President 1261

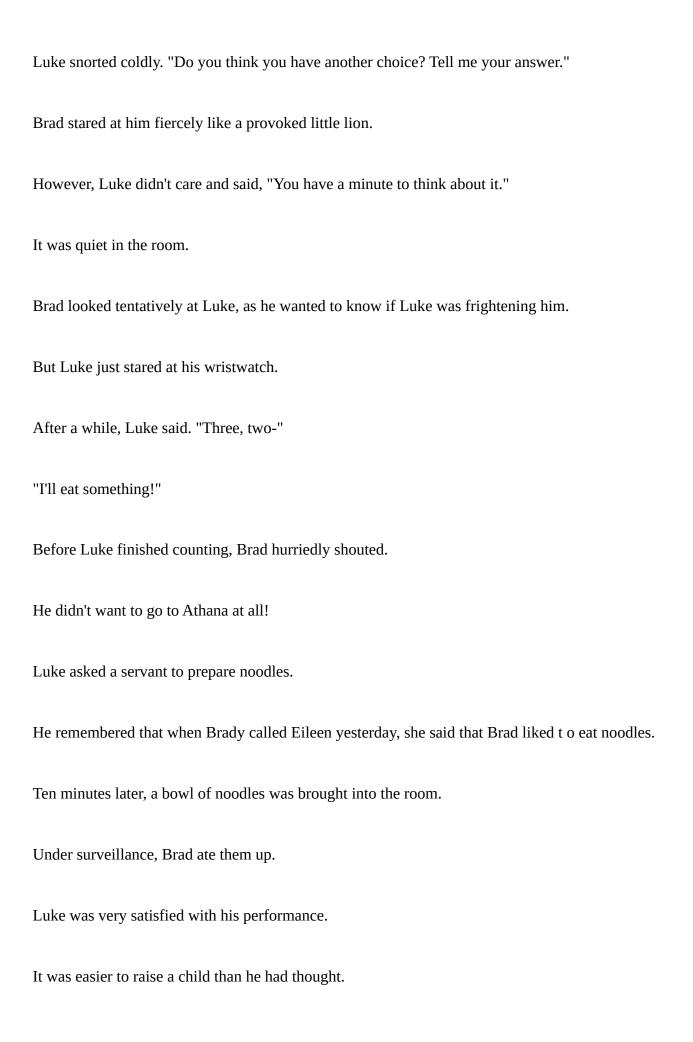




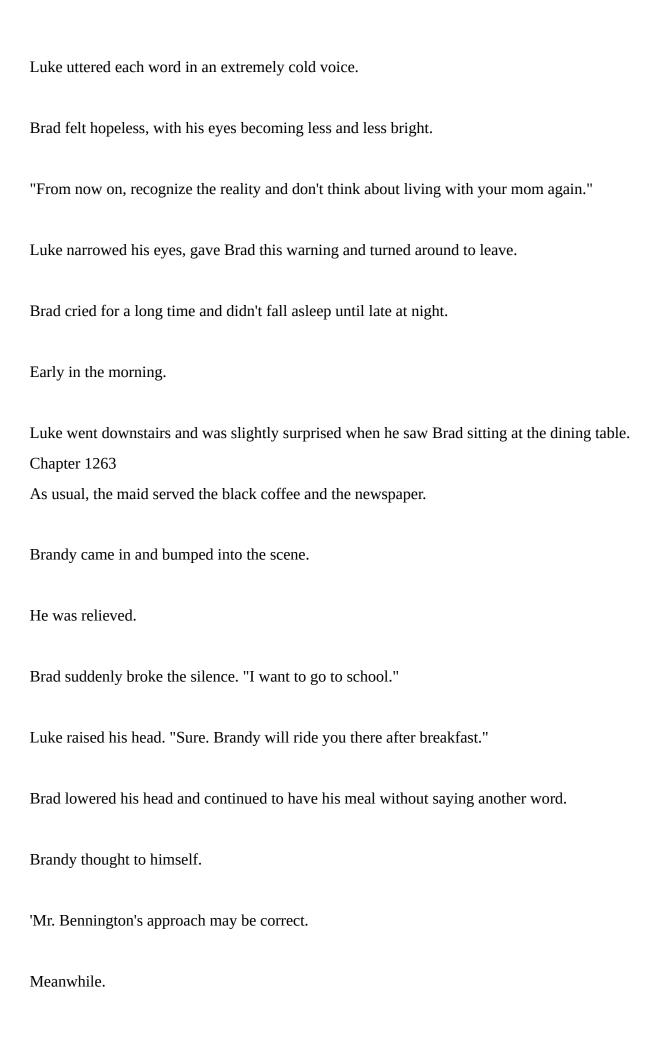
Then, he smiled casually. "Are you playing your trick again?" Eileen didn't want to quarrel with him anymore. "I am not in the mood to play a trick. If possible, I just wish that I had never met you before." If she hadn't met and loved him, she wouldn't have had so many painful experiences. Neither would 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 on hunger strike and then you will be sent to Athana by me."

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











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?"

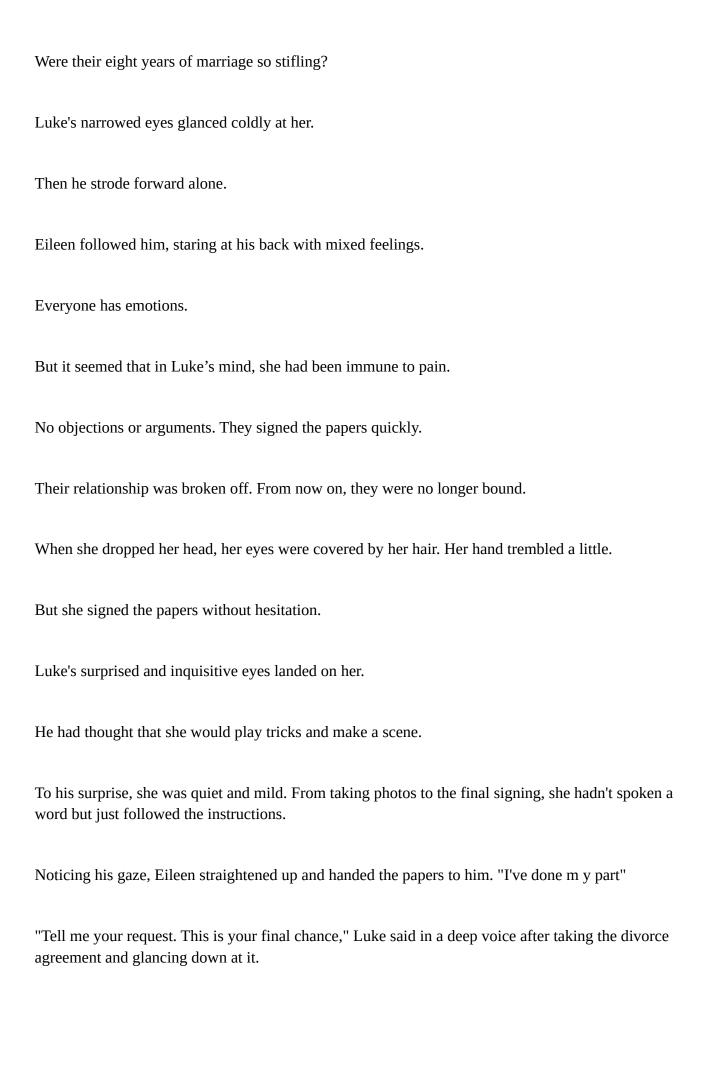
'Eileen, this is just great!"

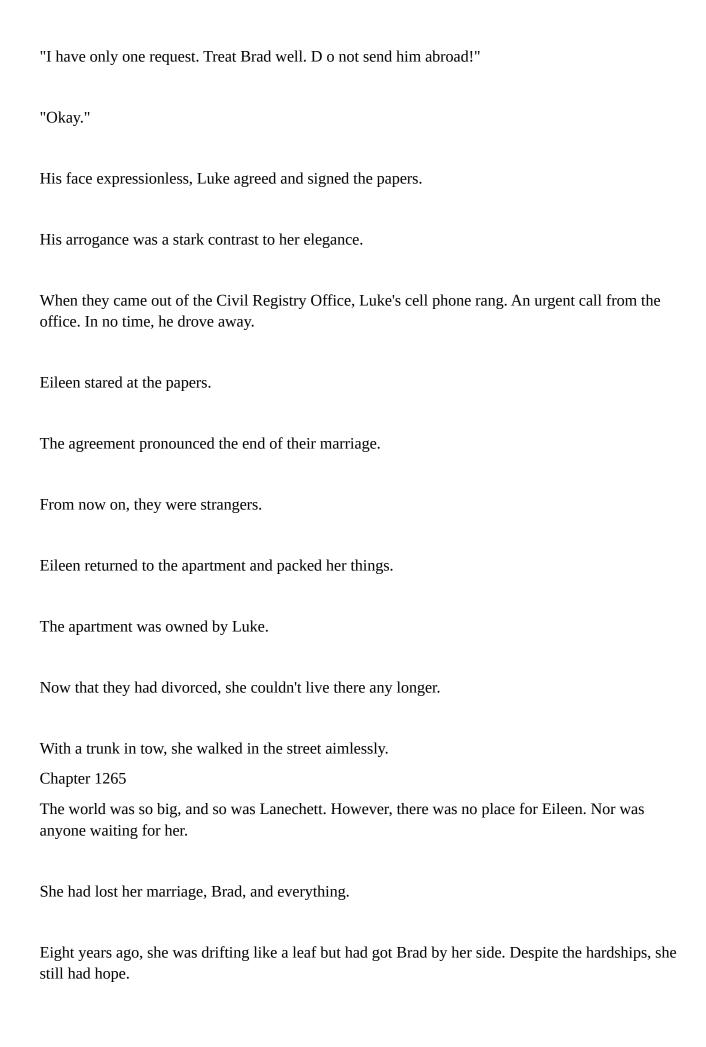
Brandy opened his mouth, tried to say something, but held back in the end.

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

Chapter 1264







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 a s 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."

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

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

"Health is more important than money.

You can earn the money in the future. But i f 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."

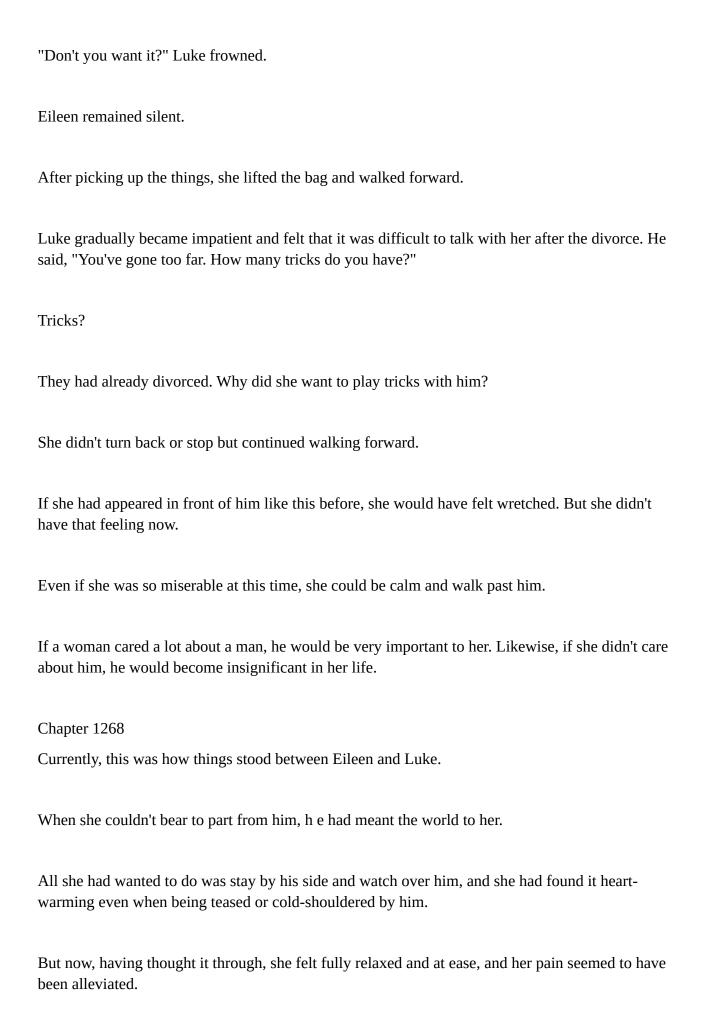
If she died, all the efforts would be in vain. Kirsten thought about Eileen's words and added, "If you really want to make money, I have an idea." "What?" "The June Square is very busy at night. Many people set up stalls to sell things. You can have a try. It is flexible and you will make good money." 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.

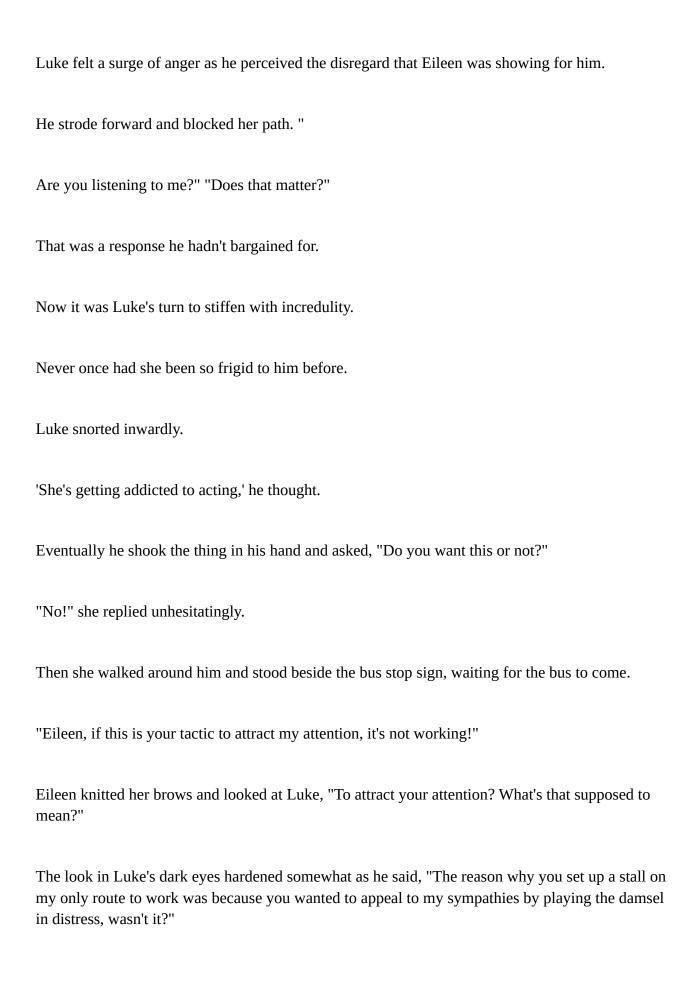
Eileen was stunned for a moment.

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 t o 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.







Eileen dissolved into a sneer and, looking a t 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.

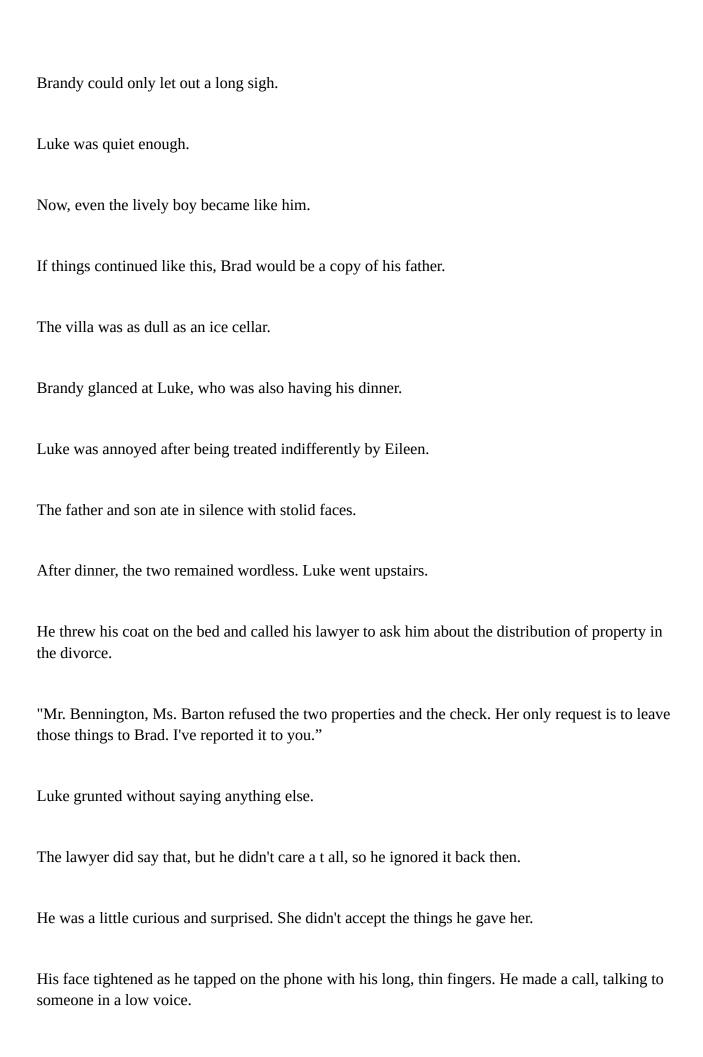
Sitting in the back row, Eileen looked through the window and distinctly saw Luke carrying the bag.

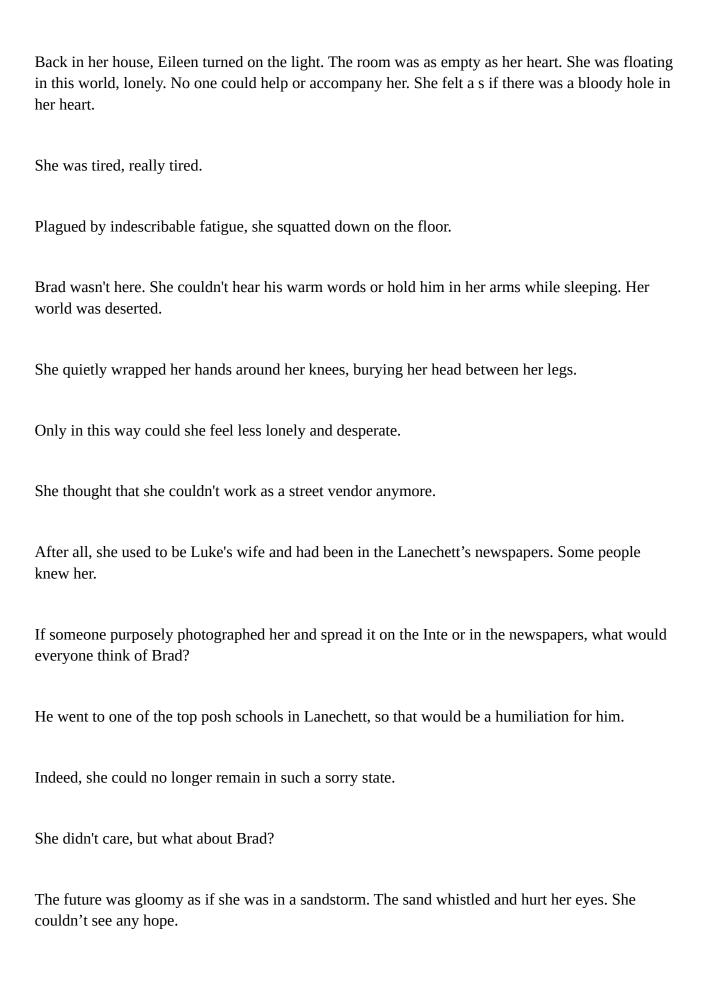
She impassively withdrew her eyes and kept them fixed ahead.

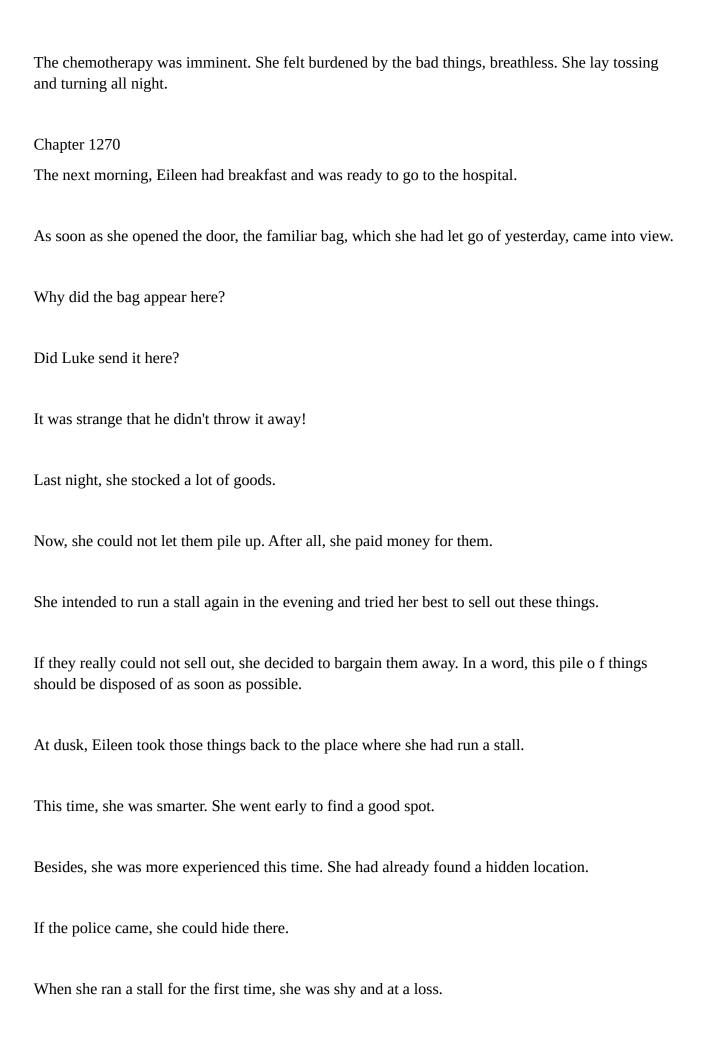
Chapter 1269

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.







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

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



"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.