

# The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Chapter 191: Charles' Last Request

"Wow, she is just so beautiful! This time, she has Keith's features," Shantelle said, pinching Karise's new baby girl. "I'm glad I came here."

"I'm glad you did," Karise said the same. "I miss you and everybody."

Shantelle smiled at her friend, saying, "We talk a lot, but yes, I miss you too. We have all been busy."

Months had passed since Shantelle and her friends had gathered.

Following the day Charles was admitted to the heart and lung center, it had not been the same for Keith and Karise.

Charles had been in and out of the hospital since, from infection and, recently, liver and kidney failure. Keith's father underwent intensive chemotherapy because his cancer cells were aggressive. Still, as a result, it affected his other organs, especially his liver.

Sean and Reese were Keith's constant aid with Kamila, and that was because proximity allowed them to quickly rush to their villa. There were nights when Keith and Karise would leave for the hospital in the wee hours, bringing Kamila and her nanny to Sean and Reese. That day, they had the same arrangement. At least Reese's mother was constantly home, regardless if Sean and Reese were out for work.

Keith tried not to involve his wife whenever his father was rushed to the hospital, but at the same time, he needed his wife emotionally. He could not help but also want his wife with him.

Coincidentally, Shantelle had earlier observed a pediatric surgery. It was part of her training so she could better perform pediatric surgeries. So when she learned that Karise had given birth at the same hospital, she visited her friend. 1

Karise was in the care of Mister Myers, her father. Keith was at the heart and lung center, aiding his parents.

"What is her name?" Shantelle asked while looking at the newborn baby.

"Keith and I – we don't know if we'll have another child. So we wanted to name her after her grandfather," Karise said. "Charlene." 3

"Uncle Charles and Helen," Shantelle remarked. "Good choice."

Karise became teary-eyed, saying, "Yeah." She wiped the corners of her eyes, adding, "It's been hard, Shanty. It's been especially hard for Keith. I mean, I know how he feels. I was so heartbroken when my mom passed away. Can you really be ready to lose a parent? No one can be truly prepared for it."

"I know. I don't know what I'd do if that happened to me. You were strong and made Keith stronger because you have experienced the same pain," Shantelle acknowledged. She walked over to Karise and sat on her hospital bed. She held her hand and said, "Be strong for your husband. He is going to need it."

Shantelle gave Charlene to her other grandpa. She hugged Karise tightly until she received a call for emergency surgery. She pulled away reluctantly, reporting, "I have to go to the heart and lung center. Take care. Love you."

"Thanks for coming," Karise replied. "I love you too."

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While Shantelle had left for work, Keith had arrived to see his wife. Karise's father left for the night, and the couple had a silent dinner. Keith was constantly looking distantly, his mind drifting away.

They temporarily asked the nursery to look after Charlene, for Keith was depleted. They were happy with their baby girl's arrival, but Charles's condition drained them emotionally.

On the hospital bed, Keith cuddled with Karise, his hand tightening around her waist. He repeatedly pecked her shoulder and weakly revealed, "Dad wants to go home. He said he has had enough. He wants to die in his home and

Keith broke down in tears. He sniffed as he resumed, "He said he wants to see his new grandchild before he dies. His doctor thinks it's best too."

Karise turned to her husband and wiped his tears. Although she was crying too, she replied, "I'm sorry, Keith."

"Babe, Dad and I didn't always get along, and it sucks that we wasted time apart, even before he got cancer," Keith said. "I will never let that happen to us – our children."

Karise nodded approvingly, saying, "We learn the hard way."

Hugging her husband, Karise said, "Your dad has been struggling with his treatment too. And with cancer spreading, he is going to be in a lot of pain – I

"I know. And I understand his wishes," Keith admitted. He hugged his wife tighter, saying, "Babe, I don't know what I'd do without you, Kamila, and our new baby. Thank you for being there for me. You tried to give me strength even when you were carrying our child."

"I love you for that – for your sacrifices and selflessness," Keith pointed out.

"It's because I love you. Your family is mine too. And your troubles are mine. Your pain is also mine to bear. You don't need to thank me, but love me as I love you," Karise replied. 1

Karise and Keith slept with heavy hearts that night but were also relieved to have each other. The following morning, Keith hurriedly processed Karise's discharge. They went to fetch Kamila from Sean's house and headed home to the Hendersons' mansion.

It was already in the evening when Charles was brought home. He was still in his wheelchair, but this time, he had several tubes attached to him. He had a urine catheter, an oxygen tank behind his wheelchair, and a nasal cannula.

Charles tried to look more energetic, but it was clear that his health was in a poor state. Helen, who had walked behind her, also tried to put up a strong facade, but her eyes were sad.

The first thing Charles asked was to see his grandkids. In the living room, he said, "Babies, where -where are they?"

"Here! We are here!" Karise said, rushing out with Charlene. A nanny brought Kamila and settled her on Charles' lap.

Charles immediately pecked Kamila's cheek, saying, "I miss you, Kamila, and I will miss you when I am gone."

Kamila hugged Charles, but eventually, the one-year-old became restless and started touching Charles' attached tube. Keith had to take her away, and Karise presented their new baby.

Handing Charles the newborn, Karise revealed, "Dad, meet Charlene."

"Charlene, as in Charles and me?" Helen asked. This time, there was a noticeable gleam in her eyes. "Why, thank you. Thank you so much."

"Do you love the name, Charles?" Helen asked.

Charles nodded. He tried his best to give the most pleasing smile, being over the moon about having a child named after him. He repeatedly wept, thanking Keith and Karise for thinking of him. He said, "Then, you will never forget me."

"Of course, Dad, and we will tell Charlene where she got her name," Keith promised.

Charles had spent an hour watching the babies, even as they slept. In the following days, he did the same, constantly asking for time with his grandkids. He had also requested Keith to take a leave from the company and asked his son to care for him.

In his current state, Charles could no longer eat solid food. His only nutrition was through a milk formula given via nasogastric tube. It was a tube inserted through the nose, throat, esophagus, and stomach.

Despite having little experience in this field, Keith took it upon himself to learn how to feed his father occasionally. It was one of those moments when he felt he could prove he was there for him, even during his last few days.

Keith and Helen took turns wiping his skin, combing his hair, and sometimes, simply lying, watching Charles sleep.

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Almost two weeks had passed since Charles was brought home. He asked specifically to hold his grandkids before they rested for the night. After he had held Charlene and Kamila, he called for Keith and Karise into his room.

First, speaking to Karise, Charles begged, "Please, take care of my wife."

Karise nodded, holding Charles' hand. She said, "I will love her like how I loved my mother."

Charles turned to Keith and said, "Son, I can rest now, knowing you loved me. And I know that you have a wife that will help you – support you."

His voice broke in and out, partly because he struggled to breathe. His voice was barely audible as he asked, "Don't – don't make the same mistakes that I did. I expect you to be better than me."

"Keith, I am good. I am happy now. You can let me go," Charles asked.

Keith cried. He kneeled in front of his father for a very long time. It was hard for him to acknowledge, but eventually, he assured his father, "I will be a good father to my children, and Karise and I will take care of mom. It's okay, Dad. You can rest. Thank you for trying your best." 1

That night, he hugged his father and rested beside him, along with the caregivers. At dawn, Charles's blood pressure kept dropping. He appeared not himself and did not respond to anyone around him.

When morning came, Charles gave his last breath, provoking tears in the Hendersons' mansion.