

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2344 –

Chapter 2344 Desire to Share

Clayton pursed his lips. “Mr. Churchill, I’d like to thank you for taking care of Nicole during this time. I heard that the project went well?”

Euan paused and changed the subject.

“Yes, indeed. The government has created some policies to support the reconstruction of the area after the earthquake, so it went smoother than expected. Now, the project has started to make a profit...”

They had a pleasant meal.

In the end, Clayton was not bothered to listen to Euan’s drunken talk, so he stood up and went to the window to get some fresh air.

Nicole sat there patiently and looked at Euan with a smile.

Euan was a chatterbox and could talk with any woman with ease.

In the end, Euan glanced at Clayton and looked away.

He leaned forward cautiously and said, “Ms. Stanton, I heard gossip two days ago. Do you want to know what it is?”

“Nope.”

“I’ll tell you anyway. A buddy of mine saw Eric Ferguson in the hospital two days ago. Do you know what he was doing? He was donating blood!”

Euan was slightly drunk and eagerly sharing gossip with Nicole.

“This doesn’t seem like the Eric Ferguson I know. He’s kind enough not to draw other people’s blood. Why would he donate blood to others? My friend even went to inquire about it. Eric was donating blood to a married woman...”

While he was speaking, Nicole’s face turned pale slightly. However, she looked away and interrupted his words.

“Mr. Churchill, you seem so regretful. You wouldn’t be interested in Eric, would you?”

Euan was taken aback. His face turned pale.

“No way! I don’t like guys like him. I just think you’ll feel better knowing that he isn’t doing well now. Forget what I said if you don’t like to hear it.”

“Whether he’s doing well or not has nothing to do with me. Change the subject of gossip next time.”

Nicole’s voice was calm, with a little frivolity. She was not angry either.

Clayton came back and asked with a smile.

“What gossip?”

Euan’s eyes flickered slightly, and he did not dare to say anything.

After all, it was not wise to talk about the ex in front of someone’s husband.

Nicole raised her eyebrows.

“Mr. Churchill has just guaranteed that the profit will double next year.”

Clayton raised his eyebrows. “Mr. Churchill, I hope you keep your word.”

After dinner, Nicole and Clayton did not drive because they drank.

The restaurant was not far from their apartment, so Clayton wanted to walk home. Nicole did not refuse either.

The two walked hand in hand on the sidewalk.

The man was handsome while the woman was gorgeous and graceful. They matched each other well.

Nicole did not dare to walk any faster because she wanted to follow Clayton’s pace. She hugged his arm and shrank her neck.

“Are you cold?”

“No.”

Clayton stuffed her hand into his coat pocket. His side profile under the warm street light was gentle and goodlooking.

“What did you talk about with Euan earlier?”

Nicole knew she could not fool Clayton.

She pursed her lips and said, "Euan said that Eric donated blood to a married woman in the hospital. No one knows what he's up to..."

Clayton's hands tightened. He seemed to ponder for a few seconds before he chuckled.

"Most likely, he wanted to make up for his guilt. That way, it would make him feel better."

Nicole did not know if it was possible.

She smiled indifferently. "Anyway, I'd love to see him start a new life."

"Me too."

Clayton agreed.

Eric kept eyeing his wife. If Eric started a new life with someone else, Clayton could finally let down his guard!

The two of them walked until Nicole got tired.

After all, it was not comfortable wearing high heels.

Nicole stood there and pouted.

There were no shops selling shoes around them, and they were still quite far away from the mall.

After some thought, Clayton suddenly thought of an idea.

He sighed and said, "Why don't you wear my shoes?"

Just as he was about to take off his shoes, Nicole immediately stopped him.

"No, your legs are already injured. If you catch a cold, it'll

slow your recovery! I'll endure it."

Nicole did not want Clayton to take any risks.

Clayton hesitated. He did not care about his legs. He was hesitating because his shoes were too big for her.

How could he let her endure the discomfort?

Clayton's heart ached if Nicole had to take another step.

Those beautiful and tender feet should not suffer one bit.

Clayton glanced around and suddenly saw a pharmacy nearby.

He paused and looked at her.

“Wait here for me.”

Nicole watched him enter the pharmacy and immediately understood what Clayton wanted to do.

Clayton wanted to buy her a Band-Aid.

How sweet of him, even though Band-Aids could not relieve her tired feet.

Nicole was contemplating whether to call the driver to pick them up because it was rare that they get to take a walk like this.

Soon after, Clayton came out of the pharmacy.

Following him was a middle-aged woman who was carrying a wheelchair.

Nicole gasped, and her eyes widened in disbelief.

In the end, the middle-aged woman put the wheelchair on the ground. Clayton thanked her repeatedly and walked toward Nicole while pushing the empty wheelchair.

The woman looked at Nicole with sympathy, which made Nicole speechless.

Clayton came over happily and pointed to the wheelchair.

“I just bought it! Come, sit. I’ll push you.”

The corners of Nicole’s mouth twitched. She pursed her lips and said, “Did you just buy a wheelchair?”

“Aren’t you tired? You also wanted some fresh air, so this is the best way to enjoy fresh air without any effort! Come on.”

Clayton urged her and suppressed the smile in his eyes.

Nicole hesitated and muttered softly, “Why don’t you sit?”

She could not imagine what it would be like for Clayton, who was already crippled, to push her, who was perfectly healthy but just tired, in a wheelchair.

Seeing her tangled and hesitant face, Clayton could not help but laugh.

“Well, there’s no one else here. Come on. You’re as light as a feather, and you don’t have to make any effort. If you hesitate any longer, that woman is about to come out.”

Nicole subconsciously glanced in the direction of the pharmacy and saw the woman poking her head out.

Clayton explained in a low voice, “This wheelchair is not for sale, but she sold it to me just now because I told her that you sprained your ankle.”

Nicole bit her lower lip and simply sat on the wheelchair.

This wheelchair was not a high-tech customized model, so it must be pushed by someone.

“This wheelchair feels like a convertible! I can also enjoy the scenery, which is great!”

Clayton smiled and agreed with her words.

‘That’s right. Your feet don’t hurt now, right?’

Clayton walked with his cane in one hand and pushed the wheelchair in the other. His steps were slightly slow, but his gait was steady.

He did not look like he was limping.

Clayton was handsome and noble. His body was upright, and his temperament was aloof and gentle.

This was all due to Nicole’s effort in ensuring that he completed his treatment every day.

Nicole sat on the wheelchair leisurely and contentedly with the cool breeze blowing away the sweltering heat in the air.

Her mood was lifted.

This kind of comfort was something neither of them dared to imagine before.

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