

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2313

Chapter 2313 Save Her

Malcolm parked the car on the side of the road slowly and answered the phone.

“Hello?”

“Hello, Dr. King, I’m Clayton Sloan. We met earlier.”

“I know. Mr. Sloan, what can I do for you?”

His tone was patient and calm like the way he treated every patient.

After ten seconds of silence, Clayton replied in a hoarse and deep voice. Clayton seemed to have mustered all his courage, and he choked up.

“I discovered that Nicole has suicidal intent. Please save her!”

Clayton felt like a dense pain in his bones.

Nicole was not as brave and strong as he imagined.

During the days he disappeared, Nicole also wanted to perish with him.

Before they got married, Clayton knew that Nicole did not love him as much as he loved her. Thus, he exhausted all methods to marry her and felt blessed that his wish came true.

He felt that it was good for her not to love him that much so that she would not be too sad if anything happened to him.

However, he expected too much, and it was difficult to express it.

Now that he saw that she was suffering, he found that her mental trauma from that incident was more serious than his physical injuries.

Clayton felt that he was absurd for ignoring the opportunities presented to him time and time again.

He pushed her away repeatedly because of his ridiculous self-esteem.

Every time he did that, he was hurting her.

Those scars were bloody and shocking. It made it extremely difficult for him to breathe.

Clayton did not dare to recall those memories.

He was afraid that he could not control himself. He was so annoyed at himself that he felt like slapping himself a few times. How dare he underestimate her love for him?

The pampered Miss Stanton, who was loved by everyone, loved him so much.

She loved him so much that she could sacrifice herself.

Clayton felt like the luckiest man on earth.

He put one hand on his knee and closed his eyes. The veins on his neck bulged, and his face was glum.

Upon closer look, the corners of his eyes were moist. Clayton was trying his best to suppress his emotions.

Malcolm's voice was soft and gentle over the phone. However, the words he said were harsh and struck Clayton ruthlessly.

'That depends on you, Mr. Sloan. Only you can save her. Since your accident, Ms. Stanton has had trouble sleeping. She also had hallucinations. That was when she started to take sleeping aids. Later, I diagnosed her with depression and prescribed antidepressants to her. I think she may be punishing herself, and I'm not sure if she's taking the medicine on time. Fortunately, she could control her emotions and hadn't done anything out of control. Mr. Sloan, you should pay more attention to her emotions on a daily basis. You are her medicine.'

'You are her medicine...'

Clayton's throat moved slightly. He felt as if it was blocked by something, and he could not speak.

After he hung up the phone, Clayton rubbed his temples. The sadness on his face could not be concealed.

Clayton thought, 'If I'd known earlier...'

It was a pity that he could not rewind time.

Clayton sat there in a daze for a while before he returned to the ward. He washed the towel again and wiped Nicole's body gently and meticulously.

Nicole was a sleepy drunk and would not move. She would not go crazy when she was drunk.

Thus, when she was sleeping, Clayton could look at her without worries. Nicole was so charming and beautiful.

Clayton did not want to leave her.

The sky darkened gradually, and Clayton relaxed.

He dimmed the lights and sat there, completely ignoring the throbbing pain in his leg.

His pain was nothing compared to hers.

Clayton planned to sit there until dawn. He wanted to tell her how he felt about her the moment she opened her eyes.

If she could accept him, they could return to the way things were between them before the earthquake.

With that thought, Clayton finally smiled.

It was a long night.

When it was almost dawn, his phone suddenly rang.

Clayton muted his phone immediately. Just by looking at the number, Clayton knew that it was Chatty, so he did not ignore it.

He stood up feeling exhausted, quietly left the room, and called Chatty back.

“Chatty?”

His voice was hoarse but gentle.

Chatty wept softly.

“Daddy, Mommy didn’t come back last night. You didn’t come back either. Are you two abandoning US?”

Chatty was sobbing. She did not cry hysterically, but that was enough to make his heart clench.

Chatty, who had never thrown a tantrum in the morning, was always obedient. She called suddenly because she must have had a nightmare.

Clayton’s heart softened.

He wished that he could split himself into two so that he could run back and coax his daughter.

“Baby, don’t cry. Daddy and Mommy didn’t abandon you. Mommy is with me, and we’ll go back to see you soon, okay?”

Chatty, who was still sad, did not know what Clayton said.

She just kept weeping softly.

Fortunately, Fischer woke up soon after, and his voice sounded bewildered as he said, “Chatty, you’re awake? Why are you crying? If you cry, I’ll cry too!”

The conversation between the two children gave Clayton a headache.

Thus, he patiently told the two children not to be impulsive.

Chatty was getting emotional and insisted on seeing him, so she climbed down the bed with her short legs.

“Daddy, I’m going to you right now!”

She knew that the beautiful restaurant belonged to her father.

Clayton was taken aback. He wanted to say something, but Chatty had already hung up the phone.

He called back again, but Chatty did not pick up.

His scalp went numb all of a sudden.

Clayton did not remember Mrs. Zoe’s phone number, so he could not call and tell her to stop Chatty from going out.

He went back to the ward helplessly and saw that Nicole was still asleep. Nicole would usually wake naturally at around 7:00 am.

Alcohol temporarily alleviated her long-term insomnia, so Nicole would not wake up for a while.

It was only 4:00 am at the moment.

It would take him half an hour to pick Chatty up, and it would take around an hour to go back and forth.

Clayton thought that he should have time.

He was worried that Clayton would be in danger. He was already an incompetent father. If anything happened to Chatty, Clayton would not know how to face Nicole.

At that thought, he picked up his car keys and walked out slowly.

The nurse was sleeping at the front desk.

Clayton walked over and tapped on the table lightly.

The nurse instantly woke up.

Clayton smiled apologetically. "Sorry, my wife is still sleeping, and I have urgent business, so I have to leave for a while. Please take care of her."

The nurse immediately put on a professional smile and nodded.

"Don't worry. We'll take care of her."

'Thanks.'

After Clayton finished speaking, he hurriedly left with his cane.

The nurse saw that he was limping and thought about his gentle and polite words just now. He had such a noble air around him, so she felt a little sympathy.

If he was not disabled, so many women would be infatuated with him, but he was already married.