

Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2387

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2387—After Nicole finished speaking, she shrugged and strode toward her car.

Eric stood there with a pale face. His eyes were dark and deep like a cold and bottomless lake.

He felt like his heart was being crushed, and the dense pain was overwhelming.

It was as if all the strength had been taken from him.

Eric really lost Nicole.

Nicole got into the car and looked at the back seat as if nothing was wrong.

She smiled at Fischer, who was taking out a lollipop and stuffing it into Chatty's mouth.

"Fischer, stop giving her candy. She'll get cavities!"

Fischer quickly said, "This candy is to prevent cavities..."

Nicole glanced at him, and Fischer quickly changed his tune, "But it's not good to eat too much..."

As he spoke, Fischer took out the candy that he had just stuffed into Chatty's mouth.

Chatty looked at him in confusion as she thought, 'But I haven't tasted it yet!'

Nicole nodded in satisfaction.

Then, she turned to look at Levi.

"Leaf, we're staying at my house today. Grandpa gave himself the day off."

'That's great, Auntie! I finally don't have to go fishing for my extracurricular activity!'

Levi breathed a sigh of relief.

Nicole was speechless.

Chatty and Fischer shook their heads regretfully.

They were reluctant to leave the carefree life in the mansion.

Eric stood there for a long time before he left.

In the car, Chance did not dare to speak because he could tell that Eric was not in a good mood.

Eric did not send Chance home and took him to the office because Eric had a video conference in a while.

Mitchell saw Chance and enthusiastically brought him some snacks and drinks.

The smile on Chance's small face was brighter, and he shyly thanked Mitchell.

Mitchell took some documents and went to Eric's office.

Eric read the documents with no emotions as if he was just weighing the interests that each woman could bring.

Finally, Eric saw a familiar person that should not appear on this list.

Eric frowned slightly and glanced at Mitchell.

Mitchell coughed and smiled.

"Well, Ms. Nelson is also single. Her family is adequate, and most importantly, she has a small business and doesn't have to rely on her family..."

"Small business? You mean, her bar?"

Eric sneered and closed the file.

"Did she bribe you? How much did she give you?"

Eric knew from the very beginning that Selena had bad intentions.

Mitchell's face froze. He immediately denied it.

"No, President. How could she bribe me? It's not like you don't know how much she earns from that bar..."

Eric snorted coldly with some ridicule.

"That's right. You're a lot richer than her."

Eric knew Selena's net worth.

If Selena wanted to pay her ex-husband compensation, she might not even have enough after selling the bar.

The Nelson family would not distribute their property to her either.

Selena was broke as a joke.

Mitchell smiled. "Which one do you think suits you? Why don't I arrange a time for her to have dinner with you?"

Eric looked impatient.

'That's too troublesome. It's a waste of time to meet them one by one. Chance's birthday is two days later, so let's host a party and invite these women and their families.'

Mitchell paused and asked in surprise.

"Young Master Chance's birthday?"

Eric looked at him gloomily. "I just told you."

Mitchell nodded.

Chance was not born in Medania, and no one except Angie knew when Chance's real birthday was.

It was hard to say whether they had ever celebrated Chance's birthday on the actual day.

Mitchell understood what Eric meant.

Chance's birthday was just a cover.

He pitied Chance.

Mitchell paused and went out to make arrangements.

He informed the secretaries and asked them to distribute the invitations.

Once the date and location of the banquet were confirmed, they would notify the guests.

The secretary's office was busy all day.

No one noticed that little Chance was still there.

"Mr. Ferguson really intends to get married?"

“Yeah, so many rich young ladies and their families are invited, and they’re well-matched with Mr. Ferguson.”

“There are so many rumors online. I guess those rumors can only be suppressed if Mr. Ferguson announces his marriage.”

“But is Young Master Chance’s birthday two days away?”

“Anything for his father’s happiness, I guess!”

“How pitiful...”

“Yeah...”

“Young Master Chance, what are you doing here?”

Finally, someone noticed Chance standing in the corner silently.

Everyone panicked.

They were afraid that Chance overheard what they said.

They liked Chance because he was not spoiled and had a good personality and good looks.

It was a pity that Chance was not favored by Eric.

Chance raised his head. His eyes were watery, but he stubbornly refused to shed tears.

“Is that all true? Is my dad getting married?”

Eric also used his birthday as an excuse to hold a banquet.

Chance’s birthday was in the summer.

It was long gone.

On his birthday, Chance was at the boarding school, and no one knew it was his birthday.

Chance waited in the classroom for Eric’s staff to pick him up, but no one came.

It was just like any other ordinary day because no one remembered that it was his birthday.

Chance did not expect Eric to create a new birth date for him.

He felt indescribably sad and bitter.

Chance blinked, and his tears streamed down his cheeks.

Mitchell came over with some documents and saw this scene. His expression immediately changed.

“What’s going on here?”

Mitchell walked over, squatted down, and wiped away Chance’s tears.

‘Young Master, why are you crying? Did someone bully you? You can tell me, and I’ll teach them a lesson!’

Mitchell glanced coldly at the people around him.

Everyone was afraid.

One of them could not resist saying, “We were talking about the invitations just now, and the young master heard it.

That’s why he’s upset...”

Mitchell’s face froze, and he somewhat understood what was happening.

He patted Chance’s head, knelt down, picked Chance up, and walked outside.

‘Young Master, don’t be sad. This isn’t a bad thing!’

Mitchell carried Chance to his office, put him on the sofa, and sat down.

‘Your father is going to get married sooner or later. If he doesn’t get married, there will be a lot of scandals. It’s okay if it’s only once or twice, but if it becomes more frequent, the public will start to believe it even if it’s not true.’

Chance sobbed slightly. He felt a little aggrieved as he cried.

“Uncle Mitchell, but what if my stepmother doesn’t like me? What should I do if she doesn’t want me? My mom is gone...”

Chance thought, ‘Aunt Nicole likes me. No one else will like me...’

Once Chance had this kind of fear, it could not be contained.

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