

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

Boss

Chapter 2244



Chapter 2244 He Doesn't Care

Somehow, Nicole wanted to confide in Jeff when she clearly could not even say these to her family.

Perhaps it was because they were at sea, and he was a complete stranger.

Thus, she could calmly let out her emotions. He could also analyze the reasons for her emotional changes from the perspective of a bystander.

Anyway, they would not meet again in the future.

She would just treat him as an object she could vent her feelings to. It was a long time before Jeff responded.

His voice was slightly hoarse and dry.

"How do I resemble him? Do we look alike?"

Nicole shook her head. Her voice was distant and gentle.

"No, you two don't look alike at all. I don't know. Maybe it's the temperament."

Nicole was also confused. How could Jeff's expression be exactly the same as Clayton's? Jeff relaxed slightly. He sat back in the

wheelchair, folded his hands in front of him, and looked far away. His voice was calm as he said, "That's really a coincidence. If

there's a chance, I hope to meet him and say hello."

Nicole's face changed slightly as if her heart had been stabbed viciously. Her face turned pale from the pain.

"You may not get that chance anymore..."

Her voice trembled a little as she suppressed her emotions.

Jeff immediately regretted what he had said. He forgot how much Clayton's departure would affect Nicole. He was suffering, and so was she.

However, at this moment, he gritted his teeth and pretended to be nonchalant and ignorant. He asked her lightly, "Oh? Why?"

He was so cruel.

Although he was facing the sea at this time, he was not attracted to the sea anymore.

Nicole's voice was soft, but it did not sound like her usual voice. Her gentle voice spoke the harsh truth.

"He may be in another part of this world, or he may not be in this world anymore."

After speaking, the air felt stagnant for a moment.

The sea breeze was cold.

The surrounding noises seemed to freeze, and the two of them seemed to be trapped in an airtight space.

No one could penetrate their space.

Jeff felt that his heart seemed to clench.

He was trembling as he felt the pain accumulating.

Even if he was facing the person who he thought about all day and night, he could not reveal his true identity.

A perfect person like Nicole should have a perfect life.

The person by her side should be decent, glamorous, and capable to accompany her and take care of her for the rest of her life.

However, that person should not be his current self. He could no longer walk upright, run, and jump freely. He could not even carry

her or Chatty.

If he appeared in front of her at this time, he would only bring her humiliation and mockery.

Even if she did not care for three to five years, what about ten or twenty years later? Would she really have no regrets if she

sees the happiness of other people's families? Would she regret that he did not die in the earthquake? Why drag his disabled

body and stay in her life like that? Why should he stain her glamorous life with his existence? He knew that

Nicole was not that

kind of person, but he cared.

He cared about other people's sympathetic gazes toward Nicole and Chatty.

Others would pity the perfect mother and daughter for having a disabled husband and father.

Chatty would become inferior and sensitive because of it, and she would hate him more as she grew up.

All of that affection would gradually be exhausted.

He would have wished to die in that earthquake if Nicole or Chatty had even the slightest thought of regret and inferiority.

That was the sharpest and coldest blade that could cut him into pieces.

That was why he dared not go back or face them.

He did not dare to face their indifference after the joy of his return faded.

He had a strong self-esteem, and he could not accept being rejected by others.

He could feel her pain, but there was nothing he could do.

He could only lower his head even more and remain silent while his heart ached.

After a while, Nicole suddenly asked him, "Do you think he'll come back?"

Her voice was weak and somewhat bewildered.

Jeff's eyes were gloomy and dark.

"Regardless of whether he'll come back, I'm sure he hopes that you and your family are safe and healthy." Nicole chuckled lightly and mockingly.

"Safe? He should just tell me his wish in person. Others regard him as a kind person, but I know that he's quite protective and territorial. He hates seeing others get involved in our lives, so I'm guessing if he would want me to accompany him..."

Her voice faded.

Jeff looked up at her quickly.

There was no time to hide the pain and horror in his eyes.

The sharp pain in his chest made his limbs numb and cold. His lips were pale, and he opened his mouth, wanting to say something.

However, at this time, the restaurant manager came and put two glasses of milk on the table for the two of them.

"Enjoy.

"Nicole nodded and said with a smile, "Thanks."

The restaurant manager smiled and left.

The restaurant manager's arrival disturbed the mood of the man in the wheelchair.

He suddenly did not know what to say. He looked at the person sitting opposite him, who looked at the sea with calm and gentle eyes.

The evening sun enveloped her, and she was surrounded by a halo of light.

Her side profile was well-outlined, and she looked amazing.

Nicole only looked a little thinner.

The man's eyes gradually turned sore, and his heart was heavy.

It felt like a huge boulder was pressing on his chest.

The indescribable despair was like a boulder that was crushing a straw, and he had to bend with the weight.

Nicole did not touch the glass of milk and kept looking out to sea.

The rolling waves crashed against the deck below.

Some seawater washed up and disappeared in an instant.

There was a chill in the evening wind.

The two people upstairs seemed to be immersed in this feeling and were not bothered by the cold.

At this moment, Jeff could not calm down.

He looked at Nicole, pursed his lips, and said, "Ms.

Stanton, you shouldn't think like that...I...I don't think he wants you to

accompany him. You have such a well-behaved and cute daughter, so how can you leave her alone?"

There was some tension and apprehension in his eyes.

He did not even realize that his palms were sweating.

He always felt that Nicole was strong, so how could she be overwhelmed by his departure? She would eventually walk out of it

and get better with time.

His chest was heaving, and his heart was pounding like a drum, so much so that he could not breathe properly.

Nicole still had Chatty. She still had someone who needed her.

He never thought of this, nor did he think that it was possible. Her thoughts were decisive and dangerous, which made him fearful.

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