

Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2394

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2394– Fake

Mitchell immediately shrank his neck and kept silent.

He paused and handed over the Rubik's Cube in his hand to Eric.

"Ms. Nelson gave this to Young Master Chance. He likes it very much. Shall I put it by his bedside?"

Chance must be happy to see it.

Eric glanced at Mitchell coldly.

"Who would like such childish things? Can't you tell if Chance is just being polite?" 2

Mitchell was speechless and thought, 'Did Eric eat gunpowder?'

When they got to the door of the ward, the doctor had already packed up and left. The dean was still there, obviously waiting for Eric.

"Mr. Ferguson, Ms. Yeager left earlier. She asked me to send her regards."

Eric nodded lightly as if he did not care at all.

The reason why Cindy told the dean to send her regards was that she did not have Eric's contact information.

Cindy did not take the initiative to ask for it either. Eric was very satisfied with her sense of propriety.

However, Eric suddenly thought about what Selena said just now that no one would cry when he dies.

Eric was seething with resentment as he thought, 'That woman is so two-faced!'

Mitchell frowned slightly and raised his head in surprise.

"Ms. Yeager?"

Mitchell had just arrived, so he was unaware that Cindy came before him.

He kept this incident under wraps, so it was impossible that anyone would come earlier than him.

Besides the person in charge and Selena, who was at the banquet, who else would know about Chance's incident?

The dean glanced at Eric, and Eric glanced at him, blaming him for being troublesome.

Mitchell paused and looked at the dean.

'You can go back first. Just get a doctor to come over regularly. I'll get a driver to send you back.'

The dean smiled and refused. "It's alright. That's too troublesome. I'll stay in the hospital tonight and will only leave after making sure that Young Master Chance is fine."

"No, you're old and should go back and rest. We trust the doctor that you arrange for us."

The dean looked at Eric and nodded, feeling relieved.

"Okay, then I'll go back first. If there's anything, please feel free to contact me."

Eric nodded and motioned for Mitchell to send the dean downstairs.

In less than ten minutes, Mitchell came back up.

Eric sat on the sofa in the living room of the suite and took a nap.

It was past midnight, so he was tired.

Mitchell opened the door and went in to glance at Chance, who was in the inner room. Chance was still asleep. His face was pale, and his eyes were tightly closed. He was not as vivid as before, which made Mitchell distressed.

He sat opposite Eric and pursed his lips.

"President, I suspect that this isn't an accident."

"Explain."

"Hannah Simpson, a newly recruited employee to serve the banquet hall, gave the young master the meal and painkillers. She said that she just graduated from college. I just did a background check. She hasn't found a job yet because she made a mistake in the student union and has a record in her file. Although she's good at acting, I think everything is just too coincidental. Chance had a stomach ache. A normal person's reaction would be to tell us first, just like Ms. Nelson..."

When Mitchell was talking, he did not forget to mention Selena to give Eric a good impression of her.

However, Eric's face turned cold all of a sudden. Mitchell continued to speak.

"But Hannah looks like a newbie in the workforce. She looks simple, but this feels unsettling."

Eric's eyes were terrifyingly cold.

He could not tolerate anyone scheming against him or Chance.

"Did you get someone to follow her?"

Mitchell nodded.

"Yes, I've made arrangements."

The chill in Eric's eyes dissipated a little.

Mitchell pursed his lips and lowered his head.

"This incident happened due to my negligence. The young master's regular servant suddenly asked for a leave of absence, so I thought it would be okay if the young master was alone for one night. I also didn't notice that he hadn't eaten since lunch. He's a growing child, so he gets hungry quickly. He also has no defense against strangers..."

"So, what do you want to say?"

Eric looked irritable.

Mitchell paused. "Please don't scold the young master when he wakes up..."

That was what Mitchell was worried about.

Children were fragile.

Mitchell was an adult who drew a high salary, so he could put up with Eric's temper tantrums.

However, Chance was different.

Eric's eyes were sharp as he stared at Mitchell coldly. He remained silent.

Mitchell paused. "What's wrong?"

Eric sneered. "Why do I feel that you care more about him than I do?"

Mitchell was speechless as he thought, 'Anyone cares about Chance more than you do!'

"President, the young master is a sensitive child. He understands things differently. This was my negligence as I didn't pay attention to whether he had his meal on time..."

"Alright, stop talking nonsense. Hire another servant for him and continue to follow that woman. I have a meeting tomorrow morning, so I'll head back and get changed."

Eric stood up after speaking.

He did not want to argue with Mitchell because of such a trivial matter.

Eric also did not have the patience for Chance.

He was cold but also beautiful, just like a frosty winter night.

Mitchell nodded, watched Eric leave, and sat there by himself.

He took out the Rubik's Cube from his pocket, walked in quietly, and stuffed it into Chance's hand.

After making sure that Chance was holding on tightly to the Rubik's Cube, Mitchell covered him with a quilt and went out.

What a poor little boy!

The night was cold and silent.

Mitchell dozed off on the sofa.

He did not wake up until the scheduled breakfast was delivered the next day.

In the blink of an eye, it was already 9:30 am.

Eric's meeting was at 9:00 am.

Mitchell was half an hour late.

Mitchell took out his phone and did not see Eric urging him. That was probably because Eric knew Mitchell was in the hospital and could not get away.

He sighed.

He really did not know if Eric really loved this child or not.

It was impossible to say that Eric did not care about Chance at all.

Maybe Eric just had not learned how to be a father yet.

Mitchell stood up and went to the bathroom to wash his face, then he went to the bedroom door to take a look at Chance.

Chance was already awake. His small and crystal clear eyes were looking out of the window. His little face was pale, and he looked so frail and cautious.

He was like a piece of fragile glass that could break at any time.

Mitchell pursed his lips, knocked on the door, and entered with a food box.

‘Young Master, you’re awake!’

Chance blinked. His eyes dimmed instantly when he saw that Mitchell came alone.

He nodded obediently.

Early in the morning, the doctor came and pulled out some of the medical equipment that was attached to his body. They monitored him all night. Now, Chance only felt weak after the gastric lavage.

The medicine had no negative effects on him.

Mitchell sat next to him and opened the food box.

‘Your dad had to go to a meeting early in the morning, so he left first. He stayed with you in the hospital last night.’

Chance did not seem to have much strength, but he still insisted on making a sound. His baby voice was weak as he said, ‘Really?’

Mitchell smiled. ‘Yes.’

‘Didn’t he blame me for simply eating and interrupting his party?’

Chance was conflicted and cautious.

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