

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhyz Chapter 38

Chapter 38: Reunion With The Thompsons

"Shanty, I used to watch you as a child. Did you suddenly forget that?" Clara said.

Shantelle felt her colleague's gaze landed on her. Her superior gave her that look. She knew exactly what Doctor Hale was thinking.

"Shanty," finally Erick Thompson spoke. He forced himself to sit on the bed, pushing his nasal cannula to tighten across his face. It made Shantelle move forward, instinctively wanting to help.

"Shanty, let's forget about the past," Erick asked. "Many years had gone by."

"Don't you recognize me? It's me, your Uncle Erick. I used to take care of you when you were little." Tears welled in Erick's eyes as he asked, "Are you still mad at us, Shanty?"

"No." Shantelle could not help it. She no longer cared for the fact that her colleagues were there. She wept at Erick's words and offered him a hug. "I was never mad at you, uncle. I wasn't."

Many years had passed. The Thompsons tried to forget about the Scotts, but sometimes, Erick and Clara thought about their dear friends, especially the little girl that used to linger in their home when her parents were busy at the hospital.

Earlier, when Evan revealed that Shantelle would be Erick's surgeon, Clara was excited to see her. Erick wanted to reconnect. He had a heart condition, after all. At least, he could correct the mistakes that pushed his friends away- away from their lives and from the home they once cherished.

"Uncle, please don't cry. You are not yet well. It's not good for you to be in an emotional state," Shantelle softly said.

"Oh, Shanty. My beautiful Shanty, please hug me too. I miss you so much," Clara pleaded, her arms stretching Shantelle.

Quickly, Shantelle accepted the hug. She felt kisses on her cheeks, and she was reminded of how Clara used to do this often, especially when she was a child.

Meanwhile, Shantelle's colleagues politely excused themselves, sensing that the family required privacy. Doctor Hale said, "Doctor Shant, please do the necessary discussion with the Thompsons. I think we should give you some time."

Shantelle wiped her face with her fingers and turned to her superior. She nodded and said, "Yes, thank you, Doctor Hale."

Minutes went by, with Shantelle being embraced by Clara and Erick. During the entire time, Evan only sat on the sofa, watching them. He did not know if he was welcome in Shantelle's arms. Inside, he wanted to throw his arms at her and cry with them, for his longing was more profound than his parents'.

"Shanty, please talk to me. Tell me about your life," Erick asked.

Shantelle sat beside Erick on the bed, and Clara pulled a stool next to them. She smiled at Clara and Erick before answering, "Well, as you can see, I followed my dreams. I am now a surgeon, just like my dad. But instead of focusing only on cardio surgery, I opted for a broader scope. I am a thoracic surgeon."

A chuckle escaped her lips when she described, "In simple terms, I am a chest surgeon. I operate on the lungs, the heart, and the chest walls. Basically, organs and illnesses that are covered in the thorax."

"Here." She pointed to her neck and down, just before her abdomen, showing where the thorax was.

"Is it true what Doctor Hale said? You are famous around the country?" Clara then bitterly narrowed her eyes, saying, "How come we did not find you? Where have you been hiding all these years? Have you

always lived here?"

Shantelle smiled and replied, avoiding the latter questions, "Doctor Hale is exaggerating. I'm not that famous, only that I haven't had a patient die on me, so that had spread through the medical field."

Proudly, she added, "I'm good with my hands. I'm fast, and I don't make mistakes. Plus, I easily find problems during operations. They say I have a good eye."

"Oh, Shanty. We are so happy and proud of you. We-" Clara wept again. "We hoped we were there every step of the way, seeing your success."

While Erick and Clara chatted about Shantelle's achievements from the sofa seat, Evan could only watch in envy. He tried to join in the conversation by clearing his throat and expressing, "It's good that you pursued medicine, Shanty."

Shantelle paused and looked over her shoulder. She simply said, "Mmmm." She did not even look Evan in the eye.

"I bet you graduated the best in your batch," Erick assumed.

"I did good, yes. It was all thanks to mom and dad for helping me despite L-" She stopped herself, realizing what she was about to say. She looked at Erick and Clara, and she was certain, they would love to meet Lucas.

"What is it, Shanty? Tell us. Share with uncle and aunt," Clara pleaded.

Shantelle gave them another smile, saying, "I will have another talk with you both, perhaps after the surgery?"

"Why, Shanty," Clara pouted. "You can talk to us anytime. We don't have to wait for the surgery -"

Suddenly, Erick's heart monitor beeped. His heart was beating erratically, and he struggled to catch his breath. His hand was over his chest, clearly feeling pain.

"Relax, uncle. Relax," Shantelle said while studying the heart monitor. She checked his medical chart. She called in the nurse and adjusted the gap in Erick's medication.

Evan eventually moved into Erick's other side and helped soothe his father.

"Uncle, it's best we talk more about my life after the surgery. We can't have you emotionally affected right now," Shantelle gently said, and Erick nodded.

She glanced at Clara and said, "I will wait until Uncle Erick feels better before I explain the procedure. That way, you can ask me any questions about the upcoming surgery. Please excuse me for now. I need to check if the operating room has been booked."

Shantelle purposely returned to Erick's room after an hour. She knew it would take some time to calm down his emotions. When she did, Evan was still there.

She merely nodded his way and sat next to Erick, explaining the procedure. "Uncle, basically, in a bypass surgery, we create a route for blood and oxygen to go around a blockage and reach your heart. I will cut your chest open, use your mammary artery as an alternate vein, and then connect it to the blocked coronary artery - bypassing it. In that way, your heart's circulation will return to normal."

"How long will the procedure last, Shanty?" Clara asked.

"On average, it will last about four to six hours," Shantelle replied. "Then you'll be moved to the ICU for observation."

"I scheduled the operation at five tomorrow morning. Will that be alright?" Shantelle asked. "We need to have the operation soon, before any heart attack could happen."

"Okay, Shanty," Erick weakly replied. "Will you take care of me?"

"I will, Uncle Erick," she replied.

Shantelle unwittingly yawned and said, "I'm sorry. I haven't had sleep. I should go now and head home. I need to be ready for tomorrow's surgery."

She got up and held Erick's hand, saying, "Rest well, Uncle Erick. Tomorrow, your heart will feel anew."

"Shanty, have you told William and Eleanor?" Clara asked. "It would be great to see them."

"They are on vacation. They went on an Antarctica cruise. It can be difficult to reach them, but I'll try their email," Shantelle revealed. "They won't be back after three weeks, though."

"Oh, is it for their anniversary? I think it's their anniversary," Clara said with a smile. "I remember you get stuck with us when they go out on their anniversary dates. Please send them our best wishes."

Shantelle smiled. It was true, but her primary reason for allowing herself to be stuck at the Thompsons' house was Evan.

"I'm glad you remembered. I will let my parents know," Shantelle replied. "I should go now, Aunt, Uncle. I will see you tomorrow."

"Thank you, Shanty," Clara and Erick answered, almost at the same time.

"Thank you, Shanty," Evan said on the couch.

Seeing Shantelle walk to the room's exit, Evan followed her outside. He called, "Shanty -"

"It's Doctor Shant, Mister Thompson," Shantelle corrected.

"Okay, Doctor Shant. You can call me Evan," he offered.

Shantelle continued to walk, saying, "I prefer calling you Mister Thompson."

Evan walked after her, saying, "You said... we would talk."

Shantelle yawned again and replied, "I did. And I'm sorry, I'm too tired now. Can we talk after the surgery?"

"Okay. I understand. Can I at least take you home?" Evan asked.

"Take me home?" Shantelle asked with a frown. "Why? It's not a good idea -"

"Is it because of Lucas?" Evan asked.

Shantelle was this close to letting out a laugh, but she held back and answered, "Yes, it's because of Lucas."

She turned and resumed her walk. Evan still trailed behind her.

"He must be a very protective man," Evan suggested.

Shantelle replied, "He is. He loves me very much, and I love him more than my life."

She glanced at Evan and saw him paled. His mouth parted, and he gasped. Immediately, Shantelle wondered, "Why does it look like he is hurt?"

Another yawn escaped her lips. She recognized she needed to rest. It was already eleven in the morning, and she still needed to fetch Lucas at three in the afternoon. She said to Evan, "I'll see you tomorrow, Mister Thompson. I promise I'll talk to you tomorrow."