

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Chapter 100: Evan's Alternatives

"I'm not sleepy at all," Evan said while pecking at Shantelle's head.

The couple was lying on their bed, waiting for the time to pass. Shantelle was resting on Evan's chest, her hand across her torso. She then glanced at Evan's arm and ran her hand down his forearm. She said, "Let's get your compression garment adjusted. I think your upper arm is better. Your forearm needs more compression."

Hmm. I'll do that after we have your pregnancy checked," Evan acknowledged. "Do you hate looking at my burns?"

"No!" She looked at him and said, "Of course not, Evan."

Shantelle got up and pecked the most affected part of his forearm. There were no more open wounds, but there were slight inflammations. She remarked, "This arm shielded me from the fire. How could I hate it?"

She returned to his side and pecked his lips. Evan wound up smiling brightly at her. When she rested back on his chest, he maintained his smile while watching the ceiling of their resort accommodation and proclaimed, "Tonight is the best night of my life."

"You mean last night. It's already." Shantelle turned to the wall clock and said, "Two in the morning." She yawned and said, "We should get some sleep."

"I'm just so happy. I can't sleep." Evan declared. He could hear Shantelle's breathing become more steady, and he knew she was falling asleep fast. He said, "I love you, Shanty."

When she did not answer, he tickled her awake and asked, "Say it back. I want to hear you say it back."

Shantelle was already exhausted. She frowned and said, "No, I'm not going to say it back. You are going to get hard again!"

It was because Evan still had a boner after two rounds of making love. He said it had something to do with how she said I love you. In the end, Shantelle gave him a lip service. She would have wanted them to make love again. However, she didn't know the condition of her pregnancy just yet.

"I am totally fine with your mouth, Wifey," Evan suggested, making Shantelle whine.

She smacked him hard in the chest and said, "Evan! That's enough. You were never like this before."

Between the old Evan and now, which one do you like?" Evan pointed out.

A hiss left Shantelle's lips, and she narrowed her eyes at him. She had to admit; she loved the new Evan. Sure, the new Evan had a crazy sex drive, but that also meant he wanted more of her, which ultimately felt good for Shantelle. Being filled by Evan sent her to an ocean of pleasure that she could not describe.

"Of course, the new Evan, but, remember, we are having a baby. We need to take care of the baby and my health too. You are going to have to make some sacrifices," Shantelle proposed. 'And that includes holding back if needed. Besides, there will be a stage in my first trimester when I will feel disgusted with almost everything – this is based on my experience, of course. In the coming days, I might not love your dick inside my mouth."

Evan's eyes widened. He cleared his throat and asked, "So, the first trimester is three months, right?"

"Yes, but the stage of nausea and vomiting is somewhere between six and eighteen weeks," Shantelle replied.

The man did the math and thought about his alternatives. He looked down at Shantelle and proposed, "Well, there's your breast. I could cum in between those -"

Shantelle laughed. She snorted while she was at it.

Evan, on the other hand, continued to find different parts of her body where he could get his release, "You can always help me with your hand. We tried dry humping when you were having your period. That was amazing too. Last, I could cum in between your ass. You know I love your ass."

"Well, I'm glad you have that all figured out. As for me, you only need to do one thing," Shantelle reminded him.

"It is my pleasure to get stuck between your thighs, Wifey," Evan suggested, resulting in more laughter from Shantelle.

"I'm glad you know me well," Shantelle remarked.

"Of course," Evan assured her.

Soon, Shantelle yawned. She said, "Let's sleep, okay? Don't we need to leave the resort tomorrow morning?"

"Okay. Okay," Evan replied. He pecked Shantelle's head and said, "Goodnight, Wifey. I love you."

"I love you, Evan. Goodnight," Shantelle responded.

"I'm hard again," Evan teased.

"I did not hear that. I'm already sleeping," Shantelle said, leaving Evan chuckling.

The next day, everyone departed from the resort right after breakfast. They left the same way, riding on a yacht. The entire trip, Lucas slept on Shantelle's chest. Lucas took a last-minute dip on the beach before leaving, making him tired during the voyage.

Shantelle was caressing Lucas' head and singing him a song when her work phone rang.

Her father, William, had to take the call for Shantelle. However, the center was calling about a chest wall surgery. William only specialized in heart surgery. He returned the phone to his daughter.

Not wanting to disturb Lucas, Evan had to hold the phone up in Shantelle's ears. She softly instructed the surgeon on duty about a patient with a collapsed lung due to internal bleeding.

"Yes, address the bleeding first so he can breathe and check the broken ribs. By what you are telling me, I think the patient needs rib alignment through plates," Shantelle softly said, controlling the volume of her voice.

"You are welcome, Doctor Cheng. Of course. Right, I agree." Finally, when the call ended, Shantelle sighed. While they hired tenured thoracic surgeons, it was common for them to seek a second opinion. As the center's lead surgeon, it was her job to give them advice.

She turned to Evan, seated next to her, and instructed, "They might call again or text if they have questions about the procedure. Let me know if there are any."

Evan nodded and rested back. He then watched as Shantelle massaged Lucas' back.

An hour later, the heart and lung center sent her a text. Evan quickly noticed it, and he gave the phone to Shantelle. Unfortunately, Lucas complained about the movement.

"What did they say? Just open it, Hubby. I'm holding Lucas," Shantelle suggested.

Evan glanced at Shantelle, asking, "What's your passcode?"

It was as if Shantelle had a realization that her face flushed. She gazed up at Evan and rethought her decision. However, Evan had already slid open her phone, and he asked again, "What's the passcode, Wifey?"

"It's 9021989," she weakly answered.

Evan's eyes widened. A smile easily formed on his face as he unlocked Shantelle's phone. He read the message for her, saying, "The operation went well. They are now aligning the patient's ribs."

Shantelle bashfully nodded and replied, "Good to know."

Just then, Shantelle's other phone buzzed. This time, it was her personal phone, the same one she used in Warlington.

Evan also took it from Shantelle's bag and saw from the preview that it was Doctor Hale. He said, "Do you want me to open it too?"

Shantelle nodded.

He used the same passcode, and it opened for him. From then on, Evan's smile could not be contained. He felt like a teenage boy, delighting over the fact that Shantelle had used his birth date to lock her phones.

Evan happily read Doctor Hale's message. "He said he is thinking of relocating to Rose Hills."

Shantelle faintly answered, "I think that would be a good idea. With me being pregnant, I could use another senior in the center. Could you text him back, Hubby?"

Evan did as Shantelle asked. After relaying messages to Doctor Hale for Shantelle, a thought came through Evan's mind. Shantelle has had the other phone since Warlington. He leaned in and asked, "So, when did you change your passcode to my birthday?"

"Um," Shantelle giggled. She answered, "I don't remember."

Evan kept bugging her about it, but Shantelle acted to fall asleep, shutting her eyes while laughing inside and listening to him. She did not give in, leaving Evan curious.

Later that day, Evan and Shantelle went to see the gynecologist specializing in fertility. The doctor, Tamara Willis, a woman in her late forties, was thrilled for the couple. She guided them to the ultrasound room and studied Shantelle's uterus.

"Congratulations! You are pregnant!" Doctor Tamara turned the screen to Evan and Shantelle, asking, "Any guesses how many babies you will have?"