

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

## Chapter 6: Divorce Celebration

"Good morning, Evan. I love you."

Evan smiled in his dream, hearing Shantelle repeat those words. She never got tired of expressing how she felt. In his dream, he did not respond, but he sensed the warmth in his heart.

Suddenly, he heard his phone buzz. It was his wake-up call.

"Shanty, can you turn off the alarm, please? I want to sleep longer. It's Saturday," Evan groaned in his sleep. "Shants. Shanty?"

His eyes opened, realizing he was calling out his wife's name. He sat up and turned to the empty side of the bed. Then his gaze landed on the bedside table. When he saw the divorce papers and the letter she wrote, it dawned on him how Shantelle was already gone.

"Right. She left," Evan said under his breath. Again, this was supposed to be his happiest moment. He was free! All he needed to do was to formalize the divorce, and he would be officially a single man, but why was his chest still feeling heavy? It had not felt any better since he learned about Shantelle's leaving.

He noticed his phone was ringing. He checked it and saw it was Nicole calling. He ignored it at first and just lay on the bed. When his phone continued to ring, he groaned in irritation and answered it, "Nicole."

"I got the job from the public library! It's like what you said. Your father did not interfere!" There was a smile in her tone when Nicole added, "Evan, I can't thank you enough. How about we have dinner to celebrate? I can cook for you?"

"I." Evan glanced at the bedside table. Then he replied, "I can't. I have to hand to my lawyers the divorce papers - "

"Oh, did Shantelle sign it?" Nicole probe.

"Yes. Yes, she did," Evan blandly answered. There was not a hint of happiness in his voice.

"That's even more reason to celebrate. Come on, Evan. Let's have lunch together," Nicole kept insisting.

Evan sighed and responded, "I'm sorry, Nicole, but I have things to do. Next time."

He ended the call without letting Nicole finish, and then he started staring at his phone, going through his messages. Recalling Shantelle's letter, he wondered, "Which message was she referring to?"

From one app to another, Evan checked all his messengers, but he did not find any recent texts or messages from Shantelle. He frowned and pondered what she meant.

Soon, he attempted to call Shantelle's phone. "The person you are calling is out of reach."

Again and again, he called. Since he could not get through, he sent her a message: [Shanty, I got your letter. Thank you for signing the divorce papers. I know you said you did not want the alimony, but I will still transfer the funds to you. By the way, I did not get any message from you, despite what you have written in your letter.]

Evan spent an hour waiting in bed, but Shantelle did not reply. He went down to have his late breakfast. When Shantelle still did not respond, he sent another message: [Shanty, we could still be friends. We have known each other since we were young. We don't need to be strangers.]

He bathed and changed into a new set of clothes. Evan left to meet his lawyers and, after handing in the divorce papers, he decided to pay his father and mother a visit.

When he entered the gates to the old Thompsons' mansion, Evan felt tensed. It was about time for him to tell his parents of his decision to divorce Shantelle. He did not know how they would take it.

His parents, Erick and Clara Thompsons, genuinely loved Shantelle as their daughter-in-law.

"Are my parents here?" Evan asked.

"Yes, Sir. They are in the garden with Misses - I mean, Miss Scott," the maid said.

Instantly, Evan knew what was going on. He looked outside and realized that the Scotts' car was parked next to his father's. Shantelle was here to report their divorce!

Many possibilities played in his head. Yet again, he was angered. He was prepared to defend himself should his father retort by threatening him again. Evan marched with heavy steps until he found himself in the gardens. What he saw broke his heart. He could make out how the news saddened his parents.

Erick and Clara were embracing Shantelle with tears in their eyes. His wife was doing the same, weeping.

"Evan," Clara, his mother, called. "You are here."

The embrace between the three broke off, and Evan could finally see Shantelle. It was obvious that she had been crying, observing the bags around her eyes.

"Shantelle tells me you have finally divorced?" Clara said in a soft tone.

Then, to Evan's surprise, his father said, "I guess it's better. I'm tired of forcing this onto you both."

"Don't worry, Evan. Shantelle had told me it was her decision. So I respect it," Erick said.

'What?' That came as an amazement to Evan. If his father knew it was his decision, a debate would happen again! He secretly thanked Shantelle for that.

"Aunt, Uncle. I have to go," Shantelle sniffed her tears away and said, "Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Shanty. We love you, dear. Good luck with everything," Clara said, waving goodbye.

Shantelle walked past Evan, not minding him for a second. It wasn't like her at all. Evan asked silently, 'Did she just ignore me?'

A big part of Evan was dumbfounded. She never ignored him. Noticing how she kept walking without glancing at him, he said, "I tried calling you."

"Hmmm?" Shantelle raised a brow and softly replied, "I changed my number."

And just like that, Shantelle walked away. She did not even say goodbye or give Evan her new number.

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A month passed.

"Miss Shanty said to thank you for the divorce certificate," Howard, the Thompsons family driver, said in front of Evan.

With his money and connection, Evan quickly got the divorce certificates done. Officially, he was already a free man.

Clearing his throat, Evan asked, "Is that it? Did she say... anything else?"

"Nothing, sir. She just accepted it and returned to whatever it was she was doing. The Scotts appeared to be busy." Howard shrugged. "Their maids were walking in and out of the house, carrying boxes. Maybe they were cleaning the house."

"I see," Evan replied, inwardly disappointed. "Thank you, Howard - oh, and -"

Evan reached for a gift box inside his drawers and gave it to Howard, "This is for your son." He smiled and added, "I remember he liked baseball. Wendell sold some of his card collections."

"I figured Clark would love this," Evan added.

Howard had a huge smile on his face. He answered, "Thank you, sir. You are very thoughtful."

"Don't mention it. I just remembered," Evan replied, and Howard left his office.

Half bothered by Shantelle's pure silence, Evan went about his work. As he did, he kept reminding himself how this was his decision and that it was best for both of them; him and Shantelle.

In the evening, he received an invitation from his friend, Sean. They wanted to have drinks at the club.

At the same time, he received a text from Nicole. She said, "Evan, let's celebrate. I got my first salary from the library, but I don't have any friends to celebrate it with. Please, Evan."

Evan felt responsible altogether. He had been busy with work and had not also visited Nicole. Thus, he wound up inviting her to the club.

Instead of a private room, like they usually had, Sean booked a secluded booth at the club. Keith and Wendell were already there.

"Hey, Eva -" Sean's mouth fell open when he saw Nicole. He said, "Oh, hey, Nicole."

"Hi guys, I hope you don't mind that I join you?" Nicole said, giving off that amiable smile.

"Suuurre. It's fine," Sean responded awkwardly. "You remember Wendell and Keith, right?"

"Hi, everyone. Nice to see you again," Nicole replied.

The music was on at the club. The DJ played the most upbeat tune, and a few guests started dancing. On the other hand, Evan's group enjoyed their drinks, discussing businesses, and whatnot.

"You know, Nicole, I honestly thought you were so familiar, even during the first time Evan brought you to our circle," Wendell suggested. "Have we met before?"

"Maybe it's just me, but I thought your eyes were familiar," Wendell added.

Nicole smiled and said, "No, it can't be. It was my first time to be here in Rose Hills two years ago."

"Woah, isn't that Shanty?" Sean asked, seeing a girl in a sexy white dress that hugged her body, her blonde hair bouncing as she danced with three other girls.

"Woah!" Wendell hissed.

Keith, on the other hand, whistled. "Damn, I knew she had a sexy body beneath those jeans and long dresses!"

"Announcement, everyone!" Another girl with short black hair took the microphone from the DJ. She said, "Meet my girl, Shantelle Scott! We are celebrating her divorce! She is a hot sexy ass who is single and ready to mingle!"

Evan's nose flared. His eyes widened in shock.

LiLhyz

Thank you for reading. To my old readers, welcome back. Unlike my usual novels, I have ventured into something a little different. While this story may initially give you a little heartache, trust in your author-san that you will get your well-deserved just ending. If you have any questions, please find me on social media. Search LiLhyz. If you love this novel, please support me by giving me your precious gems!

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