

Drugged

Chance stood there sluggishly with his hands clasped tightly. He looked indescribably aggrieved as he lowered his head without saying a word.

Eric pursed his lips.

"Since you don't want to tell me, I might have wrongly accused Yasmin. Do you want her to continue to take care of you?"

Chance remained silent and stood there motionless.

Eric finally lost his patience. He stared indifferently at the child who resembled him and said, "I don't have time to waste all my energy on you. If you don't say anything, then you can keep quiet forever. I'm not interested in knowing what happens between you and the nanny.."

Chance finally had a reaction. He raised his eyelids slightly.

However, this time, there was no light in his clear eyes. He looked like a child who grew up in an instant.

Chance pursed his lips, and his face was pale.

Eric's secretary knocked on the door and came in to inform Eric of a meeting.

Eric took his phone and went out without saying a word.

Not long after, someone came into the office and looked at Chance.

"Young Master, Mr. Ferguson asked me to take you wherever you want to go."

The secretary was quite curious why Mr. Ferguson was so indifferent to his son. However, seeing that Chance was a miniature version of Eric, the secretary had no doubt that Chance was Eric's biological son.

Chance paused, slowly took out a pen and paper, and wrote a few words. The secretary nodded. Chance was still the same.

Forty minutes later, Eric finished the meeting. As soon as he came out, he asked about Chance's whereabouts. The secretary replied, "Young Master Chance wants to go back to his residence, so I sent him back."

Eric just frowned and did not say anything more.

In the evening, Eric received a text message.

After reading it, he narrowed his eyes, and the expression on his face turned inexplicably solemn. Eric dialed a number after pondering for a few seconds.

The night gradually turned darker. Eric looked at the apartment in front of him with a cold gaze.

After a few minutes, he slowly got out of the car. FEj*AqNN walked in with a cold vibe.

Yasmin was obviously very happy to see Eric. She changed into a bright-colored dress, which was different from her usual style. She also deliberately applied makeup.

Yasmin looked very bold with makeup as she drew a long and seductive cat eye.

"Mr. Ferguson, you're here..."

Yasmin took a deep breath and let him in with a smile. Eric glanced around.

The place was clean and quiet.

Suddenly, Eric heard something falling from upstairs.

Yasmin's expression changed when she saw that Eric had already lifted his feet to walk upstairs.

Yasmin hurriedly stopped him.

"Mr.Ferguson, it's alright.The young master must have accidentally bumped into a chair."

Eric did not stop and went upstairs.

Just as he was about to open the door, the door opened from the inside.

Chance came out of the room, raised his head, and looked at Eric expressionlessly.

The father and son looked at each other.

After a few seconds, Chance glanced at Yasmin.Yasmin had followed Eric upstairs.

"Young Master, why were you so careless just now?" Chance lowered his head timidly and did not answer.

Yasmin looked at Eric with a smile.

"Mr.Ferguson, I just made dinner.Why don't we eat together?"

A trace of disgust flashed in Eric's eyes.Yasmin noticed it, but she pretended not to see it.

"You will only know what happens after the young master is asleep."

Yasmin was very suggestive.She initially invited Eric over to tell him the truth about Chance's injuries.

Eric gave her a cold look.

Yasmin had already gone downstairs.

Chance lowered his head and followed.

Yasmin went into the kitchen to bring out the cooked food.Eric did not want to stay for another second, but he was a little curious about Yasmin's motives.

At the dinner table, Chance obediently ate his meal with his head down and did not utter a word.

Yasmin also diligently served the two of them.

However, Eric did not touch anything.

Yasmin also gradually lost her spirit.

"Since you don't want to eat, do you want a glass of water?"

Yasmin poured him a glass of water and put it in front of him, glancing at him meaningfully.

Eric's eyes were exuding a chill.

"Yasmin, we're not that close. You don't need to worry about me. I came to tell you that if you can't give me a satisfactory answer, you can get lost."

Yasmin's expression stiffened slightly. However, she quickly shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"Don't worry, you'll have your answer soon."

Yasmin glanced at Eric and did not pay too much attention to him later. She only put all her energy and patience on Chance.

Yasmin cared for Chance meticulously and completely regarded Eric as an invisible person.

Chance was like a puppet and did what Yasmin said. He went upstairs soon after.

After Yasmin cleaned the table, she followed Chance upstairs. Eric sat downstairs for a while and felt that he was getting drowsy as if he had been drugged.

However, he did not eat or drink anything after he arrived. Why would he feel drowsy? Just as Eric was about to stand up, he felt his legs go weak, and he fell to the ground in an instant.

Immediately afterward, Eric passed out and could not feel anything.

Yasmin came downstairs unhurriedly. She looked calm and smug as she slowly walked to Eric's side. She squatted down and stared at him quietly.

Chance dashed down the stairs nervously. He stood beside Yasmin and looked at her warily.

Yasmin spoke to herself as she slowly stroked Eric's cheek.

"It's all my fault for being young and ignorant back then. I used to like him and wanted to get my way. But now that I think about it, he's not that great!" Her attitude quickly changed from being calm to sinister.

Chance stood there nervously. He gritted his teeth and reached out to move her hand away from Eric.

Yasmin's eyes were cold. She squeezed Chance's shoulders and leaned in close to him.

"What are you doing? He doesn't even like you! I thought you didn't like him either.

Mommy changed my mind now.

As long as he's dead, his assets will be yours.

You know that Mommy is short of money right now!"

After she spoke, Yasmin pushed Chance away and indifferently took out a dagger from her waist.

Chance panicked and quickly went up to grab Yasmin's arm, shaking it to stop her.

Yasmin pushed Chance away in disgust.

"Don't forget that he brought you into this world, but he only wished that you would disappear. You've only been here for a few days, but you can't bear to see him gone? If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't end up like this to the point that everyone shuns me! If it wasn't for him, I could've done anything I wanted! Would I need to hide my identity like this?!!"

Yasmin could not help but raise her voice hysterically. She looked at Chance's face and felt even more disgusted.

Yes, ever since Yasmin understood the origin of all this mess, she felt that Chance's existence was incredibly irksome.

THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

Chapter 2096

I Want You to Die

Yasmin thought, 'If only I didn't meet Eric back then...None of this would've happened. That way, I wouldn't be used by Clayton and wouldn't have lost my freedom"

Yasmin looked at the man on the ground with gloomy eyes. Her expression turned vicious. She slowly raised the dagger in her hand and hooked her lips.

"When he dies, you'll inherit his property. Then, I can return to Southeast Asia to rebuild my forces. Son, I won't give birth to you in vain!"

Chance got up from the ground and shook his head to stop her. However, Yasmin did not care about Chance's objection and only wanted to quickly resolve the matter at hand.

Yasmin smiled.

"I'll let you see how I kill your father. You'll probably be traumatized by it, but it doesn't matter. Mommy grew up watching people get killed, and I have killed people myself. You're my son, so you ought to learn how to kill. How about this? Why don't you kill him? You might even get cured after killing him "

After she spoke, she took Chance's hand and gave him the dagger.

Chance stepped back in horror.

His eyes were filled with shock and panic.

However, Yasmin only felt angry and disappointed when she saw him shrinking back and refusing.

Yasmin slapped Chance hard on the face, which made a loud sound.

Chance fell to the ground in shock. His small body could not withstand her force. He began to tremble all over.

Yasmin's eyes were indifferent, and the expression on her face was a little distorted.

"You little ingrate! You're just lucky to survive until now. I really regret giving birth to such a useless coward like you. If I were in Southeast Asia, I would've shot you dead!"

Chance shuddered in horror.

Although he did not make a sound, tears streamed down his face uncontrollably. He looked at her pitifully and wept silently. He was in pain and suffering, but he had no way to vent his emotions.

Yasmin looked cold and turned her attention back to Eric.

The dagger touched Eric's neck.

As long as she exerted a slight force, blood would flow out profusely.

At that time, everything would be hers again.

Just when she raised the dagger planned to stab Eric, Chance suddenly rushed over. He used his small body to block the dagger as he cried silently.

Yasmin was livid.

"How dare you stop me?! He's starting to doubt me. If I don't kill him, he'll kill me sooner or later. To tell you the truth, I lied to you when I asked you to persuade him to reconcile. I just wanted a chance to get close to him and kill him. Don't stop me, or I'll kill you too!"

Her life was ruined. How was it fair that only her life was ruined? Who did Eric think he was? She made a mistake and lost everything to Eric.

Thus, she must set things right. She must kill Eric and avenge herself! After Yasmin finished speaking, she picked up the dagger and charged toward Eric.

In the next second, Eric, who was lying on the ground, suddenly opened his eyes, which were dark and cold.

Eric grabbed Yasmin's wrist tightly and looked at her with a gloomy chill.

Yasmin's eyes widened in shock.

"How are you awake?! I clearly sprayed colorless and odorless hallucinogens everywhere!"

"Impossible! How is this possible?!"

Her wrists trembled slightly.

Yasmin wanted to use force, but there was a huge disparity between a man's and a woman's arm strength.

Eric also caught her by surprise.

Eric stared at her with frigid eyes. Their stare down only lasted a few seconds.

With a sudden force, Eric folded Yasmin's wrist back, and the dagger fell to the ground.

Yasmin's face turned pale with pain, but she refused to admit defeat.

"Eric, when did you wake up?"

Eric's eyes were gloomy, and his voice held a mocking tone.

"This trick doesn't faze me. This hallucinogen won't work on me because I've been trained in the harshest environment and endured extreme torture before. Angie, you're too careless!"

He gnashed his teeth coldly.

Finally, he called out that name. Yasmin's face turned pale.

"You heard everything?"

Eric's cold eyes looked cruel.

"Who do you think you can hide from? I already knew you were Angie, but I never exposed you. I wanted to see what you were up to and arranged for you to be with your son. But I didn't expect you to be so cruel to your son! Angie, do you think you're the smartest person in the world?"

Angie's face turned extremely glum. She looked unreconciled and was unwilling to admit defeat. Her eyes were extremely fierce.

The next second, Angie took out another sharp object from behind her and viciously stabbed Eric in the lower abdomen.

"Did you think that I'd only have one dagger? Eric, I want you to die! I can only start over in peace when you die!"

Eric could not dodge in time.

When he was stabbed in the lower abdomen, he winced in pain. He quickly grabbed her other hand and twisted it back.

While Angie resisted, Eric quickly kned Angie's stomach hard.

For a moment, Angie's cold sweat broke out, and her face was pale. She refrained from screaming in pain, but her resistance was several seconds late.

At this time, Eric pulled out the sharp weapon stuck to his lower abdomen and fiercely stabbed Angie.

At this time, Eric no longer cared that Angie was a woman.

To him, she was his enemy.

Angie was in shock.

Eric suddenly felt something holding him back.

When he looked down, he saw that Chance was crawling on the ground with tears streaming down his face.

Chance hugged his waist tightly as tears fell uncontrollably.

Chance also kept mouthing, "No, no..."

He was silent and helpless.

At that moment, Eric hesitated.

In that instant, Angie seized the opportunity and attacked Eric's wound.

Eric quickly dodged, and Angie did not continue to fight him. She took the opportunity to run outside.

Eric wanted to chase after her, but before he took a few steps out, the wound in his lower abdomen reminded him that he was injured.

Although it was not fatal, such wounds could easily become infected if left untreated.

Moreover, Chance was still around.

In order to protect Eric, this child who was around four or five years old did not dodge when Angie hit him.

Chance also wanted to stop Eric from fighting Angie.

To Chance, he did not know what grudges were.

Chance also did not want to live in a world where his father and mother hated each other.

However, he had no choice.

Chance could only stop his parents from hurting each other.

Eric looked down at his speechless son and did not know what he was feeling at the moment.

Eric did not expect Chance to save him. It felt as if his heart had softened.

However, Chance also wanted to save Angie.

Eric's eyes turned cold as he looked down at Chance.

He held Chance's small face with one hand and asked, "You already knew that she was Angie, right?"

Chance was gasping from crying so hard and was unable to calmly answer Eric's question.