

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Chapter 169: Are You My Daddy?

“Yes, Sean. She is your daughter.”

Sean gasped. He threw his head back with his eyes closed, thinking how hard it must have been for Reese to raise a child since she left Rose Hills. He recalled how she had mentioned she struggled to get regular jobs, which was how she went into private practice instead. The pay was good, according to her, but the benefits weren't. She had to cover her insurance and other government-mandated contributions.

He forced himself up, pushing with his arms and one leg.

“What are you doing? Be careful,” Reese had to support his weight, offering her arm.

As soon as Sean managed to get up, he embraced Reese tightly, saying, “I'm very sorry, Reese. I'm very sorry for everything.” i

He further tightened his hold around her, and with that, he noticed how she sniffed. Sean said, “Let me make it up to you, please. To you and... our daughter.” 1

Sean held her for over a minute. When he pulled away, he asked, “What's – what's her name?”

There was very little light at the doorstep of Reese's humble home, but Sean could see how her face turned a shade darker as she shyly revealed their daughter's name. She said, “Shauna. Her name is Shauna.” 1

“Ah!” He couldn't help but have that smug look on his face. It was evident that his daughter was named after him. That granted him a punch in the stomach from Reese, and he wound up chuckling. He grabbed Reese's arm and said, “Sorry, I could not help but feel proud of having my daughter named after me.”

“Can I see her?” He immediately asked.

Reese hesitated for a moment, saying, “She is sleeping.”

“I can still see her in her sleep,” Sean suggested.

It took a second before Reese answered, “Okay.” 1

Sean first signaled Wendell to wait for him before joining Reese in the house. They walked into the bedroom hallways and entered a small room that belonged to his daughter.

The second he saw her, Sean smiled. Reese had blonde hair, and so did he, but the shade of his hair was more sandy. Shauna definitely had sandy blonde hair like him.

She was holding a stuffed toy tightly against her chest as she lay on her left side. Sean thought; Shauna looked so pretty in her sleep.

Reese pushed Sean's wheelchair closer to Shauna's bed while she took the other side. From that moment on, Sean silently studied the little girl.

“So, she's four,” Sean said.

Reese nodded.

“Where does she go to school here?” Sean asked.

“At the public school,” Reese replied.

Sean acknowledged, saying, “It's fine, but next year, can we move her?”

“I don't know, Sean. She is used to that simple life,” Reese reported, but not before blushing.

“She's still young. She can adjust,” Sean said. “Besides, Kindergarten is still pretty simple.”

Reese sighed and replied, “I guess. I'm sorry. I did not want to impose -”

“There is no imposing,” Sean assured her. “She is my responsibility too, being my daughter.”

“If you want a paternity test, we could go tomorrow,” Reese suggested. “I think it's best, especially in telling your parents about Shauna. Besides, during that time, at Keith's birthday party, I woke up next to you but did not remember the act.”

With a short pause, she added, “Though she takes a lot from you. You almost have the same eyes, except her's is more sky blue.”

Sean kept staring at Shauna and smiled. He was looking at her long lashes, cute nose, thin lips, and little hands. Just the sight of her warmed his heart.

A part of him felt he would be greatly disappointed if this cute little girl wasn't his, but he also recognized that Reese was right. Clarity was necessary at that point. He gulped and replied, “Okay. Let's go first thing in the morning.”

Sean spent another fifteen minutes simply watching Shauna, but knowing that Wendell was waiting for him, he bid goodbye.

At the door, he gave Reese one last hug, saying, “Thank you, Reese, for telling me this. I promise things will be different from now on.”

Sean made a few phone calls in the morning, and he only had to focus on the paternity test for the rest of his time. The lawyers were still going to communicate with Brooklyn's party, and they were sure it would take a few days before they would respond.

For now, though, Sean had ordered all accounts to be frozen. He was the primary signatory for all the firm's bank accounts, so the financial institutions readily complied. Brooklyn would not be able to take any money out.

With the family driver, he fetched Reese and Shauna at the house. He met Reese's mother, who cried at first sight of him. Misses Kenedy hugged him tightly, saying she was thankful that he would take the paternity test.

Next, he saw Shauna walking out of her room in leggings and a pink top. She had a double ponytail and two pink bows on each side. Her azurecolored eyes gazed into his blue orbs, and Sean swore his heart skipped a beat.

It was far different, with her fully awake and looking straight at him. She smiled at him before tears welled in her eyes. She asked, “Are you, my daddy?”

Sean could not also help but feel emotional. Who wouldn't? His daughter was looking for a father. After briefly glancing at Reese, he nodded and said, “Yes, I am.”

Shauna ran to him. Sean was still in his wheelchair but leaned down to embrace the little girl. He carried her and settled her on his lap, and from there, Shauna cried more. Her breathing became labored as she asked, “I knew I had a daddy! I knew it!”

Sean looked at Reese, asking for an explanation, but she only mouthed, ‘ Later.’

He understood. For now, getting the paternity test done was more important.

The Heart and Lung Center was accredited to perform a paternity test, and their laboratory was the safest place in Sean's view. It was there where Sean and his daughter had their samples taken side by side. Since Evan and Shantelle half owned the center, he could request an express test. The results would be out in the evening of that same day instead of waiting twenty-four hours.

They were in and out of the facility in half an hour. In the afternoon, Sean took their daughter to school with Reese. While waiting, he stayed with the Kennedys, catching up with their lives.

Sean had a one-on-one talk with Reese's mother as they had coffee in the dining area of their home. She said, “Reese did not know she was pregnant until we moved to Buffalo. She was already three months pregnant when her symptoms became apparent.”

Reese's mother said, “At first, she wouldn't tell me who the father was, but when Shauna came out and how Reese named her, immediately I knew. I knew. That was the only time Reese told me about everything, including Brooklyn's threats.”

Shaking her head, she added, “I thought Brooklyn was only jealous of Reese's closeness to you, but apparently, there was more to it. Still, we decided to live a peaceful life by staying away from you.” i

“I hated what happened to my daughter, Sean, and at some point, I also hated you for not knowing what you both had done. Although, Reese repeatedly told me that you seemed to have no recollection at all.” After drinking her coffee, she later revealed, “It was only last year when we found out the truth. Reese must have told you.”

Sean nodded.

“Our lives went on with the idea of reaching out to you at the back of our heads, but we never really had the courage,” Misses Kenedy said. “While I believed you are a good person, Sean, we didn't know how safe it was to go against Brooklyn.”

Letting out a loud sigh, she added, “I thank the heavens that Brooklyn is now out of the picture, and finally, Reese was able to tell you the truth.”

She reached for Sean's hand and requested, “Please, do right by Shauna. She is an adorable girl. She deserves to have a father.”

“I will, Aunt,” Sean swore. He reached for Misses Kenedy's hand and held it tightly. “I swear, I will.”

After the chat with Misses Kenedy, Sean and Reese left to fetch their daughter from school. Afterward, he treated them to an early dinner at a nearby restaurant. Only then did they proceed to The Heart and Lung Center for the paternity results.

With Evan's orders, Sean and Reese were guided to Shantelle's office, where they could open the results.

Holding the envelope in his hand, Sean asked Reese, “Do you want to open it first?”

Reese shook her head, inhaling. She said, “I'd rather you open it and read it for both of us.”

Sean was feeling his heart race. He cleared his throat while slowly opening the envelope. He lazily unfolded the paper and skipped the various jargon, focusing only on the results.

His skin crawled. A tear fell on his cheek as he read, “The alleged father cannot be excluded as the biological father of the tested child. Based on the analysis above, the probability of paternity is 99.99999999%.”