

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2311

Chapter 2311 Meet Again

Nicole went into the bar and asked for a glass of wine. A woman was singing and playing the guitar on the round stage in front. Her voice was hoarse and deep, and she was wearing heavy makeup, so Nicole could not tell what the woman would look like without makeup.

However, the woman gave off a casual and nonchalant vibe.

When the bartender saw that Nicole was staring at the woman, he said with a smile, "That's our boss."

Nicole raised her eyebrows and took a sip of wine. "She has a nice voice."

The bartender nodded with a smile.

Nicole had too many thoughts in her mind, so she absentmindedly drank one glass after another.

It did not take long for the bartender to realize something was wrong.

After the boss finished singing, the bartender called her over.

"Boss, this lady is drunk. We don't know who she is..."

The bar owner, Selena, squinted and thought that Nicole looked familiar.

After some thought, she went over and patted Nicole on the shoulder.

"Hey, if you're drunk, I can help you to call your family or friends. Who do you want to contact?"

Selena did not think much of it, took out Nicole's phone, and pulled Nicole's hair back to unlock the phone using Face ID.

Nicole squinted in a daze.

"Please call my husband."

Selena nodded, but she was a little curious why such a young and elegant girl was already married.

However, Selena noticed Nicole's bag and clothes and could tell that Nicole was not from an ordinary family.

Selena searched Nicole's contact list and did not find a contact called "Husband".

In the end, Selena had no choice but to call Nicole's last contact.

"Ms. Stanton?"

Selena said, "I'm not her. She's at my bar, and she drank too much. If it's convenient for you, can you call her family to pick her up?"

Malcolm was silent for a few seconds before he answered, "Please wait a moment. I'll come over right away. Please keep her safe before I arrive."

"Certainly."

Malcolm arrived quickly. Selena saw that the man who came was about forty years old. He looked like a gentleman with his glasses, and she could not tell what his occupation was.

Malcolm smiled. "Thankyou for taking care of her. I'll take her away."

Selena nodded.

Malcolm took Nicole away.

When he got in the car, he was about to contact Kai to come to pick her up, when he suddenly saw Nicole's arm. Her sleeves were accidentally rolled up when he was helping her into the car earlier.

Malcolm was shocked by the marks on her arm.

He quickly turned on the lights in the car and looked at the marks carefully. He felt uneasy when he saw the gruesome scars on her fair and tender skin.

Malcolm's expression changed dramatically.

He had overestimated Nicole's mental strength. She was not as calm as she appeared on the surface.

Her depression was serious since she harmed herself.

Malcolm looked at the scars again. It looked like she did not cut herself recently, but even so, he still felt guilty and frustrated.

He was too careless. He should have communicated with her more.

Malcolm felt that his career was hanging by a thread. If something happened to Nicole, he would not be able to explain it to the Stanton family.

Suddenly, he thought about what Nicole had said to him earlier today and paused slightly.

He put down his phone, started the car engine, and went to the nearby hospital.

Nicole was sent to the emergency room, where she was given gastric lavage because she overdosed on alcohol. In the meantime, Malcolm requested a full-body examination for Nicole and arranged for her to be sent to the intensive care unit.

Malcolm took Nicole's phone and searched through the contact list, but he could not find Clayton's phone number.

When he came across an unfamiliar number without a caller ID, he hesitated slightly.

As a psychiatrist, Malcolm had a vague feeling that this phone number was special to Nicole.

Nicole was so careful to not let others know who that person was.

Thus, Malcolm took a gamble and called that number.

The other party picked up the call quickly and answered with a hoarse voice, "Nicole?"

He sounded eager and surprised.

Malcolm felt that he made the right bet. He suppressed the excitement in his heart and said in a calm voice.

"Hello, do you know the owner of this phone number?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

Malcolm said, "I'm a staff member of a bar. This customer was sent to the hospital because she drank too much, but we can't contact her family. If you know her, can you come over?"

Although Malcolm's words were full of loopholes, Clayton did not have time to think too much.

Clayton was anxious and immediately asked, "Hospital? Which hospital?"

"The one on Century Avenue. The ward number is 809."

“Okay, I’ll be right there.”

Clayton did not sound sleepy at all. Instead, he was anxious and worried.

After he hung up the phone, Malcolm went back to the ward.

Nicole’s doctor came over. “Sir, there’s nothing wrong with the patient. We pumped her stomach, and her blood alcohol level dropped. She’ll be fine after this IV infusion, but it’s best if she can stay overnight for observation.”

Malcolm smiled. “Okay. I think staying one night is best too. I’ll register for her.”

It was evening, and there were quite a lot of people.

The queue took a long time.

When Malcolm went back to the ward, he saw the man with a cane anxiously looking at the ward number and the person inside through the window.

For some reason, Malcolm had a feeling that the man was Clayton.

Clayton was back.

When Nicole told him that Clayton was back in the afternoon, Malcolm did not believe it for a moment.

Now, Malcolm knew he made the right bet.

Malcolm walked over with a smile. “Hello, are you looking for Ms. Stanton?”

“Yes.”

Although Clayton looked gentle and handsome, he was exuding a vaguely intimidating vibe.

Clayton was worried and anxious, but he hid it well.

Malcolm smiled, led him to the door of the ward, and opened the door.

“This is the person you are looking for, right?”

Clayton walked over unsteadily.

His heart ached when he saw the pale-faced Nicole lying on the hospital bed with her eyes tightly closed. He felt as if someone had cut his heart.

His throat moved slightly, and his expression changed. In the end, he restrained his surging emotions.

“How is she?”

Malcolm sighed. “In what aspect?”

Clayton turned his head to look at him. His gaze was deep and cold.

Malcolm smiled, took out a business card from his pocket, and handed it over.

“Mr. Sloan, I’m Nicole’s psychiatrist. I hope you can help me.”

Clayton’s eyelids trembled violently, and his pupils constricted.

That micro-expression was fear and shock.

When Clayton saw antidepressants in Nicole’s apartment, he was shocked and afraid.

Now, when Clayton met Nicole’s psychiatrist, he suddenly had a bad feeling.

During this period of his disappearance, Nicole’s life must have been drastically different.

Was Clayton ready to accept these changes?

Clayton could hardly maintain his expression. He looked down at the business card.

It read, “Malcolm King, Psychiatrist”.

Clayton’s face was gloomy for a moment. He nodded and looked at Malcolm with a deep gaze. 1 “Hello, I’m Clayton Sloan.”