

President 1251

Chapter 1251

As soon as the doctor left, Kirsten wailed with watering eyes and a running nose.

Eileen said, "Don't cry. You make me nervous."

Kirsten answered, "I don't want to cry, but I can't control myself. How can it be cancer? What are you going to do? Everyone said good things happen to good people. That's bullshit! Good people are being bullied, while bad guys get their way!"

"Now, now, don't cry. What if Brad comes in?"

Only then did Kirsten stop sobbing.

"Does Brad know it?"

Eileen shook her head. "No. I haven't told him."

Kirsten's mind was in a whirl. "What about Luke?"

Eileen fell silent.

Seeing her expression, Kirsten understood. "He doesn't know it either?"

"No."

"Tell him. He's your husband. Besides, Luke is powerful in Lanechett. Maybe he can help you get the best treatment."

Eileen replied, "He hates me. Even if I die in front of him, he'll be indifferent."

Kirsten didn't believe it. "You haven't even tried it. How can you be so sure?"

"I've been married to him for eight years, Kirsten. No one knows him better than me." Kirsten was speechless.

"Yesterday he and I were supposed to go to the Civil Registry Office to get a divorce, so I asked you to look after Brad," Eileen said calmly.

Kirsten was shocked, unable to react.

She came out of her trance after a while, saying in a huff, "Just divorce him! I've detested that jerk for a long time!"

Eileen didn't speak.

Her face was gloomy and unreadable.

Outside the ward.

Worried about Eileen, Brad only slept for half an hour.

He rubbed his eyes, walking towards the ward.

As soon as he walked around the corner, he saw a tall and familiar figure.

"Dad!" He exclaimed in delight.

Luke turned around.

Brad ran over, looking up. "Dad, are you here to see Mom?"

Luke raised his eyebrows, replying with an emotionless grunt.

Brad was always sensitive, especially good at reading people's faces.

He could see the perfunctory look in Luke's eyes.

Brad's small body tensed up as he bit his lip, asking tentatively, "Dad, are you here to divorce Mom?"

"Did she tell you that?" Luke asked.

Brad was smart enough to know he was right from Luke's question.

"Dad, can you not divorce Mom?" His eyes were bright with tears welling up in them.

After all, he was Luke's son. They had the same blood.

Luke's heart was softened, uncharacteristically stroking his head. "It is a matter for adults. You don't understand."

Brad was anxious. "Dad, Mom is very gentle and good at cooking. She's the best mom in the world!"

"She is yours, not mine. Understand?" Luke said mercilessly.

Wiping his tears, Brad choked out, "Dad, what should I do so that you won't divorce Mom?"

Luke didn't answer.

The next moment he heard a bump.

Brad slumped to his knees, his small back straight.

"Dad, please. I beg you. Don't divorce Mom. She's so pathetic."

In the corridor, people came and went.

Seeing this, they all stopped to rubber-neck.

"Scram!" Luke roared.

The crowd scattered and stood far away, discussing.

Luke's face clouded over as he stared at Brad. "Stand up!"

Chapter 1252

Although Brad was afraid of Luke's anger, he was very stubborn and said, "I won't get up until you promise me!"

"Tell me! Who taught you to do this?" Luke said with a gloomy face.

Brad curled up his body and shook his shoulders. "No one taught me."

Obviously, Luke didn't believe it.

Luke asked coldly, "Is that Eileen?"

Brad quickly shook his head and said, "No! Mom didn't do that."

Luke still didn't believe it. He said in a deep voice, "Get up."

Brad was on his knees and refused to move. Luke lost his patience and walked over with big steps to grab Brad by the collar.

He was rude and held Brad as if he were a puppy.

"Bang!"

The door of the ward was slammed open.

Hearing the loud noise, Eileen and Kirsten looked at the door.

Luke's face was gloomy. He looked fierce and was holding Brad, whose face turned pale.

Before Eileen could say a word, Brad had been thrown on the bed by Luke.

Eileen looked at Brad anxiously. After she confirmed that he was fine, she looked at Luke and sneered, "Even if you don't like Brad, he is still your son. It's my problem that I didn't keep my promise. Why are you mad at Brad?"

Kirsten was also uncomfortable with Luke's behavior and said, "That's right. Are you still a man?"

Luke gave Kirsten a cold look and said, "Get out!"

Kirsten shivered uncontrollably.

"Heh, you're quite good at taking it out on others. You're even using an eight-year-old child. You are more vicious than evil."

Luke's eyes were like needles, trying to poke holes in Eileen's body. He said coldly, "A vicious woman like you doesn't deserve to be called a mother."

Eileen's chest rose and fell rapidly. She asked, "What do you mean?"

"It's okay if you didn't want to divorce for a while. But you use your son! You are even worse than a beggar! Every time I look at you, I feel sick!"

Eileen frowned, "I didn't regret the divorce!

I just fainted. How come I used Brad?"

Luke gritted his teeth and said, "You taught him, an eight-year-old child, to kneel down in front of everyone and beg me not to divorce you. Eileen, what a nice try!"

Eileen was stunned when she heard what Luke said.

After regaining her senses, she looked at Brad and asked, "Is this true?"

Brad didn't say anything. He lowered his head and clenched his fingers.

"Brad, answer my question!"

Eileen was so angry that she couldn't help but raise her volume.

Brad trembled with fear.

"Brad, are you deaf or dumb?"

Brad raised his head and his eyes were filled with tears. After the tears fell down, he hurriedly used both hands to wipe them.

However, he couldn't stop the tears.

Eileen was heartbroken, but she still wore a serious face and said, "Answer my question!"

"It's true."

His voice was as low as the buzz of mosquitoes.

"Why did you do that?"

Brad bit his lips for a long time before he said, "I don't want you and Dad to get a divorce. If you are divorced, I want to be with you."

Brad's answer broke Eileen's heart.

Luke wore a cold expression as he raised his volume and shouted, "Jed!"

The ward door was opened again. Jed walked in and said, "Mr. Bennington."

"Get Brad out of here!"

Jed walked toward Brad and said, "Sorry, Brad."

"I'm not leaving! I want to stay with Mom!" Brad hid behind Eileen.

Jed was caught in the middle. Luke asked him to take Brad away, but Brad, who was the young master of the Bennington family, didn't want to go with him.

Luke swept a glance at Jed and said indifferently, "If he doesn't listen, then forcibly take him away. Do you need me to teach you?"

Chapter 1253

"Got it, Mr. Bennington."

Jed reached out to catch Brad.

Brad clutched the ward bed with both hands as hard as he could.

But he was too young to exert greater strength, so he was lifted by Jed in a few seconds.

The door of the ward was closed to block Brad's shouting.

Eileen was worried, "Where are you taking him to?"

Luke said, "It has nothing to do with you."

"I carried him in my belly for forty weeks and gave birth to him. He is my son!" "Bennington is his last name. And he was born a descendant of our Benningtons."

Luke narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "Stop pretending to be sick. Go to the Civil Registry Office and get a divorce with me."

'Am I pretending to be sick?'

She had already been so ill. Was there a need to fake an illness?

"I will go to the Civil Registry Office for a divorce you as long as you promise me one thing."

"Hmm?" Luke looked impatient as he waited for her next words.

"Brad will live with me for five months first. I will bring him back to you after that."

Luke put on a serious expression, "Never think about it. You are a tricky woman. I don't trust you anymore."

Eileen smiled and didn't retort.

"Over the past eight years, you have done a really bad job in educating him. From now on, I'll teach him by myself."

"As a boy, Brad knelt without any hesitation just to achieve his purpose."

'Bad job? You teach him?'

Eileen's hands, which were hanging down to her sides, slowly clenched.

Kristen demanded, "She has gone through a hard time raising Brad on her own after he was born. But you are ungrateful to her and criticize her. Luke, be normal."

"You know what? Brad is the most considerate and kindest child I've ever seen. He is a good boy."

"How could you criticize Eileen for not educating Brad well?" "Have you ever taken on any of the responsibility as his father all these years?"

"You just want the sexual pleasure, and you are unwilling to take on any of the responsibility as a father. Even an animal is responsible for its babies."

Luke's expression darkened and his eyes were as cold as ice.

It was obvious that he was very angry.

Kristen had seldom had the guts to do so. But she straightened her back this time.

"So, I have Brad live with me and I will reeducate my son. Do you have a problem with that?" Luke asked.

"Hump."

Kristen was pissed off.

He was arguing!

Kristen had never met anyone who was shameless as Luke!

Eileen felt very sick. She didn't even have the energy to quarrel with Luke.

Holding back her anger, Eileen said coldly, "I have made it very clear. Brad will live with me for the first five months after we are divorced. Otherwise, I will not agree to divorce!"

Brad did not need him to re-educate.

Luke's way of educating would be perverted and cruel.

Eileen saw the way Luke treated Brad just now. Brad was fear of him.

Luke stared at Eileen's eyes.

"I have time with you if you'd like to go on like this," Luke said, gritting his teeth.

Then he turned around and left the ward.

He slammed the door shut

Eileen suddenly felt she had no strength. Her body went limp with her back against the hospital bed.

"Yuck!"

Kristen spat at Luke's back, "He is a scum, a bastard!"

Eileen closed her eyes as her body chilled.

Feeling worried, Kristen patted Eillen's hands and said, "It's okay. Don't worry."

Eileen said, "From now on, I can never see Brad again. He won't allow me to see him."

Chapter 1254

Kirsten patted Eileen's hand and said consolingly, "Rest assured, that won't happen. No matter how heartless he is, he has no right and is in no position to forbid you from visiting Brad, because you're Brad's mother."

Eileen lifted her head and repeated, "Kirsten, I know him too well."

Words eluded Kirsten.

After quite a while, she let out a long sigh." Eileen, allowing yourself to fall in love with Luke was the biggest mistake of your life."

Eileen smiled self-deprecatingly, "Tell me about it." "Actually, your life would've been pretty good if it were another man that you married," Kirsten remarked. "You would've had an enjoyable romantic relationship in which a man doted on you and cherished you."

Eileen lapsed into silence.

In fact, Kirsten was right.

She had begun to have a sneaking affection for Luke at the start of her puberty, and she had been unable to develop feelings for any other man ever since.

And afterwards, by a strange quirk of fate, she had married Luke.

Everybody of her acquaintance had believed that her decision was wrong, but she had felt rapturous.

At that time, her intentions had been simple and artless. It didn't matter whether

Luke had feelings for her or not. All she wanted was for the two of them to live in the same house as a family.

But how her marriage had ended up was like a hard slap across her face.

"What a shame. You've never even dated anybody properly, and you lost everything: your love, your child, and almost your life..."

Kirsten felt more hard done by with her every word, and she began to weep again.

After crying for a few moments, she became exasperated and cursed loudly.

"I hope Luke will have a car accident and die a violent death."

On hearing that, Eileen lifted her eyes."

That's enough, Kirsten."

"Eileen, don't tell me you still care about that bastard!" Kirsten said through gritted teeth.

She had a fierce look on her face. Eileen felt that Kirsten would definitely kill her if she answered in the affirmative.

"Maybe you should wish Luke some other misfortune. He must not die. If he dies, Brad would be an orphan."

She couldn't let Brad become a parentless boy.

"Bah! What nonsense is that? I'm sure you'll make a full recovery and have longevity!" Kirsten said. "Well, I hope he'll develop male impotence and never have another child!"

Eileen smiled, "That's exactly what I want."

Though knowing it was selfish, she really hoped that Luke would develop infertility.

That was the only way to ensure that Luke would be nice to Brad forever.

It was common knowledge that a stepmother could never be impartial.

If Luke remarried, would his new wife be good to Brad?

That was very unlikely.

Besides, the Bennington family was wealthy, and Luke would surely get another son to inherit the family fortune.

Luke didn't like Brad and hardly had any fatherly love for him. If he had another child, he would only distance himself from Brad further.

The very thought of that gave Eileen a pang of intense heartache.

Before long, Kirsten left to attend to something.

Eileen was the only one left in the ward.

It was 10 p.m. already, but she was not sleepy at all.

For the first time ever, Brad was not by her side.

She then recalled Luke's attitude towards Brad, which made it even more difficult for her to get to sleep. Therefore, she sat up and dialed Luke's number.

At first an automated voice told her the line was busy, that she might try again later.

She dialed the number five times in a row and the phone was still busy.

Clearly Luke didn't want to answer her calls.

Eileen didn't give up and kept calling him.

"Sorry, the number you're trying to reach is unavailable."

This time Luke blocked her.

Eileen chuckled and, hugging her knees, looked out of the window.

The night sky was moonless, starless and pitch-black.

Suddenly, a meteor rent the canopy of darkness.

The look in Eileen's eyes flickered and with that an idea occurred to her.

Chapter 1255

The next day.

At five o'clock in the morning, Kirsten came to the hospital.

She was worried about Eileen.

She was divorced, and her son was taken away. Now she was suffering from cancer, lying alone in the hospital bed. Who knew if she would do something stupid?

However, when Kirsten pushed open the door to the ward, she froze.

Eileen had woken up and looked quite well.

She even greeted Kirsten with a smile.

"Why are you here so early?"

Kirsten frowned. "Are you okay?"

Eileen laughed self-deprecatingly. "Nothing worse can happen to me, right?"

"That son of a bitch! Has he allowed you to see Brad?" Kirsten asked.

Eileen shook her head. "No."

Kirsten panicked. "Don't do anything foolish!"

Eileen curved her lips. "Don't worry. I promise I won't. I just came around all of a sudden."

"What do you mean?"

"Brad will leave me sooner or later. Even if I'm very sad, I should learn to be used to living without him, and so should him.

"Besides, I have to stay in the hospital for treatment, and I can't let him be here any longer. He is very smart. I'm afraid I can't hide it from him," Eileen answered slowly.

Kirsten felt sorry for her but was relieved." It's good you've come around."

"Well, I'm going to have treatment."

She had thought about it. She could only count on herself.

As long as she was alive, others couldn't bully Brad at will.

Kirsten was delighted.

For the next two days, Eileen was struggling against the bad feelings.

During the day, she would do something that could distract her from missing Brad.

However, when it was late at night, she couldn't resist thinking about her son.

She missed him terribly.

In the past, she imagined the day they parted.

It was as painful as she thought.

The moment she agreed to marry Luke, she knew she would lose out. Brad was destined to leave her.

She married Luke just because she wanted to watch Brad grow up and record it.

She couldn't live with him anymore.

She still remembered when Brad learned to talk and walk. She remembered the first word he said.

He was well-behaved. Other children were noisy, but he slept quietly.

As he woke up, he would giggle at her. He never troubled her as if he knew that it was hard for her to take care of him alone.

She was an orphan. The coming of Brad got her out of loneliness. She listened to him, looked at him doing his homework with him, and watched TV with him.

Now he was taken away. She sank into deep loneliness again.

She gave birth to him with great pain and determination.

However, from now on, he no longer belonged to her. It felt as if all her bones had been taken away.

Eight years ago, she had nothing.

Now she had nothing but illness and wounds in her heart.

This world was always cruel.

She was now a physical and emotional wreck.

She realized she had to live alone.

That understanding little boy would no longer appear and call her Mom.

Yet she knew she could only endure it.

No matter how excruciating it was, she must face it.

Chapter 1256

In the Bennington family's villa.

Luke was sitting on the sofa, dealing with a pile of business documents in front of him.

Brandy stood next to him, wanting to say something.

"What's the matter?"

Luke stopped writing, looking at him.

Brandy answered, "Mr. Bennington, since we took Brad back, he hasn't eaten anything."

"He doesn't like the food here?" Luke asked indifferently.

"I think he misses Mrs. Bennington."

Instantly, Luke's face turned cold as he said angrily, "Remember, don't mention that woman in this house." "Yes," Brandy nervously answered.

He then added, "What about Brad?"

Luke's brows were slightly knitted.

After a long while, he replied, "Call Eileen and ask her what he likes to eat."

Brandy thought, 'You forbid me to mention Mrs. Bennington, but you're doing that.'

However, he didn't have the guts to say so.

He then called Eileen and put her on speakerphone.

"Hello, Brandy, why are you calling? Is something wrong with Brad?" Eileen said in an urgent voice.

"No, Mrs. Bennington..."

Noticing Luke's gaze, Brandy was alarmed and quickly corrected himself, "Ms. Barton, what does Brad like to eat?"

Eileen's voice was soft as she talked about her son, "Brad has a weak stomach. He has to eat porridge twice a day and can't eat pungent foods frequently..."

"Moreover, Brad hasn't fully recovered. I have to trouble you to take him to the hospital for a checkup.

"He doesn't like drinking pure milk, so please put some sugar in it."

Brandy nodded. "Okay, I see. I'll hang up now."

"Wait."

Eileen rambled on, "He occasionally kicks off the quilt in the night. He likes chestnuts, kiwi fruit, grapes, but he doesn't like pears."

She had so many things about Brad to tell them.

"If he has no appetite, you can make some noodles for him."

"Okay."

Eileen continued, "He doesn't like the noodles made by the restaurants. If it's convenient, I can send you some made by myself."

Before Brandy could say anything, Luke said in a deep voice, "No, don't let her come here!"

At the other end of the phone, Eileen could hear it clearly.

She gritted her teeth. Her nails sank into her palms, bringing a sharp pain.

Brandy couldn't bear to see it. He comforted her, "Don't worry. The nanny will take good care of Brad. He'll be fine."

Eileen was stunned for a while and then said, "You're right."

Brandy directly ended the call.

If he hadn't called her, she could have been calm.

Yet now she was anxious.

Brandy wouldn't call her for no reason. There must be something wrong with Brad.

Brad wasn't close to Luke. They were just like strangers to each other.

She was worried that Brad would feel hungry and uncomfortable there. She wondered if he was crying.

Maybe she made the wrong choice.

If she hadn't married Luke, the Bennington family would have directly taken Brad away and she would have been heartbroken.

If she hadn't lived with Brad, she wouldn't have been so sad after sending him away.

Better a finger off than aye wagging.

Now she loved Brad so much. It was unbearable for her to lose him.

She didn't know when she could get rid of the pain.

Chapter 1257

The Bennington family's villa.

Brandy asked the maid to cook some noodles and send them to the room upstairs.

Half an hour later, the maid came down with the bowl.

Brandy asked, "Has he eaten?"

The maid shook her head. "No. You'd better go and have a look. He hasn't eaten anything for two days. He'll get ill if he continues like this."

Brandy went upstairs to Brad's room.

The little boy was sitting on the balcony, crying.

He had never been separated from his mother before.

Seeing his pitiful look, Brandy felt sad.

"Brad, we've cooked noodles for you. Would you like to eat some?"

Brad shook his head. "No. I want Mom. I want to go home."

"Alas..." Brandy let out a long sigh. "This is your home. Don't mention your mom anymore."

Brad didn't say anything, turning around.

He was very stubborn. No matter what Brandy said, he refused to eat.

Brandy coaxed him for quite a while, his throat was dry but it was useless.

He had no choice but to leave.

Luke went to the company. When he came back, it was already 10 p.m.

Brandy quickly came forward and told him how Brad refused to eat.

Hearing that, Luke said with a frown, "Ask the maid to heat the noodles."

Brandy nodded.

After taking off the suit coat and throwing it aside, Luke went upstairs.

As soon as he stepped into the room, he saw Brad crying with red eyes.

"What are you crying for?"

Luke loosened his collar, coldly staring at Brad. "Eileen taught you nothing but crying and playing dirty tricks such as kneeling."

Brad curled up and ignored what he said, wiping his tears.

Being alone with Luke, he was still a little scared.

At this time, Brandy walked in with noodles.

Luke's thin lips twitched as he ordered, " Eat them!"

Brad was still sitting there without raising his head or touching the fork.

Luke had never been close to a child before, so he didn't know how to communicate with the child properly.

He could only try to educate Brad in his way. "Why don't you eat?"

Brad's body twisted. He still didn't speak, his head buried between his knees.

After all, he was his son. Although he didn't bring him up, they had the same blood.

Therefore, Luke asked patiently, "Didn't you say you like to eat noodles? Why don't you eat? What do you want? I'll ask the maid to cook for you."

Brad pursed his lips.

As the president of the Bennington Corporation, he was vigorous in work, and his staff was efficient.

Seeing Brad keep silent as a mime, he boomed with a scowl, "Answer me!"

Brad was scared into crying again.

His tears were falling like scattered pearls as he shook violently.

Brandy couldn't bear to see him like this, but thinking of Luke's warning, he didn't dare to speak.

"Mr. Bennington, he's still a child." "He's eight years old, not a baby. He's a man. He should say what he wants and thinks rather than cry. Only girls cry." Luke's voice was cold. "What else can you do but cry?"

In his opinion, boys should be like steel.

He had been educated as the heir of the Bennington family since he was three years old.

After that, he had forgotten the taste of tears.

Chapter 1258

"Brad, tell your dad what you want. It's useless to cry. It won't solve the problem. Be good," Brandy coaxed.

This father and son had never lived together before.

Doting parents treasured their kids.

Yet Luke's parents had never doted on him. Luke's grandfather had been strict with him and cold to him since he was born.

As a result, he educated Brad in the same way.

There was no warmth in such a powerful and wealthy family. They were cold-hearted.

Brad wiped his tears. "I want my mom. I want to eat porridge made by Mom. I want to go to my mom. I don't want to be here."

As he saw the child begging pitifully, Brandy's heart ached.

He pleaded with Luke, "Mr. Bennington, Brad is too young. What about sending him to Ms. Barton's place tonight? I can take him back tomorrow so that he has time to get used to the new home."

"Why bother? Whether today or tomorrow, sooner or later, he has to adapt. Don't take him anywhere. Now, take him upstairs to bed."

Luke said stonily, "If you can't even overcome this, how can you still be a Bennington?"

As the heir of the Bennington family, he should face all the difficulties.

Brandy still wanted to say something.

Yet he bit his tongue while seeing Luke's stern look.

Brad began to cry. He didn't want to go to rest or sleep. He wanted his mom.

Finally, he lost his temper, shouting at Luke, "I hate you! I want Mom! You nuisance! Big bad guy!"

No one else dared to curse Luke like this.

Brandy was nervous, but fortunately, Luke just raised his eyebrows without saying anything and turned to leave.

Half an hour later. Brandy came down from the room.

Luke changed into a bathrobe, drinking tea and reading the newspaper. "Is he asleep?" "No. " Brandy's brow furrowed, "Mr.

Bennington, can you please let him see his mother? He hasn't eaten for two days. He's just a little kid. What if something happens to him?"

Luke was indifferent. "He's spoiled. It's time to correct his bad habits. When he's hungry, he'll naturally eat."

"But..." Brandy didn't give up.

Luke directly interrupted him, "Leave him alone. Go to sleep."

Hearing this, Brandy had to leave.

Luke continued to deal with the documents. As he finished, it was already one a m.

He raised his eyes. "Is he asleep?"

The maid immediately came forward. "No."

"Well, guard outside the door. Don't go in or talk to him. Tell me if there's anything wrong," Luke ordered in a deep voice.

"Yes."

The next day.

At seven o'clock, Luke came downstairs. The table was covered by breakfast.

He sat down.

As if thinking of something, Luke asked, " Send the food upstairs."

After thinking for a moment, the maid said hesitantly, "Mr. Bennington, you'd better go upstairs and take a look."

As Luke heard this, his eyes flashed. He then went up to Brad's room.

Pushing open the door, he saw the room a mess.

Everything that could be moved was broken, including the breakfast that was just brought in.

Brad crouched on the balcony.

Luke's eyes narrowed as he boomed, "You broke them?"

"Yes!"

Brad was not afraid, raising his chin, his back straight. "If you don't let me go, I'll break everything in the room!"

Hearing that, Luke didn't get angry. Instead, he smiled slightly. "Not bad. That's more like a man."

Brad glared at him.

"You can continue like this."

Luke looked at him, saying calmly, "But hunger strikes and threats don't work on me."

Chapter 1259

As a leader, he tamed others and did not allow them to rebel.

Then he left again.

When Brandy came over, it was already two o'clock in the afternoon.

After entering the villa, he went straight to Brad's room.

When he saw Brad's pale face and dried mouth, he was slightly taken aback and asked the servant. "Does little Bennington still not eat anything?"

The servant nodded.

"What did Mr. Bennington say?"

The servant answered truthfully. "Mr. Bennington doesn't allow us to take care of little Bennington. He said that if little Bennington fainted, take him to the hospital."

Brandy became speechless.

This was what Mr. Bennington would do.

Mr. Bennington was cruel and cold.

He didn't care about Brad's threat at all. He just thought that if Brad refused to eat, he didn't feel hungry and if he refused to sleep, he didn't want to sleep.

It could be said that Luke wanted to completely get rid of Brad's desire to see his mom.

But Luke's behavior was too cruel for Brad.

"Uncle Brandy, could you send me to see m y mom?" Brad asked in a weak voice.

Brandy was in a dilemma. "Brad, you have heard what your dad said. It's not that I don't want to send you to see your mom, but that I don't dare."

Brad stopped talking and sat on the balcony.

His face was pale, without a trace of blood. He looked out the window, with deep desire and sadness.

Brandy felt very sorry for Brad.

Brandy had accompanied Brad since his birth. In Brandy's eyes, Brad was like his own grandson.

His feelings for Brad might be deeper than those for Luke.

Suddenly, Brad fell backward and fainted.

Brandy paled with fright, and he immediately asked the servant to call the family doctor.

Two minutes later, the family doctor arrived.

"Dehydration, plus gastroenteritis." While speaking, the doctor inserted a needle into Brad's arm. "Find a way to let him eat something."

Brandy was really helpless.

As the saying went, it was up to the doer to undo the knot.

After thinking about it, he dialed Eileen's number.

On the other side.

After hanging up, Eileen stopped a taxi and headed towards the Bennington family's villa.

She didn't enter the villa, but stood in the corner of a wall. She stood there for a long time, so her face was frozen and turned dark blue.

Brandy felt extremely guilty. "Ms. Barton, I'm sorry."

Eileen shook her head. "It doesn't matter. It's Luke who does not allow me to come in.

"You needn't have come over. You may just persuade Brad to eat something on the phone." Brandy said, "Although you come here, you can't get in and see Brad."

Eileen smiled bitterly. "He is my son. He faints now. He refuses to eat anything.

How can I ignore him?"

"Alas..."

Brandy sighed.

Afterwards, he told Eileen where Brad lived. Brad's room faced the back garden. From this angle, Eileen could see clearly. Eileen stood there, staring at the window. She seemed to have seen his small body lying on the window and him shouting " Mom" excitedly.

"Mr. Bennington doesn't allow you to talk to Brad on the phone. But now he is not at home. I'll secretly give the phone to Brad and you can talk to him. But you'd better not talk too long. If Mr. Bennington comes back and sees you, it will be bad. And it's too cold. You can't stand outside for long."

Eileen thanked him. "Thank you, I won't cause you trouble."

Brandy waved his hand and left.

Two minutes later, the call was answered.

"Mom!" Brad's voice was excited, but compared to usual, his voice was too weak.

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Eileen suppressed her emotions. "I hear Brandy say that you refuse to eat anything."

Brad said nothing.

"Brad, you promised me that you would be obedient."

Brad spoke, "Mom, I miss you."

Hearing this, Eileen almost cried. "Does this have anything to do with eating?"

"Dad doesn't like me and I don't like him either. I'm not used to living here." Brad's voice was particularly low.

"Brad, this is just the beginning. You have to get used to it slowly."

Brad asked, "Mom, why don't you want me?"

With a sharp pain in her heart, she slowly explained, "It's not that I don't want you, but that I can't afford to bring you up. Besides, you will have a better life with your dad. Brad, boys should learn to be strong and independent."

"I don't need to have a better life, as long as I am with you. No matter how hard it is, I want to be with you." Brad's voice was firm.

Eileen smiled, feeling sweet.

Brad was the only sweetness she could feel in her painful life.

"Mom, you take me away, okay?"

In an instant, Eileen came back down to earth and shook her head. "No, you will stay in this villa in the future. So, don't be willful. Eat something and take care of yourself well."

Then she quickly hung up on Brad.

If she continued to talk to him, she was afraid that she would freak out.

So, she could only force herself to be ruthless.

Brad must learn to be strong and independent.

However, she was still reluctant to leave and sat on the edge of the flowerbed, staring at the room.

Inside the room.

After being hung up, Brad became speechless and felt distressed.

Looking at him. Brandy just wanted to sigh.

'When a couple divorce, their child is the one who suffers the most.' "What do you want to eat, tell me. I'll ask someone to cook it for you."

Brad shook his head. "Grandpa Brandy, why doesn't Mother want me?"

Brandy stroked his little head and explained, "The affairs between adults are very complicated, and you are too young to understand."

"But you can believe that your mom is the person who loves you most in this world."

Brad said nothing.

He was still a child so he really couldn't understand many things.

For example, why his mom didn't want him though she loved him so much?

Why did Luke force him to stay here though Luke didn't love him?

After accompanying Brad for another hour, Brandy went downstairs and was about to leave.

However, when he walked to the back garden and accidentally looked at the slim figure in the corner, he was taken aback.

"Ms. Barton?"

He called her.

Eileen looked back. "Brandy."

Brandy frowned. "Why are you still sitting here?"

"I worry about Brad. Has Brad eaten anything? Does he cry?"

Looking at her expression and listening to her words, Brandy only felt that she was too pitiful so he lied, "Brad didn't cry. He had a bowl of porridge for dinner and fell asleep." "That's good." Eileen breathed a sigh of relief.

Brandy asked, "Ms. Barton, I'll give you a ride."

Eileen nodded. "Thank you."

On such a bitterly cold night, it took her more than one hour to come here and she sat here for over an hour. She just wanted to know if Brad was well.

While walking forward, she looked back at the same time. Looking at the window, she missed Brad so much and wanted to stay here.

Brandy couldn't help sighing softly.

Though he was old and had experienced much, he was moved and wanted to cry at the sight of Eileen's expression and behavior.

Maternal love was really the greatest thing in this world.

Suddenly, a beam of light came from a distance.