also changed the name of the hospital that was originally planned. Mrs. Dalton must have been very upset.”

Nolan didn’t explain. “Go to Coast Road.”

“Yes.”

Lucian easily guessed their location through the post that Kadence had just made. They soon arrived near the store.

When Peyton helped the heavily drunk Kadence out of the restaurant, it started to snow lightly.

She spotted Nolan standing by the roadside at a glance. He was tall and almost blended into the darkness. If it weren't for the light from his phone, Peyton might not have been able to see him.

Kadence pushed past her and cursed at the street lamp, "Nolan, I couldn't beat you, I don't have your money, and I don't have any

henchmen. Otherwise, I would have used a big knife to chop off your head today..."

Lucian quickly covered her mouth with his hand and said to Peyton, "Ms. Schmitt, I'll take your friend home first."

Kadence pulled away his hand and kept shouting, "Hey handsome, why do you look so much like Nolan's lackey?"

Chapter 62 I Was Best At Taking **Care** Of Men

Lucian awkwardly laughed. He couldn't accept Kadence's nickname for him.

"That guy wasn't as handsome as you. He always had a straight face, like this."

Kadence learned Lucian's expression. Lucian quickly dragged her into the car. Kadence patted the seat beside her. "You look good. Do you want me to take care of you?"

Lucian was about to refuse, but Kadence added, "I am really good at taking care of men. My ex-boyfriend became very strong because of me..."

Lucian was speechless.

Peyton didn't expect to see Nolan here. But she quickly suppressed her uneasiness. She calmly asked, "Kadence..."

Nolan put out his cigarette and said, word by word, "Lucian would take her home."

Peyton trusted Lucian. However, she did not want to stay here with Nolan.

He stood with one hand in his pocket, as snowflakes gently danced around him. The scene was breathtakingly beautiful. He turned towards Peyton and said, "Do you want to chat with me?"

Peyton didn't look at him. "Mr. Dalton, I haven't been in contact with any other men recently. I even unfriended Mr. Russell on Facebook. I immediately run away when mosquitoes come near me."

"So you

also unfriended me on Facebook?" Nolan gritted his teeth.

"I didn't delete your number. If you call me, I will answer."

"Peyton."

"Mr. Dalton, you don't need to drive me. The car I called has arrived."

Peyton jumped into the car as if escaping. She was just about to close the door when Nolan reached in with one hand. His wrist was adorned with a million-dollar watch, shimmering under the streetlight.

Nolan stood by the car. His tall figure blocked the light from the streetlamp behind him.

Large snowflakes fell down. Soon, a thick layer of snow accumulated on his shoulders and head.

Nolan wedged his arm against the car door, appearing dominant.

Nolan stared at Peyton's face and said calmly, "Let's talk."

He intensified his tone, which was a dangerous signal.

Peyton looked up and saw his slightly raised chin, feeling his innate nobility.

His tall figure blocked the outside light and snow, making the already cramped carriage feel even more oppressive and cramped.

Peyton was overshadowed by Nolan. Throughout this marriage, she was always in a disadvantaged position, with no choices.

Peyton stared calmly at him, "Are you going to do it now?"

It seems that there was no contact between them except for that agreement.

Nolan didn't know how to respond.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Peyton closed the car door and coldly instructed the driver, "We can go now."

In the wind and snow, Nolan's figure gradually faded away. Her dream from her student days also became more and more distant.

That night, Peyton was constantly worried. She was afraid of being retaliated against again. Nolan finally took a few days off, but Helena was about to start causing trouble.

Soon, Peyton heard that Helena was going to demolish the Schmitt's house and turn it into an animal farming and slaughterhouse.

Kadence scolded her for a full half hour in anger. "What is wrong with her? If it were possible to build a crematorium in that area, she would do it. She is targeting you."

Peyton's face turned grave as he thought, "Helena is indeed ruthless. She doesn't live in that mansion, nor does she sell it. She wants to use it to provoke me."

The house could be used for commercial purposes or as a residence. However, its backyard has a historically old building and the tomb of the Schmitt family ancestors. They had planned to move the tomb, but an expert said that moving it would affect the Schmitt family's business, so ultimately the tomb was not moved.

Peyton didn't believe this statement. Helena targeted her, but Peyton didn't care. However, when Helena wanted to demolish her ancestors' graves, Peyton couldn't just stand by anymore.

Chapter 63 Twinsin The **Past**, There Were Twins.

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At this moment, Helena was playing with her two children in the warm indoors.

They were a pair of twins. The boy's name was Chris, a name chosen personally by Nolan. The girl's name was Marie Dalton, a name chosen by Helena.

Helena smiled as she looked at Marie.

"Marie, come to me."

Marie was weak, so her legs were not as strong as Chris's. Recently, Chris has been able to walk steadily. Marie still has to move step by step with the support of the sofa.

She called out, "Mommy."

"Marie, let me hug you."

Helena immediately looked at Chris. "Chris, come over to my side."

Chris glanced back at her and quickly averted his gaze. He had no intention of approaching her. The indifference in his eyes was just like Nolan's.

Ever since Nolan brought him back here, Chris has been constantly looking outside and ignoring people. He has become even more withdrawn. He only calls out "mommy" a couple of times when he falls asleep. When he wakes up, no matter what snacks Helena uses to coax him, he doesn't call her "mommy".

Helena had doubts in her mind and thought, "Chris was never close to me from the beginning.

He and Marie were both my children, but their personalities were completely different.

Helena was watching him and pondering. At that moment, her assistant walked in. "Ms. Chase, everything has been taken care of. I pulled some strings, and we should be able to get the approval soon."

Helena handed the children over to the nanny standing aside. She opened a bottle of red wine and watched the dark red liquid flow. A slight smile appeared at the corner of her mouth. "I want to see how long she can endure."

"Ms. Chase, Mr. Dalton and Peyton got divorced. Mr. Dalton was completely devoted to you. Why did you have to do those things?"

Helena coldly glared at her assistant. "You don't understand."

The assistant trembled in fear and quickly lowered their head. "Yes. I'm sorry."

Helena knew very well that Nolan's kindness towards her had nothing to do with love, but rather out of duty. She had initially thought that Paula's death would make him completely disgusted with Peyton. However, after their divorce, it seemed that his emotions towards Peyton grew even deeper.

Helena thought, "As long as Peyton was still alive, she would threaten my position as Nolan's wife."

Helena waited for several days but Peyton never fell into the trap. She wanted to convert the Schmitt's place into a slaughterhouse, believing that Peyton would contact her.

After a while, as she had expected, Peyton's number appeared on the phone screen.

Helena lazily answered the phone, "Hello."

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"It was me, Peyton," Peyton's voice sounded slightly annoyed.

"Ms. Schmitt, what did you want to talk to me about?"

"Helena, we knew what you wanted. You don't have to pretend anymore."

"I won't waste any more words then. I'll be waiting for you at Seaview Villa. Bring Kadence with you."

After finishing speaking, Helena hung up the phone directly. Peyton's face darkened. It was obvious that Helena was going to humiliate her and Kadence because Kadence had defied her last time.

Peyton looked towards the kitchen. Kadence was cooking soup for her. She was humming a song, completely unaware of this fact.

“Kadence, I went to the supermarket. I will be back soon.”

“Should I take you there or not?”

“No need. I went out for some fresh air myself.”

Peyton hasn't been participating in any entertainment activities recently and has been focusing on resting their body every day, so Kadence didn't suspect anything. “Then you should come back earlier. I made ginkgo soup for you.”

“Okay.”

Peyton nodded with a smile. She put on her hat and scarf, and then hailed a taxi to leave.

Chapter 64 Peyton Slapped Half A Bowl Of Egg Mixture Onto Helena'S Face.

On the way, Peyton had considered all the possibilities that could happen. Peyton thought, “It's just a matter of losing my self-esteem and doing what Helena asks.”

It's actually not difficult.

Self-esteem means nothing in the face of life and death.

This was Peyton's first time entering Seaview Villa, and inside was the decoration style she liked. There were blue arches, horseshoe-shaped windows, and gray walls. The white curtains appeared even more mysterious and romantic in the breeze from the sea.

Unfortunately, the owner of the villa was Helena.

The servant led Peyton to the living room. The spacious and bright living room was equipped with circular floor-to-ceiling windows, allowing a clear view of the sea from every angle.

Peyton hadn't seen Helena yet when her leg was suddenly grabbed. It was Chris, whom she hadn't seen for many days.

“Mom.” Chris’s pronunciation was better than before, soft and sweet.

Chris’s eyes sparkled like the stars in the sky. Seeing Chris again, Peyton felt a sense of familiarity.

Chris opened his arms towards Peyton, drooling. “Mom, hug me...”

Peyton wanted to reach out and rub his head. At that moment, the nanny hurriedly came over and took Chris away.

“Chris, hurry upstairs. Your mother is going to do something important soon.”

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Taken away forcibly, Chris was extremely unhappy. He immediately started crying and reached out his arms towards Peyton, saying,

“Mommy, mommy.”

Peyton also felt a bit reluctant. She had such complex emotions towards Helena’s son.

Helena arrived late from the second floor and could hear Chris’ voice from afar. “Dear Chris, you finally said the word ‘mom’. I will come to play with you in a moment.”

Chris ignored Helena and continued to look in Peyton’s direction.

Helena sat down on the sofa and the servant came over to ask, “Mrs. Dalton, what would you like to drink?”

Helena propped her head up with her right hand and lazily looked at Peyton, “I heard you were good at baking cakes.”

“If it’s about the condition of the Schmitt’s house, I can give you a tour,” Peyton cut to the chase.

Helena, on the other hand, smiled and said, “Peyton, considering you come from a business family, I’m surprised your father didn’t teach you that you have

to give before you can get. Since you're here today, I assume you want to discuss the Schmitt's house with me. You're not qualified to negotiate with me."

"What did you want to eat?"

"The servant would tell you."

After being told by the servant, Peyton baked a tray of honey cake.

"Too sweet."

Peyton baked the cake for the second time.

"Too hard."

The third time, the fourth time... Helena always managed to find reasons and excuses. The fifth time, Helena poured egg mixture on Peyton's hair.

Peyton endured her anger as the mixture of batter and egg dripped down onto her hair.

Peyton lowered her head, and her long eyelashes covered the emotions in her eyes. Her voice was low, making it difficult to discern her emotions.

"Ms. Chase, I was not a cook, so I couldn't bake something that suited your taste."

However, Helena remained reckless and arrogant, with a smug expression on her face.

"Peyton, I have always been a grudge holder. Didn't I tell you to bring Kadence with you? This is what happens when you don't listen."

Peyton was well aware that Helena dared to be so insolent and arrogant because of Nolan. And Peyton had nothing, even relying on others, so Helena felt she could mistreat her at will.

When Helena happily looked at the disheveled Peyton, Peyton, who had been bowing his head all along, suddenly moved.

Peyton was very fast. She picked up the remaining half bowl of egg mixture and slapped it forcefully onto Helena's face.

Chapter 65 Revenge

Helena clearly didn't expect Peyton to resist. The hairstyle she had just done was ruined.

Helena screamed in anger, "Ah! You bitch, what have you done to me! No one has ever dared to treat me like this!"

Peyton stepped back two steps. Helena's entire face was covered with the paste. She couldn't see where Peyton was, so she scratched around in place.

Helena felt the wind and wanted to take two steps forward. She stepped on the dough and fell flat on her back.

"Helena, I have never been treated like this before. Although you are pampered by others, so am I. Why do you think you can bully me?"

Peyton took advantage of Helena being covered in flour and slapped her twice, then kicked her hard a few times.

"This slap was for my dead child. This slap was for my dead marriage."

"Ah, I was going to kill you! You bitch! Come on, what are you idiots still standing there for?"

Helena was slapped and kicked by Peyton. She was so angry that she couldn't speak coherently.

There was only one maid in the kitchen, and she was terrified. When the other maid tried to come to her rescue, Peyton grabbed the sharp knife she had been eyeing earlier.

"Don't come over!"

Helena's face was covered with egg batter, so much so that she couldn't even open her eyes. By feeling, Helena noticed that her neck was chilly

"Helena, if you move again, I will kill you!"

Helena was shocked. She didn't expect Peyton, who she used to bully, to suddenly become so tough!

Helena swallowed her saliva and said, "Peyton, if you dared to hurt me, Nolan wouldn't let you get away with it!"

Peyton sneered, "He never let me go either. Helena, why do you always want to take everything away from me? You even got the Schmitt's house. I have no grudges against you, but you keep pushing me. Now, we can just die together."

As Peyton spoke, he moved the knife closer to Helena again, causing her to scream, "Stop it. If you kill me, you will die too."

"Anyway, I wouldn't have lived much longer. It wouldn't be a big loss to exchange my life for yours. You are Nolan's fiancée, who is high above me. Unlike me, my life is worthless. Helena, would you die with- me?"

Helena trembled with fear. "Don't be impulsive!"

Peyton sighed, "What can I do? I just wanted to get back what belongs to me. You easily got what I struggled to obtain and destroyed it at will. I have nothing left, and the only thing I can do is make you accompany me in death."

"I just gave you the Schmitt's house!"

Helena had prepared many ways to torture Peyton, but she didn't have a chance to use them.

Peyton suddenly acted crazy. Helena was afraid that Peyton would hurt her.

"How can I trust you? You promised before and then reneged. I won't have such a good chance to control you next time."

Helena thought, "Next time?"

Helena quickly said, "I will call to cancel the application now and write a guarantee on the spot to transfer the Schmitt's house to you. If you don't believe me, you can immediately have a lawyer come to notarize it."

Peyton whispered, "Helena, did you really think I had no way to deal with you? Before, I just didn't want to confront you. But if you dare to provoke me again, I will expose your affair with Nolan on the internet!"

Chapter pa The Fight Made Peyton Feel Great

Chapter 66 The Fight Made Peyton Feel Great.

Peyton grabbed Helena's hair fiercely, and said excitedly.

"Nolan didn't claim to be a faithful man, did he? Weren't you his beloved? I think the whole nation would be very interested to know that he had a former wife, and you, Nolan's fiancée who all women envy, are extremely malicious! I have all the evidence!"

Peyton knew that this might not have threatened Nolan. He was arrogant and didn't care at all about what others thought of him.

But Helena was different. She had worked hard to achieve everything she had today, and fame meant everything to her.

This threat was enough to make her scared.

"Okay, I got it. I'll return you the Schmitt's house. Just keep the knife away."

"Finally, I warned you once again. If you dare to bother my friend, I will ruin your reputation. Ms. Chase, you are a smart woman. You should understand not to take risks, or else you will lose everything in the end."

Peyton used to think that fighting was undignified. She now believes that compared to feeling relaxed, being undignified is not important.

Helena felt like her scalp was being torn off. She used to be arrogant; but now she was in a sorry state.

"I knew. I heard you. Take the knife away. My neck hurts."

The blade pressed against Helena's neck gradually stained with blood..

Peyton exerted some force to make Helena bleed, but it did not endanger her life.

“Remember the pain of today well. If there is another time, I will slaughter you.”

“Yes, I knew it!” Helena trembled in fear and decided to stay away from Peyton in the future.

Peyton finally released Helena’s neck. Helena cursed and kicked the maid while going upstairs to take a shower and change clothes.

Chris, who was forcibly taken away, cried uncontrollably. He either called for his mother or his father. The nanny was sweating profusely but couldn’t comfort him.

The nanny’s phone fell out of her pocket and was seen by Chris. He immediately crawled over and grabbed the phone, drooling and saying, “Papa, call.”

Occasionally, Nolan had to have video calls through the nanny. The nanny had no choice but to have video conversations with Nolan.

Regarding Chris, Nolan always answered the call no matter what he was doing. The first thing that caught his eye was Chris’s red eyes. Chris spoke with a pitiful voice, “Papa.”

Nolan thought, “Chris never cries when he falls down. How can he be so sad?”

Nolan’s deep voice rang out, “What’s wrong?”

“Sorry, Mr. Dalton. Mr. Chris was acting strangely today. A guest came to visit, and he wanted to get close to the guest. After I took him away, he started crying.”

The nanny was Nolan’s person. She had no concerns and spoke the truth.

“Guest?” Chris rarely approached others on his initiative. He hardly paid any attention to Helena either.

“It seemed to be Ms. Schmitt,” the nanny was unaware of Peyton and Nolan’s relationship.

At this moment, Chris seemed to have discovered something and quickly walked towards the window. The nanny hurriedly followed after him. "Chris."

Chris was on the second floor and could see Peyton on the terrace, drying her hair.

Chris immediately became very excited and crawled in front of the French window, calling out, "Mom, Mom!"

Chapter 67 Helena Was **Not** The Mastermind

Peyton seemed to feel something, and she turned around to look at the window above her head.

Chris was wearing a fluffy sweater, resembling a little polar bear. He had both hands pressed against the glass, and his chubby face was also pressed against the window, looking incredibly adorable.

The soundproof window blocked Chris's voice, but Peyton could feel that he was greeting her.

The adorable child instantly dispelled Peyton's unhappiness. She smiled and waved at Chris.

Nolan happened to witness this scene. In that instant, it felt as if he had gone back to the first time he saw Peyton.

On that sunny morning, the girl with a high ponytail waved at him, her smile radiant.

Even after ten years had passed, Nolan was still captivated by that smile.

Nolan immediately realized that Peyton couldn't have come to Seaview Villa on her own. The only possible reason was that she had come for the Schmitt's house.

Nolan hung up the phone. Lucian told Nolan about the slaughterhouse.

With a bang, Nolan swept the ashtray to the ground. Helena had crossed the line. He said coldly, "Prepare the car."

Peyton's face was chilled by the sea breeze. Even though she was

outside in the cold wind, she didn't want to stay in the house specifically built for Helena.

Helena quickly freshened up and came downstairs wearing a bathrobe and a shower cap. Her neck was only lightly scratched.

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Helena's manicurist arrived. Helena leaned back on the creamy leather sofa, having her toenails painted with nail polish, looking proud.

Peyton finally returned to the living room. Helena hated her so much that she gritted her teeth, but she was no longer arrogant.

She said with a cold face, "I will give you the Schmitt's house, but I also have two requests."

Peyton frowned, "Are you still going to haggle with me?"

"Making money is never easy. Buying two houses worth 80 million dollars each is not considered cheap, right?"

"Speak," Peyton said impatiently.

"First, leaving Aelford City. Second, self-destructing appearance."

Peyton asked, "Are you crazy? Do you know what you're talking about?"

Helena casually threw the fruit knife onto the carpet. "My intention is to keep you away from Nolan. As long as you ruin your face, you won't pose a threat to me anymore. You have something on me, but haven't I also got something on your father? You wouldn't want your father's secrets to be exposed, would you?"

Peyton's expression changed slightly. Helena said contentedly, "So neither of us is any cleaner than the other. Peyton, I bought your face for 80 million dollars and you left Aelford City."

In addition to the Schmitt's house, Peyton had one more thing to do here.

She wanted to confirm if Helena was the mastermind behind the scenes. Based on the previous tests, Peyton could conclude that it wouldn't be Helena.

Helena didn't know that Peyton had a terminal illness. Otherwise, she wouldn't have wasted her time doing these things.

Peyton thought, "If it wasn't Helena, then who could be the person behind her?"

While Peyton was contemplating, Helena gave a glance to the people nearby.

Immediately, a burly servant kicked Peyton's legs fiercely from behind. Peyton's body went limp and he knelt on the shaggy carpet.

The servant drew the knife out of its sheath, "Ms. Schmitt, please."

Peyton looked at the dagger, its bright blade reflecting her face.

She frowned, "Helena, I hadn't agreed yet."

The servant didn't care much and grinned, "Ms. Schmitt, once you're here, you have no choice. Don't worry. After you disfigure yourself, Ms. Chase will give you the Schmitt house."

Peyton struggled hard, but the servant exerted great force. "Ms.

you can't bear to do it yourself, let me do it for you."

The servant took the knife and ruthlessly slashed it

Chapter 68 Are You The Biological Mother Of The Child?

"Waah..."

A cry was heard. Chris didn't know when he had stood at the stairway and burst into tears.

The servant stopped in fear. Although Helena was not very affectionate towards Chris, she was still a mother and naturally did not want her child to see such a scene.

Helena coldly ordered, "What are you all doing? Take the child away."

The servants rushed towards Chris in a flurry, and Helena was also annoyed by his sudden

crying, urging him impatiently, "What are you standing there for? Get to work."

At this moment, the servant upstairs suddenly shouted, "Oh no! Young Mr. Dalton has many small red spots on his body and face, as if he had an allergy."

"Got it. Find a doctor to come over," Helena said impatiently.

Compared to the child, she was more eager to deal with Peyton. This was a rare opportunity.

Peyton looked at Helena in disbelief. "That was your child. He was crying so miserably and he was so small. You should have at least held him and comforted him."

Helena sneered and said, "If you had acted earlier, I would have gone to comfort him naturally."

The child upstairs erupted into a thunderous cry. Peyton was heartbroken, even though it wasn't her child, why was she so

distressed?

Driven by instinct, Helena was about to drop her knife and rush forward to hug Chris. On his side, Chris also unleashed an astonishing strength and managed to break free from the maid's grasp.

"Chris!" the maid exclaimed in terror as Chris fell to the ground and tumbled down the stairs.

Luckily, Peyton ran fast enough. He only rolled a few steps before being held in Peyton's arms.

Peyton looked at the child's face full of red rash, with a runny nose and tears, and the little face was completely red.

"Mom, Mom." Chris threw himself into her arms.

This heartwarming scene stabbed Helena's eyes even more. Helena was furious.

"Peyton, don't procrastinate. Since you're not doing it, I'll help you.

Helena gave a look. Two maids approached Peyton. Another maid wanted to snatch the child from her arms.

In the midst of the chaos, Helena remained seated on the sofa, motionless, simply because her manicure was not yet finished.

Peyton realized today that not everyone in this world is entitled to have a mother. Currently, Helena is not here to comfort her son.

In Helena's mind, she destroyed her face, even her toenails were more important than this child.

At one point, Peyton felt some sympathy. Why did this child stick to her every time she saw her?

At that moment, Chris also got excited and tightly grabbed Peyton's hands without letting go. Peyton naturally had no reason to let go.

Several people were pushing and pulling when Peyton rolled down the stairs holding the child.

At that moment, Peyton thought of the child she couldn't save in the sea. She held the child tightly with both arms, trying to bear all the danger with her body.

Until Peyton rolled down the last step of the stairs, the first reaction was to smile slightly at the frightened child and say, "Don't be afraid, I'm here."

Chris was stunned as she looked at her, and for a moment she forgot to

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Helena did not rush over to see the child, but continued to speak, "Now is the time, scratch her face."

Two servants approached with knives, "Sorry, Ms. Schmitt."

Here, no one dared to offend the future mistress of the Dalton Group. Her words were like decrees.

Peyton was rolled in such a way that he was unable to get up, feeling dizzy and weak all over.

She could only watch as the blade approached her.

At the moment when the knife was raised, Peyton heard a familiar roar, “Stop!”

Chapter 69 **Ella** Takes A Risk And Hurts Peyton

Like an angry king of beasts from the depths of ancient forests, this roar alone was enough to shake the mountains and forests.

Helena

watched as Nolan ran towards her quickly, feeling so nervous that she couldn't even finish painting her nails. She quickly stood up, accidentally spilling the unfinished nail polish all over the floor.

The bright red nail polish stood out particularly clearly on the white shag carpet.

“Nolan, listen to me explain.”

Nolan ignored Helena and came quickly.

However, the burly maid glanced at him and did not stop her actions.

The person was Ella Wood, who Helena brought back from overseas as a trusted confidant. She was with the Chase family before Colette died. She had some martial arts skills, was 1.75 meters tall, and weighed 150 pounds, making her quite sturdy among women.

Ella certainly heard Nolan's voice, but she knew in her heart that Peyton was a thorn in Helena's side. Ella had to get rid of Peyton.

So even though Ella heard the voice of restraint, she still chose to continue scratching Peyton's face.

Just one cut, one cut is enough.

With one stroke, Peyton's pretty little face could never be restored again.

Just like Peyton and Nolan's relationship, once there was a crack, it was difficult to mend the broken mirror.

No man in this world could ever like a woman with scars on her face. Over time, Nolan must have fallen in love with Helena.

So Ella took a huge risk and went after Peyton.

“Bang!”

A piercing sound of wooden creaking echoed in the room, which immediately frightened the maids and made them scream and run in all directions.

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The bullet only knocked the knife out of the servant’s hand. In that moment, Lucian had already closed in, kicked Ella’s leg, forcing her to kneel, and then put her hands behind her back in a reverse hold. “Stay still and don’t move!”

The bullet just grazed Ella’s arm. If it had been a little more to the side, her hand would have been useless. She was still immersed in the power of the guns hot and dared not move.

Nolan helped Peyton up and asked in a deep voice, “Are you okay?”

Peyton was a little sore but otherwise unharmed, except for a bump on the forehead with blood seeping out.

Peyton, however, showed no concern for herself and instead held onto Chris, saying, “Quick, look at the child. He had an allergic reaction.”

Peyton’s anxious appearance contrasted sharply with Helena’s. Helena approached Nolan, and the first thing she did was not to pick up the child, but to shift the blame.

“It was her who pushed my son down the stairs. My poor Chris was so young and almost died from the fall. She had such a cruel heart!”

Nolan had never understood the poor performance before and wouldn’t have exposed it, but today he was filled with anger and grabbed Helena by the collar.

“Helena, I wasn’t blind.”

Helena’s face changed and she wanted to defend herself. Peyton didn’t have time for her nonsense. Ignoring the bleeding wound on her child, she quickly laid him flat on the sofa and instructed, “Get some towels and cold water, and immediately apply cold compresses to him. Lucian, go buy some allergy medicine for the child.”

“Yes, Ms. Schmitt,” Lucian released Ella and quickly left the villa.

Helena seemed to have caught Peyton’s handle and said happily, “Nolan, you heard how vicious she was. It’s so cold outside and she still wants to apply cold compress to the child. The child is already so serious, and she wants to make the child catch a cold?”

“Shut up!” Peyton couldn’t bear it anymore. “Are you really the child’s biological mother?”

Chapter 70 **He’s Not My Son. Is He Your Son?**

Peyton’s questioning made Helena laugh, “If he wasn’t my son, would he be your son?”

“If you were the child’s biological mother, you wouldn’t be so indifferent. When the child had an allergy or fell down, you didn’t protect and comfort him first, but fabricated accusations against me. Doesn’t your conscience hurt?”

Helena retorted, “Don’t think that just because Nolan is here, you can say these slanderous words about me in front of him and make him change his mind about you. This child was born while Nolan was by my side, so he knows that I am his mother.”

Peyton couldn’t be bothered to argue with her about these boring topics. It was proven that some people were just not cut out to be mothers.

The nanny who usually takes care of Chris quickly brought water. Peyton unbuttoned the child’s buttons and applied a wet towel to him.

Strangely, the child should have been itching and crying loudly.

At that moment, Chris became quiet instead. His big black eyes were fixed on Peyton with concentration, unwilling to move

away even a bit. He tightly held onto Peyton's clothes corner with one hand, refusing to let her go.

It seemed that as long as she was there, he was not afraid of anything.

"Stop, what are you going to do to my son?" Helena clearly disagreed with the wet compress.

Peyton gave her a cold glance and said, "Applying a cold compress can cause blood vessels to contract and relieve itching symptoms. He is in a lot of discomfort now. Scratching will only make the allergic area continue to expand, and in severe cases, it can cause high fever."

Helena wanted to say something more, but Nolan coldly interrupted her, "Shut up."

This was the first time in two years that Peyton had heard Nolan speak to Helena like this. Helena was obviously upset and soon she started to complain again

"I always paid attention to Chris's diet. How could a child have an allergy for no reason? What did he eat?"

A maid said, "Chris just ate half a piece of honey cake baked by Ms. Schmitt."

Helena glared at Peyton and said, "Peyton, you are so cruel. You knew my son is allergic to honey, yet you still gave him this cake!"

"You said he was allergic to honey?" Peyton was a little surprised. How could his child be like Peyton? Peyton is also allergic to honey.

"What are you pretending? You came to me today to ask for the Schmitt's house. To please me, you said you would make me a cake. I was thinking that a guest had arrived, so I didn't kick you out. But I didn't expect you to have this idea, and you came after me. You even laid your hands on a child, do you still have a conscience?"

"Besides the child, Nolan, look at my neck, this woman wanted to kill me!"

Helena knew that the child was what Nolan cared about the most. Peyton had committed his biggest taboo. As long as Helena shifted the blame to Peyton, Nolan wouldn't care about what had just happened.

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Originally, this was Helena's intention for asking Peyton to make a honey cake. Helena was calculating Peyton from the beginning.

Peyton only realized it now. Maybe Peyton really ruined her face. If she followed what Helena said, Helena wouldn't have acted according to the agreement.

How could a cunning woman who even calculated her son be willing to keep her promises and speak truthfully?

Thinking about this, Peyton felt even more sorry for the child. Based on Helena's behavior just now, she was clearly not fit to be a mother.

Nolan did not favor Helena as he used to, but stopped her sharply, "Shut up. Since you came in, you have been talking about how others are. Have you paid any attention to Chris? It makes me doubt how you are being a mother."

Nolan glanced at Helena's attire. Her white open-toed sandals with half-painted red nails were nauseating to look at.

"Nolan. I..."

"Get out. I don't want to see you right now," Nolan said, not even considering Helena's feelings. If he didn't kill Helena right here and now, he was being merciful.