

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

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Wendell's Comfort

Earlier at the Francos' home, the two families involved were yelling, trying to figure out how to resolve the matter.

It was because Milan and Wendell's brother were set to be married in less than two months. Everything had already been paid for, and Wendell's father, a former politician, felt it was a shame to cancel the wedding.

"I will not marry Rowan! Not after what he did to me! No way!" Milan spat, her eyes swollen from all the crying she had done in the past hour. "I'd

rather die!"

Wendell's girlfriend had been kicked out of the house, and the Francos declared Salome banned from ever entering their estate. Of course, just before leaving, Wendell broke up with her completely.

"Darling, please," Rowan, Wendell's brother, begged Milan. "Salome, she – she seduced me!"

"How long has this been going on?" Milan sought. "When I saw Salome at your office, it wasn't a coincidence, wasn't it? And she wasn't there to look for Wendell, right? Why would she be in your office in the first place? How foolish of me to believe you!"

"What?!" Wendell barked. He realized that was why Salome had been distant from him. If his math was correct, this had been going on even before Keith had proposed to Karise!

Anger surged inside Wendell. He said to his brother, "You have been fucking all this time? Tell me, how long?"

Wendell noticed how his brother was frantically opening his phone as if trying to delete something. He abruptly grabbed Rowan's mobile and saw the communication between him and Salome. He glowered at his brother and said, "You have been fucking for around six months! You have fooled us that long?"

"Oh, shut up, Wendell! It's your fault! You could not keep your woman in control! She seduced me, and I could not help but be tempted!" Rowan explained. "She was a good fuck. How am I supposed to say no to that?" 1

"Enough!" Milan screamed. Referring to Rowan, she said, "If you really loved me, you would not have been tempted. And cheat on me with your brother's girlfriend? How despicable can you be? Don't you care for

Wendell? I am not marrying you! That's final!"

Milan's father, who held fifty percent of the company shares, pointed at Rowan, saying, "I expect your resignation tomorrow!" He turned to

Wendell's father and suggested, "Let us cut our partnership from here on!"

"No! No, please," Rowan begged. "It was a mistake! It won't happen again."

Wendell's father also begged. He said, "This is not a good idea. We put all our money into the company we built together. Plus, the company is still fairly new. If you break ties with us, you will also suffer major losses. What if – what if Wendell marries Milan instead?"

"Oh, Wendell is my good boy," Mrs. Franco declared. "You wouldn't have the same problems with him. I swear."

Wendell was shocked by his parent's proposal. His brother was going frantic, saying he didn't deserve Milan because Rowan was the overachiever between him and Wendell. He was also claimed to be the more good-looking son.

"This is ridiculous!" Rowan remarked. "Wendell is nothing compared to me. He glanced at Milan, saying, "Darling, don't listen to my parents. I promise I won't do it again!"

Rowan kneeled before his fiancée, but Milan did not blink. Instead, she fixed her gaze on Wendell. Eventually, Milan responded, "I'm fine to marry

Wendell."

"No! This can't be!" Rowan became hysterical, but Milan only glanced at Wendell before exiting the mansion.

Only the parents of both parties remained. Milan's father concluded, "Then, it's settled. Milan will marry Wendell. I expect Wendell to learn the ropes of running the company. I can no longer trust Rowan. If he cannot be faithful to my daughter, he is not worth trusting millions of dollars either!"

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Sitting in front of the round table, Wendell and all his friends, including Shantelle's friends and Sean's girlfriend, were silent after listening to his tale.

Shantelle was the first to clear her throat and said, "I don't know if marrying for the sake of saving the company is a good idea, though."

"I think Milan just said that out of spite," Sean proposed. "She'll change her mind."

"But her parents might not. I'm telling you, Mister Gray was ready for the next world war with us!" Wendell revealed.

"On a side note, I think Milan is a good person. Maybe, it's not such a bad idea? She is a lot better than Salome – no offense, man," Keith said, referring to Wendell.

"I don't know," Wendell said. "All I know right now is how I could use a good sleep."

Peering at Keith, he revealed, "And about your suggestion, I had my bags packed. I need a place to crash while I find my own home. I was thinking of staying in this hotel, but I don't want to be alone just yet." His first choice was Evan, of course. He said, "Can I stay with you and Shanty, Evan?"

"Absolutely! Lucas would love to have you," Evan said. "I can reserve the Diamond Hotel penthouse for you should the tenant terminate his

contract. No guarantees the lessee will leave, though."

"That's fine, Evan. I would love the penthouse should it become available," Wendell weakly replied.

"We'd love to have you, Wendell." Shantelle smiled and commented, "Lucas would be ecstatic, but that would also mean he would be asking you to buy him gifts. You know that, right?"

"I don't mind at all. I love the little guy," Wendell said with a smile. "Thank you."

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That same night, Wendell repeatedly tossed and turned in bed, but no matter what he did, his heart ached, and he couldn't sleep a wink.

He tried exercising. He walked around the guestroom, trying to tire himself. Wendell did push-ups, crunches, and ran in place. At three in the morning, he was still wide awake.

The memory of his girlfriend grinding on his older brother repeatedly made his chest feel heavy. He didn't want to cry, but he came close thanks to that image of Salome and Rowan together.

He needed someone to talk to, but who? Lucas was asleep. Evan and Shantelle were also tired from the wedding celebration, and Wendell was sure they had utterly dozed off.

Who could possibly still be awake right now and relate to his pain?

Suddenly, Wendell recalled Milan. He returned to bed and contemplated. After almost five minutes, he decided to give Milan a call.

It took five rings before Milan finally answered. She said, "Wendell? You couldn't sleep?"

Wendell could hear Milan sniffing her tears away. It was clear how she had been crying. He sat up and replied, "No, I could not sleep. I'm so upset about Salome –"

"Why, Wendell? Why did your brother do this to me? Am I not good enough for him?" Milan suddenly sought. She sobbed against the phone, and

Wendell felt her pain.

"I'm sorry, Milan. I think you are a great person. My friends think you are an amazing person too, and Rowan was lucky to have you. I wish I have all the answers, but all I can say is that... you aren't alone," Wendell said. "You can talk to me."

Milan kept crying over the phone, and Wendell could only listen. It hurt him more to know his brother caused their misery. He remained silent for some time, but after sensing how Milan desperately needed someone to comfort her, he suggested, "Can I go to your place? And talk?"

"S-sure," Milan weakly answered. "I supposed I need a real person instead of a pillow."

Wendell changed into a sweatshirt and jeans. He drove nearly an hour to the Grays' estate and found Milan sitting by the porch of their home. When he got off the car, Milan broke down in tears and just hugged him tightly.

It was in his arms, by the villa's veranda, that Wendell soothed Milan. He repeatedly massaged her back, stroked her hair, and apologized for his brother's actions. He said, "My brother doesn't deserve you, Milan. Don't waste your tears on him."

Wendell never hated his brother, but Rowan crossed the line. He earnestly thought that Milan was better off without Rowan.

Soon, the sun shone on them. Wendell and Milan were now on the porch, talking. Rather than covering their failed relationships, they spoke of their interests and hobbies.

"You like boxing?" Milan asked in surprise. "That's how you got all muscled? n

Wendell laughed. He replied, "Yeah, Evan, Keith, Sean, and I used to kickbox in high school. That was how we got together in the first place. Now with work, it's just a form of relieving stress or exercise for us." He turned to Milan and said, "You should try it. It is a great way to let out any aggression."

"Like picture out your brother every time I punch?" Milan asked.

Yet again, Wendell laughed. He was at it so heartily that the dimple on his right cheek became evident. He said, "Yeah, that's one way to look at it."

"You should picture Salome too!" Milan suggested.

Wendell shook his head. He said, "Nah. I'm angry at her, but I don't hurt girls. Physically or emotionally."

His response got Milan staring at him for seconds. He asked, "What?"

Milan shook her head. She softly said, "Nothing. I'm sorry about suggesting to marry you, by the way. I just wanted to anger your brother

"I know," Wendell acknowledged.

"I'll talk to my parents about it," She promised. "Just give them time to cool down first."

"No rush," Wendell replied.