

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Chapter 107: She Is My Wife

From their original plan, Evan and Shantelle would meet outside the conference hall, and he would sit in with her during the awarding. The request for him to help present the prizes came at the last minute.

When Evan arrived, he did not know how his wife would introduce him. He could confidently claim Shantelle within his companies and back in Rose Hills, but the conference of doctors was Shantelle's territory. Thus, when he walked in, he played it by ear.

The moment Shantelle asked for a kiss, the man was elated. He was so over the moon that he did not notice how the doctors around them questioned Shantelle's actions.

Evan's eyes were fixed on Shantelle. He acted high and mighty, but inside; his heart was beating fast. To him, it meant one thing, Shantelle wanted their relationship to be known to her fellow doctors. Thus, Evan concluded that his Wifey was proud of him!

"I'm waiting, Mister Thompson," Shantelle said.

Finally, a bright smile formed on Evan's face, and his eyes glistened. He was about to grant Shantelle her prize when the association's president said, "But, Mister Thompson does not let any woman close to him."

"Nonsense," Evan interrupted. He looked around and then briefly met the president's gaze. He announced, "My wife can ask anything she wants, including a kiss from me."

Without further delay, Evan cupped Shantelle's chin and kissed her lips.

Loud gasps could be heard throughout the venue. Jaws were dropping, and eyes were bulging. They could not help but be in awe at the sight before them. Evan was kissing Shantelle passionately. His eyes were closed as he held her face up to his, and it was the same for Doctor Shant.

Silence engulfed the entire conference hall. Everyone's heads had one question. 'What did Mister Thompson say?'

The president of the Thoracic Surgeons Association remained shocked by the revelation. He muttered, "Wife?"

From the rows of tables, murmurs eventually arose.

"Did he call Doctor Shant his wife?"

"Did I hear it right?"

"They would not kiss that way if they did not know each other."

"And here I am, thinking Doctor Shant had gone mad."

"Oh, my god! Go, Doctor Shant!"

From the far end of the conference hall, back at the same table where Shantelle sat, Millet's mouth was wide open. She didn't bother covering her mouth because she simply could not move from the shock.

"Maybe – maybe we heard it wrong," Penelope stuttered as she suggested. "It couldn't be."

Emma was the same. Her mouth remained glued to the floor, utterly stunned. She repeated the word in her head, 'Wife.' She felt ashamed altogether, thinking about introducing Shantelle to her co-doctors when she was the boss' wife!

Gina, on the other hand, said, "That's it! That was when I saw Doctor Shant's face. How could I have forgotten? The Hospital once featured an article about Mister Thompson and his family."

"An article was featured?" Emma finally spoke, glaring at his assistant surgeon, Gina. "Why didn't you tell me!"

"We were having surgery at that time. You were already in the operating room, and I was rushing to join you when I saw the main lobby TV screen flashed the photos," Gina recounted. "It happened so fast, I forgot about it!"

Hearing Doctor Gina, Millet frowned. All the signs came rushing back, like how Evan's bodyguard waved at Shantelle, her freaking expensive engagement ring, and the fact that Evan smiled their way, but they assumed it was for Emma.

Millet then glowered at Gina before returning to frown at Shantelle on stage. She commented, "Shantelle must have lied to him. It has to be that. Why would such an eligible man end up with a single-mother divorcee? It doesn't make sense to me!"

Following Millet's words, a few of Shantelle's batchmates echoed the same. Penelope, for one, suggested, "So, he is the man Shantelle is getting married to? And he is the father of the baby she carries? So he is adopting a child that is not his?"

"I bet Mister Thompson doesn't know Shantelle's full history," Millet proposed.

Back at the stage, Evan and Shantelle ultimately pulled away. Shantelle was blushing like a red tomato while the man was grinning with delight. When Evan roamed the entire conference hall, he saw the puzzled expression on everyone's face. Some showed a hint of disapproval.

Realizing this, he asked the host to give him the microphone. He explained, "No, Doctor Shant did not randomly ask for a kiss. It's like what I said earlier; she is my wife."

"We are sorry for the show, but it seems my wife misses me so much that she asked for a kiss. And that's fine because I miss her madly too," Evan reasoned. He turned to Shantelle and was reminded of the two medallions around her neck. He said, "I am proud of my wife's achievements and honesty. Since Shanty was young, she had always wanted to be a doctor – to follow in her father's footsteps. Seeing her live her dreams now and achieving so much at this early stage of her career makes me equally gratified."

"So, thank you for recognizing my wife's potential, and may you continue to support her as she climbs up to the ranks in the medical field," Evan closed. After his complete revelation, doctors began to give Shantelle applause.

Doctor Hale, for one, started with a loud clap. "Bravo, Doctor Shant!"

"Congratulations again. Doctor Shant," Doctor Winona said, clapping her hands.

After Evan's disclosure, Shantelle pecked her man's cheek. Evan stepped back, and Shantelle took over the stand. Addressing everyone, she said, "Thank you again, fellow doctors. Since I am already on stage, I would like to take this opportunity to promote our heart and lung center in Rose Hills."

"Saint Dominique's Heart and Lung Center still need qualified doctors to work with us. We need pulmonologists, gastroenterologists, general surgeons, trauma surgeons, and more. Please spread the word because, in the next few years, we aim to be the leading facility for thoracic surgical care and want the best people on board with us," Shantelle claimed. She smiled at everyone, saying, "Thank you again, and may you enjoy the rest of your afternoon."

The association's president followed in taking the stand. He briefly closed the awarding and the congress in general. Photos were taken of the awardees on stage. Shantelle and Evan had their picture together, along with Doctor Hale.

Finally, it was time to return to Shantelle's table. She walked along with Evan's hand at the small of her back. When she made it in front of her batchmates, Shantelle introduced, "Evan, these are some of my fellow- thoracic surgeons, Doctor Millet."

Turning to Evan, she revealed, "She invited us to her wedding. So I invited her back."

"Next to her is Doctor Penelope, then Doctor Yna, Doctor Jade," Shantelle named the doctors individually. "You probably know Doctor Emma Brown. She works for the Lockwood Children's Hospital

"No, sorry. I probably forgot," Evan admitted, and it made Emma shrink to her seat.

"Oh." Shantelle grimaced. She said, "Please excuse my husband, Doctor Emma. He meets a lot of people daily due to his business."

"It's – it's completely understandable," Emma quickly answered.

"Then, this is Doctor Gina. She is Emma's assistant surgeon," Shantelle said before introducing the rest of the doctors seated at their table.

"To everyone, ladies, this is my husband, my love, and the father of my kids. " Shantelle placed a hand on her belly before resuming, "Evan Thompson."

There was only silence. Most doctors before them had faces as white as a ghost, and their mouths helplessly fell on the floor. Behind Shantelle's head, she smirked at her triumphant win. Her man was not only dashing but also a noble person, known for his contributions to society.

The best part was how everyone from this table, maybe even all the women in the room, wanted Evan, but the man was hers and hers alone.

"It's good to meet some of Shanty's co-surgeons," Evan politely said. He felt there was something off. The tension around them was relatively thick, but soon, he found out why.

When Shantelle was done talking, Millet questioned, trying to say it in a friendly tone, "Mister Thompson, how nice of you to marry Shantelle when she is a single mother who had a child from a previous marriage. I mean, you know that she has an illegitimate child, right? Most single men would think twice about being with a divorcee, much more sharing a child's attention with his real father."

Calmly, Millet indicated, "You must pity Shantelle to offer her marriage and convenience. You are so kind, Mister Thompson."

Shantelle pursed her lips. She was trying to make Millet realize there was no point competing with her, but it seemed like her former classmate wanted to be punished in Evan's hands.

"WHAT – DID – YOU – SAY?" Evan asked, his tone deafening and stern.