

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhzy Chapter 120: The Perfect Name

Evan had just come, but he was still stiff as a rod. He didn't need any viagra. All he needed was his wife. Shanty and Shanty alone was his obsession, addiction, and the only woman who could satisfy his needs.

He watched as Shantelle seductively raised her ass and gracefully sat on him. She ground on him, rubbing her dampness against his member. "Oh, yeah. Damn. I wish I could go on a honeymoon forever."

Shantelle laughed. She replied, "Well, we can't. There is Lucas, and in six months, I will be giving birth soon."

Evan reached for her breast. He grabbed it tightly before gently touching her belly. He remarked, "They are growing. It doesn't show when you wear loose clothes, but I can see it clearly."

"They will grow incredibly fast starting the second trimester, and I am already crossing the next trimester," Shantelle reminded him.

Shantelle was still sitting and grinding on his very thick and hard member. She bit her lip and said, "Evan, after I give birth and when I can return to our usual bed activity, I want more of you."

Evan hissed and offered, "You can have all of me."

"As I am yours," Shantelle replied, smiling.

Just as he smirked, she raised herself and held his stick in position. Evan groaned in pleasure, watching his member go inside his wife. It was simply the most scenic view that stirred his emotions thoroughly. He felt his member grow bigger inside his wife as her rose sucked him in like a wet and soft vacuum. He wailed again, this time, so much longer, "Aaaaaah! Aaaaaah!"

Shantelle rested her hands on his chest. She first ground on him while his length was inside of her. She shut her eyes, feeling his member tickling her inner walls. She also had her fair share of loud cries. She said to herself, 'I love inferno!'

"Wifey, I can't – enough of this teasing. I'm gonna cum again, and I'm only allowed inside you once a day!"

Evan could not help but complain, and Shantelle pouted her lip. She chuckled lightly and began to ride Evan properly, her frame bouncing over him.

Evan often took control, pressing Shantelle against his frame and thrusting upward. He loved it that way since he could kiss her thoroughly and feel her breast against his chest. He could also hold her ass and spank it anytime he pleased.

When Shantelle took control, Evan was constantly looking at his stick. He repeatedly hissed at how it glowed in her love juice. A few times, he tried to pleasure her cl it, and his wife would moan.

Sensing his near climax, Evan urged Shantelle to lie down with him. She first lay on his chest, keeping his stick inside her. Then he gently settled her on her side. He lifted her right leg and settled it around his waist. He looped his left leg over her left leg and began pumping into her in a sticky scissor position.

The couple had recently discovered this position, exploring a few best ones meant for pregnancy in the first trimester. Evan thought this was the best since it pressed their bodies together, but there was no pressure on Shantelle's belly. It only allowed him to exert force in their groins, which was ideal for him.

At that point, the melodies of their lovemaking were so damp. The sound of their slapping flesh appeared deafening with how they focused only on each other. Their erotic screams and moans filled the suite's air.

"Evan!" Shantelle came first. She clutched onto his chest, her body trembling in euphoria.

Sensing her orgasm first, Evan sped his pumping. He pushed deeper and harder, his hand holding her ass tightly, lifting it to give him more room. With his vigorous thrusting, Evan came in no time. He smashed his lips into Shantelle's mouth and tasted her sweet tongue.

The couple remained one, kissing each other for another minute. Evan and Shantelle landed on their backs when they pulled away, chasing their breath.

"That was... amazing," Evan claimed.

"Inferno," Shantelle said under her breath. In her head, she thought it was just a mild scene. She learned more sizzling lovemaking sessions from the designer, Sarah Kate.

"Wifey? What is inferno?" Evan asked.

"Oh, nothing. Something I read in Cosmopolitan," Shantelle lied and laughed at the end.

"Looks like that subscription is doing you good," Evan teased.

"Yeah, it did," she said, laughing boisterously.

After their hot first night of honeymoon, the couple bathed and prepared for sleep. Just as they settled in the bed, however, Shantelle said, "I'm hungry."

"What? Right now?" Evan said.

"I'm starving," Shantelle confirmed, getting up. "They have twenty-four-hour in-room dining. Let's have some pasta. I could use some carbs after what we did."

"Shanty, you and Evan should get some sleep," Eleanor said, observing the time.

"Well, I was hungry, and while I was taking my midnight snack, I thought of checking on Lucas," Shantelle reasoned. They were on a cruise, and a

signal was tough, but the ship had Wi-Fi that allowed them to connect to their families.

Eleanor and William stayed in the villa with Lucas while the couple was on their honeymoon. Lucas would stay with Erick and Clara at the old Thompson House on the weekend.

After showing Shantelle a video of the sleeping Lucas, Eleanor said, "See? He is fast asleep. He had quite a day! He played with Lily for half a day."

Shantelle smiled. Before they left, Attorney Scarlett dropped her daughter since Lily was adamant about playing with Lucas. It made it easier for Shantelle to leave, knowing Lucas had a friend to talk to. With Kaleb

Wright's itinerary, their family would remain in Rose Hills for another two days. Lily would visit Lucas on those same days.

"I'm glad he is fine," Shantelle remarked. "Take care of Lucas, Mom."

"You know, I will." Eleanor smiled at the video camera and said, "Enjoy your honeymoon, Shanty."

Shantelle was chewing down the last of her pasta when her mother bid goodbye. She smiled, waving goodbye. It was Evan who said, "Night, mom!"

After the call with Eleanor, the couple chatted for a few minutes. Shantelle asked, "How is it doing at the company?"

"It's perfectly fine. Kaleb Wright is very understanding. He is taking care of the needs for the condo hotel's grand opening next month," Evan said. "My VP is very effective. James does wonders for me."

"James is great. He has been so loyal to you," Shantelle pointed out.

"And don't worry about this vacation. It's only a week, and I am meeting the cruise ship's owner. He is considering selling the company because his son is mismanaging it," Evan revealed. "We will be meeting them once we reach Punta Cana. They are currently taking a vacation on the island."

"Oh. Hitting two birds with one stone?" Shantelle asked.

"Yes," Evan admitted. "Shall we go to sleep?"

Shantelle nodded, and Evan offered to carry his wife in princess style.

"Can I still carry you like this all throughout your pregnancy?" Evan asked.

Shantelle laughed and replied, "No, I'm afraid I will gain weight, plus the water weight and two babies. I'll be too heavy, but you can guide me to bed. M

While gently laying her on the bed, Evan pecked her nose and lips. He said, "Then, while I can, I wanna carry you to sleep every night."

Smiling brightly, Shantelle replied, "I'd like that. I love you, Evan."

A hiss left Evan's lips, and Shantelle laughed boisterously. Shantelle complained, "Come on, Evan. Are you serious?"

"I got a boner, but I will always hold back for the sake of our babies," Evan said while lying beside her. He pulled her closer to him and made Shantelle sleep in his arm. With one last peck on her cheek, he said, "I love you, Mrs. Thompson."

He grinned from ear to ear, saying, "Sounds perfect. Shantelle Scott- Thompson."

"Perfect name," Shantelle echoed before yawning, her eyes closing.

"Stellar," Evan added. "I'm telling you, no other name fits you perfectly."

Shantelle could not help but laugh. She said, "Go to sleep, Evan. I'm sleepy."

"Carbs did that to you," Evan reasoned, and Shantelle only chuckled.

"Goodnight, Evan," Shantelle said.

Evan watched Shantelle sleep for a few minutes. He could not count the many times he pecked her cheek. He stroked her hair repeatedly, still amazed at how Shantelle had returned to his life.

He was about to sleep himself when an idea crept into his head. With difficulty, he reached for his phone from the bedside table and called his assistant through a messaging app. James answered in his sleepy voice. Evan quickly instructed, "James, first thing in the morning, make new name plates for Shanty. Make sure she has about ten pieces of her new name; Doctor Shantelle Scott-Thompson. Have her office name changed as well as her work email. Get the forms for her ID changes too. My wife can sign them when we return."

"Yes, sir," James nodded.

"Call the HR at the heart and lung center. Make sure her civil status is changed," Evan added, i

"Yes, sir," James acknowledged.

Evan brightly smiled. Before their marriage, Evan only claimed to be married, but now it was for real. Evan could not be more proud. He added, "Of course, make sure to change my status too."

"Gladly, sir!" James said.