

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

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Chapter 94: Chocolate

"I am just stapling the upper right lobes. Prepare to remove the affected lung," Shantelle instructed her team as her eyes were fixed on the console of the robotic surgery. She was operating on a patient with lung cancer, cutting a portion of the patient's lung with a tumor.

Seeing her patient's overall lung, Shantelle remarked, "I will never, ever smoke."

"Agree to that Doc," her assistant surgeon said while watching the monitor from a distance, observing Shantelle's work. They looked at the patient's lung, which was covered with several dark spots because of his smoking habits.

"I have been telling him that for years. Mister Sanchez is just a hard headed rich old man," the patient's direct physician said, shaking his head.

"Affected lung is inside the bag. You can take it out now," Shantelle instructed. Shantelle studied each part of the lung closely, with tiny cameras going inside the patient's chest. It took her a few minutes, but after confirming that there were no other tumors, she concluded, "The tumor was just contained in the upper right lung."

"We are done with the surgery. Close up the patient's incisions," Shantelle instructed.

"Yes, Doctor Shant," her team of surgeons responded one by one.

"Thank goodness it's the robot holding a knife now, Doctor Shant!" One nurse teased, and everyone laughed.

Jessica Turner's scandal became the talk of the center. They especially teased Shantelle about how she could potentially take anyone's life with a surgical knife.

Shantelle shook her head as she removed her surgical gown. She remarked, "If you are not after my man, then you don't have anything to worry about." 1

"Aye! Mister Thompson and Doctor Shant are so possessive of each other. When Mister Thompson comes here, he doesn't let go of Doc's hand," one nurse remarked. "They are so sweet together."

"Doctor Shant is so lucky to wake up in bed with Mister Thompson daily! Sex must be amazing!" The assistant surgeon remarked.

"That's probably why Doctor Shant keeps smiling in her office. Do you often think of Mister Thompson, Doc?" The anesthesiologist added, encouraging more laughter inside the operating room.

"Focus on your job, people, and get your own sex life to talk about!" Shantelle shot back, smirking at her team. "Bye, I'm taking my lunch break!"

Days had passed since Shantelle and Lucas lived back in the villa with Evan. Everything was different now, with Lucas' condition. She and Evan had to work together to provide their son with a happy environment, despite not being able to go to school.

Doctor Patel had recommended keeping Lucas away from potential infections for now. Although Lucas' tests were better than the last, the pediatrician did not want Lucas to catch anything that would affect his blood count. Sadly, the school was the number one source of infection. Many kids go to school while having flu or fever.

Kids were like that. They were stubborn and would prefer to go to school, even when sick. 1

To give him that school environment, Evan converted one room on the first floor into Lucas' school and study area. It would be the place where Lucas would receive his one-on-one lesson with a private teacher.

When Shantelle made it inside her office, she called her mother. Eleanor had been committed to visiting Lucas daily. While on a conference call, her mother showed her how Lucas responded to his teacher.

Eleanor said, "Say hello to your mommy, Lucas?"

"Hi, Mommy! Are you coming home soon?" Lucas asked, waving his hand.

"In a few hours, honey! Study well, and I love you!" Shantelle replied.

Evan and Shantelle promised Lucas that it was only temporary. Thankfully, their son was too happy about living together as a family that he did not mind having school at home.

After speaking with Lucas, she checked her calendar and realized it was day one of her ovulation period. She bit her lip and suddenly felt excited. Tingles ran through her core.

Sex with Evan had been outstanding. It was beyond her imagination – a huge difference from when they were married. With both of them sleeping in the same bed each night, getting intimately familiar was unavoidable. Evan was always hungry for her, and Shantelle could not complain. She was extremely satisfied.

Last night, Evan made love to her in the kitchen. He arrived very late, and she made a simple dinner for him. While she was tossing up a salad, she got pounced on from behind, and it was incredibly thrilling.

All that thinking about Evan made Shantelle incredibly inflamed. She tried denying it, drinking all the water in her tumbler, but it didn't help. She wound up imagining getting filled that she swore her panties became damped.

She puffed and complained, "Damn you, Evan. Phew!" She fanned herself as she clamped her legs together, trying to stop the excitement between her thighs. However, no matter what she did, it wasn't working.

A nurse walked in, giving her the schedule for the next day, and said, "Doctor Shant. You are sweating all over, but your office is so cold. Are you okay?"

"Haha! I'm okay. I'm just craving chocolate," she lied.

The nurse shrugged and proposed, "Well, aren't you going out for lunch? You might as well get that craving satisfied. There's a convenience store across the street."

When the nurse left, Shantelle thought about it. While she did, she kept pressing her thighs together, trying to control her desires. It was as if her ovulation was calling her.

She found herself staring at the ovulation medication, one that she had secured last week while visiting a fertility doctor with Evan. She hissed and said, "This is all your fault."

Finally, she decided to satisfy her craving.

After calling Andy to pick her up, she ordered food at the nearby restaurant and left for the Thompson's Group of Company office building. It was her first time returning to the same building since coming back to town. It felt so surreal being back and walking in.

She used to come to the same office building nearly every day to surprise Evan with his lunch. Now, she was coming over to have her version of chocolate.

Andy merely dropped her off at the lobby while he parked the car in the underground parking area. Knowing exactly where Evan's office was, she went past the reception area and into the lift's hallway.

The receptionist clearly did not know her, so she called Shantelle's attention, "Excuse me, Miss, but you don't have an ID. Are you a visitor?"

Shantelle studied the woman. It was hard to decide if the person before her had seen her at the anniversary party. Some employees chose not to attend. Shantelle replied, "Yes, I'm here to see my husband. Evan."

"Your husband?" The receptionist said, leaning back. "Mister Thompson?"

"E! E! That's Doctor Shant! The boss' wife!" The other receptionist called the lady, which was Shantelle's cue to get going. At least, someone did pay attention to the news or was present at the party.

"Yes, that is Evan. Excuse me. I urgently need to see him," she said before pressing on Evan's private lift. It required a passcode, and she noticed how the receptionist studied her closely. She thought about it and made an accurate guess. She entered her birth date, and the elevator doors opened!

Her eyes widened in disbelief, but soon a smile replaced the expression on her face. Shantelle entered the lift and waved at the receptionist goodbye, and she waved back, saying, "Nice to meet you, Doctor Shant. I'm sorry for the inconvenience."

Shantelle made her way to Evan's office floor, carrying the boxes of food, and as soon as she walked past the rows of secretaries, they all stood up in respect for her.

"Good noon, Doctor Shant!"

"Hello, Doctor Shant. Good noon."

One male assistant walked over to her, saying, "Doctor Shant, Mister Thompson, and James are in a meeting in the main conference room. Do you wish to wait in Mister Thompson's office? May I carry the boxes for you?"

Shantelle smiled brightly. She could not help but be pleased with how everyone on the floor knew her. She gave the young man the food boxes and said, "I'll wait in his office."

She walked in front of Evan's door and noticed it required a passcode, too. Shantelle wondered if it was her birth date again. She hesitated but keyed in her birth date, anyway.

Her eyes widened when the office door opened. It was still her birthday!

Before she could enter the room, however, she heard the man's voice calling out to her.

"Shanty! Shanty! It's really you!" Evan was smiling from ear to ear, seeing her. He asked, "Did you come to see me?"

Shantelle nodded, smiling back at him. She answered, "I thought I'd pay a visit."

The truth was, Evan was so elated. The last time Shantelle visited him was when they were married. Could his Wifey finally be putting effort into seeing him?

Evan excitedly turned to his companions. Shantelle could tell they were either clients or new investors, judging by their custom-made suits, expensive jewelry, and watches.

"This is my beautiful wife and the mother of my son, Doctor Shant. She is the lead surgeon of Saint Dominique's Heart and Lung Center," Evan proudly introduced, after pecking Shantelle's lips.

"What a beautiful wife you have, Mister Thompson. No wonder you threw out Miss Cartera earlier," an older man said before he and the rest of his companions laughed.

Shantelle gave Evan a question mark look, but it was James who explained everything. He said, "Miss Cartera was a potential investor to the shipping lines who joined the meeting earlier. She broke the number one rule and purposely sat next to the boss's chair despite being warned against it.

Mister Thompson called security on her."

"Oh," Shantelle said. She pouted her lips and asked, "Did Miss Cartera get to touch any part of you, husband?" 1

The group of men laughed, each of them commenting on Shantelle.

"Doctor Shant is protective of Mister Thompson," another man responded for Evan. "Don't worry, Doctor Shant, the only thing Miss Cartera touched was Mister Thompson's seat."

"Well, since your wife is here, then we better get going," the same man said.

James ushered Evan's visitors, and Shantelle walked into the CEO's office with her man. The young assistant placed the food on Evan's coffee table and excused himself.

When the couple was alone, Evan wrapped his arms around Shantelle. He pecked her lips and asked, "What a pleasant surprise! What brings you here, Wifey?"

Shantelle kissed Evan's lips. When she pulled away, her face burned. She bit her lip as her hand made it down to his trouser. She grabbed his manhood, and they were immediately hard following her touch. She chuckled and revealed, "I wanted... chocolate."