

## Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2388

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2388—Mitchell's eyes were sore.

In this world, perhaps the only person who would miss Angie was Chance.

Mitchell quickly squatted down and coaxed Chance patiently and gently.

“That won't happen. You will always be the young master of the Ferguson family. No matter who your father's new wife is, it won't change your identity. Chance, don't be afraid.

Although your father seems very strict with you, he won't choose a woman who treats you badly. He'll weigh many aspects before he marries someone.”

Mitchell did not know if Chance could understand what he said, but he did his best to explain clearly.

None of the women on the list were hot-tempered or mean.

Otherwise, Mitchell would not have selected them.

However, he still thought that Chance, who had red eyes from crying, was really pitiful.

If Eric had cared for him more usually, this child would not have been so insecure.

Chance cried while hugging Mitchell.

Suddenly, Eric pushed the door open and came in. Seeing the two together, Eric looked glum.

Eric did not ask Chance any questions and looked at Mitchell instead.

“I couldn't get you on the phone. Prepare for a video conference that's happening in five minutes.”

It was only then that Mitchell remembered he had not done something important.

Mitchell wiped away Chance's tears and told him to wait here so he could go home with Eric later.

He then hurriedly took the documents and went to Eric's office.

“President, the young master...”

Eric interrupted him.

“There’s no need to explain. I’m not in the mood to know the reason for his childish tantrums.”

Mitchell’s face froze, and he closed his mouth.

He kept silent and thought, ‘Eric will regret this one day...’

Many people were invited to Chance’s birthday party.

Of course, the Stanton family was also invited.

However, Nicole and Clayton did not go. Only Aida took Levi there.

Surprisingly, the last person to come was Selena.

Selena did not dress as nicely as the other ladies. She simply wore a slim-fitting long white dress that made her look like a refreshing blooming lily. Her makeup was also exquisite.

Someone recognized her and could not help but gossip.

“Isn’t she the Nelson family’s deviant daughter? Why is she here?”

“Who? The Nelson family? Didn’t they go bankrupt?”

“She just divorced her husband because she cheated. She has scandals everywhere, yet she’s delusional about climbing the social ladder. She should take a look in the mirror before she shows up here.”

Selena looked stunning with beautiful and vivid eyes.

They had to admit that although Selena was divorced, she unexpectedly stood out among all the ladies.

This was also a big insult to them.

However, for these people, appearance was not the most important thing. Having a strong family background was more crucial.

Selena heard their disdain, but she was not ashamed and did not leave.

She was mentally prepared for all this.

After all, Mitchell sent her this invitation in person and told her to attend.

It was Chance's birthday. Since she was indebted to Eric, she naturally wanted to come to express her gratitude.

Thus, she attended.

However, Selena did not expect to see so many ladies.

If she did not know better, she would have thought this was an audition for a movie.

Selena took a deep breath and turned to look at Mitchell, who came over with a smile.

Mitchell changed into a formal evening attire that made him look nicer.

"Ms. Nelson, you're here! Mr. Ferguson can't get away now, so he told me to greet you. Make yourself at home, and don't stand on ceremony."

The corners of her mouth twitched as Selena glanced away. She did not know anyone here.

"I have no way of making myself at home here. Mr.

Crawford, where's the young master?"

Selena wanted to say hello to him and leave.

After all, it was really annoying to be with this group of elite women.

Mitchell's eyes flickered. He pointed upstairs with a smile.

"Room 203. You can go upstairs."

Mitchell had greeted so many guests that night, but Selena was the first to ask to see the birthday boy.

Selena was indeed different from the rest.

She nodded, picked up the hem of her dress, and went upstairs.

Eric was chatting with the guests downstairs. When he turned around, he spotted a familiar person.

He frowned slightly and glanced coldly at Mitchell.

Mitchell shuddered, looked up at Eric, and walked over carefully.

Eric greeted the person opposite him and walked over.

“Why is she here?”

Eric lowered his voice.

Mitchell pursed her lips. “She’s also on that list, and you didn’t tell me to remove her from the list, so I invited her here.”

Eric looked at him deeply as if he could see through Mitchell’s thoughts.

Mitchell felt terrified in just a few seconds.

Finally, Eric looked away. His voice was cold without a hint of warmth.

“Mitchell, put away those thoughts.”

Eric was wary of having his assistants meddling and mixing up his work and private affairs.

Back then, Eric transferred Mitchell to their office in Africa for a few months. Did Mitchell not learn his lesson?

Mitchell clearly remembered the tough time he had in Africa, and his face suddenly turned gloomy.

He nodded apprehensively.

Eric lifted his foot and left to socialize with other people.

So many ladies wanted to find an opportunity to come up and say hello to Eric, but Eric was surrounded by other big bosses in the business world, so they could not join in on those deep topics.

Selena left everything behind and found Room 203.

She knocked on the door.

Someone inside said, “Come in.”

Thus, Selena opened the door and went in.

It was a huge hotel suite, but it was empty.

The sound came from the sofa in the living room, so Selena walked over slowly.

“Hello, Young Master Chance. I’m Mr. Ferguson’s friend. I came here today to wish you a happy birthday!”

Selena walked over and saw a frail little boy in the suite, lying on the sofa in a curled-up position while he held his stomach. His face was pale, and his forehead was covered with sweat.

Selena's face changed slightly. She hurried over, put the gift that she was holding on the table, and knelt on the side.

"Chance, are you okay? I'll get you a doctor!"

Selena could not afford anything happening to Eric's son.

Just as she was about to get up, Chance grabbed her arm.

Selena turned her head and paused.

Chance pointed to the medicine on the table. "It's okay. The water is too hot. I'll be fine after taking the medicine."

His voice was childish, but his speech was clear. His forehead was sweating because he was in pain, but he did not shed any tears.

His slightly curly hair made him look even cuter, but his eyes looked so aggrieved.

Selena froze for a moment before she reached out to touch the glass of water.

The glass was boiling hot. It looked like the servant poured it before it cooled down.

However, Chance could not wait anymore. Every minute of being in this state was torture for him.

His little face was pale.

How could a child endure so much pain?

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