

## President 1201

### Chapter 1201

During the past two days, Kingsley had the police arrange the worst cell for Luke. It was a very harsh environment. He had nothing to eat and couldn't go out. He could only squat in the corner. Now he was released.

Kingsley hadn't thought about the future relationship between them. He would let nature take its course.

From now on, he was sure to have a happy life with his beloved woman and child.

He was also looking forward to seeing his child grow up. The future was hopeful. He would bring up his son and witness his every change.

He gazed at the woman, who was snickering at him as if saying that he shot himself in the foot.

He bent down, cupped her face in his big hands, and passionately kissed her. "Thank you for all you've given me, honey."

"Thank you, hubby. I'm so lucky to have you in my life." She affectionately snogged him with a dazzling smile, her bright eyes crinkling.

Every moment with her would be the most wonderful in his life.

Cody started to crawl at the age of six months. He was moving his small body happily on his hands and knees on the floor, sometimes dribbling.

Tonell, who doted on his great-grandson, was sitting on the sofa shaking the toy in his hand. He smilingly coaxed, "Cody, come here. Look at the toy."

The little boy sat down on the carpet glancing at the toy, looking uninterested. He wrinkled his pretty brows as he yawned lazily.

After suffering a setback, Tonell asked the maid to get him a cooked, fragrant bone. He shook it, saying, "Cody, look at the bone!"

Hearing this, Sherman, who had just walked out, pulled a wry face. "Grandpa, do you think my son is a dog?"

"I didn't want to have to do this," Tonell said with resignation, "but Cody doesn't like toys. He only likes bones. What else can I do?"

Meanwhile, the cute boy had crawled to Tonell, looking at Tonell with his watery eyes, wiggling his hips like a puppy.

Sherman couldn't help putting her hand on the forehead. Her son...

Kingsley happened to go downstairs to the company, tying the blue tie with his long fingers. He gazed at Sherman, his eyes full of tenderness. He held her in his arms, leaning down to kiss her.

After a while, Sherman said sadly, "Your son likes nothing but bones. He's just like a dog!"

Kingsley wasn't worried at all. He continued to kiss her soft rosy lips, saying teasingly, "Then he's a purebred dog, the king of the mastiffs."

After that, Cody had new nicknames such as "little mastiff" and "puppy".

When he was seven months old, a few words jumped out of his small mouth from time to time. He was learning to speak.

One day, Cathy rushed back with Cody in her arms and a proud smile on her noble face. "Cody can talk now!"

Hearing the exciting news, the whole family gathered around the little boy, waiting for him to speak.

The little one sat on the sofa fiddling with his toys, but he didn't say anything. Cathy was anxious, kissing his cheeks. "Be good. Speak as you just did."

## Chapter 1202

Cody blinked. The group of people crouched around the sofa, holding their breath and quietly waiting. They also discussed who the little one would call first.

Cody's grandpa, grandma, mom, and uncle were all expecting to be called first, arguing.

Only Kingsley didn't care about it. He was wearing a dark blue shirt, which accentuated his elegance and charm. He slightly rolled up his sleeves, looking relaxed.

He crossed his long, straight legs as he tapped on his knees with a strong air of confidence.

He believed that he was Cody's favorite person in the whole family.

Every night before going to bed, he kissed the little one's tender cheeks, taught him to say "dad", and then said good night to him.

The first word his son learned was sure to be "dad".

Under the gaze of expectation from everyone, Cody finally said in a childish voice, "Bingo!"

Immediately, the villa fell silent.

It was so quiet that the sound of a pin falling to the ground could be heard clearly.

Kingsley was stunned. His face froze as he rubbed his forehead with his long fingers.

However, Cathy sniffed danger.

Her intuition was right. Kingsley announced, "From now on, you're not allowed to go to the bingo hall."

Cathy had never thought that the good news would end her career of playing bingo.

Of course, that was not the only consequence of the incident.

Cody would have to have a lesson every night.

The tall man stood upright with his hands on the stroller, saying, "Dad."

The little boy wasn't listening. He kicked his short legs vigorously and blew bubbles while playing with toys.

Sherman knew he suffered a blow today, trying hard to keep a straight face. "You're too serious. He's too young. When he's a little older, he'll naturally call you Dad." Kingsley curved his thin lips into a tender smile, continuing, "Dad..."

Sherman was speechless.

Cody didn't disappoint his father, who persisted in teaching him. He called his father first, though it sounded more like "tat " than "dad".

The man that was always calm could no longer hide his happiness.

Kingsley sat on the sofa while Sherman held Cody and taught him to speak. "Moon!"

The little one could walk now. He fidgeted, wiggling his butt as he said unhappily, " Mow!"

Sherman continued patiently, "Cough."

"Golf!" "Dog!"

"Doll!"

Sherman couldn't help laughing with amusement. It was fun listening to Cody speaking.

Kingsley chuckled. He had never known raising a child was so enjoyable.

Nightgown

Sherman, Summer, and Grace went shopping.

The other two stopped at a lingerie store, while Sherman was not interested. She didn't want to wait anymore and kept urging them.

Grace pulled her. "Come on. Pick one."

Sherman shook her head at the first sight of the sexy robe.

Summer said, "It's important to add a savor to your sex life. Now that you're going to live with Kingsley for a long time, you should do something to keep things hot. Come on!"

Eventually, under the encouragement of her friends, Sherman bought a red semisheer nightgown.

She read a magazine about sex that night.

It said that a woman was more likely to ignite a man's desire with unconscious actions. Even if shy, women should gather the courage to try it. Perhaps there would be a surprise.

After hesitating for a long while, Sherman went to the bathroom, changing into the nightgown with embarrassment.

While she was dithering whether to get out, the door of the bathroom was pushed open. Kingsley walked in.

She flushed in panic, not knowing where to hide.

However, it was already too late.

The man stood still without making a sound.

A tide of awkwardness surged through her. Sherman's face was burning. Finally, she couldn't resist saying, "Don't look at me!"

Kingsley ignored it, pouncing on her.

Sherman hurriedly pushed his shoulder. "I kid you not. I'm on my period."

Kingsley answered, "Let me have a look."

"Do you think I'm lying to you?"

"Seeing is believing."

Sherman could only take off her panties.

Kingsley was so frustrated, pressing his forehead against hers and gently biting her small nose. "You did it on purpose, right?"

"No. It's just a coincidence. Hurry up and get me the sanitary napkins."

Sherman pushed his shoulder. He had pulled open his shirt, looking inviting.

Kingsley walked out with resignation, his voice coming in through the door, "One for the day, and one for the night, which is it?"

The second time she wore sexy lingerie, just at the most important moment, Cody got sick. They had no choice but to stop.

The third time, Kingsley's subordinate called him. There was something wrong with a very important contract, which must be immediately dealt with.

Kingsley let out a long sigh, put his shirt on, and gazed at her. "Why are things so difficult for me? I just want to see you in sexy underwear and have sex with you."

Sherman was amused.

"Three times are enough. It can't happen again. Otherwise, I'll be impotent..."

He rubbed his painful brows, saying gently, "Next time I won't stop even if the sky is falling!"

The fourth time, he finally did it. They had sex all night long in different places and ways. Sherman had a backache for two days and couldn't straighten it after that.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Sherman downloaded a lot of nursery rhymes such as "Mary Had a Little Lamb", "Hickory Vickery Dock", and "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star".

She intended to teach Cody to sing these songs, but he was not interested, complaining, "Mom, I don't like these songs.

"Then what songs do you like?"

Two-year-old Cody was so cute that people were easily attracted to him.

He said in a tender voice, "Mom, I'll sing it to you. Listen. Ah-oh-ow-ah! Huh-yo-ow-ow. Wow-oh-ow!"

Chapter 1203

Sherman felt dizzy hearing him howling like a wolf. "What the hell are you singing?"

Cody licked the lollipop in his hand, tilting his head as he lay on her lap. After thinking for a moment, he answered, "Auntie said it's called 'Super Happy', wow, I'm so happy!"

Sherman's face darkened.

Dream

One day, many children at the same age as Cody came to the Wright's. They played games together happily.

They played generals and guards in the game. Cody soiled his face.

When Sherman and Kingsley returned, they saw their son look like a dirty thief.

As soon as he saw Kingsley, Cody excitedly jumped over and put his dirty little hands on Kingsley's trousers.

Sherman wanted to pull him away.

Yet Kingsley picked him up with a broad smile, ignoring that his son was deliberately soiling his trousers. He tenderly wiped the dirt off Cody's little face. "What are you playing?"

"General and robber." Cody's palms were soiled.

Sherman was interested. The more she looked at her son, the more handsome and valiant she felt he was. She said, "Then my son must be the heroic general."

Cody shook his head like a rattle and straightened his back. "No! I like to be a robber, but not a general. Everyone who passes through my place needs to give me money! I can eat and drink a lot.

What's more, I have many wives! Oh, I'm so happy!"

Sherman and Kingsley were lost for words.

Sherman was close to tears, wondering whom Cody took after in character.

Kingsley rubbed his eyebrows with a wry face. Was he so naughty as a boy?



## Growing Up

Four-year-old Cody was less mischievous than before. He became reserved, behaving like an adult.

Sherman sighed at Kingsley. "I miss the time when he was little. He was full of fun. Now he's just a replica of you, not lively at all!"

"He's precocious." Kingsley could accept his son's change.

"Do you think so? But he said there is a generation gap between us and him. He's only 5 now. What will happen when he's 15?"

Sherman complained, "I said he used to be cute and likable. He told me he was so stupid at that time!"

"You think too much..." Kingsley became even more charming with the years. He kissed her ears, carried her in his arms, and went upstairs...

In the school.

The students were discussing how the children were born. Only Cody was blandly flipping through the comic book. He was wearing a trench coat like a little prince in the fairy tale.

After a long while, no conclusion could be reached.

Everyone turned to look at Cody, who was omnipotent in their eyes.

Cody was indifferent but was badgered by his classmates.

After school, he picked up his schoolbag and left the classroom. The driver was already waiting outside.

Returning to his room, he flung the schoolbag onto the sofa.

Receiving the milk from his grandmother, he went straight upstairs with a camera. The door was unlocked. He pushed it open and walked in.

Kingsley was lying prone on Sherman, having sex with her.

Hearing the sound, they looked over and froze.

"My classmates are curious," Cody said, looking very mature for his age, "how were the children born?"

Shinya pushed the man away and covered herself with a quilt.

She then glared at Kingsley, who was like a hungry wolf and didn't even close the door. How embarrassing it was now!

Kingsley gently rubbed his temples, regretting his carelessness. He didn't expect his son to return so soon.

Fortunately, he hadn't taken off his clothes.

Cody continued, "They said the children were fished out from the river. Huh, do they think the children are rocks? They were annoying me, so I think I have to help them out with this."

Kingsley straightened his clothes, replying with a gentle look, "You're right."

## Chapter 1204

"So please go on and let me take a video." He was holding up the camera and focusing it on his parents.

Sherman was puzzled. "Why do you want to video us?"

"Aren't you producing my sisters? I'll show those fools the fact," Cody answered in a childish voice.

Sherman freaked out. "Kingsley, keep your son under control! Have a serious talk with him! He's not my son!"

Kingsley smiled, stroking her shoulder to calm her down. "Don't be angry."

As a result, Cody's pocket money was all confiscated by Sherman.

He went to his father, feeling wronged. Kingsley's heart was softened. He gave Cody twice as much as he had before.

Cody then went to his grandparents, aunt, and uncle. He got even more pocket money.

Knowing that, Sherman was driven mad." You brat. I'll teach you a lesson! Just you wait!"

"Steady on. He's just a little boy. What if he runs away from home?"

The whole family hurriedly stopped her.

Cody was their treasure. They couldn't bear to see him be scolded.

Four months later.

Sherman gave birth to another daughter.

Kingsley had been accompanying her, caring very much about his wife.

Cody was so anxious that he couldn't sit still, asking, "Why does it take so long to give birth to my sister?"

No one turned around. They were all staring at the door of the operating room.

12 hours later, Sherman was delivered of a daughter.

She was named Julie.

Everyone in the Wright family was smiling with joy.

Kingsley worshiped his daughter, holding her in his arms every day for fear that she would be hurt.

Julie stayed in his arms for 15 hours a day.

Sherman was worried. "Kingsley, if you continue like this, she won't sleep at night. She'll be crying for someone to hold her." Kingsley gave her a tender smile. "Then I'll hold her to sleep. She's so cute. I can't put her down."

"You are spoiling her!"

Kingsley replied, "I only have one daughter. Of course, I have to pamper her."

Sherman fell silent.

She had nothing to say.

"Let's pick a date to celebrate Julie's birth," Kingsley suggested.

Sherman frowned. "Forget it. It's too tiring."

Kingsley shook his head, rhythmically patting Julie's back, rocking her to sleep.

"No. She is the little princess of the Wright family. We must throw a party for her coming. I won't miss each of her special days."

Sherman sighed quietly. "Are you sure?"

"Of course."

"Then let's say the day when she was 30 days old. We should make a guest list first."

Kingsley was busy mixing milk powder with water, looking like a skilled dad." Okay."

Chapter 1205

(Back to five years ago...)

It was in the evening.

Luke opened the door and walked into the apartment.

The room lights were on, and they were dimly yellow. The atmosphere was cozy and warm.

Sitting in a wheelchair, a boy laid his head on his arm to do his homework. After the car accident, his legs were injured a bit severely so currently he was unable to stand and could only sit in a wheelchair.

A woman was sitting at the window.

In front of her were the frames and dyes for painting.

She had had several stitches on her chin, which had not been removed.

Her left cheek was also slightly bruised, with some scabs on it. It was not sure whether they would become scars.

It was very quiet in the apartment, as only the breathing of the woman and her son could be heard. This was very warm and peaceful.

Hearing the sound of the door being opened, Eileen looked back.

When noticing Luke, she was slightly startled.

It seemed that he hadn't taken a shower for a few days, and the stubble appeared on his chin.

From his deeply sunken eyes, one could feel that he was very tired. His shirt was wrinkled, covered with dust. His face was dark blue, and the corners of his lips were even swollen. It seemed that he had fought with others.

Luke pressed his lips tightly. Staring at her coldly, he snapped in an ironic tone, "Don't you even recognize your husband?"

Eileen was shocked, but she quickly reacted.

She asked, "What's wrong with your face?"

"It's none of your business!"

Then Luke wiped the corner of his lips with his hand, passed her, and went to the bathroom.

Eileen moved her mouth, but she didn't ask anymore.

He didn't want to talk to her at all. Even if she asked, he wouldn't speak. Why did she bother?

She was never allowed to ask about his things, whether they were private or not.

She had no rights and no qualifications.

She had never been the person who could ask him about those things.

Since their wedding, he had been extremely indifferent and cruel to her.

With a bitter smile, Eileen withdrew her gaze and looked at her son.

She frowned slightly, not knowing what to say.

His posture was not good when he did homework. The books were piled on the table slantingly.

His body was also twisted. With his arms on the table and his face on one arm, he was doing his homework. His face seemed to be stuck to the homework book.

Putting down the paintbrush, she limped over.

Her son did not notice her approaching. His long, curled eyelashes blinked from time to time, casting black shadows on the workbook.

She reached out her hand to gently pat his back and then adjusted his sitting posture." Can you sit in a good posture and do your homework?"

"Okay." The boy grinned, showing his cute teeth. He moved his body to sit upright and straightened his back. "Mom, don't you paint anymore?"

Shaking his head, Eileen stroked his hair and asked, "Are you hungry?"

After birth, his hair was not so good, which was yellow and thin.

She thought that maybe she had eaten something that shouldn't be eaten during pregnancy, or something that was not nutritious, so her son's hair was so thin at that time. Fortunately, his hair was dark, thick and shiny now.

The boy reached out to hold his belly and nodded. "I'm hungry. The roasted tomato soup that we ate in the afternoon at the school tasted so bad. I didn't like it. I like the roasted tomato soup you make."

Hearing this, Eileen paused, as her mind was wandering.

People who had seen Brad always said that only his eyes and mouth resembled hers.

His other facial features looked like his father's. It was true that he resembled his father a lot.

In fact, not only his look, but even his tastes and habits were similar to Luke's tastes and habits.

Both he and Luke refused to eat pungent things like onions, garlic, ginger, and leeks.

After asking several times without hearing his mother's reply, he shook her hand." Mom, what are you thinking about?"

With her wandering mind interrupted, Eileen shook her head. "Do your homework. I'll prepare dinner."

Brad nodded. As if thinking of something, he raised his head and asked, "Mom, will Dad leave tonight?"

"I don't know. You may ask him yourself. But he may leave."

Luke rarely lived here. He stayed here for only a few days a year.

Brad was a little disappointed, lowering his head.

Eileen caressed his head, feeling a little sad.

She blamed herself for not being able to make Luke love her and making her son suffer with her.

The dinner was very light. She cooked some porridge, two side dishes and the nutritious soup that she especially made for Brad.

He was still a child. And his legs got injured in a car accident, so he needed to have something nutritious.

Luke did not come out when dinner was ready.

After hesitating again and again, Eileen walked into the bedroom and tapped on the bathroom door.

In the bathroom, Luke asked impatiently, "What's the matter?"



"The dinner has been ready. Would you like to have some?" Eileen asked cautiously.

"Fuck off."

He growled impatiently, letting the icy water wash over him. Closing his eyes, he was absorbed in his thought.

He knew that Kingsley must have said something to the police, and then he was able to get out of prison.

If it hadn't been Sherman's kindness, both he and she might have died in the wooden house.

However, when he thought about Zora again, he felt that his heart was torn apart with a sharp pain. He still couldn't forget how Zora looked when she died. He had always thought that he had to take responsibility for her death.

If he hadn't shown the photos to Cathy and Cathy hadn't gone to meet her, would she have had a different ending?

Outside the bathroom.

Eileen breathed difficultly, suppressing her bitterness.

'He has really hated me as ever.'

'Although we are husband and wife, we are more like enemies.'

'In his mind, I cannot be forgiven.'

After pacifying herself, Eileen went out. She did not want her son to know that she and Luke quarreled again.

Brad sat docilely at the dining table. "Mom, isn't Dad going to have dinner with us?" "Well, he has already eaten. And he is taking a bath. Let's eat together." Eileen said.

Brad nodded. He felt relieved, looking at her smile.

'Dad must not have quarreled with Mom.'

He took the initiative to fill the soup in the bowls for his mother and himself. He was so lovely.

Eileen asked, "What happened at school today?"

Brad sipped the nutritious soup, telling her everything.

After dinner, Eileen cleaned the dishes in the kitchen and Brad sat in the living room, watching TV.

After washing the dishes, Eileen looked at Brad. "I'll take a bath. Later, I'll take you back to the room." "Okay."

As Luke was in the master bedroom, she deliberately went to the second bedroom.

After taking off her clothes, Eileen lay in the bathtub, with warm water flowing on her body and alleviating her tiredness.

Her figure was as beautiful and attractive as a model.

Her legs were slender and straight, the skin of which was also smooth.

The only shortcoming was that her right leg was severely injured in a car accident when she was a child.

Since then, she had been lame and become a cripple.

She was seriously lame, so she walked very asymmetrically. Her shoulder also tilted.

This was the eternal pain in her heart.

She could not wear beautiful high heels like ordinary women. They looked beautiful, wearing high heels while she looked funny and ridiculous.

In fact, it didn't matter whether she wore high heels or not, as she didn't like wearing them.

She just didn't want others to look at her strangely while walking down the street and holding her son's hand.

After taking a shower, Luke stepped into the living room.

Finding that Eileen was not in the living room, he unfolded his knitted brows, and his eyes fell on his son.

"What program do you watch?"

"Dad." Brad raised his head and said, "A reality show."

Luke smiled. "Fine."

Suddenly, there was a gurgling sound in his stomach.

After coming out of prison, he didn't stay in Santabaca anymore. He immediately hurried back to Lanechett by plane and then went home. He didn't even drink any water.

Brad asked, "Dad, are you hungry? Mom left you the porridge, I'll help you to heat it."

Luke replied, "Is there something else to eat?"

He hated the food that Eileen made.

Brad shook his head and asked tentatively, "Dad, don't you want to eat what Mom made? The food that Mom made is very delicious."

"No, I just want to eat instant food."

Brad looked serious. "Mom says that instant food is junk food. Don't eat much."

Luke patted his son on the head. "Watch your TV."

Then Luke went to open the refrigerator.

There were only vegetables, eggs, and pure milk in the refrigerator.

There was no fruit or snacks.

Frowning, he took out two eggs and walked into the kitchen.

It was the first time for him to cook. The temperature of the oil was too high, so it spilled out of the pan and scalded the back of his hand.

In a panic, he quickly threw the eggs in the pan.

Two minutes later, he was sitting on the sofa, with fried eggs on a plate.

Brad raised his head and found that the eggs were dark.

"Dad, Mom cooks really delicious food. She especially left some porridge for you."

"Well." Luke answered indifferently and continued to eat the eggs.

Brad blinked his eyes. He pushed the wheelchair into the kitchen.

He picked up the food on the table with his little hands, poured it into the trash can, and washed the dishes.

'If Mom knows that Dad doesn't eat the food she left for him, she will definitely become sad.'

Brad didn't want his mom to feel sad!

After washing, Brad pushed the wheelchair out of the kitchen and continued to watch T

V.

Suddenly, Luke's phone rang.

He lowered his head.

It was the call from Kingsley.

Luke became slightly stiff.

After a while, he finally made up his mind to answer the call.

"I'm sorry." Luke's voice was hoarse.

Kingsley answered in a low voice. "The person you should apologize to is Sherman, not me. I hope you can learn from this experience and stop causing trouble."

Hearing this, Luke couldn't help holding his phone more tightly. "I know."

"Well, tomorrow Julie will be one month old. We'll organize a party. Bring Eileen and Brad together."

"Okay."

Hanging up, Luke felt relieved.

Brad asked, "Dad, Uncle Kingsley called you?"

"Yes."

"Cody has a younger sister. Uncle Kingsley asked you to take Mom and me to celebrate.

Luke raised his brows slightly.

'Brad has keen ears.'

Chapter 1207

With bright eyes, he asked cautiously, "Dad, you will take Mom with you, won't you?"

"It depends on the situation." Luke's voice was low, and he did not answer directly.

But Brad did not give up. "You have promised Uncle Kingsley that you will bring me and Mom. An adult should be a man of his word."

Luke became silent.

After a moment, he nodded lightly. "Okay."

As soon as he heard this, Brad's eyes became even brighter, as he was overflowing with excitement and joy.

Forty minutes later.

Eileen walked into the living room in her pajamas.

Brad had turned off the TV, but Luke was not in the living room.

She laughed at herself.

'As expected, he left.'

Though she knew that he would leave, she still expected him to stay. She really deserved to feel sad.

Brad said softly, "Mom, Dad doesn't leave. H e went to buy cigarettes."

Eileen was taken aback. "Really?"

"Yeah."

Eileen smiled. "It's time for sleep. I'll take you back to your room to sleep."

She carried him in her hands. But as Brad was a little heavy and her leg was lame, her

body tilted to one side. She staggered to the room, almost falling.

When she was approaching the bed, she hurriedly stepped forward and held the edge of the bed to stabilize her body.' Brad's leg cannot get injured again.'

Then, she slowly put him on the bed with difficulty, after which her forehead was already covered with sweat.

It was very easy for ordinary people to put a child on the bed, but it was so difficult for her.

Brad was very considerate. He comforted her. "Mom, when I grow up, I will carry you. By then, I'll be very strong and you are so light. I'll definitely be able to carry you!"

Warm and considerate words always moved people.

Eileen smiled and pulled the quilt on him.' When Brad grows up, he must be a son with great filial piety, but I don't know...'

"Go to sleep." she said.

Brad put his little head close to her ear and whispered softly, "Mom, Dad ate up all the food you left for him."

Eileen could hardly believe it. "Really?"

"Yeah!" Brad nodded his head. "And Cody has a younger sister. Dad said that he would take you and me to Uncle Kingsley's house."

Eileen looked even more surprised.

For the seven years of marriage, he had never brought her to any banquets or parties.

This was the first time.

There were so many surprises tonight that she was at a loss.

Brad winked his eyes at her. "Mom, remember to dress nicely. Good night."

"Good night."

After walking out of the room, Eileen hadn't come down to earth, as she was very excited.

At this time, Luke happened to be back.

They two looked at each other.

As if he didn't see Eileen, he walked past her and sat on the sofa.



It was very quiet in the living room, and even the sound of a needle falling on the floor could be heard clearly.

Eileen had been used to his coldness.

This was the way he and she always got along. They had few words with each other. Even if there were some words, they were his mockery and sarcasm.

She thought that Luke would not stay here overnight.

He had never stayed here overnight, as he had many houses in Lanechett.

'He came here today just to see Brad, and then he will leave soon.'

'In fact, it's better for him to leave. I haven't been with him for a long time, so I don't even know how to talk to him.'

Suddenly, Luke asked, "Did the doctor say how long it will take Brad to leave the wheelchair?"

Although he was talking about Brad's legs, the moment his gaze fell on her legs, she felt that he was mocking her and complaining that she had made Brad's legs injured.

"One month, maybe a little longer." Eileen answered.

"After Brad's legs are healed, immediately throw the wheelchair out of the apartment.

I don't want to see such an obtrusive thing in my apartment." Luke narrowed his eyes.

'Am I also an obtrusive thing?'

Eileen thought sadly

But she didn't say anything, except to respond, "Okay."

## Chapter 1208

She moved her lips and wanted to ask him if he would bring her to the Wright family villa tomorrow.

But looking at his indifferent expression, she finally chose to be silent.

Turning around, she went to the room.

After a while, Luke also followed in and went directly to bed.

Eileen stood in place, feeling a little unbelievable and nervous. "Don't you leave?"

"This apartment is the property under my name. I live in my own home. Is there any problem?"

"No..."

She shook her head. "You go to sleep. I'll go to the living room."

Luke stared at her and sneered. "Tempt me? Don't you know what kind of person you are?"

Eileen stood, unmoved. She felt that her heart was being pierced by knives.

"Come here!"

"I'm afraid you are not used to sleeping with me on the same bed. Tomorrow you need-"

Before she finished speaking, she had been thrown onto the bed by Luke.

Eileen curled up, as she was brimming with fear and wanted to refuse him.

He had sex with her frequently.

But every time he slept with her with anger, resentment, and humiliation.

She treated him as her husband.

But in his eyes, she was afraid that she was inferior to... A prostitute.

At this moment, the phone rang.

Eileen hurriedly pulled the quilt to cover herself and him. Then she arranged her pajamas.

Looking at her, Luke sneered. "A bitch cares about her image? When you plotted to have sex with me, you were so active and passionate on the bed. You forgot it so soon?"

Eileen trembled.

Her phone rang again.

She calmed herself down. "Brad calls me. He may want to go to the bathroom. I'll go to his room."

She left the room quickly.

As expected, Brad wanted to go to the bathroom.

After returning from the bathroom, Eileen covered him with a quilt.

But he grabbed her. His eyes were bright, brighter than the stars outside the window. "Mom, Dad and you sleep on the same bed. Are you reconciled?"

Touching his head, Eileen wanted to say something but she didn't know how to say.

'He is only an eight-year-old child. Even if he is precocious, he is still a child.'

"Go to sleep. You'll have to get up early tomorrow." "There are some things that he still cannot understand.'

Brad nodded, with bright eyes. He smiled happily.

Eileen returned to the room. Luke didn't sleep, and he was smoking a cigarette.

Hearing the sound, he extinguished the cigarette. Then he pulled over her, grabbed her hair fiercely, and threw her onto the bed.

He had sex with her for a long time.

As the night was getting deeper and deeper, Luke finally fell asleep.

But Eileen didn't sleep.

It was not that she didn't want to sleep, but many parts of her body hurt so much that she couldn't fall asleep.

Suddenly, she was hit hard on her waist. She frowned and looked at the man at her side.

She saw Luke moving his body and waving his big hand, with his forehead full of sweat, as if he had a nightmare.

"It's okay. Sleep soundly. I'm here to accompany you and won't leave." Eileen patted him on the back and said in a tender voice.

When one loved a person, it was very difficult for one not to care for the person.

Obviously, he was so indifferent to her. He hurt and humiliated her just now.

But when she saw his brows frown, she wanted him to feel comfortable.

The next second, Luke muttered in a low voice, "Zora... No, I'm sorry. I miss you..."

Eileen was startled.

They two had sex just now. But Luke was now calling another woman's name.

Though covered with a quilt, she didn't feel warm at all.

She curled her lips and laughed slightly at herself.

The moonlight came in through the window, casting her shadow on the ground, which was stretched so long.

She and he had been married for eight years.

The name, Zora, had also existed in her marriage for eight years.

Eight years were ny-six months, countless days and nights.

Chapter 1209

She used to think that even if a man loved a woman deeply, his love wouldn't last long.

Since Zora was dead, Luke's memories of her would gradually fade away.

As time went by, he would completely forget Zora one day.

Even if he had no affection towards her, he might take a fancy to other women.

Eileen even imagined that maybe one day, Luke would show up with a more beautiful woman than Zora and divorce her.

However, she didn't expect that he hadn't forgotten Zora for so many years.

Instead of being a cold-hearted man in

love, he was quite spoony.

Eileen had thought she wouldn't feel anything after hearing Zora's name again.

But it turned out to be self-deception.

The living could never compare with the dead.

Her sleepiness dissipated, and sadness rose in her like a tide.

Lying on her side, she looked out the window.

In the cool of the evening, the sky was filled with faint moonlight.

Maybe in the dead of night, it was easier for people to have an emotional breakdown.

Feeling inexplicably wronged, she suddenly burst into tears.

Unable to hold back her tears, she wept uncontrollably.

She didn't make any noise, but silently wiped away her tears.

On the other side, Luke was still frowning deeply.

Overwhelmed by anxiety and fear, he grasped the sheets under him even in his sleep, and the veins stood out on the back of his hand.

In his dream, he was standing on the left side of the mountain, with Zora standing on the right side. There was a cliff between them.

He watched helplessly as a ferocious and obscene man advanced upon Zora.

She retreated step by step, but behind her was a cliff, and she had nowhere to escape.

The middle-aged man stood in front of her with a disgusting smile.

Luke's heart was in his throat, and he wanted to run over to save her.

But his legs and feet seemed to be fixed on the ground, which made him unable to move.

He was anxious, angry and flustered, but he still couldn't move his body.

The man had ripped off Zora's coat, and her body was exposed in the air.

Then she put on a determined look.

Knowing what she was going to do, Luke shouted and cursed that middle-aged man desperately.

Zora shot a plaintive glance at him, and then she closed her eyes and jumped off the cliff.

Luke felt like his head was bursting, and he kept screaming like a lunatic.

Right at this moment, Zora's body suddenly appeared at his feet.

Her clothes were taken off, and her body had gone bluish-purple and stiff. What was worse, her face was mangled beyond recognition.

It seemed that someone had cut her body with a knife, which caused all her skin and flesh to turn outward. Her eyes had become greyish white, which looked quite frightening.

Luke couldn't help gasping in fear.

He was so shocked that his breathing became faster and faster.

Then he suddenly opened his eyes.

Only then did he realize that he was dreaming, but this dream was too real!

He closed his eyes and tried to calm down. Gradually, his breathing returned to normal and his chest stopped rising and falling rapidly.

After coolness came back to him, he took a look at the mobile phone and saw it was 7:30 am.

Due to that nightmare, his forehead and temples were still painful.

Luke raised his head and began to massage his temples with both hands.

There was no one beside him now, which meant Eileen must have got up.

In the dining room.

Eileen was cooking breakfast now.

Brad was already dressed up. With a cup of warm water in his hand, he asked, "Mom, did you sleep well last night?"

"Not bad." She was pouring soup into bowls.

"Will Dad sleep here every night from today on?" He looked up with curiosity and expectations.

Eileen never made empty promises to her son, so she said, "He may stay overnight occasionally, or he may never stay overnight again."



Brad's head instantly drooped dejectedly. It could be seen that he was a little disappointed.

Then he said, "Mom, you can cook delicious food. If you make a lot of dishes to dad's taste, maybe he won't leave us."

Chapter 1210

Eileen gently stroked his little head.

Brad blinked slightly. "Mom, you wear makeup today. You look so beautiful!"

Eileen asked in a teasing tone, "Do I look ugly without makeup?"

"Of course not. In my opinion, you are the most beautiful woman in the world!"

Eileen smiled.

Right at this moment, Luke walked out of the room.

He had washed his face and shaved.

Except for the red and swollen marks left at the corners of his lips, he looked totally different from yesterday.

There had never been his clothes in this house, so he only wore a bathrobe.

Brad was well-behaved. He put down the bowl and shouted, "Dad, good morning."

"Well, let's eat breakfast now."

Luke also sat down at the table.

Seeing this, Eileen filled a bowl of soup for him and handed it over.

But Luke didn't even take a look at it. He just started to drink his coffee.

Sadness immediately welled up in Eileen's heart.

The atmosphere was rather subdued in the dining room. Compared with the cheerful atmosphere just now, it was far more depressing.

None of them said a word.

But Brad seemed to be overjoyed, with a bright smile on his face.

Looking at the smile on her son's face, Eileen felt bitter inside. This was the first time for Luke to stay here for breakfast.

Otherwise, Brad wouldn't have been so happy and excited.

Although Brad loved Luke, he was also afraid of him. They didn't spend much time together and rarely met each other.

Luke didn't come here very often, and he only occasionally telephoned Brad.

He was never too intimate with Brad and he didn't try to learn how to be a good father.

He just treated his son in his own way. Sometimes he would be impatient with Brad, sometimes he would be angered by him, and sometimes he would lose his temper.

Since Brad was born, Luke hardly ever hugged him, so it was understandable that Brad was afraid of him!

Luke urged, "Hurry up to eat."

Hearing this, Brad hurriedly picked up his bowl and gobbled the soup up.

He drank so fast that he choked. Then he couldn't stop coughing.

Eileen patted him on the back and said, “ Slow down, babe. You don't need to be in a hurry.”

But Brad still quickly finished up the soup.

He then put down his bowl and spoon.

Seeing this, Eileen hurriedly stood up. She decided to wash the dishes after coming back.

Brad was beyond himself with joy. This was the first time for him to go out with his parents.

"Mom, I'll go get the present for my sister."

After that, he pushed his wheelchair and went back to his room.

Luke stared at Eileen coldly. "You don't have to go with us."

Eileen looked up in astonishment. "You told Brad yesterday that we would go together, didn't you?"

"I just said that to please him. How could you be stupid to believe that?"

Luke cast a disdainful glance at her.

Eileen felt as if someone had slapped her in the face, which caused a burning pain.

But she brazened it out and asked, "I'm just going with you this time. Is that okay?"

She begged in a soft voice, with a hint of humbleness in it.

Actually, she didn't want to go with them.

However, at the thought that Brad had been looking forward to this for a whole night, she felt distressed.

She couldn't bear to let him down.

With an impatient expression, Luke said sarcastically, "Your appearance will only bring shame to me. With a son in a wheelchair and a wife as a cripple, I will be the focus of everyone's attention. Do you want all the people in Lanechett to know that I married a cripple?"

Eileen was extremely embarrassed, and her heart seemed to be ripped to shreds.

Without saying a word, she unconsciously touched the lame leg with her hand.

What Luke said was right, and she wasn't qualified to argue with him.

She was a cripple, and this would only make Luke become a laughing stock.

At this time, Brad came out of his room. With bright eyes, he said excitedly, "Mom, I'm ready. Let's go."

Eileen forced a smile and said, "I suddenly have something urgent to deal with. You can go there with your dad."

Brad grabbed her arm. "Mom, you promised me yesterday, and you have to keep your word."

She smiled bitterly. "I'm sorry, honey. This matter is very important, and I have to deal with it now. I've already apologized to you, and you will forgive me, right?"