

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2322

Chapter 2322 Not Honest

Nicole glanced at Clayton angrily and could not help but gently push him.

However, she was weak and had no strength.

Her behavior was like a young girl flirting with her boyfriend.

Clayton looked gentle and warm. He touched her cheek and looked at the glass of warm water that had cooled. His gaze deepened as he said, "Come on, take your meds first."

Nicole was stunned, her face turned pale.

She glanced at him in surprise. Clayton turned around and picked up the bottles of medicine on the table. He looked carefully and said, "You can stare at me after you take them."

Nicole's pale face looked a little fragile and evasive.

"When did you find out?"

Clayton's gaze deepened.

"When I came back, I asked Roland to investigate, but Malcolm King didn't leak any information. You were still in the hospital, and he notified me to go over and told me to watch you take your meds in the future."

Nicole felt suffocated for a moment. But she soon smiled as if nothing was wrong.

"I'm not like this because of you. Don't think that you're so important."

"Okay."

Clayton touched her hair gently.

"It's my fault. I came back too late. You'll be fine. We'll both be fine."

After hearing this, Nicole suddenly had the urge to cry.

She went through an emotional roller coaster today, and she could barely restrain herself.

However, she grasped onto her last bit of reason.

Clayton took out her medicine according to the instructions. Nicole was obedient and swallowed the pills with water.

Usually, Nicole would only take her medication when she remembered to, so she was not disciplined.

Now that Clayton was around, Nicole suddenly felt that her depression was not as bad anymore.

A lot of people suffer from depression, but the causes and symptoms were different for everyone.

Nicole could not be invincible all the time.

She looked up at him. Clayton took a deep look at her and smiled.

“I’m going to take a shower.”

Although he showered in the afternoon and still smelled nice, he was cooking in the kitchen for a while. He was a germaphobe, which prevented him from going to bed like this.

Nicole pursed her lips in disappointment. However, she could not stop him. She turned around, went to bed, and read a magazine intently.

Clayton smiled. He did not have that kind of reassuring feeling in a long time.

He thought that he would be wandering abroad for the rest of his life.

Fortunately, he came back.

Nicole was tense as she listened to the sounds coming from the bathroom the entire time Clayton was inside.

She was afraid that his legs would fail and he would fall to the ground.

Fortunately, that did not happen.

He took a shower and came out, smelling the same as her.

When Clayton came out again, he only had a bath towel wrapped around his waist with drops of water on his body.

His strong abdominal muscles and lean waist came into view just like that. Nicole could also see the scratch marks she left on his body.

Nicole was a little surprised that Clayton appeared like this. Her cheeks were flushed, and her ears turned red.

However, her gaze quickly landed on his leg.

Clayton did not hold a cane, so he limped over to her. His face was stoic, and he looked like he was holding back something.

Nicole's eyes flickered slightly. Clayton's normal leg was as strong as ever, with smooth lines and no trace of fat.

His other leg had a few scars from the several surgeries he had, and it was a lot thinner than the normal leg.

This parallax made Nicole feel as if someone had thrown a boulder at her chest.

Her heart was crushed.

Nicole sat there and stared at him blankly. Her eyes slowly turned red.

Clayton sighed, walked to the other side, and comforted her with a smile.

"It's okay. It doesn't hurt. Don't cry. I'm lucky to save the leg from amputation. It's just that the recovery will be slower. They say it'll get better eventually..."

Nicole could not help but hug his waist as tears streamed down her face.

"It must hurt..."

How could it not hurt?

If he did not feel any pain, it meant that it was necrosis, and the leg could not be kept.

Since Clayton said he could keep his leg, but the recovery was slow, it meant that he would be in pain. It was probably more painful than she could imagine.

"It's all Euan's fault! If it weren't for him, we wouldn't have gone to that stupid mountain, and we wouldn't have been hit by an earthquake, and you wouldn't have been injured..."

Nicole said everything in her heart.

She knew that it was useless to say these things.

But when Clayton came back, Nicole felt like she could complain to him regardless of whether it was useful or not.

That was because he would accommodate everything she did.

Clayton gently stroked her hair.

“It’s okay. Everything will be fine.”

At the moment of the earthquake when Clayton was on the verge of death and when he was in despair, he also complained about how unfair his fate was.

However, at this moment when he regained his own happiness, he forgave everyone.

Nicole tolerated him.

After Nicole sobbed, she touched his waist and wanted to touch his legs.

However, when her hands wandered around, Clayton grabbed her hand and said with a bit of warning.

“Do you want it? If you do, I can satisfy you!”

When he spoke, his voice was casual and husky with a bit of playfulness.

Nicole quickly withdrew her hand. Her face flushed as she cleared her throat and tried to get away from him.

However, Clayton held her tightly from behind and kissed her gently on the shoulder. His breath that fell on her neck was numbing.

Nicole was scared that Clayton would continue and said, “I just wanted to touch your leg.”

She explained in a low voice. Although they had been together for so long, she was still shy.

In the end, she had no voice because Clayton turned her over and pinned her body under him. His dark and deep eyes fell on her full and glistening red lips. He could not hold back anymore.

“I miss you, baby. Do you miss me?”

“I don’t.”

Nicole wanted to keep her dignity.

He let out a low laugh and kissed her chest at the place closest to her heart.

“Your heartbeat tells me you’re lying.”

Her heart was beating extremely fast.

That night, Nicole felt like she died several times over.

The two of them were exhausted and fell asleep in each other’s arms.

The next day.

Neither of them brought their phones to the bedroom, so they were not woken by the alarm clock.

The blackout curtains in the bedroom were thick and effective.

They slept so soundly that they were not aware that it was broad daylight.

Clayton’s biological clock woke him up. He usually did sit-ups or other exercises when he woke up in the morning.

However, he was lazy today. When he opened his eyes, Nicole’s slender back was still in front of him and close at hand.

He came to his senses and gradually woke up.

Clayton drank alcohol yesterday and was impulsive, but he did not regret his actions.

This was probably the best decision he made.

He hooked the corners of his lips, stretched out his hand to hook Nicole’s waist, and pulled her into his arms. Hearing her dissatisfied groan, Clayton chuckled nonchalantly and continued to sleep in a nook on her shoulder.