

Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2395

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2395—Mitchell paused and smiled calmly.

“Of course not! Your father immediately left the banquet as soon as he heard about your accident. He loves you very much, Chance. He’ll gradually get better at being a father, so we must give him a chance!”

Chance nodded obediently.

Mitchell poured out the chicken soup that was light and nutritious. It was specially made according to the nutritionist’s recipe.

“Eat slowly. Just take half a bowl first. Otherwise, it’ll be too much for your stomach to handle.”

Chance nodded obediently.

He lowered his head and ate slowly with a spoon. The veins on the back of his small hand were a little bruised by the needle, which was particularly conspicuous.

Chance held the Rubik’s cube in his other hand and did not let go.

Mitchell smiled and asked, “Do you like this Rubik’s cube that much?”

Chance nodded. “A lady gave it to me.”

There were so many people at the banquet last night, supposedly to celebrate Chance’s birthday.

However, no one prepared a suitable gift for him, only Selena did.

Mitchell said, “That lady saved you. Do you like her?”

Chance nodded. “Yeah. She was the one who helped me get water and called a doctor for me.”

That lady was also very nice and had a good temper. When she looked at him, she would not scrutinize or look at him strangely.

She also would not ask him questions that he did not want to answer.

Mitchell breathed a sigh of relief and stroked Chance’s curly hair.

“Eat slowly. I have to go to the office soon. I hired a new maid for you.”

“What about the previous one?”

“Your father said that she didn’t take good care of you, so we’ll hire a new one.”

Chance nodded without saying anything.

At first, Mitchell was worried that Chance would be reluctant to part with his previous maid.

However, Chance did not seem to have any opinion on hiring a new one.

While Mitchell felt relieved, he also became a little solemn.

Was Chance displeased with the previous maid in the first place? Was that why he did not have an opinion when Mitchell wanted to hire a new maid?

Mitchell felt a tightness in his chest and touched Chance’s head.

“If you’re not satisfied with the new maids, just tell me. I’ll hire other maids until you’re satisfied.”

Chance paused and raised his head slightly. His amber eyes were clear and pure.

He seemed to be able to see through people’s hearts.

His eyes were like a calm and deep lake. It made Mitchell steal a few more glances.

“I’m okay as long as you are satisfied with them. I don’t want Daddy to think that I’m troublesome.”

Mitchell suddenly choked.

He was so sad that he could not speak.

He sighed and really felt sorry for this poor little boy.

“Chance, you’re the young master of the Ferguson family. You have the right to be willful, and you have the right to tell us that you’re not feeling well or ask the hotel to prepare the most sumptuous dinner for you. You don’t need to put up with whatever you’re given, and you don’t need to care about what other people think about you.”

Chance was not a grown-up, but his thoughts were mature.

The kid back then who went to the office with a small schoolbag to find his dad had grown up so much in a blink of an eye.

However, Chance no longer smiled.

Mitchell did not know what to say to comfort the child.

Chance raised his head and looked at Mitchell seriously.

“I don’t.”

“What?”

“I don’t have the right to be willful because I’m not the child that Daddy wants.”

When Chance spoke, his eyes were watery and clear. He was still so cute and beautiful.

However, his face was pale and solemn.

Chance was well aware.

Although Chance was young, he remembered the past clearly.

Chance still remembered the shock and disgust in Eric’s eyes when Eric saw him.

It was exactly the same as when Eric saw Angie.

Chance begged for a chance to be Eric’s son.

If Eric was unhappy, he could kick Chance out of the house anytime.

Thus, Chance did not want to cause trouble because he did not want to be discarded again.

Mitchell froze all of a sudden. He opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but he held back.

It was useless no matter what he said because Chance could feel it better than anyone else.

Mitchell felt a pain in his chest.

His heart ached for Chance.

The room was very quiet, so much so that they could hear a pin drop.

Chance ate with his head bowed. He put down the spoon when there was only half a bowl of soup left.

No matter how hungry he was, he would still listen to instructions.

Just as Mitchell was about to take it away, there was a knock on the door.

It was probably not the doctor because the doctor would not knock on the door.

Mitchell went to open the door and saw Cindy, whom Eric mentioned last night, standing outside with a middle-aged man.

Mitchell was taken aback, but he quickly smiled.

“Mr. Yeager, Ms. Yeager. What brings you here?”

Cindy was carrying some supplements.

Standing next to her was Cindy’s father, Larry Yeager.

Larry smiled and raised his chin.

“I heard that Young Master Chance was ill. It just so happened that Cindy was accompanying me for a physical at the hospital, so Cindy wanted to come and visit the boy.”

Mitchell smiled and stepped aside to let them in.

“Mr. Ferguson isn’t here. He had a meeting early in the morning, so he left first.”

Larry was not surprised and nodded.

“Mr. Ferguson is an outstanding and hardworking man in his prime, so he should be more focused on his work. It’s all thanks to you for being such a capable assistant. Otherwise, he would be worried.”

Mitchell smiled and said modestly, “It’s my duty. Anyone else can do better than me. Mr. Ferguson will be grateful to know that you two came to visit the young master.”

Larry smiled. “It’s no big deal. It doesn’t matter if Mr.

Ferguson knows or not.”

Mitchell lowered his eyes and smiled.

What Larry meant was for Mitchell to let Eric know that they had come to visit Chance.

Mitchell paused. “Please wait a moment. I’ll inform Young Master Chance.”

Larry nodded.

Cindy stood quietly on the side and did not intrude on Larry and Mitchell's conversation.

Mitchell understood their intentions, but he could not reject them.

He knocked on the door and opened the door to go in after hearing Chance's voice.

"Young Master... Mr. Larry Yeager and his daughter, Cindy Yeager, from Yeager Corporation are here to visit you. Is now a good time for you?"

Chance raised his head in a daze, blinked his eyes, and nodded.

His face was pale and calm.

He was not excited or happy.

However, he did not show any displeasure either.

Eric taught Chance basic etiquette a long time ago.

Mitchell pursed his lips and felt a little helpless. With a slight smile on his face, Mitchell turned around and opened the door.

"Mr. Yeager, Ms. Yeager, please come in."

Cindy and Larry went into the ward.

The boy on the bed was leaning on an incline on the bed. He was weak and pale, but he still obediently greeted the visitors.

"Hello, Grandpa Larry and Aunt Cindy."

Larry nodded in satisfaction and kept praising Chance.

"Young Master Chance is a smart boy. He'll be just like Mr. Ferguson with a bright future ahead."

Cindy took a step forward and gently touched Chance's head.

However, Chance dodged slightly when Cindy was about to touch him, subconsciously resisting it.

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-