

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2318

Chapter 2318 Hidden Strength

Clayton was driving Nicole crazy.

She burst into tears, sobbed softly, and finally conceded.

“Yes, I want you...”

The man’s eyes darkened. Nicole could not hold back or calm down because he was the person she loved.

Clayton immediately wanted to fulfill his wish, but Nicole suddenly gritted her teeth and said, “I want your life!”

He was slightly shocked. Then, he let out a low chuckle and said in a hoarse voice, “Okay, I’m here to die...”

Everything that followed was unexpected.

The sky darkened.

Nicole fell asleep from exhaustion. She did not even have the strength to move her fingers.

She had always known that Clayton had strong stamina, but she never thought that he was so energetic. Was he even human?

Did he always hide his desire from her back then?

He had such a hidden strength.

Nicole soon fell asleep. She was drowsy as if she had taken some sleeping pills.

It was addictive.

Clayton lay beside her with his arms propped up. His face was relaxed.

He looked at her for a long time before he went to the bathroom to wash up.

Then, he wiped her down with a warm towel. Nicole slept soundly and did not move.

His gaze landed on the bottles of medicine on the bedside table, and his eyes darkened.

His face became tense again. Then, he got dressed and limped to the door to get his cane.

He felt an unbearable pain on his forehead, but compared to this moment, he felt that he should endure it.

After a few rounds of “workout”, Clayton’s energy was exhausted, but he was extremely sober.

The drunkenness disappeared.

Clayton picked up the cane that was on the ground and looked at everything familiar in the house. He finally felt that he was home.

He was just about to find his cup to get a drink, but it was neither on the bar nor the table.

Clayton glanced around and suddenly saw the broken glass on the floor.

That cup came in a pair. Nicole’s cup was still placed on the table, but his cup was already smashed to pieces.

Clayton froze slightly.

His chest was a little congested as unspeakable emotions surged. This caught him offguard.

Nicole broke the cup just before he arrived.

Nothing else was touched besides the shattered cup. This showed how angry and unreconciled she was!

Clayton seemed to be frozen in place. He sat there and looked at the shattered cup without moving a muscle.

He dared not think what would happen if he did not come today. Would they have no future together? 1

Nicole had been waiting for him to go to her.

However, his hesitation and cowardice hurt her repeatedly.

At that moment, Clayton suddenly thought of her psychiatrist’s words.

Malcolm asked him to pay attention to her condition when he was in the hospital.

Was being emotional and smashing things a symptom?

Even though Clayton felt that he should not overthink this, he felt like it was better to be on the safe side since Nicole's condition was unique.

Thus, he took out his phone and called Malcolm.

Malcolm picked it up. "Hello?"

"Hello, Dr. King, I'm Clayton Sloan."

His voice was a little dry.

Malcolm paused. "Mr. Sloan, what can I do for you?"

Clayton briefly told him what happened, but Malcolm did not have much of a reaction.

"Mr. Sloan, just make sure she doesn't hurt herself. Smashing a cup isn't a cause for worry. Even normal people like to smash things from time to time. It's an understandable reaction when one is angry, so you don't have to worry too much."

Clayton paused. "Can she stop taking her medication?"

He always felt that the medicine would ruin Nicole.

Malcolm's tone finally became serious.

"No, it's not recommended to self-heal when it comes to depression because it doesn't work. That's because the drugs will regulate the patient's hormone levels. Even if you are the cause of her depression, she shouldn't stop taking her medication until she's fully recovered. Mr. Sloan, you must urge her to take her medicine regularly. Come back to me in a month, and if her condition improves, I'll reduce the dosage or adjust the prescription for her. Depression must not be underestimated. Some patients can laugh with you this second and jump off a ten-story building the next. Don't think that she's happy when she smiles at you. She has more depressive episodes than happy ones."

After Clayton hung up the phone, he was still thinking about Malcolm's words because the last few sentences shocked and scared him.

Thus, he instantly dismissed his thoughts of stopping her medication.

Nicole had more sad moments than happy ones.

She was obviously smiling, but she was not truly happy.

Clayton's eyebrows twitched slightly. His throat bobbed, and he stood up to get the broom and mop to sweep up the glass.

Then, he started the cleaning robot to clean the entire floor so as to prevent the glass shards from hurting Nicole and the children.

After he finished cleaning, he suddenly heard a beeping sound from the door.

Clayton looked back and saw Mrs. Zoe had returned with Chatty and Fischer.

The two children were exhausted from playing all day, but when they saw Clayton, they still shouted in surprise.

Clayton reached out and made a "hush" gesture. He pointed to the bedroom and said in a low voice, "Don't talk loudly. Mommy's sleeping, so don't disturb her!"

Chatty and Fischer immediately nodded obediently and ran over one by one, throwing themselves into Clayton's arms.

Mrs. Zoe had a smile on her face.

Seeing that Clayton was in his pajamas, Mrs. Zoe figured that Clayton had been home for some time.

Clayton's leg was injured, so he could not carry the children like before.

Thus, he could only apologetically pat them on the head.

"Have you two eaten yet?"

Chatty shook her head. "No..."

Mrs. Zoe whispered from the side, 'The two of them ate an ice cream each!'

Clayton glanced at the two children sternly.

Chatty felt aggrieved and touched her belly. She hugged his neck coquettishly and forcefully changed the subject.

"Daddy, I miss you so much!"

Clayton's heart softened instantly. He hugged his precious daughter and looked at them guiltily.

"Daddy's leg is injured, so I can't carry you two like before. Can you walk by yourself?"

Fischer immediately nodded.

“Don’t worry, Daddy! Let me carry Chatty!”

Clayton frowned and looked at her meaningfully.

Chatty was caring. She touched Clayton’s face with distress, pouted, and said firmly, “I can carry Daddy when I grow up!”

Clayton instantly felt a warm current surging in his heart. His darling daughter was such an angel.

Chatty loosened her grip on his neck.

Clayton smiled and said, “Go take a shower and change your clothes, then come out for dinner.”

Chatty nodded heavily.

Clayton looked at Fischer, who also nodded. However, instead of running back to the room, Fischer suddenly asked, “Daddy, did Mommy forgive you? Did she allow you to come home? Did you admit your mistake? You won’t be kicked out again, will you?”

The man fell silent and looked at this little brat speechlessly.