

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2224

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Chapter 2224 Hallucination

Nicole did not know why she had such a big reaction to a back figure.

However, she had an intuition that she would regret it if she did not stop him.

The car braked suddenly.

Nicole pushed the door open, got out of the car, and looked back in the opposite direction. At this time, that man had already disappeared.

That limping figure left so quickly.

Nicole felt an inexplicable sense of loss in her heart. It was as if she was stripped of something important. However, she could not understand what this feeling was.

"Miss, what's the matter?"

Luca got out of the car and looked around vigilantly. He thought that something happened!

Nicole looked at the empty street. Her eyes flickered slightly, and she shook her head.

"It's nothing."

Her voice was low, and she sounded so lonely.

Was it her illusion?

For a moment, Nicole felt that the limping figure looked like Clayton.

However, Clayton was someone who cared most about his appearance and had never looked so wretched.

Nicole returned to the car and looked at her phone. The messages she sent were like stones that sunk into the sea.

She never got any response.

[I miss you so much. Why don't you come back?]

[Chatty beat up some kids at school. I think you have to come back and scold her!]

[I saw someone who looked like you today. I thought you came back!]

At night, everyone was already asleep.

Nicole returned to the room with a glass of milk.

She looked at the medicine in front of her with narrowed eyes.

Then, she took out her phone and called the psychiatrist.

The doctor was very responsible. Even if she called late at night, he did not show any displeasure.

"Ms. Stanton, you can't sleep?"

Nicole paused. "Yeah."

"You told me a few days ago that you can fall asleep normally. Why can't you sleep today? Is it because of some external

stimulus? Did you encounter anything today?"

Nicole blinked as she listened to the doctor's gentle voice.

She suddenly wanted to talk to someone, and an ethical psychiatrist was obviously a good confidant.

"I met someone who looked a lot like him, but it couldn't be him. I think he might be watching me somewhere."

The psychiatrist was silent for a while. His voice became serious.

"How long did this last?"

"Since I came to France."

The psychiatrist exhaled slowly.

'The change in the environment might have caused some mental rejection. That's why you tend to find a sense of

dependence. This might not be a bad thing. Ms.

Stanton, you should try to blend into the vibrant surroundings and reduce your

chances of being alone so as to prevent your mind from running wild."

Nicole responded. The doctor was satisfied with her proactive behavior.

At least, Nicole was willing to get out of the inextricable pain.

She pursed her lips. "Are you saying that it's just my hallucination? It would be great if I could confirm it. What if it's really him?"

The psychiatrist was silent for a moment before he spoke in a gentle voice.

"Ms. Stanton, you're thinking about a hypothetical situation. This person may not exist at all, and you may be pouring your thoughts about Mr. Sloan onto an insignificant passerby. This gives you a strong sense of anticipation. That's when you'll create an illusion that makes you think that he may be paying attention to you. But in fact, this is all in your mind. Is this person different from others?"

Nicole frowned slightly. Her blood felt stagnant.

"Mim."

"He probably looks and acts differently from others, right?"

The psychiatrist accurately described the person she saw today.

Nicole responded, and the anticipation in her heart gradually faded.

The psychiatrist could describe the situation so accurately, which meant that it was false.

Did she really imagine that person?

Was it really her mind playing tricks on her?

Nicole was terribly disappointed.

Why was it not him?

As long as he could come back, she could accept him no matter what he looked like.

The psychiatrist slowly explained the changes in her mental state to her.

Nicole could not listen to anything he said.

She put down the phone and let him talk to the air.

Then, she went to the bookcase next to her and took out a bottle of red wine

that she hid there long ago.

Then, she poured the milk in the glass out the window, refilled the glass with red wine, and drank it in one gulp.

After she did this, she felt her stiff body slowly relax.

It seemed that even the air around her became lighter.

The moon and the stars were bright against the dark sky.

She looked out the window in a daze and let her tears fall uncontrollably.

"Ms. Stanton, don't take that medicine anymore. Now that you've stopped taking it, don't be dependent on it.

Drink some milk

and try to make yourself fall asleep. Ms. Stanton, are you still listening? Ms. Stanton?"

Nicole took a deep breath.

She wiped away her tears, picked up the phone from the side, and responded with a gentle and obedient voice, which gave the

psychiatrist the illusion that she was listening to him.

"Okay. I won't take the medicine.

I just drank a glass of milk, and I'll go to bed now..."

The psychiatrist breathed a sigh of relief.

"Okay. I won't bother you then. Goodnight."

"Okay."

After Nicole finished speaking, she hung up the phone.

She raised her head, looked out the window, and hugged herself.

At that moment, she felt extremely vulnerable.

It seemed like a slight force could break her.

However, she did not dare to be vulnerable in front of anyone.

Nicole had seen Floyd stay up for days and nights because of her. She also saw Grant leaving Aida alone while he went back and forth to the office.

How could she use her own life to torture other people?

She opened WhatsApp and went into her private message with Clayton.

As always, there was no response.

She typed slowly as her eyes blurred with tears.

[How could you abandon me after I fell in love with you?]

He was such a gentle, attentive, and romantic person, so how could he do such a cruel thing?

Clayton filled her with hope for the future. She fantasized about how they would grow old together, but she could not wait for this day to come.

The pain that came from her heart spread all over her body.

They clearly agreed to be together forever, and they had no obstacles, but why did they still end up like this?

[If I'd known this would happen, I wouldn't have married you in the first place...]

After typing this, she immediately deleted it.

Her tears fell uncontrollably.

Her pain doubled under the influence of alcohol.

For a while, she cried so hard that she could not breathe, but she did not make a sound.

She endured the pain alone.

If Clayton really saw that message, he would be devastated.

It was a long night in this foreign land.

The man in the suit left such a strong impression on her because of his loneliness and lifelessness.

The emotions that she suppressed all day burst out uncontrollably.

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