

## Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2397

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2397– Fever

Eric's expression changed subtly, and his face became tense. It was clear that he was also a little anxious.

"My apologies, I have a sudden emergency at home and need to go back now. Let's meet again next time."

Eric glanced at Mitchell, nodded, and stood up to leave.

Mitchell apologized to the crowd again to appease them and hurried to the entrance.

Eric had already gotten into the car.

As soon as Mitchell got into the car, the driver started the car engine.

They dared not delay for another second.

"How is he?"

Eric was dizzy from drinking, so he lowered the car window to get some cold and fresh air.

Mitchell replied, "He suddenly developed a fever. They say that he has a reaction to the imported medicine. I've already informed someone to go over and have a look."

However, Mitchell did not tell him who that "someone" was.

That was because Mitchell was afraid that Eric would scold Selena if he found out.

The disadvantages outweighed the benefits.

The sky was dark, and the cold wind gushed by.

Eric sat at the back with his eyes closed. He seemed so indifferent as if he did not care.

On the other hand, Mitchell's palms were sweating nervously.

The car sped all the way.

It took them two hours to get to the hospital.

Eric walked in front. His back figure was cold and straight.

When they went upstairs, they saw some people outside the same ward.

Several doctors were discussing something outside. When they saw Eric, they were slightly taken aback.

“Mr. Ferguson...”

“How is he?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Ferguson. The young master has taken some medicine, and his fever has started to subside. We’ll check on him every fifteen minutes. Fortunately, the fever was discovered in time, so it didn’t affect his brain and lungs.”

Eric nodded with a gloomy expression.

Mitchell glanced around.

“Where’s the person who is taking care of the young master? The one I asked to sign on our behalf.”

“She’s inside taking care of the young master.”

Mitchell nodded, glanced at Eric, opened the door, and walked in.

Just as Mitchell was about to call out “Ms. Nelson”, he saw the person inside and froze slightly.

“Ms. Yeager?”

Cindy was sitting beside the hospital bed, carefully dabbing Chance’s lips with a cotton swab soaked in water.

She raised her head, smiled gently and gracefully, then put down the cotton swab and walked out carefully.

“You’re back! I wanted to call you just now. Chance is stable now, so you didn’t have to rush back. You must be tired, huh?”

Cindy looked at Eric when she said the last sentence.

She was really attentive, gentle, and meticulous. The question she asked was appropriate for the situation.

Cindy seemed like she was fitting in the role of being Chance’s stepmother.

Eric glanced at Mitchell with a complex and stern gaze.

Mitchell was also surprised to see Cindy, but he only smiled calmly.

The more pressing question in his mind was, 'Where did Ms. Nelson go?'

Eric did not embarrass Cindy and said blankly, "Thanks for your hard work tonight. I'll send you a thank-you gift another day."

"You're too polite. My father told me to pay more attention to Young Master Chance. After all, our cooperation is progressing steadily, so it's only right for me to share your burden."

Cindy smiled and looked caring.

Eric's eyes softened, and a smile finally appeared on his face.

"I should still thank you. It's getting late. Shall I send you home?"

This was a pleasant surprise.

It was rare that Eric would send a lady home in person.

However, Cindy shook her head and rejected him.

"Mr. Ferguson, you don't have to send me home. You should stay with your son. He needs his father by his side at this time. I'll be fine."

Cindy was considerate of others no matter when and where.

Considerate, magnanimous, polite, and capable – this was the impression Cindy wanted to leave on Eric tonight.

She did not want Eric to only remember her because of a small favor.

Eric admired Cindy even more after she said that. He did not let her go back alone, so he glanced at Mitchell, who quickly stretched out his hand.

"I'll see you off, Ms. Yeager. This way, please."

Cindy nodded politely.

"Goodbye. You can call me anytime if you need anything."

Eric nodded.

It seemed that some tacit agreement had been reached.

Mitchell walked Cindy to the elevator and opened the car door for her. Just as he was about to close the car door, Cindy said, "Mr. Crawford, aren't you curious why I showed up instead?"

After Cindy finished speaking, Mitchell froze slightly.

Mitchell drank alcohol, so his reaction was slower than usual.

He had a dazed look on his face.

"I am curious, but I believe that you and Mr. Ferguson have a tacit understanding."

These words undoubtedly pleased Cindy.

The gloom in her eyes disappeared instantly.

She glanced at Mitchell appreciatively.

"Mr. Crawford, no wonder you can work for Mr. Ferguson for so long. I believe you won't play any tricks behind his back."

Cindy ended the conversation and signaled for Mitchell to close the car door.

However, Mitchell suddenly stood there motionless in the cold wind.

It was awkward for a while.

Cindy looked up at him in surprise.

Mitchell stood there, held the car door, lowered his head, and asked her, "Excuse me, Ms. Yeager. Where did Ms.

Nelson go?"

Cindy's eyes flickered shrewdly and coldly.

"I drove her away."

She spoke bluntly.

"Someone like her will only lower Eric's value if she's with him. Mr. Crawford, Eric trusts you most, so I hope that you will stop making your own decisions by sending this kind of indecent woman to Eric. You know it's not appropriate."

She was straightforward because she had the confidence to say so.

Cindy was the president of a listed company, Yeager Corporation, and the princess of the Yeager family. She was a strong and successful career woman with a good family background, good looks, and a good figure. She was flawless.

Selena could not hold a candle to her.

For a moment, Mitchell really thought that he was being too conceited to make arrangements for Eric.

However, he instantly stopped his thought when he saw Cindy's shrewd gaze.

"I'll remember what you say, Ms. Yeager. But I personally asked Ms. Nelson for help on this matter. Mr. Ferguson wasn't aware of it."

Cindy was taken aback for a moment, and her lips twitched.

"Good."

After she spoke, she sat up straight and did not intend to continue talking.

Mitchell closed the car door and spoke to the driver. Then, the car gradually drove out of sight.

He turned around, returned to the hospital, and took out his phone to call Selena.

Mitchell was afraid that Selena would be wrongly accused because of this incident.

After all, he was the one who begged her to go.

In a few seconds, Selena answered the call. "Mr. Crawford, are you back?"

Mitchell chuckled. "Yes, Ms. Nelson. I didn't see you. I saw Ms. Yeager here, and she said you went back. Did you slack off?"

Selena sneered.

"Don't mention that imbecile. She's so snobby and thinks that she's above everyone. She said some weird things to me for no reason, and I figured out later that she was afraid I'd hook up with Eric."

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