

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2295

### Chapter 2295 Not Going Back

This kind of pressure was different from the feeling when Hamilton faced Eric just now.

Eric's rage came from anger and unwillingness, as well as his sense of selfsuperiority and contempt for others.

However, Clayton was different. He was gentle but stern, and he made people feel oppressed by just standing there without speaking.

It was obvious who was stronger among them.

Hamilton subconsciously felt inferior to Clayton.

He did not dare to be sarcastic as he did to Eric.

Hamilton pursed his lips and nodded blankly.

Then, he took Chatty's and Fischer's hands.

"No worries, it's my job. Goodbye."

After that, Hamilton took two steps out and suddenly remembered something, so he looked back at Clayton.

"By the way, I'm Hamilton Scott, Ms. Stanton's assistant... Don't misunderstand our relationship. I just came here through the back door for an internship. I'm not her boy toy!"

Hamilton said this mainly because he was afraid that Clayton would think the same way as Eric.

Hearing this, Clayton eased his expression and nodded.

"I know. Sorry to trouble you."

Clayton looked at the little girl and waved his hand.

"Bye, baby!"

Chatty waved her hands reluctantly. "Goodbye, Daddy!"

"Goodbye, Daddy!"

Fischer followed suit and waved.

Clayton smiled and looked at their departing backs. His smile gradually faded and turned bitter.

He was so close to happiness and warmth, but he dared not touch it.

This feeling really made him feel powerless.

Clayton did not take a step back until they were all gone, but he lost his footing.

Kira immediately picked up the cane on the ground. "Sir..."

Clayton took it over and took a deep breath. His face returned to its cold and distant look. Then, he turned around and walked slowly toward the stairs.

Kira's eyes were hot. Although she relied on Clayton for survival, she felt that Clayton seemed to be more pitiful than her.

She had nothing to lose.

On the contrary, he had everything, yet he could not reunite with his family even though they were in front of him.

Nicole just left without saying anything, which made Clayton very sad.

Hamilton thought that Nicole had left.

However, she just sat in the car and looked at the restaurant's entrance through the window.

Hamilton got into the driver's seat and looked at Nicole in the back seat.

He paused.

"President, is he really your husband?"

Nicole did not answer. She was silent as if no one was able to enter her world.

Her forehead was pressed against the glass, and her eyes seemed watery. She cried before this, but Clayton was not among the people who came out of the restaurant.

Clayton did not even chase after her.

Nicole was sure Clayton did not lose his memory or forget about their relationship.

Otherwise, why would he stand up for her at that time?

But that was all there was.

Nicole did not speak, so Hamilton started the car and drove back.

Chatty and Fischer were immersed in excitement. Only these two carefree kids would be overwhelmed with excitement because they saw Clayton. 1

Their constant chatter made Nicole feel exhausted.

Thus, she took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

“President, although I don’t know what happened between you two, it’s a good thing that he’s still alive. You two didn’t look like a couple who had just reunited after a long time. But he’s the nosy chef that I mentioned to you before. It turns out that he’s the one who has been cooking your meals. That’s quite romantic...”

Hamilton spoke casually.

Now that Nicole’s husband was back, it was time for him to step back.

However, he still had a job to do as his assistant and helped her to analyze their relationship.

Hamilton was a little disappointed when he did not hear Nicole’s response.

“President, you should forget about that Eric guy. I have a feeling that he’s a little crazy. Fortunately, your real husband showed up. Otherwise, I really can’t imagine how it would end...”

“Hamilton—” Nicole spoke lightly.

“Yes, President?”

Hamilton looked excitedly through the rearview mirror.

Nicole glanced at him casually.

“Can you shut up and be quiet?”

“Oh.”

Hamilton was speechless.

Nicole said, “Don’t tell anyone about what happened earlier.”

After they arrived at the apartment, Hamilton left.

Nicole was exhausted. Fortunately, there was a nanny at home to help her take care of the kids.

Chatty was very excited today and wanted to tell Nicole about Daddy.

However, Nicole did not know how to explain it to her. Fortunately, the phone rang. It was a company matter.

Chatty was very sensible and let Nicole do her work. Then, she found Clayton's phone number and planned to call him.

This time, Clayton quickly picked it up.

"Chatty baby, are you home yet?"

"We're home, Daddy! When are you coming home?"

Clayton was silent for a few seconds before he replied softly, "Daddy still has something to do. Don't worry, baby. You should listen to Mommy, okay?"

"I know, Daddy. I miss you so much! You haven't been home for a long time!"

Listening to the familiar voice coming from Chatty's room, Nicole stood at the door and suddenly felt powerless.

She leaned against the wall and felt that her eyes were warm and sore.

She did not know how to face everything ahead.

Did Clayton not want to come back?

Was Kira treating him well?

What was their relationship?

Clayton would rather talk to Chatty than contact her.

Her number had never changed.

Nicole kept sending him various messages until Jeff Lieberman left France.

Did he see those messages?

Countless thoughts were tangled in her mind.

Nicole felt that her mental state was getting more unstable lately.

It might be that the psychiatrist was no longer useful to her.

Would the person who could heal her return to her?

It was late at night, and the sky gradually darkened.

Fischer came out in his underwear because he had just taken a shower. He was at a loss when he saw Nicole standing there and crying.

“Mommy...”

Nicole immediately wiped her eyes and looked at him with a smile.

“Why did you come out without wearing your clothes?”

Fischer walked over. “Why are you crying? Isn’t it great that Daddy is back?”

He asked and blinked his eyes.

Nicole took a deep breath and said in a gentle voice, “I only cried because I thought of something sad. Fischer, don’t tell anyone about this, okay?”

Fischer pouted and nodded. He went over and took her hand.

“Mommy, don’t be sad. Don’t think about sad things.”

“Okay, I won’t. Go inside and get dressed. Don’t catch a cold.”

Nicole touched his head. Fischer immediately nodded and ran to his room.

Nicole went to the study.

She waited until the children’s voices had subsided before she went into the room quietly.

Nicole did not have to tell them a bedtime story today.

Chatty held her smartwatch like it was very precious.

Nicole gently took it out and intended to charge it when she saw an unfamiliar number. She paused slightly and felt a dull pain in her heart, i She instantly felt suffocated