

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Move On Together

“Good noon!” Shantelle greeted with a smile. “I heard you went out at dawn?”

Wendell walked into the dining area, all freshly bathed, passed noon. He greeted Evan’s family, “Good morning.” 1

Shantelle and Evan were present, along with Lucas. The twins were asleep in the nursery with their caregivers.

The couple was still on parental leave. Although Evan occasionally worked in the study, he was at least at home, helping Shantelle take care of the twins as a priority.

It was the day after Keith’s and Karise’s wedding. The newlyweds were out of the country for their honeymoon. Wendell had temporarily moved in with Evan and Shantelle until finding his own place to stay.

“Uncle Wendell!” Lucas jumped off his seat and ran to hug Wendell. “Are you going to come with us to the hospital?”

Wendell gave a wary look at Evan. The man was sipping his coffee, and after putting his cup down, he explained, “Lucas has his weekly check-up with Doctor Patel. If you haven’t yet become your company’s president, you are welcome to join.”

Shaking his head, Wendell revealed, “Not yet. I asked Milan to help me with another two days of rest. I could use some time off.”

He sat next to Lucas and said, “I would love to come with you to the hospital.”

“Yay! It will be fun! You, me, daddy, mommy, and uncle Miguel!” Lucas exclaimed.

Shantelle snorted, laughing. She described, “We will be fully occupying Doctor Patel’s office.”

“Now, it’s time to eat your broccoli because if you don’t, I will eat them!” Wendell teased.

“No way! It’s my broccoli, Uncle Wendell! You can eat sausages!” Lucas retorted, encouraging giggles in the air.

It was a merry lunch gathering in Evan and Shantelle’s home. After their meals, they all left for The Children’s Hospital. It was from Doctor Patel’s clinic that they received an update about the twin’s cord blood cell culturing. With Wendell there, the doctor had to thoroughly explain the process. Wendell was genuinely curious about how Lucas would receive his future treatment.

“In reality, the cord blood cells from Lucas’ siblings are just two-eighth of his needs. That is why the same collected blood cells needed to be cultured in a marrow-like environment to self-regenerate. Although it is potent, we want it to have better chances of curing the anemia. The plan is to let the cells grow first while we have time. Besides, Lucas’ blood counts are hanging in there with the added protection we are giving him,” Doctor Patel explained. “He may also even get better on his own.”

“If Lucas can fight this one on his own, then well and good, but if his blood count starts to drop again, we will proceed with the stem cell treatment,” the doctor added.

Wendell raked his fingers through his hair and said, “I see. It’s just that I wish I could take Lucas out, Doc.”

“Me too,” Lucas said, looking down at his hands.

“You can go out, but with health measures, and you need to choose your crowd. You can only go out with those that truly care for your health,” the doctor advised. He smiled at Evan and suggested, “I’m sure your parents can figure it out.”

In the evening, Wendell and Evan took their places inside the mansion’s study. Wendell was studying his brothers’ work. The Grays had demanded his brother’s resignation earlier, and Wendell only had one week to assume the president position.

Before Rowan ruined his relationship with Milan, Wendell only acted as a Recruitment Director for G&F Manpower International Service. He was the one working hard to attract applicants and fill in clients’ employment demands. All his brother ever did was give him directives.

On the side, Wendell has invested in stock markets since college. He also subsidized two of Evan’s businesses; The Lockwood Children’s Hospital and the shipping lines. He likewise had shares in Sean’s accounting firm. That was where Wendell got most of his income. In truth, he did well for himself without getting involved in his family’s manpower business. Still, being part of the Francos, he owed it to his parents to offer aid.

Two hours into being in front of his laptop, Wendell received a video message. Milan sent him a recording of her punching a boxing bag, and his brother’s face was attached to it.

Wendell chuckled and replied: [Nice work, but you are doing it all wrong. You need to bend your legs a little, and you need to close your fists harder.]

Milan: [Well, don’t blame me. The coach here at the gym taught me what I know.]

Wendell: [You need to close your hand tighter as if your life depended on it. Imagine you are holding an extremely valuable locket, given by your mother’s grandma’s husband, who made it and died protecting it.]

Milan: [What? (Laugh emoji) That’s one way to put it. Better yet, I’ll imagine I am crushing Rowan’s balls.]

A laugh escaped Wendell’s lips. It came so naturally that Evan caught his attention. The man asked, “Who are you chatting with?”

“Oh, Milan,” Wendell admitted. He proceeded to give his reply to Milan: [One of these days, I’ll show you. Screw the gym’s coach. He doesn’t know what he is doing.]

Milan: [Excuse me, I don’t screw! I’ll take the most of what he can show me now.]

Wendell: [It’s good that you don’t screw strangers. You should only share that with your special someone. One of these days, I promise I’ll show you how to box.]

Milan: [You know what? Now that I think about it, it’s probably because I can’t screw. That’s why your brother cheated on me.]

Wendell: [I’m not following.]

Minutes came and went. Milan never replied. Wendell tried to call Milan, worried he might have said something to hurt her feelings, but still, she did not pick up.

Thus, Wendell found himself driving to the Grays’ mansion after dinner. Milan’s father was pleased to see him, and Wendell could tell, he was assuming that they were moving forward with the marriage.

“Wait for her by the pool. Do you want coffee or drink?” Mister Gray asked.

“Water is fine, Mister Gray,” Wendell replied. “Thank you.”

“She’ll be right down in a minute,” Milan’s father assured Wendell.

After half an hour, Milan came down to the pool area. She had a freshly washed face, but her eyes were puffed, suggesting she had recently cried again.

“Milan, did I say something to offend you?” Wendell asked. “You never answered my call.”

Glancing back at the house, Milan clearly was checking if her father was nearby. After confirming he was gone, she said, “Let’s take a walk in the gardens.”

They went around in circles in the next few minutes, with Milan remaining silent. After some time, she revealed, “I couldn’t make love with your brother. In fact, I had never really done it, technically.”

“Recalling how Rowan ended up having sex with Salome, I imagine that’s why he cheated on me,” Milan suggested. “I have a moderate case of vaginal agenesis.” i

“Vaginal agenesis?” Wendell repeated his brow lifting.

“It means my, you know.” Milan quoted with her fingers, saying, “Cat.”

“Cat?” Wendell was sent laughing at her term. He teased, “How old are you again?”

“Shut up! I am younger than you by two years, and while I am old enough to marry, I try to be less vulgar with my words. I am a self-declared near-saint. So, yeah, my cat is underdeveloped. It’s too narrow; a male’s organ can’t get through without me howling in pain and bleeding. I found out about this when Rowan tried to do it with me. He was supposed to be my first and last, so I gave in. I wound up bleeding on the entire bed,” Milan revealed.

“Woah!” Wendell’s mouth fell to the ground. He asked, “So you can’t have sex, ever?”

“I can, and I have been doing exercises. I have been performing self treatment – don’t ask me how. I won’t tell you,” Milan admitted. “God, it’s strange of me to talk about this with you. I’m not even sure why I’m telling you this.”

“It was either self-dilation or getting surgery, but I preferred not to take the surgery. The noninvasive treatment takes longer, and I reckoned that was why Rowan gave up.” With a long sigh, Milan added, “Now I know how incomplete I was to him.”

There was a long silence before Wendell spoke. He said, “No. It shouldn’t be the reason to cheat. I mean, there are other ways to address his needs.

And you did say you were getting dilated.”

“So I guess it was me, talking about screwing that triggered everything. I am sorry about that,” Wendell said.

Milan giggled and said, “I think... I started it by twisting the meaning of screw.”

“Yeah, I mean, I never said screw, screw,” Wendell reasoned, quoting with his fingers and chuckling. “But I am relieved you aren’t upset with me.”

“I am sorry to hear bout your condition, but on the bright side, you are getting treatment for it. Plus, you were not entirely able to give yourself to my fucking brother,” Wendell said.

“Yeah, me too,” Milan said.

Dead air fell upon them as they continued to walk around the garden. Soon Milan asked, “Wonder how long until this pain goes away? I hate thinking about Rowan, but sometimes he creeps into my head.”

“I understand. When I woke up today, I also thought about when Salome and I started dating,” Wendell replied. “She used to be nice, you know.

Salome changed over time. I tried to influence her, to change her back to who she once was, but I guess you can’t change someone who doesn’t see a problem with their actions.”

“It’s also possible that Salome never changed. She only revealed her true self,” Milan suggested.

Wendell sighed. He massaged the back of his neck and replied, “I don’t know, but from here on, I’m moving on, and you should too.”

“We should move on together,” Milan remarked.

Wendell smiled. His dimple showed as he replied, “Yeah.”

Realizing her words may be interpreted differently, Milan corrected, “I mean, not in that way. You know both of us, moving on from our past relationships!”

Wendell laughed and said, “I know what you mean. No need to be so defensive.”