

Marriage Beyond Redemption by Lesley Harte Chapter 8

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Chapter 8 Will You Be Happy

Peyton looked down at the paper and recognized the address. It was a cemetery.

Peyton thought, "Did Nolan's sister die? But what does it have to do with Dad? I know my dad. He would never harm a little girl."

Peyton understood that this was all she could get from Lucian and Jayson. She didn't pester them for more information. For the rest of the ride to the Dalton's mansion, Peyton merely sat quietly in the backseat.

A million thoughts raced across Peyton's mind when she saw this familiar house.

Lucian asked politely, "Mrs. Dalton, would you like to get out of the car?"

Peyton answered, "No. I'll wait for Nolan in the car."

The divorce would be the last time their paths crossed. Peyton didn't want any accidents. Everything in the Dalton's mansion could bring up Peyton's memories of their marriage. She didn't want to risk it.

Peyton blamed her cowardice on Nolan. Nolan treated her too well.

Although Nolan was getting more aloof every time they met, Peyton still remembered their happy memories.

Peyton should hate Nolan. But she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Jayson kept the car running. The air conditioner sent warm wind out steadily. Peyton was alone in the car. Her stomachache was back. Peyton curled into a fetal position and pulled her legs to her chest.

tightly. She sat on the seat and silently waited for the sunrise.

During winter, the sun got off work early and came to work late. Although it was past seven, it was still dark and foggy outside.

A ginkgo tree was in the yard. Its leaves had fallen off long ago. Peyton stared at it and was lost in her thoughts.

The ginkgo tree was almost 20 meters tall. But when the ginkgo tree's golden fruits ripened and Peyton was suddenly in the mood for ginkgo. soup, Nolan would climb the tree and shake down the fruit for Peyton.

Peyton would be standing under the tree and was showered by the green and golden leaves.

Back then, Nolan was gentle and catered to Peyton's every need. He was a good cook too.

Peyton walked up to the ginkgo tree as she was lost in her memories. The tree was the same. But they were different.

Only a few dried leaves were struggling to stay on the branches. But they were as dead as their marriage.

Nolan walked out and saw Peyton next to the tree.

Peyton wore a thin sweater. She cranked her neck to look at the tree. Her hair was dancing in the chilly wind.

Today's weather turned better. When the first ray of sunlight shone on Peyton's pale face, she looked like a fairy who was about to vanish.

Peyton's left hand still had a bandage on. Nolan found it strange that Peyton was still wearing the same outfit as last night. And she looked tired.

"Nolan." Peyton knew Nolan was here without looking.

“Morning.”

Peyton turned slowly and looked at Nolan’s slender figure. The few steps between them felt like a huge gap that they could never cross.

“I want to have your ginkgo soup one more time.”

A flicker of shock appeared in Nolan’s dark eyes. He immediately recovered and said coldly, “It’s out of season. Peyton, stop wasting my time.”

Peyton’s eyes were red-rimmed. She muttered, “It’s the last favor I’ll ask. Can’t you do it for me?”

Nolan thought, “She has changed a lot in these three months.”

Nolan turned to look at the bare tree. His tone wasn’t as cold as before. “The ginkgo in the freezer isn’t fresh enough. You can wait till next year.”

Next year...

Peyton caressed the tough bark and thought, “I won’t live to then.”

“Nolan, do you hate me?”

“Yes.”

Peyton turned to Nolan and said lightly, “Well...will you be happy once I’m gone?”

Peyton’s question was like a rumble of thunder to Nolan.

Nolan couldn’t think over the blood rushing in his ears.

After a while, Nolan recovered and said coldly, “Fine. It isn’t a big deal anyway. Come in.”

Peyton watched Nolan’s back and smiled.

Peyton thought, "My death has an effect on him."

A retaliation idea suddenly crossed Peyton's mind. She thought, "I'd like to see the look on his face when he learns about my death."

Peyton wanted to know whether Nolan would be happy or sad.

Nolan expertly took out the ginkgo fruits and other ingredients in the freezer to defrost them.

Watching Nolan's busy moves in the kitchen, Peyton only felt bitter. She guessed this was the last time Nolan cooked for her.

Peyton thought it was alright.

They made another memory after all.

Peyton used the fireplace to reheat the doughnuts. The sweet smell filled the room.

In the past, every time Peyton brought doughnuts home, Shelia Dalton, Nolan's grandma, would be attracted by the smell and run over. Shelia treated Peyton like her granddaughter.

It was a pity that Shelia died two years ago. Nolan's grandfather didn't want to live in sorrow and left the country.

The once-cozy mansion was cold and empty. The doughnuts were as sweet as ever. But Peyton didn't have an appetite when Sheila wasn't here to fight with her for the doughnuts.

Peyton ate a doughnut and drank a glass of hot water. The stomachache lessened.

A delicious smell wafted up from the kitchen. Peyton stood up and

sound.

Peyton opened her hand and caught a dead leaf. She whispered, "What's the point of holding on?"

She dropped the leaf and stomped on it. The fragile leaf was completely shattered.

They got in the car and closed the door. Sitting at the furthest ends of the backseat, the former couple constantly gave off chilly air. Even the warm wind from the air conditioner failed to block it. Both looked

gloomy, as if the world was collapsing.

The drive to Courthouse went without a hiccup. There wasn't a traffic jam or a red light. It was like even fate was urging them to finalize the divorce.

They were one turn away from arriving. Nolan's cell rang. Helena spoke anxiously on the phone, "Nolan, Chris' fever keeps going up. I tried not to bother you. But his temperature has reached 39 degrees centigrade. I'm scared. Please come over..."

"I'm on my way."

Nolan hung up and found Peyton glaring at him with red-rimmed eyes. Her gaze was filled with hate. "What's your child's name again?"