

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Karise let out a heavy sigh as soon as they arrived at the Hendersons' mansion gates. She felt Keith's hand gripping hers, and he said, "Relax."

As they drove into the driveway, Keith asked, "Do you want to come back another day?"

"No! No way. It's about time we talked it out with your parents, Keith." Karise turned to Kamila, who was sleeping soundly in the backseat of the car. She said, "We shouldn't delay this any longer."

"Thank you, Babe. I know how hard this is for you, and I can sense you are nervous, but whatever happens, I hope you will be extra patient there," Keith suggested.

Karise smiled at her husband, saying, "Babe, I don't care if your father kicks me out of the house. I will support you and even beg your father's approval so that you can have time with him... Though, I certainly hope he won't."

Keith leaned in and kissed Karise's lips, saying, "Thanks, Babe. That's why I love you."

After getting off the car, they walked into the house and settled in the living room, where they waited. A maid went to inform Keith's parents of their arrival.

The next thing they knew, Helen came rushing from one hallway on the first floor. The moment she turned up before Karise and Keith, Helen gasped. She stuttered, "Keith, it's you!"

Before Keith, Helen appeared to be confused. She retreated her steps, calling to her husband, "Charles! It's Keith and Karise!"

Keith and Karise were up on their feet. Karise was holding Kamila the entire time when finally, Charles appeared before them. He was being pushed in a wheelchair, his eyes widening, clearly in shock.

"Dad," Keith called, his brows meeting, seeing his father's state. Kamila was already four months old, meaning he had not seen Charles in a year. Keith thought about his father, yes, especially his mother.

After he and Karise married, he secretly asked about them through the maids and their family driver. However, recently, he had failed to check on them. Thus, seeing Charles in such a pitiful state crushed his heart.

Helen quickly approached Keith and embraced him. She cried as she revealed, "I missed you so much, Keith. So much."

Helen stained Keith's suit, and it felt to him like, his mother never wanted to let go. She said, "I'm sorry. Keith, we are sorry! Please forgive us! You came here to forgive us, right? You do?"

Keith knew his mother struggled with which side to take, but ultimately, she did nothing to oppose Charles. That further contributed to his disappointment toward Helen. However, hearing her asking for forgiveness now, moved him.

He swallowed air down his throat to keep himself from crying. His hands trembled as he returned his mother's hug. He faintly said, "Mom. It's been a while."

"Too long. Too long," Helen answered. She looked up at Keith with eyes puffed. She cupped his face and said, "Thank you for coming here."

Keith's mother turned to Karise and said, "And thank you, Karise, for allowing us this chance. And my granddaughter! My granddaughter!"

Helen was too emotional that Keith had to calm her down. He hugged her again, saying, "We aren't going anywhere, Mom. You can have all the time with Kamila. Don't worry."

Keith's mother cried against his chest. She only soothed after a maid had brought her water.

While all this was happening, Keith saw how the nurse had pushed his father into the patio. His father was teary-eyed, but he said no words.

"Charles! Charles!" Helen called. "Our son is here. Where are you going?"

The nurse stopped, but Charles was heaving and pointed toward the patio. The nurse had no choice but to guide Keith's father, saying, "I think Mister Henderson needs more air."

Meanwhile, Helen turned to Karise and Kamila. She said, "Karise, she is so beautiful." Lifting her hands, she asked, "Can I?"

"Of course," Karise said, handing baby Kamila to her grandmother.

"Aw!" As soon as Kamila smiled at her, tears stung her eyes again. Helen said, "She is so beautiful." Helen looked at Karise and returned to Keith, saying, "Shantelle is right. Kamila does look more like Karise."

Smiling at Karise, Helen suggested, "You know what they say if the baby looks more like you? It means Keith loves you more."

A laughter escaped Helen's lips, and so did Karise. Keith smiled at his mother's suggestion, but his eyes readily went back to the patio's direction.

Helen focused on Keith and asked, "Talk to him. Please, Keith. Your father regrets it, I promise you. He just doesn't know how to admit it."

Keith did not know why, but he felt it too. If his father was still upset about him, he would have turned him away outright. Charles would have given him a death glare if he couldn't speak, but instead, he saw his father holding back his tears. His father had never cried before him, not once.

He marched toward his father. He asked the nurse to give them a moment and pulled a chair beside Charles.

There was dead air, and it stretched to over a minute. Keith and Charles simply looked at the garden before them. After some time, Charles weakly asked, "Are you happy with your life, Keith?"

"I am, Dad. I am very happy," Keith replied. "Karise and Kamila mean everything to me - I mean, I was happy until I learned you are ill."

"Shantelle must have told you, huh? So, you came here because you feel sorry for your old man?"

Charles asked. While his words were curt, his voice broke in and out, and he sniffed. Tears fell on his cheek, and he quickly wiped them.

"No, Dad. I did not come here because I felt sorry for you. I came because I felt sorry for us. You have a son, and I have a father, but we wasted time brewing hate when we could have been a family. We should never have fought over my choice of wife, Dad, because I am my own person," Keith justified.

"Yes, we disagreed on many things, but at the end of the day, you are still my father. You and Mom raised me the best way you could and provided for my needs." Keith gasped, describing, "I recognized that you and Mom gave me life. I wouldn't be where I am today without you. What kind of a son would I be if I did not come here and try to fix things with you?"

"I'm sorry I did not come any sooner," Keith said. "I should have kept trying — ■"

"No." Charles broke down in tears. He covered his eyes with his hand, gasping. "It was my fault. It never was yours."

Charles heaved and heaved, and his lips trembled as he continued, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, son."

Immediately, Keith reached for Charles' hand and held it, saying, "I forgive you, Dad, and I want you to know that Karise has already forgiven you. All she wants is for me to have this time with you and Kamila to meet you."

"Please give Karise a chance. She is a great person. She loves me very much and our daughter. Once you get to know her, you will understand why I fell in love with her," Keith begged.

Because Charles continued to cry uncontrollably, and his breathing became labored, Keith massaged his father's back. He tried to soothe him the best way he could. The nurse had to assess Charles, but eventually, he settled his emotions, confessing, "Actually, son, I know."

"You leave the office and go straight home to your wife and child. When you are on a business trip, you mostly take your wife with you, and you only go out to parties with the same friends, Evan, Sean, and Wendell, plus their wives, I presumed. You even take time to go for your daughter's monthly check-up."

Charles inhaled, saying, "You did better than me because I was not that attentive when you were a baby."

"I asked myself, how did my son become a better father than me?" Charles questioned. "Something must have changed in him that made him a better man."

Looking at Keith, Charles said, "You must be very contented with your family to put them first."

Keith leaned back. A smile formed on his face despite being teary-eyed. He asked, "You stalked me, Dad?"

"For sometime now," Charles admitted. "When I found out I had cancer, I parked in front of your penthouse building nearly every day. I didn't even tell your mom until she caught me one day. Your mom? She was waiting for Karise to arrive too! We were both stalking you!"

"I was hoping you'd see me across the street one day, but that never happened. Whenever you walk out of your penthouse building or the car, you always had that smile of contentment on your face, walking with your wife, that you never bothered to look elsewhere," Charles revealed.

"When I learned I was terminally ill, many regrets crashed down on me. My biggest regret is how I made you despise me. I did not know how to approach you, knowing everything was my fault. I was afraid. Your mom was also afraid," Yet again, Charles wept, but Keith kneeled before him and embraced him.

Charles wound up howling louder, pulling Keith tightly into his frame, saying, "Forgive me, son. Please, forgive me."

"Yes, Dad. Yes," Keith answered, now also sobbing. "Let's forget about everything."

"Thank you, son," Charles said. "I could never thank you enough for giving me another chance."

The father and son remained in the same embrace for an undetermined time until tears dried on their faces. When Keith pulled away, he asked, "Do you want to meet Kamila?"

Charles nodded, saying, "I'd love to hold her."