

Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2391

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2391—Chance was Eric's only son.

If something happened to him, Mitchell could not afford the consequences.

Mitchell fell silent.

After a while, the bodyguards brought the perpetrator over.

Someone knocked on the door.

Standing at the door was a young and average-looking girl. She was a plain jane that no one would notice if put in a crowd.

The person in charge paused and said, "Her name is Hannah Simpson."

Hannah looked a little flustered.

"Boss, what can I do for you?"

She did not seem to know what was going on.

Mitchell glanced at the person in charge. The man had a glum face and scolded the girl.

"You were the only one who entered Young Master Chance's room the whole night. What did you feed him?"

Hannah paused. "I didn't. He said he was hungry, so I brought him some food from the back kitchen. After he finished eating, I took it away. What's wrong?"

The person in charge took a deep breath.

"The back kitchen?! Didn't you know his identity? How could you give him a staff meal?"

Hannah pursed her lips. "But you didn't ask me to prepare food for Young Master Chance, so I didn't know what to feed him. I asked him if he could eat anything, and he said yes. Young Master Chance hadn't eaten since lunch, so he was starving. That's why I just took whatever I saw to serve him. Is that wrong?"

The person in charge gasped.

He could not find any faults with her explanation.

Hannah was just naive and stupid.

He subconsciously looked at Mitchell.

This was a slap in the face.

Chance had not eaten since noon, and they neglected the kid.

Mitchell's face was stern, and his eyes were dark.

"Did you also give him the painkillers?"

Hannah nodded. "After a while, he said he had a stomachache, so I gave him the painkillers I had with me..."

"How could you simply give Young Master Chance medicine? Don't you know who he is? Can you afford the consequences if something were to happen to him?"

The person in charge criticized her.

Hannah was startled. Her face changed, and she stood there trembling.

"I don't know. What happened to him? Isn't it just a stomach ache? He should be fine after taking the medicine!"

The person in charge rolled his eyes in irritation and pointed at her.

'You're playing dumb with me, aren't you? Are you ignorant or stupid? He's just a child. What kind of painkillers did you give him? He has food poisoning now, and you were the one who gave him random food. You'll have to explain it to Mr. Ferguson later!"

Hannah stood there flustered, not knowing what to do.

"But... I really didn't know!"

Mitchell rubbed his forehead.

"Where's the rest of Young Master Chance's food?"

Hannah said, "I took it to the back kitchen and threw it away. The dishes were all washed."

She seemed to be frightened by Mitchell and the person in charge's gloomy expressions.

"I... I really didn't know this would happen. I can go to the hospital to see Young Master Chance and apologize to him in person. It's my first time doing this job, and I don't have much experience. I won't do this again!"

The person in charge sneered.

“Dream on. Who would dare to hire you after this?”

The room was silent for a while.

The person in charge paused. “Mr. Crawford, what should we do? Should we call the police?”

Calling the police would make things worse and might bring a negative impact.

However, if he did not call the police, he would have to take the blame for Hannah.

If anything happened to Chance, Eric would blame him later.

The person in charge wanted to distance himself from this incident and prove his innocence. He did not want to be anyone’s scapegoat.

Thus, he would rather bear the risk and investigate this matter clearly.

Mitchell pursed his lips and did not speak.

Hannah said, “Don’t call the police. I realize my mistake. I didn’t expect it to be like this. You can go to the back kitchen to check it out. I didn’t do anything. I don’t have the guts to do this. I just graduated from college and haven’t looked for a job yet. If you call the police, I won’t be able to find a good job...”

Mitchell fell silent.

“Forget it. I know you didn’t mean it.”

The person in charge widened his eyes. “Wait, but we can’t just let her go, right?”

Mitchell glanced at him with an indifferent gaze.

“She won’t risk her future. She knows that she’ll never find a decent job with one negative comment from us.”

Mitchell was calm, but his words carried a warning.

Hannah’s eyes flickered.

Her body tensed up.

She quickly thanked Mitchell.

‘Thank you, Boss! Thank you... I’m willing to bear the medical expenses of the young master...’

“Do you think Young Master Chance is short of money?”

The person in charge sneered and laughed at her ignorance.

Hannah lowered her head in embarrassment.

Mitchell gave her a meaningful look.

Then, he took his things and the memory drive that had a copy of the surveillance footage on the table.

“I’ll go to the hospital first, so keep an eye on this place.”

The person in charge wanted to follow at first, but when he heard the latter part of the sentence, he immediately gave up.

“Don’t worry!”

He followed Mitchell all the way downstairs and had completely forgotten about Hannah.

They walked out the door.

Mitchell got into the car and sat in the driver’s seat.

The person in charge waved to him. Mitchell beckoned to the person in charge, who leaned forward slightly.

Mitchell lowered his voice and said, “Watch that woman’s every move. Keep an eye on whoever she comes into contact with.”

The person in charge shuddered and looked at him in surprise.

Mitchell was only pretending to let go of this matter.

Was he just putting a long line to catch a big fish?

Mitchell started the car while he said in a deep voice, “That’s your territory. If anything happens and Mr. Ferguson comes to me, I’ll go to you. I’ll get someone to watch her outside. If something happens, I’ll come to find you. You’d better pray that the young master is okay. Otherwise, you’ll have to close your business.”

He stepped on the accelerator and left afterward.

The person in charge gasped.

Mitchell worked for Eric for so long that his words and actions were also similar to Eric's.

The person in charge was completely overwhelmed and panicked.

In the hospital, Chance was sent to have his stomach pumped. It took two whole hours before he came out of the emergency room.

Eric was talking with the dean in the office next door. Someone had already taken the contents in Chance's stomach for testing, and the results would be out soon.

When Chance was pushed out of the emergency room, everyone was relieved.

The night was silent.

There were only a few people on this floor, so it was extraordinarily quiet.

The services in this private hospital were also impeccable. The doctors accompanied Chance and kept Eric informed of the situation.

When the dean heard that Chance was out of the emergency room, the dean took Eric out.

They saw an unexpected person.

Selena sat on the chair at the door of the emergency room, looking lonely and worried.

She was wearing a white dress for the banquet with a black coat over it. She looked a little unkempt.

Eric frowned slightly, walked over, and stood in front of Selena.

"Why are you here?"