

## President 1281

### Chapter 1281

Eileen didn't go out to watch them leave. She was standing by the window.

She stood there, watching Brad being taken into the helicopter, and then they were gone. Her heart felt a ceaseless pain.

But it was so much better than the first time she was separated from Brad.

She believed that Brad could do it.

On the top of the building...

Luke picked up Brad with one arm and strode into the helicopter.

Brandy quickly handed Luke the headset.

Luke took the headset and put it on Brad's head. Then he put the headset on himself. Seeing the bite mark on Luke's hand, Brandy froze. "Mr. Bennington, what happened to your hand? Did you get bitten by something? Should we go to the hospital first?"

Luke glanced at the bite mark. He said indifferently, "It was a dog."

The flood in the street hadn't subsided.

Eileen couldn't go anywhere. She had to stay in her room.

Suddenly, her cell phone rang. She picked up the phone. It was from a company's HR. The woman said she had read her resume and invited her to an interview.

It was an animation design company. They needed cartoonists to draw cartoon characters.

Eileen was actually good at drawing cartoon characters, but she wanted to be an artist and paint her own works, not to be a cartoonist.

But this was her only opportunity for the present. She couldn't miss it. She thought she should take the job for now. As for the rest, she would consider it in the long run.

She searched the company on the internet. It was a large company and a very famous one.

They offered her a good salary. She intended to take it.

However, she was worried that her body condition would not allow it. She didn't say yes right away but said she would consider it.

Then, she called her doctor.

The doctor understood her concern and told her, "It depends on the individual's condition. Some people have little reaction. Their bodies tolerate the chemotherapy drugs well, and they can go to work right after the chemotherapy. But some people can't."

"I see," Eileen said.

She planned to go to the company when the roads were clear to talk to the HR and inform her about her health condition.

On the third day, the flood on the road subsided and traffic resumed.

Early in the morning, Eileen went to the florist and bought a bouquet of roses. Then she went to the cemetery.

It was Merlin's birthday.

Eileen placed the red roses in front of the tomb. She slowly sat down and whispered, "Merlin, I know the red rose is your favorite flower, and that you always wished the man to buy you a bouquet of red roses. But

today it's I who bring you the roses, not he. "

The man Eileen was referring to was Kingsley.

"You used to tell me that Kingsley was too gentle and mild with you, and I used to say that you were not content with your life. I had met him once, and I always thought that a man like him should be a gentleman and courteous."

"But when I saw him and his wife several days before, I realized that I was wrong. Although he is a gentleman, he is an ordinary man. Although he has always been a mature and introverted man, I saw him kiss his wife in front of people. It seems that he doesn't love you after all."

Eileen went on, "You always laugh at me for being too attached to a man. What about you anyway?"

Eileen was silent for a while. Then she continued, "There's one more important thing I want to tell you. Luke and I are divorced. I'm tired. I can't hold out any longer."

"You brought in Grandpa to persuade me to marry Luke. I didn't want to marry him at first. I knew he only had Zora in his heart."

"He always loved Zora, and she was always on his mind. He often talked about Zora. At first, I didn't agree to marry him. Do you know why I changed my mind the next day?"

It was silent all around. Occasionally, the wind blew through, making a whistling sound. Other than that, there was only tranquility.

"Grandpa and I had a long talk that night, and that was the night I learned that Grandpa was seriously ill. He might not live long. And you were also seriously sick. Your condition was getting worse and worse. There were just the three of you in the Bennington family. If Grandpa died and you were also..."

Eileen closed her eyes.

"Luke would be the only one left in the world! Zora was dead, and so were you and Grandpa. It would be a huge blow to Luke. My heart ached at the idea like it was being torn apart. I felt so painful for the grief your brother was about to endure."

"I am an orphan. I don't have anyone in this world. I knew too well about the loneliness and pain, so that's when I decided to marry Luke, both for Brad and for him."

## Chapter 1282

"I didn't want to see him live in loneliness and in grief for the rest of his life. I thought it would be good to have someone by his side. Maybe he would be cheered up..."

"But in the end, it turned out I was wrong. I overestimated myself. I could not make him happy. He hated me. I didn't get to live a single happy day either..."

"Well, I've talked so much. I'm feeling tired. You must be tired of listening to me out. I used to think that without love, just for Brad's sake, I should stick with our marriage." "But I'm so tired. I'm exhausted. It had been eight years, countless days and nights. He was no longer relevant to me now. I gave him my first love and my years of youth. That was enough."

"From now on, I want to live my own life. As for Luke, I don't love him anymore. I used to be a blind moth flying to the fire. Now I don't love him anymore. It's getting late. I should leave now. I'll bring Brad to see you in a few days. You haven't seen him for a long time..."

Eileen said so much to the tomb and she felt relaxed. She was relieved.

Now she had really let go of everything.

For so long, she had kept these thoughts on her mind. She had no one to talk to.

Eileen smiled and waved her hand. Then she walked away slowly, dragging her limp leg.

The road was a little bumpy and Eileen stumbled on her feet. She almost fell to the ground. Fortunately, she held onto a tree to steady herself.

When Eileen left, a tall figure came out from nearby.

It was Luke.

He also had a bunch of red roses in his hand.

Night fell. The whole cemetery seemed to be covered with a haze of darkness.

The cold wind blew and the corners of his coat fluttered. It rattled slightly.

Luke stood in silence. He swallowed and he fastened his gaze on the distant figure walking away.

Just before, he heard every word Eileen had said.

After a long time, he walked over to the tomb and placed the roses with the ones Eileen had brought. The roses were crimson.

Then Luke sat down on the ground in front of the tombstone. He didn't care if his clothes caught the dust.

The picture of Merlin on the tombstone was chosen by Luke. It was a photo of her with the brightest smile, with her curved eyes and big dimples up the corners of her mouth.

Just then, Kingsley and Sherman also came.

They also brought red roses. Kingsley never forgot Merlin's birthday.

It was the first time the three met after a long time.

Under such circumstances, Sherman broke the silence to make the atmosphere not too awkward. "Luke, long time no see!" Luke got up from the ground. The back of his suit pants got grass on.

He gently patted the grass off and smiled faintly, "Sherman, it's been a long time."

At that moment, the two both smiled from their hearts. They were both earnest. They both let go of the past.

"You brought so many roses!" Sherman's eyes fell on the red roses in front of the tombstone, dark-colored. "We brought some, too."

"Merlin loved red roses when she was alive. She'll be happy." Luke still had the faint smile.

His eyes paused slightly as he glanced over the bouquet of roses Eileen had placed.

It was an appropriate place to talk.

Then Luke said, "Thank you for coming to see Merlin. You must have something to say to Merlin. I have some business to attend to. I'll leave now."

Then Luke turned around.

His eyes met Kingsley's. He had mixed emotions in his heart at this moment. "I'll give you a call when I have time! Take care!"

After what happened in the woods, it was impossible for the two to get back to being as close as they were when nothing had happened.

They became a little distant.

Kingsley's handsome face remained nonchalant as before, neither too warm nor too cold. He nodded his head slightly.

Chapter 1283

Seeing Kingsley nod his head in response, Luke was content. He was grateful." Thanks!"

Luke knew Kingsley's character very well.

Although Kingsley used to be gentle and mild, if he got enraged, no one could turn him back.

After the things Luke had done, Kingsley nodded to him at the occasion, which meant that he had forgiven Luke.

Luke started his step and walked slowly forward.

Suddenly, Sherman shouted from behind, " Luke!"

Luke's brow furrowed slightly, he paused his step and looked back at her.

Sherman had a smile on her face and shouted, "Eileen is really a wonderful woman!"

Hearing her words, Luke paused. His lengthy body froze, and he stood still.

He had never expected Sherman to say such words to him. He was surprised.

Luke paused for a moment. Then he continued to walk forward.

Kingsley took off his trench coat and draped it over Sherman's shoulders. "Why would you say that to Luke?"

"I didn't want Eileen to end up like me. Even if for Merlin's sake, I wish Luke to live a happy life."

Sherman wrapped the coat tighter.

"They're different from me and Billy.

They've got Brad. Maybe they can get back together."

Billy had betrayed their marriage for another woman, because of whom Sherman miscarried their baby, so she couldn't forgive him.

Sherman had tried to forgive Billy. She had tried so hard, but it didn't work.

Luke was a good man. He would let go of Zora's death sooner or later and realize the importance of cherishing the one who loved him.

If Luke and Eileen could get back together, that would be great. If they couldn't, that was fate.

Hearing Sherman's words, Kingsley's thick brows slowly furrowed. "It sounds like you're being nostalgic."

"Am I?" Sherman was confused.

"I don't like what you just said and the look on your face..."

Kingsley's low voice had an explicit sense of accusation in it. "You said you didn't want Eileen to end up like you. Do you mean to get a divorce, or something else?"

Instantly, Sherman laughed out softly, "Are you becoming so jealous now? Do you realize that?"

Kingsley raised his eyebrows slightly.

He didn't care about her teasing. He just stared into her eyes.

"When I said I didn't want Eileen to end up like me, I mean I didn't want her to live alone as I did after my divorce. Life is tough for a woman to live alone after a divorce. Of course, that was before I met you.

"Ever since I met you, my life has been wonderful. I'm so happy."

The last sentence was clearly meant to please Kingsley.

Sherman hadn't realized before that although a man was mature, he could also be childish when he was upset.

Kingsley's thin lips curled upward. He took her into his arms.



"Although life is tough, one can learn a lot and grow a lot through it. Perhaps for Eileen, going through such a period, she will also be more mature and better."

Sherman agreed with Kingsley's words.

It was exactly what she experienced after the divorce. Life was hard, but she felt fulfilled.

Sherman squinted her eyes and said, "I hope Eileen will meet her Mr. Right in the future too."

Although she had only met Eileen once, she felt a natural fondness for the woman.

Perhaps the two women both had suffered failed marriages, or perhaps they had similar personalities.

Chapter 1284

"Am I that perfect?"

Kingsley looked deeply into Sherman's eyes.

Her simple words touched his heart.

"Absolutely! Now you know how happy I've been since I'm with you." Sherman beamed at him. She blushed while saying the words.

After a while, the two left, Kingsley's arm wrapped around Sherman's waist. The red roses behind them were swaying in the wind...

On the other side...

Eileen went to the company.

It was the general manager of the company that gave her the interview.

The manager was a little surprised to see her slightly lame leg.

Eileen noticed the strange look in the manager's eyes. She awkwardly withdrew her leg.

The manager smiled, "Please sit down."

"Thank you."

"Are you married?"

Eileen took a deep breath. "I've divorced."

"I'm sorry." The manager apologized. Then she asked again, "Do you have children?"

"Yes, a boy. Now he lives with his father."

The manager nodded her head.

In Eileen's case, she definitely had no intention of having more children for the time being, and she could devote herself to her work.

"I've read your resume, very good. You graduated from a prestigious school, and your professional skills are excellent. You fit our requirements perfectly. You're hired."

Eileen was a bit stunned.

She hadn't expected her to get through the interview and be hired so smoothly.

"Thank you, but I'll have to consider it."

The manager raised her eyebrows, "Why? What are you hesitating about, the company environment or the salary? We can talk about it."

Eileen shook her head. She said honestly, "I have stomach cancer. I'll probably need chemotherapy soon. I'm afraid my body condition can't take the work."

The manager furrowed her brows.

After thinking for a few seconds, the manager said, "I can help you apply to the management. When your body allows it, you come to the office. When you are not feeling good, you can work from home. I will give you the drawing and the salary will be calculated by piece."

Eileen was overwhelmed with surprise, "Is that okay?"

"Sure."

"Thank you."

The manager curled up her lips slightly, "You are a tough woman. I am willing to give you an opportunity."

Luke returned to Bennington family's villa.

Brad was still awake.

He was sitting on the couch, his little body twisted, doing his homework.

Luke strode over and sat down next to Brad.

Brad was writing attentively, but the next second, he became awkward and his pencil stopped.

"Why did you stop? You don't understand this question?" Luke asked, noticing that his son had stopped writing.

Brad hurriedly shook his head and lowered his head down to his book to continue his homework.

"Are you writing your homework or are you going to eat the book? Sit up straight and keep your back straight! Why are you sitting so crooked?" At the same time, he wrenched Brad's body upright.

Brad chewed on his pencil.

He wondered what was wrong with his dad this evening. Luke looked a little different than usual.

"Are you hungry?" Luke watched his son's movements.

Brad didn't say anything.

Brandy replied, "Brad hasn't eaten anything all day."

Instantly, Luke narrowed his eyes, "Are you planning to starve yourself again to threaten me?"

Chapter 1285

"No, I'm not!" Brad shook his head, "I promised mom I'd behave. But I'm used to eating mom's cooking."

Brad paused and watched his dad's expression carefully. Then he continued, "I want to go to mom's place to eat. Dad, you also ate more when we were at mom's place. Mom's cooking is delicious."

Hearing Brad's words, Luke was irritated immediately.

He lost his patience. It was like he was being poked at a sore point. He snapped, "You can eat if you want, or you can starve yourself!"

Brad continued to beg him, "I won't go to

mom's home after she leaves the country. Dad, is it okay?"

Luke refused him bluntly, "No way! Don't even think about it! You want too much!"

Then Brad was silent again.

"If he doesn't eat much, get him what he wants. If he's being pettish, leave him alone! I want to see how long he could starve!" Luke glanced at Brad and warned the servant in a stern voice.

Brad didn't dare to speak.

He had always been afraid of his father, and now that Luke had lost his temper, Brad was even more frightened.

However, the corners of Luke's lips curled up lightly.

He called Brandy and gave him the names of a few dishes, and he asked Brandy to tell the kitchen to cook them.

Those dishes were some of Brad's favorites at Eileen's place. He noticed that and kept them in his mind.

The house fell quiet again. Brad continued to do his homework. Only the sound of the pencil scratching on the paper was heard in the room. Luke also stopped talking. He just watched Brad in silence.

When Brandy came out of the kitchen, he saw this scene. He felt happy.

Luke had never been close to Brad before. With such progress, it was really joyful!

It was nine o'clock after Brad had done his homework and eaten some food.

Brad had something on his mind. He was hesitant, but he asked carefully, "It's mom's birthday in a week. Can I go to mom's place to celebrate her birthday?"

Eileen's birthday?

Luke's brow furrowed, he didn't say a word. He just took a sip of water.

However, Brad became anxious, "I have to celebrate mom's birthday with her! I used to celebrate each of Mom's birthdays with her! I don't want her to spend her birthday alone this year!"

Brad used to celebrate Eileen's birthday with her every year. They would buy a small cake and Eileen would cook a few dishes herself.

Without Brad, Eileen would have been very lonely!

But Luke didn't answer him. He raised his hand to look at his watch and said, "It's time for you to go to bed."

Brad had always been afraid of Luke. He didn't dare offend his dad.

"Dad, I'll do whatever you say. But I have to go to mom's place on her birthday. It is my duty."

Luke straightened his back. He looked serious and stern.

Luke said coldly, "You just promised me that you would not go to your mother's."

Now you've found a new reason. What excuse do you want to use next time?"

Brad didn't say anything but angrily shoved the workbooks on the table into his bag haphazardly.

Grabbing his bag, Brad ran up the stairs. He was so angry that he made a clanging noise.

Brandy frowned. He was confused.

The two were getting along well just now,

weren't they?

How could Brad get angry in just one second?

Luke seemed nonchalant. He was still sipping his water. He felt that Brad's character was like that of his mother.

When he was afraid of him, he was all cautious. He didn't even dare to say more.

But when he got angry, he was explosive, and he was reckless.

The drawings had to be done in a few days. There wasn't a lot of time left for Eileen.

Eileen was working overtime on her drawings at the office. After all, only a few days were left.

It was half a month before her chemotherapy date.

She hadn't seen Brad in the last few days.

and she missed her son terribly.

She had looked after him for eight years. How could she stay easy leaving her little boy to Luke so soon?

But most of the time she was very busy. She had a lot of work to do.

That was fine. She could numb herself with work. Missing Brad would at least be less painstaking.

Chapter 1286

A week passed in the blink of an eye.

In the evening.

As soon as he came back from school, Brad locked himself into his room, not eating.

Sitting on the sofa, Luke glanced up at Brad's room and ordered Brandy, "Go upstairs and take a look."

"Yes."

Brandy was relieved.

Mr. Bennington finally began to care about his son. This was a good start.

He went upstairs and knocked gently on the door.

"Come in."

Brandy pushed open the door.

Brad was lying on his bed, watching a video.

Brandy said, "Brad, it's time to eat dinner."

Brad shook his head. "Brandy, I want to eat after making a cake."

"You know how to do it?" Brandy asked in surprise.

"No, but I'm learning from the video. I want to make a cake myself."

Brandy said, "We have a pastry chef at home. Let me take you down and ask him to teach you."

Instantly, Brad's face softened. "Thank you, Brandy."

They went downstairs. Brandy sent Brad to the kitchen and then came to Luke. Brandy told Luke that Brad was learning to make cakes.



Hearing what Brandy had said, Luke raised his eyebrows. "Learning to make cakes?"

He then remembered that Brad had said a week ago that it was Eileen's birthday today.

"Yes."

"Okay, just let him do it."

An hour later.

Brad walked up to Luke. "Dad, today is Mom's birthday. I want to go and celebrate her birthday."

Luke turned a deaf ear.

People were always greedy. As long as he gave an inch, Brad would take a yard.

He wouldn't be soft-hearted this time.

"Please, Dad..." Brad lowered his head, his voice pleading.

Luke was still reading the newspaper.

After waiting for two minutes, Brad gave up, turned around, and walked to Brandy.

"Brandy, today is Mom's birthday. I can't go to see her. Can you help me give her the cake?"

Brandy was stunned, subconsciously looking at Luke.

Luke's eyes were slightly narrowed. His face was sullen and unreadable.

In front of Luke, Brandy didn't dare to agree. He said, "I'm still working, so I possibly can't go."

Brad hurriedly said, "It's okay. You can Feeling embarrassed, Brandy found an excuse, "I have other things to do after work. I'm afraid I can't help you."

send it after work."

"Really?"

Brandy didn't have the guts to meet his pure eyes, looking away with a nod.

Brad fell silent, his face filled with disappointment.

He then mumbled, "I've promised Mom I'll listen to dad, so she'll forgive me even if she can't eat the cake made by me..."

Brandy consoled him, "Ms. Barton won't blame you. She'll be happy that you're so obedient."

"Is that so?" Brad forced a smile. "Every year on her birthday, we were together. I'm not by her side now. She must be very

lonely. She has no one else but me."

Brandy didn't reply, feeling so sad.

Brad continued, "People said on the Inte that the birth of a child is the suffering of his mother. Mom had a long scar on her belly because of my birth, but I can't even accompany her on her birthday. Brandy, is it pointless to have a baby? I'm useless, right?"

Luke raised his eyes slightly.

Brandy had an impulse to pick up Brad and rush out!

However, he didn't dare.

The little boy stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

He looked across at the night sky with an air of loneliness and sadness.

Looking at his back, Brandy felt even more heartbroken, secretly wiping his tears.

Seeing this, Luke was not in the mood to read the newspaper.

Chapter 1287

Brad inherited her genes. They were both good at acting.

He threw aside the newspaper and said in a deep voice, "Come here!"

In the company.

Eileen had adapted to the new work. She planned to earn enough money for chemotherapy and hospitalization.

In the evening, the manager, Jayla Sampson, told the staff to go to the bar together after work.

Eileen declined, "Ms. Sampson, I'm not feeling well. I want to go back home early." She had something wrong with one of her legs, so the bar wasn't suitable for her. People would make fun of her.

Jayla shook her head. "Everyone else will attend. Why can't you?"

Eileen wanted to refuse, but Jayla had already left.

Resignedly, she intended to go through the motions quickly and leave the bar.

After all, she had just joined the company. She needed to get used to it.

Besides, Jayla was good to her. She had to go as a favor to Jayla.

At the end of the day, everyone in the office cheered.

Eileen was calm.

Some of them had cars, so they drove their colleagues to the bar.

This was the second time Eileen had come to the bar in her life.

Merlin once dragged her to the bar and drank a lot after being rejected by Kingsley.

Perhaps because of her character, she felt the music was noisy and her head was in a buzz. She just wanted to leave as soon as possible.

Jayla booked a private room.

Eileen sat down.

Suddenly, thunderous applause rang out, accompanied by the birthday song.

She was stunned, standing still.

She was in a daze for a long while.

"You've even forgotten your birthday?"

Jayla smiled. "If not for you, we couldn't have finished the project on time. We're here to celebrate your birthday and thank you!"

She couldn't help showing concern and admiration for this strong woman.

Finally, Eileen came out of her trance.

Immediately, a warm feeling surged through her. Her nose twitched and her eyes were moist.  
"Thank you all for giving me such a surprise!"

Her colleagues chuckled friendly.

The waiter pushed the cake in. They happily smeared each other with cream.

Eileen was smeared the most. Her cheeks and forehead were covered with the cream.

Yet she was smiling. She had never been s o delighted.

She had lived for so many years, but this birthday was the most lively and cheerful.

She wasn't as lonely as before.

She used to be afraid that she couldn't fit in with others because of her crippled leg, but now it seemed she thought too much.

When one closed her heart, who could walk in?

Once she opened her heart, she would find everything different.

She didn't understand that before.

Never had she expected to have fun with so many colleagues.

Eileen felt wonderful and pleased.

Her face lit up, completely not as gloomy as it used to be.

They played games until after nine o'clock.

Since they still had a lot of work to do, the

plan of singing Karaoke was canceled.

Jayla said, "Eileen is the birthday girl. We can't let her take the bus back. Ruben, drive Eileen back."

Eileen hastily refused.

She didn't want to trouble others, but Jayla didn't listen to her at all.

She had no choice but to get into Ruben's car.

After asking for the address, he set the destination on the guide map and then started the car.

Ruben was 30 years old and good-looking.

In the company, he was very attractive to female colleagues. They talked a lot in the car. He was chatty and good at spicing things up. The atmosphere was quite good.

Chapter 1288

Meanwhile, Ruben slipped up.

Only then did Eileen know that he was the son of the company's president.

"Keep it a secret for now." Ruben shook his head with resignation.

"Okay. I won't tell others."

Eileen smiled faintly. "I'm not a gossip. Don't worry."

"I trust you."

Ruben laughed.

"I had never told other colleagues about it for so long but spilled the beans to you. The company is not as good as before. It's getting worse rapidly.

"Before I take it over, I have to know it very well and then make a change. My parents set up the company. Many people entered the company through the back door. They did nothing but occupy the positions and sideline the talents."

"Just like you believe I'll keep the secret, I believe you can manage the company well. Now few rich second generations are as patient and determined as you. They are all pompous and unrealistic. Where there's a will, there's a way. That's always true."

Ruben's smile deepened. "Thank you for your blessings."

They arrived at Eileen's apartment building. Ruben was looking for a place to park. "Is it safe to live here?" "Yes. Most importantly, the rent is cheap.

When I have more money, I'll consider moving house. Thank you for sending me back. Drive safely." "Close the doors and windows. Be careful when staying alone. Go up now," Ruben said.

There was a supermarket nearby. Eileen told him to wait.

She went to the supermarket and bought him a cup of coffee. "It's instant coffee. I think you may be thirsty."

"Indeed. My lips are dry. Thank you so much."

Eileen shook her head and walked towards the stairwell.

As she opened the door, she was stunned. Brad was reclining on the seat at the table, A tall figure stood by the window, staring downstairs. It was none other than Luke.

She walked over, picked up Brad, and put him on the bed, asking, "Why are you in my room?"

Luke turned around with a sullen face." You are now quite good at having fun, aren't you?"

"I'm asking you how you entered my room."

Luke sat down on the sofa. "I asked your landlord for the key."

Hearing this, Eileen frowned.

How could the landlord give the key to others?

"Why did you come back so late?"

Luke looked askance at her.

Just now she was smiling at another man downstairs, but her expression changed as soon as she walked into the room and saw him.

What a mobile face!

Eileen ignored him, tucking Brad in.

"Don't get into my room again. I think you are a decent person. You shouldn't have broken into my place. You're violating my privacy and threatening my safety!"

"So what? You don't want me and Brad to come over or enter your room anymore, right?" Luke looked straight at her, saying slowly.

"Not Brad but you!"

She wrinkled her brow as she emphasized coldly, "Brad is my son. Of course, he can come here.



"But you're just a stranger to me. You always wanted to make a clean break with me but didn't have the chance. Now that you're finally able to get rid of me, why do you have to get entangled with me again? This is not like you."

Luke's Adam's apple bobbed slightly. "You want to completely clear the line with me?"

"It was you who wanted to have done with me. Now me too. Since we have the same purpose, I think it will be easy to fulfill."

Chapter 1289

She had never spoken to him so calmly.

Now, however, she felt at peace. She was satisfied with her progress.

Hearing what she said, Luke didn't feel any better. Instead, he was annoyed.

He said indifferently, "It sounds as if I was eager to come here. If Brad hadn't cried for you, do you think I would have brought him here?"

"Besides, if he hadn't been unable to stand because of the long wait, would I have asked the landlord for the key to bring him in?"

"But now I think that is superfluous. You don't want me to bring Brad here. You can rest assured. I won't do it again!"

Luke was in an extremely bad mood.

He shouldn't have been soft-hearted and listened to Brad!

Therefore, he should continue his previous style, being cold and impersonal.

Anyway, he didn't want Brad to be close to Eileen, which was not conducive to the development of Brad's character.

Hearing this, Eileen wrinkled her brows involuntarily, saying, "You can ask the maid or the driver to take Brad over."

She just hated seeing him.

Seeing Brad was the happiest thing for her!

"Give my son to the maid? What if something happens to Brad? Who can afford it, you, me, or the maid?" Luke said righteously and aggressively.

Eileen was stumped.

Since he had always been indifferent to Brad, how could he care about him so much?

She didn't believe it.

They were at loggerheads.

At this time, Brad threw back the cover and sat up. "Mom, you're back?"

Eileen turned her gaze with a grunt.

"Don't blame Dad. I begged Dad to bring me over for your birthday. This might be the last birthday I could celebrate for you, so can you be happy and not get angry?"

Eileen nodded. "Okay."

She was a little surprised.

Luke listened to Brad and agreed to his request.

While shocked, she was also relieved.

As long as they could get along well, she wouldn't turn in her grave.

"Why are you so late? I've been waiting for you for a long time. Today is your birthday. We bought a cake and came to celebrate it."

She was touched. The child's childish words were like a soft wind, warming her heart. She asked, "How long have you waited?"

"So long. Dad and I got here at seven o'clock, but you didn't come back. I felt cold, so Dad asked for the key to bring me i

n. Mom, where have you been?"

"My colleagues were celebrating my birthday," she answered, reaching out to brush the thread off his face.

Brad's bright eyes widened. "Really?" "Yes." "That's great! But I'm a little jealous that they celebrated Mom's birthday before me. " Brad was happy for her but somewhat discontented.

Eileen laughed. "But I like spending it with you the most, and I enjoy eating the birthday cake you buy me every year."

Only then did Brad feel better.

He sat up, put on the slippers, walked to the kitchen, and brought out a cake.

He put it on the table and placed the candles on top of it.

He did that seriously. His mom was 30 years old.

Chapter 1290

Every year on their birthdays, the most important thing for him was to put candles on the cake.

Brad felt it was sacred.

Therefore, he must do it reverently and seriously.

He counted several times until he was sure he didn't make a mistake. He then pulled Eileen in front of the cake. "Mom, make a wish."

'Make a wish?'

Eileen was stunned.

All these years, she had never made a serious wish. They were all casual and perfunctory.

Now that she had started a new life, she was going to make a serious wish!

She wished she could survive.

She wished Brad could grow up well, be loved, and have a good future.

If she could only choose one wish, then it would be the second one.

With her hands together in front of her chest, she closed her eyes and quietly made a wish.

Brad blinked, glancing at Luke. He then walked over on his short legs, pulling him to the table.

His little hands clapped as he sang the birthday song and winked at Luke as a sign for him to sing together.

How could Luke do such a childish and stupid thing?

He raised his eyebrows slightly, leaning there without making any move.

In the light, Eileen's face was fair, clear, and flawless.

The candles shed a yellow glow on her. The room was warm and quiet.

Luke's eyebrows twitched, but his expression remained indifferent.

Inside the room, only the childish song could be heard.

Then they cut the cake. Brad playfully rubbed the cream everywhere.

He was even bold enough to go around Eileen and smear Luke's face.

Luke had never been treated like this.

With the cream on his face, he frowned in annoyance. As he was about to lose his temper, he saw the bright smile on Brad's small face.

The atmosphere was very lively. Luke's anger quickly cooled.

Brad had to go to school tomorrow, and now it was eleven o'clock. They therefore couldn't play any longer.

Eileen cleaned the room that was in a mess.

Luke went to the bathroom, and Brad followed behind.

As she finished, both of them came out.

Brad hugged her and kissed her cheeks before leaving reluctantly.

After watching the car drive away, Eileen withdrew her gaze. There was cream on her clothes. She had to wash them first. The father and son spent a few days together. Brad was less afraid of him than before, but only when Luke didn't lose his temper.

Luke was driving.

Brad sat in the passenger seat, wearing the seat belt.

"Why didn't you make a cake and sing a song on my birthday?" Luke curled his thin lips.