

President 1261

Chapter 1261

Brandy panicked.

'How could Mr. Bennington come back at this time?'

Brandy and Eileen were caught by Luke.

Noting Brandy's expression, Eileen stepped away and hid behind the flowers and plants nearby.

It was kind of Brandy to allow her to come here so she couldn't cause trouble for Brandy.

Soon, the car stopped.

Luke got out of the car. He was wearing a suit, with a cold expression on his handsome face.

"Who was the woman next to you just now?"

He asked directly.

Brandy forced himself to calm down. "A servant."

"Huh..." Luke sneered and he turned around. "Come out!"

Nothing happened.

Immediately, he snapped impatiently, "Come out by yourself. Don't let me take you out!"

Slowly, Eileen walked out from behind the tree

Luke's sight fell on Brandy. "Did you let her in?"

Brandy moved his lips slightly. Before he could speak, Eileen had already answered, "I came in by myself."

"Are you allowed to come here?"

She sneered and turned around to leave, ignoring him.

In an instant, Luke was irritated and stretched out his big hand to grab her wrist. "Forgot my warning?"

Eileen shook his hand away. "Brad is my son. I can come whenever I want to see him!"

Luke raised his brows. "Well, you force me to send him abroad?"

Eileen trembled.

"And..." He pointed at Brandy, "If it weren't for you, how could she get in? You turn a deaf ear to my words?"

Taking a step forward, Eileen stood in front of Brandy. "It has nothing to do with him. I sneaked in by myself. Don't you want to divorce me? As long as you promise to let me see Brad three times a month, I'll agree to divorce."

"Do you think it's possible? I think it's better to send him abroad."

"I can just look at him secretly, without being found by him!" Eileen emphasized.

He raised his eyes and refused, "No way!"

Eileen smiled bitterly. "Luke, you are heartless. Knowing you and falling in love with you is the biggest mistake in my life!"

Luke's pupils shrank suddenly.

Then, he smiled casually. "Are you playing your trick again? "

Eileen didn't want to quarrel with him anymore.

"I am not in the mood to play a trick. If possible, I just wish that I had never met you before."

If she hadn't met and loved him, she wouldn't have had so many painful experiences. Neither would Brad.

"Don't worry. I won't come to see Brad again, so you don't have to punish Brandy. As Brad's dad, you even devote less to Brad than Brandy."

She looked cold. "Brandy gives Brad the care that you fail to give during these years. Luke, be a man! And when I am in a good mood, I'll call you to register the divorce."

Luke made her unhappy and she wouldn't allow Luke to be happy.

Then she turned and left.

Luke narrowed his eyes.

'What trick the hell is this woman playing?'

'She won't see Brad again?'

'Does she think that I'll believe her words?'

After a moment, Luke went upstairs. He was about to push the door of his own room open when he paused. Then he turned to open the door of Brad's bedroom.

Brad was asleep, but his breathing was not steady, but rapid. It was obviously because he had been crying for too long.

Luke didn't turn on the light. He looked at Brad under the moonlight. The redness on his cheeks had not faded and his chest was fluctuating.

After watching Brad for a long time, he tucked Brad in.

At this moment, Brad opened his eyes. They looked at each other.

Chapter 1262

Luke recovered to his usual indifference and withdrew his hand.

"Since you're awake, go to eat something. Threats are of no use to me." He said coldly, "No one can beat me by threatening me.'

Brad gritted his teeth with anger. "I hate you!"

Luke raised his brows lightly. "I don't seem to want you to like me. For me, being liked : s a very annoying thing."

Brad's face flushed with anger.

Luke continued, "Go to the dining room.'

"No!"

Brad was very determined. "I would rather starve to death than eat something." "It seems that you have been more determined since you came here." Luke said lightly.

Luke was very satisfied with such a change.

Looking at the infusion bottle, he continued to speak. "Now, you have two choices. First, go to eat. Second, continue o n hunger strike and then you will be sent to Athana by me."

In an instant, Brad became emotional. "I won't go to Athana!"

Luke snorted coldly. "Do you think you have another choice? Tell me your answer."

Brad stared at him fiercely like a provoked little lion.

However, Luke didn't care and said, "You have a minute to think about it."

It was quiet in the room.

Brad looked tentatively at Luke, as he wanted to know if Luke was frightening him.

But Luke just stared at his wristwatch.

After a while, Luke said. "Three, two-"

"I'll eat something!"

Before Luke finished counting, Brad hurriedly shouted.

He didn't want to go to Athana at all!

Luke asked a servant to prepare noodles.

He remembered that when Brady called Eileen yesterday, she said that Brad liked to eat noodles.

Ten minutes later, a bowl of noodles was brought into the room.

Under surveillance, Brad ate them up.

Luke was very satisfied with his performance.

It was easier to raise a child than he had thought.

Turning around, he was about to leave.

But Brad's voice came from behind. "Dad, I want to talk to you."

Luke stopped and looked back. "What do you want to talk to me?"

"I want to live with my mom."

"Impossible."

Luke was ruthless and refused flatly.

"Mom said that I could live a good life with you. But I don't want to live a good life, nor do I want your money. I only want my mom." Brad raised his head, with imploring eyes.

Luke narrowed his eyes and asked, "Who taught you to say these words?"

Brad shook his head. "No one taught me. I saw your company on TV. It's very big and magnificent!"

"If you are obedient, it will be yours in the future."

Luke tempted him.

But Brad shook his head. "That's Dad's company, not mine. When I grow up, I will have my own company, which will be bigger and more majestic!"

Hearing this, Luke softened his expression a bit.

'He is my son. He is as ambitious as me. Great!'

"It's good to have ambition but don't think about leaving, because it will never be possible."

Luke uttered each word in an extremely cold voice.

Brad felt hopeless, with his eyes becoming less and less bright.

"From now on, recognize the reality and don't think about living with your mom again."

Luke narrowed his eyes, gave Brad this warning and turned around to leave.

Brad cried for a long time and didn't fall asleep until late at night.

Early in the morning.

Luke went downstairs and was slightly surprised when he saw Brad sitting at the dining table.

Chapter 1263

As usual, the maid served the black coffee and the newspaper.

Brandy came in and bumped into the scene.

He was relieved.

Brad suddenly broke the silence. "I want to go to school."

Luke raised his head. "Sure. Brandy will ride you there after breakfast."

Brad lowered his head and continued to have his meal without saying another word.

Brandy thought to himself.

'Mr. Bennington's approach may be correct.

Meanwhile.

In the hospital.

Kirsten went into the ward and stiffened at the sight of Eileen's face. "You didn't sleep well last night? Your face is swollen."

Instead of answering the question, Eileen announced with a smile, "I'm going to divorce Luke."

"For real?" Kirsten exclaimed.

"Yeah."

Eileen nodded, saying, "I planned to drag it out, but it was pointless."

She no longer clung to any hope.

It was pointless to get entangled with him any longer.

"I totally agree with you!" Kirsten was overjoyed, "You should have divorced that jerk a long time ago! In the past eight years, no marital affection has been nurtured.

You had cancer and got hospitalized. He, however, continued to fool around and even took your kid away!"

She chattered, itching to stab Luke with a knife.

Eileen's eyes slightly narrowed.

The sunlight slanted in and dazzled her.

She somehow had a feeling that she couldn't live much longer.

Since Luke had blacklisted her, she had to call Brandy.

Brandy quickly answered the phone. Thinking that she was worried about Brad, he hurriedly said, "Ms. Barton, don't worry."

Brad ate quite a lot in the morning, and they didn't quarrel. They were at peace."

"Really?"

Eileen felt relieved. "Did he mention sending Brad abroad again?"

Brandy shook his head. "Nope."

"Good." Eileen finally rested her mind at ease and continued, "Brandy, could you please deliver a message to Luke? I'll wait for him at the entrance of the Civil Registry Office at 11 a.m. the day after tomorrow."

Brandy was perplexed. "Have you really decided to divorce him?"

"Both of us will be set free."

It had been eight years. She was really tired.

As soon as Eileen's voice died away, the cold voice of another man came from the other end of the phone. "Brandy, do you wish to leave Bennington's house?"

The phone was then hung up.

Brandy looked panicky.

Luke casually stuck his hands in the pockets of his suit pants and questioned Brandy sternly, "Did Eileen bribe you?"

You've been serving the Benningtons all your life. Do you really want to turn against me for her?"

Brandy had challenged his bottom line again and again.

He had let the incident that had happened yesterday pass. Brandy, however, continued to push his luck!

"Mr. Bennington, it's not like that. Ms. Barton just asked me to pass on a message. She has agreed to divorce. She will see you at the entrance of the Civil Registry Office at 11 a.m. the day after tomorrow," Brandy hurriedly explained.

Luke paused and raised his eyes. "Did she tell you this in person?"

"Yes."

Luke snorted. "Do you believe her?"

Brandy nodded his head. "Ms. Barton's tone was pretty serious. It didn't sound like a joke. Given her personality, I don't think she was joking."

Luke was not happy about that.

His voice was deep, attractive, and biting. "How much do you think you know about her?"

Their friendship turned out to be so deep.

"I'm divorcing her. Do I need a butler to act as the middleman?"

'Eileen, this is just great!'

Brandy opened his mouth, tried to say something, but held back in the end.

'Forget it! At such a moment, more words mean more mistakes.'

Two days passed quickly.

Early in the morning, Eileen washed up and went to the Civil Registry Office.

She deliberately started late.

Luke was not a punctual person after all.

To be more precise, he was punctual to anyone but her.

When she arrived at the Civil Registry Office, however, that familiar black car was seen parked by the road.

Eileen was stunned.

It turned out that he could be punctual.

She had an inexplicable feeling. It was not pain. She just felt cold and numb.

Perhaps her heart had already been numb.

Still, she felt bitter inside.

Luke saw her and taunted, "Didn't you want to divorce me? You're late. Are you still playing games with me?"

A sneer tugged at Eileen's lips. "11 am. is the appointed time. Now it's ten to 11. I'm not late. You came early."

She was not late.

Eager he was, he had come early.

Were their eight years of marriage so stifling?

Luke's narrowed eyes glanced coldly at her.

Then he strode forward alone.

Eileen followed him, staring at his back with mixed feelings.

Everyone has emotions.

But it seemed that in Luke's mind, she had been immune to pain.

No objections or arguments. They signed the papers quickly.

Their relationship was broken off. From now on, they were no longer bound.

When she dropped her head, her eyes were covered by her hair. Her hand trembled a little.

But she signed the papers without hesitation.

Luke's surprised and inquisitive eyes landed on her.

He had thought that she would play tricks and make a scene.

To his surprise, she was quiet and mild. From taking photos to the final signing, she hadn't spoken a word but just followed the instructions.

Noticing his gaze, Eileen straightened up and handed the papers to him. "I've done m y part"

"Tell me your request. This is your final chance," Luke said in a deep voice after taking the divorce agreement and glancing down at it.

"I have only one request. Treat Brad well. Do not send him abroad!"

"Okay."

His face expressionless, Luke agreed and signed the papers.

His arrogance was a stark contrast to her elegance.

When they came out of the Civil Registry Office, Luke's cell phone rang. An urgent call from the office. In no time, he drove away.

Eileen stared at the papers.

The agreement pronounced the end of their marriage.

From now on, they were strangers.

Eileen returned to the apartment and packed her things.

The apartment was owned by Luke.

Now that they had divorced, she couldn't live there any longer.

With a trunk in tow, she walked in the street aimlessly.

Chapter 1265

The world was so big, and so was Lanechett. However, there was no place for Eileen. Nor was anyone waiting for her.

She had lost her marriage, Brad, and everything.

Eight years ago, she was drifting like a leaf but had got Brad by her side. Despite the hardships, she still had hope.

Now, she was still that leaf in autumn about to fall.

Compared to eight years ago, she was more scarred and more hopeless. She was as good as dead...

She walked aimlessly in Lanechett for a long time. Not until the sun was setting that she realized the hard reality. She had n o place to stay.

Though hospitalized, she still needed a place of her own.

First thing first, she should find an apartment and settle down.

Housing prices in Lanechett were so high that she couldn't afford to rent any good apartment downtown.

She searched almost every side street and alley before she found one. The small apartment had a bathroom, a living room, and no bedrooms. The rent was relatively low.

She decided to settle down there.

Before leaving, the landlady reminded her, "I'm not gonna lie to you. Someone died in this room, but it was five, six years ago.

You may hear gossip from the neighbors, and I have to tell you this in advance!"

Eileen had started sorting out her luggage.

After hearing that, she just replied indifferently, "I'm not even afraid of death, s o ghosts won't scare me."

She was no longer afraid of anything.

The landlady frowned. To her surprise, this girl had a lot of nerve.

The landlady left. Eileen got her luggage out of the trunk and squatted there to sort them out.

There was kitchenware in the living room. She hadn't had supper yet. Since there was some rice left, she decided to cook porridge. When it was ready, she filled two bowls, served them on the table, and shouted gently, "Brad, time for supper.

Wash your hands."

Her voice echoed in the desolate and quiet room. There were no sounds, not to mention a response.

After a moment of silence, Eileen realized that she had got separated from Brad.

Sitting at the table, she stirred the porridge with a spoon and instantly lost her appetite.

The habit had been engraved in her soul in the past eight years.

She called out to him, but there was no longer any response.

She couldn't hear that childish, soft voice calling her mom again...

For a moment, her heart felt empty. She stirred the porridge and poured it back into the pot. Her appetite had been lost.

After that, Eileen went to buy some groceries and nice floral cloth in a supermarket.

The room should be divided so that she could separate spaces for sleeping and cooking.

She glued a thin cord to the walls and then hung the sewn floral cloth.

She looked back at her predicament and laughed at herself. She had made the correct decision to let Brad go and live with him. She didn't want her son to live in poverty like this.

She knew that she could barely sustain her life.

She had no money. When they got divorced, she didn't ask for a penny. She had to earn money!

She needed to pay for her chemotherapy and hospitalization.

Since the chemotherapy hadn't started yet, the cost was not high. She could afford it for the time being, but it was quite likely she would fail.

She took quite a few interviews, but those interviewers turned her down on the spot as soon as they saw the problem with her leg. They wouldn't even give it a second thought.

Eileen had been aware of her miserable fate all along, but her heart still throbbed with the predicament.

Without a choice, she went back empty-handed. On a bench, she had a loaf of bread for lunch. When she looked at the bright sky, her eyes tingled. She felt like crying.

But she knew that tears would not help.

No one cared about her. She was all alone.

As soon as she went back to the ward, she saw Kirsten, who knitted her brows. "Didn't you go to the Civil Registry Office and process the divorce? Why are you back so late?"

Eileen forced a smile. "I went job hunting."

Upon hearing that, Kirsten grabbed her arm. "Have you lost your mind? Given your condition, can you work? You have cancer and need chemotherapy. It's important for you to rest and have enough nutrition."

Chapter 1266

Eileen said flatly, "Kirsten, I can't rest."

"Why?" Kirsten asked with a puzzled expression.

"Because I'm very short of money right now."

Eileen raised her eyes and said, "Chemotherapy is expensive and my savings won't support me for long."

Kirsten gritted her teeth and said, "That son of a bitch didn't give you anything, right?"

"He gave me two properties and some money, but I've given all of them to Brad."

"Health is more important than money."

You can earn the money in the future. But if you die, Brad will lose you! He will lose his mother!"

Eileen's chest rose and fell rapidly. "The chance of recovering from cancer is too low. I can't accept that I'm dead and all my money is gone. Luke doesn't like Brad. If Luke remarried and had his own children, he will only dislike Brad even more. I have to plan for Brad's future."

Kirsten's eyes turned red when she heard what Eileen said.

Only maternal love was selfless in this world.

"I think Brad wants you more than he wants the money."

Eileen was silent.

After a moment, she said, "I want to live, but you never know what's going to happen."

Kirsten immediately replied, "I know, but I don't want you to give up. I can help you!"

Eileen showed a smile and looked at her gently. "You're pregnant and have a mortgage and a car loan. I won't ask for your money."

If she died, all the efforts would be in vain.

Kirsten thought about Eileen's words and added, "If you really want to make money, I have an idea."

"What?"

"The June Square is very busy at night. Many people set up stalls to sell things.

You can have a try. It is flexible and you will make good money."

Eileen was stunned and asked, "What can I sell if I become a street vendor?" "Food or something useful. You are good at drawing, right? You can help others paint portraits."

After Kirsten left, Eileen considered her suggestion.

To be honest, the suggestion was really good.

She hadn't started chemotherapy yet and she was still in a good state. She had the energy to do it now.

So, she immediately started to prepare.

Eileen was worried that no one would look for her to paint portraits, because it was her first time setting up a stall. Thus, she went to the wholesale market and bought a batch of trinkets.

As night fell, Eileen brought those things to June Square with difficulty. At this time, many street vendors started to set up stalls on the square.

Eileen made an effort to set up the stall. She saw others greeting customers, but she was not good at attracting customers.

Eileen was stunned for a moment.

If a customer came over and asked for a price, she would tell the customer the appropriate price instead of the inflated price.

A black Bentley moved forward slowly on the square.

Brandy drove the car. Brad and Luke sat in the car.

Brad kept his head down and said nothing. He did not look at Luke but looked at the gloves placed on his lap, which were knitted for him by Eileen.

Luke looked at him for a moment, then looked outside the car. Suddenly, Luke narrowed his eyes and stared in a certain direction.

Eileen was setting up her stall when she suddenly heard someone shouting, "The cops are coming!"

The next moment, the street vendors packed up their things and started running quickly.

It was the first time that Eileen had encountered such a situation. However, she didn't hesitate but packed her things quickly. She limped forward, but it was too heavy for her to walk fast.

Several people in uniforms ran towards this side with batons in their hands. They cursed as they chased.

Eileen ran slowly, but the cops chased quickly after her. Her heart was beating fast. She couldn't run with her things. At this point, the cops were very close to her.

Luke frowned tightly.

Eileen had a lot of tricks!

She deliberately set up a stall on the June Square where he passed. What did she want?

Was she trying to show him how miserable she was?

Chapter 1267

'She was so good at playing tricks.'

From a distance, Luke saw Eileen throw all things on the ground and hide in the bushes beside her.

The cops didn't notice her but continued running forward.

He straightened the collar of his suit expressionlessly.

'Eileen, it's useless to pretend to be miserable in front of me!'

Besides, they were divorced, so he would never have contact with her anymore.

Through the car window, he saw her stagger out of the bushes, squat down, and pick up those things scattered on the ground.

Brandy and Brad didn't pay any attention to that, so they didn't see her.

On the first day, she was very unlucky.

Eileen didn't give up but insisted on it.

In the following three days, things gradually went well. She earned some money and could occasionally earn more than one hundred dollars.

This evening, she packed up early and rushed over there.

But the cops came again.

Based on her previous experience, Eileen packed up her things quickly and ran down the street.

However, she was running too fast, and she lost her balance and fell heavily to the ground. Her things scattered all over the ground.

In a black car.

Luke once again saw this scene.

'Heh. This woman not only didn't give up; she went too far.'

The green light was on. Brandy started the car and was about to drive away when Luke said, "Stop."

Although Brandy was confused, he stopped the car. Luke opened the car door and got out of the car, saying, "Don't wait for me. Let him have dinner first."

Of course, "him" referred to Brad.

Brandy nodded, started the car, and drove away slowly.

Luke turned around and walked in the opposite direction.

Many things were scattered on the ground. Eileen got up from the ground and picked them up slowly.

Suddenly, Luke appeared with his long legs and handed her something that he had picked up from the ground.

"Thanks." She said. When she raised her head, she froze in place, as if she were a stone statue.

She didn't expect to see Luke.

The next second, she came back to her senses. Instead of taking the thing from Luke, she ignored him, lowered her head, and continued picking her things up.

Eileen felt that the two of them shouldn't talk anymore now.

"Don't you want it?" Luke frowned.

Eileen remained silent.

After picking up the things, she lifted the bag and walked forward.

Luke gradually became impatient and felt that it was difficult to talk with her after the divorce. He said, "You've gone too far. How many tricks do you have?"

Tricks?

They had already divorced. Why did she want to play tricks with him?

She didn't turn back or stop but continued walking forward.

If she had appeared in front of him like this before, she would have felt wretched. But she didn't have that feeling now.

Even if she was so miserable at this time, she could be calm and walk past him.

If a woman cared a lot about a man, he would be very important to her. Likewise, if she didn't care about him, he would become insignificant in her life.

Chapter 1268

Currently, this was how things stood between Eileen and Luke.

When she couldn't bear to part from him, he had meant the world to her.

All she had wanted to do was stay by his side and watch over him, and she had found it heart-warming even when being teased or cold-shouldered by him.

But now, having thought it through, she felt fully relaxed and at ease, and her pain seemed to have been alleviated.

Luke felt a surge of anger as he perceived the disregard that Eileen was showing for him.

He strode forward and blocked her path. "

Are you listening to me?" "Does that matter?"

That was a response he hadn't bargained for.

Now it was Luke's turn to stiffen with incredulity.

Never once had she been so frigid to him before.

Luke snorted inwardly.

'She's getting addicted to acting,' he thought.

Eventually he shook the thing in his hand and asked, "Do you want this or not?"

"No!" she replied unhesitatingly.

Then she walked around him and stood beside the bus stop sign, waiting for the bus to come.

"Eileen, if this is your tactic to attract my attention, it's not working!"

Eileen knitted her brows and looked at Luke, "To attract your attention? What's that supposed to mean?"

The look in Luke's dark eyes hardened somewhat as he said, "The reason why you set up a stall on my only route to work was because you wanted to appeal to my sympathies by playing the damsel in distress, wasn't it?"

Eileen dissolved into a sneer and, looking at him, snapped, "Luke, narcissism is a mental disorder. You need to see a shrink!"

Luke said haughtily, "I have an intimate knowledge of my mental health, and I know very well what you're thinking."

"Luke, I suggest you pay a visit to the hospital and have your brain checked." Eileen lifted her hand to point at her temple lightly.

Luke raised his eyebrows, paying scant regard for her words.

He felt that Eileen was just putting on an act.

He thought, "This woman's such a wily old fox!"

At that moment, a bus came to a halt beside them.

Carrying the tote bag, Eileen trudged towards the bus door.

However, she had gone only two paces when Luke gripped her bag from behind.

She swiveled her head around. "Let go!"

Luke's dark eyes narrowed and rested on her.

His thin lips parted as he demanded with manifest impatience, "Have you no shame?"

Shame?

A pang of resentment swept over Eileen.

She turned and lifted her eyes to look at Luke.

His face was as handsome as always, but its contours were sharp, his eyes piercing and icy.

But that didn't bother Eileen much. She even had a thin smile on her face when she replied, "Luke, we've divorced. Mind your own business! Whether what I've been doing is shameful or not has nothing to do with you. You have no right and are in no position to judge me."

Luke's pupils contracted at her words, his face taut.

He thought, "Damn it. I almost forgot we're divorced."

"Ha, are you not afraid Brad might feel ashamed of you?"

Eileen lapsed into silence, her chest heaving in and out.

The bus was about to leave. She would fail to catch it unless she started moving right away.

Disinclined to prolong the unpleasant conversation, she promptly released her grip on the bag and hurried onto the bus.

Since he wanted it so much, she should just let him have it.

Hardly had she gotten on the bus than the door closed. She staggered and would have fallen if she hadn't hastily grasped the handrail to steady herself.

There were many unoccupied seats on the bus, especially in the last row.

Sitting in the back row, Eileen looked through the window and distinctly saw Luke carrying the bag.

She impassively withdrew her eyes and kept them fixed ahead.

Chapter 1269

From that night on, she didn't love him anymore.

Standing there, Luke was still carrying that bag.

He frowned, staring somewhat disgustedly at it.

He then looked around. The cars and buses were coming and going. There were few cabs in this area.

He muttered a curse and called his assistant to drive over.

After ten minutes, the assistant came.

Seeing Luke carry the dirty bag, the assistant froze.

He then quickly got out of the car.

He hurriedly took the bag, saying, "Mr. Bennington, please get in the car. I'll throw i t."

The bag was handed over to the assistant. Luke stepped into the car while seeing the assistant going to the nearby garbage bin with the bag.

The assistant somehow reminded him of that woman's back. Luke said, "Come back. Put it into the trunk."

The assistant looked down at the soiled bag in confusion.

Wasn't this garbage?

Why did Mr. Bennington keep it?

As they returned to the villa, Brad was eating.

He was much better behaved than before, not making any noise, though he didn't speak, like a puppet.

Brandy could only let out a long sigh.

Luke was quiet enough.

Now, even the lively boy became like him.

If things continued like this, Brad would be a copy of his father.

The villa was as dull as an ice cellar.

Brandy glanced at Luke, who was also having his dinner.

Luke was annoyed after being treated indifferently by Eileen.

The father and son ate in silence with stolid faces.

After dinner, the two remained wordless. Luke went upstairs.

He threw his coat on the bed and called his lawyer to ask him about the distribution of property in the divorce.

"Mr. Bennington, Ms. Barton refused the two properties and the check. Her only request is to leave those things to Brad. I've reported it to you."

Luke grunted without saying anything else.

The lawyer did say that, but he didn't care a t all, so he ignored it back then.

He was a little curious and surprised. She didn't accept the things he gave her.

His face tightened as he tapped on the phone with his long, thin fingers. He made a call, talking to someone in a low voice.

Back in her house, Eileen turned on the light. The room was as empty as her heart. She was floating in this world, lonely. No one could help or accompany her. She felt as if there was a bloody hole in her heart.

She was tired, really tired.

Plagued by indescribable fatigue, she squatted down on the floor.

Brad wasn't here. She couldn't hear his warm words or hold him in her arms while sleeping. Her world was deserted.

She quietly wrapped her hands around her knees, burying her head between her legs.

Only in this way could she feel less lonely and desperate.

She thought that she couldn't work as a street vendor anymore.

After all, she used to be Luke's wife and had been in the Lanechett's newspapers. Some people knew her.

If someone purposely photographed her and spread it on the Inte or in the newspapers, what would everyone think of Brad?

He went to one of the top posh schools in Lanechett, so that would be a humiliation for him.

Indeed, she could no longer remain in such a sorry state.

She didn't care, but what about Brad?

The future was gloomy as if she was in a sandstorm. The sand whistled and hurt her eyes. She couldn't see any hope.

The chemotherapy was imminent. She felt burdened by the bad things, breathless. She lay tossing and turning all night.

Chapter 1270

The next morning, Eileen had breakfast and was ready to go to the hospital.

As soon as she opened the door, the familiar bag, which she had let go of yesterday, came into view.

Why did the bag appear here?

Did Luke send it here?

It was strange that he didn't throw it away!

Last night, she stocked a lot of goods.

Now, she could not let them pile up. After all, she paid money for them.

She intended to run a stall again in the evening and tried her best to sell out these things.

If they really could not sell out, she decided to bargain them away. In a word, this pile of things should be disposed of as soon as possible.

At dusk, Eileen took those things back to the place where she had run a stall.

This time, she was smarter. She went early to find a good spot.

Besides, she was more experienced this time. She had already found a hidden location.

If the police came, she could hide there.

When she ran a stall for the first time, she was shy and at a loss.

Now, however, she could call out and no longer feel embarrassed.

She could barely support herself now, so she had to swallow her pride.

Fortunately, since there are few street vendors now, she attracted a lot of customers. Besides, her goods were also cheap. Therefore, many people bought her goods.

However, she was still not lucky enough. When her business was good, the ancillary police who passed by happened to see her. They drove her away and reprimanded her.

Eileen had heard from others that street vendors could run a stall for three or four days previously. However, the police had patrolled this area frequently recently.

Eileen sighed for her bad luck.

She walked quickly forward with her goods. Many pedestrians came and went. She bumped into someone and stumbled, falling to the ground. Her knees were in a lot of pain.

She stood up from the ground.

Before she could regain her balance, she felt someone was throwing himself at her.

Then, her waist was held tightly by him. " Mommy!"

Eileen looked down and saw Brad burying his head in her arms.

In a flash, tears streamed down her face.

She thought she was dreaming, but this dream was so real and made her so happy.

She didn't dare to believe it until Brad's tears dripped on her arm. Only then did she wake up.

She hugged Brad tightly and couldn't help bursting into tears. She murmured, "Brad, Brad!"

It took her nearly a minute to calm down.

She wiped Brad's tears and asked, "Why did you come here?"

Brad didn't say anything.

Eileen raised her voice and asked again, " Tell Mommy. How did you know I was here?"

"I passed by here on my way to school and happened to see you running a stall here."

Eileen's heart ached.

Brad tilted his little head and asked considerately, "Mommy, are you out of money? I have a lot of pocket money. I'll give it to you."

"Don't worry. I have money. I do not need your pocket money."

Eileen reached out and rubbed his head. " Who sent you here? Brandy?"

Brad lowered his head and didn't say anything.

"All right. I'll call Brandy right now."

As she spoke, Eileen took out her cell phone and was about to make a call. Suddenly, Brad jumped up and grabbed the cell phone, clutching it tightly in his small palm.

"I... ran out on my own..."

In an instant, Eileen's face fell. "Say it again."

"I didn't like Daddy, and I didn't like that home either, so I ran away on my own," Brad replied in a low voice.

Eileen raised her hand and slapped him on the back.