

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2319

Chapter 2319 Double Standard

Mrs. Zoe washed her hands and wanted to go to the kitchen to cook.

She was happy today because Clayton was back. This family could finally be the same as before.

The two children went to take a bath. Clayton did not worry about them because they could take care of themselves, so he voluntarily went to the kitchen to help.

Seeing that his legs were injured, Mrs. Zoe smiled and asked him to go out.

“Sir, I’ll make whatever you want to eat. You should rest outside.”

Clayton smiled. His face was relaxed, and his voice was deep and pleasant.

“It’s okay. You can cook your meal and the children’s meal. I’ll cook mine and Nicole’s.”

Mrs. Zoe paused and immediately understood what he wanted to do.

“Okay. Mr. Sloan. When you weren’t around, something just seemed missing at home. Even though everyone acted the same as before, it felt different, especially Madam. She seldom even talked. We all thought you were dead, and we could all tell that she was very sad. But she never cried in front of the children, and she never told them that you met with an accident. Looking at it now, I guess you two really have a special connection. It was all just a false alarm, and you survived a catastrophe. You definitely will have good luck from now on!” 1

Mrs. Zoe’s words stunned Clayton. He felt like someone had punched him in the chest, and he had no choice but to accept it silently.

Everyone knew Nicole was having a hard time.

Only he was ignoring her pain.

How despicable!

After a long time, Clayton finally reacted.

“I hope so.”

His voice was deep and hoarse.

Mrs. Zoe made a healthy and delicious meal for the children.

Clayton and Nicole's meal was simple. It was spinach and tuna pasta, which was Nicole's favorite supper.

Nicole smelled the aroma of the food and woke up.

Although her whole body was sore and limp, she was starving.

She did not eat when she left the hospital in the morning or when she went to see Hamilton off at noon.

She had been starving all day!

When she opened her eyelids, the room was dark except for a wall lamp. She could also hear the deliberately lowered voices outside.

Nicole thought that she was dreaming.

What happened in the afternoon flooded into her mind, and it felt so unreal.

The soreness of her body reminded her that all of this was real.

Clayton came back and slept with her.

Nicole's face turned red. She sat up and found that her body was clean. Her clothes had also been changed.

She felt shy before she suddenly realized something. She rolled up her sleeves and saw the random pink scars on her arm. The blush on her face disappeared completely.

Nicole was afraid that Clayton noticed her scars.

Did he find out?

The nightgown she was wearing was a long-sleeved silk nightgown with wide sleeves on the arms, like a robe.

Nicole instantly felt embarrassed and flustered.

Thus, she climbed down from the bed and walked over with bare feet to open the door. When she saw the light in the living room, she was startled for a moment.

Chatty was playing games with Fischer in the living room.

Mrs. Zoe was not there. Nicole smelled the aroma of the food and saw the tall and lean figure of her husband in the kitchen.

All of this felt surreal.

Seeing him come out with a plate in one hand and a cane in the other, Nicole felt her chest tighten. She was distressed.

This was not a dream.

Clayton came and did not leave.

The distance and rift between them seemed to disappear in an instant.

It seemed like they had returned to the way their lives were before the earthquake.

He was always with her.

When Clayton came out of the kitchen, he also saw her. He was a little stunned, then he flashed a gentle and bright smile.

“You’re awake?”

Under Nicole’s gaze, Clayton put the food on the dining table and limped over to her.

“Let’s eat. I just made this.”

Clayton held her hand. His eyes were filled with affection that would never fade away.

Nicole dodged his gaze and followed him to the dining table.

When she saw the spinach and tuna pasta, memories of the past came flooding back.

Nicole did not like to eat at night, so he would always have to patiently coax her to eat more.

Even if she only took a bite, he would smile and praise her like she was a child.

On the other hand, Chatty would only get a simple “good job” from him when she finished her dinner.

What double standards!

Nicole sat there, motionless.

Clayton turned around and brought out his own plate from the kitchen. The portion was a bit bigger than hers.

Seeing that Nicole did not move, Clayton pursed his lips and asked, "You don't want to eat?"

Nicole was starving, but she restrained herself.

In the afternoon, she was distracted by his charms, but now that she got what she wanted, she was logical again.

It was time to face reality.

Nicole raised her eyes and looked at him. Her voice was hoarse and seductive.

"I thought you would make French food."

This was just a precursor to bringing in the French restaurant in their conversation.

Clayton raised his eyebrows and looked at her with a smile.

"If you want, I can make it for you next time. There aren't many ingredients at home."

He said this casually as if he would stay with her for a long time.

Nicole took a deep breath and looked at him.

"Don't you have something to tell me?"

Clayton's face froze slightly. He finally realized that Nicole was about to get angry.

At this moment, Chatty and Fischer ran over. They smiled and circled the two adults.

"Mommy, carry me..."

Nicole restrained her stern look and smiled at Chatty. Just as she was about to reach out to carry Chatty, she realized that her arms were weak, and she had no strength at all.

It was all that man's fault!

Nicole gritted her teeth and did not know what to say.

Clayton let out a low laugh and beckoned to Chatty.

"Come here. Daddy will carry you. Mommy is tired."

Chatty ran over happily.

Clayton picked her up with ease and put her on his lap. Then he looked at Fischer and beckoned to him.

“Do you want to sit here too?”

Fischer pouted his lips and looked reluctant.

“I’m a big boy now! I can’t sit on a boy’s lap. Daddy, your legs are injured, why don’t you let Chatty sit on my lap?”

As he spoke, Fischer was about to climb up to the seat next to Clayton. He patted his short legs and signaled Clayton to hand Chatty over to him.

Clayton’s eyes turned cold for a moment. “You wish!”

Fischer pouted aggrievedly and climbed down from the chair.

“Then I’ll sit on Mommy’s lap!”

Fischer happily went over to Nicole.

When he walked past Clayton, Clayton pulled him back by the collar from behind and said with a cold tone, “Go back to your room and read Chatty a bedtime story in French. I’ll ask Chatty to tell me what story you read.”

This was Clayton’s way of educating the children. One book could teach two children.

It could lull Chatty to sleep and teach Fischer a foreign language more effectively, killing two birds with one stone.

Fischer enjoyed being an older brother and immediately patted his chest to reassure Clayton.

“No problem!”

Chatty looked at the two adults in confusion.

“But I don’t want to sleep yet...”