

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Dilated

After spending so much time with Milan, Wendell realized how amazing she was. More than her good looks, he loved her personality, innocence, and how she made him laugh. Wendell especially liked that she was willing to give her time and help Evan and Shantelle, despite not knowing them the way he did.

She was great with Lucas and easily mastered caring for the twins. Milan was friendly and effortlessly connected with Shantelle and Karise. What could Wendell say? Milan would be the perfect girlfriend, fitting right into their boys' club like Karise and Shantelle quickly did.

Was this fate or what? If his brother had not slept with his ex-girlfriend, Wendell would not have had the chance to get close to Milan. Somehow, he thanked the heavens for his brother's mistakes.

It had not been long since Wendell started to have feelings for Milan, but he also had second thoughts. With Lucas' condition, he knew he would offer Evan more help. He wasn't going to abandon his friend.

Recalling his experience with Salome, she was a very demanding girlfriend. She disliked how he often spent time with the boys rather than being with her. Yet, when being invited to his circle, Salome repeatedly refused. With Milan, however, she blended in just perfectly.

In little ways, he would show her how he felt for her. He had held her hand a few times, and she would not refuse him. They had gone out for special dinners and spent a few nights at the arcade, just having fun. They would spend long hours at his office. While they covered a lot of work, they also talked about trivial yet amusing things.

For Wendell, the best moments were when Milan shared her time, caring for the people he cared about too.

Earlier, when Mrs. Shaw suggested they both had feelings for each other, Wendell could not shake off his excitement. The plan was to wait it out, at least when Lucas was better.

While Lucas was sick, he could not go all out, but how could he wait now?

If they had mutual feelings, he needed to burn the flames and not let them die. He liked Milan too much to let her slip through his fingers. Thus, he confessed in a way that he also expressed his current wishes. Much to Wendell's surprise, Milan not only liked him back, but she also understood him. The best part was how willing she was to help him in his goal of helping Evan.

Wendell was beyond elated. He closed the gap between them and kissed Milan's lips. The moment Wendell felt the softness of her lips, he sensed electricity run through his body. When he tasted her flavor, he moaned into her mouth, his arm unwittingly circling her waist and pulling her against his chest.

He loved it! Just by that mere kiss, she sent him to another level of euphoria.

Wendell noticed how Milan closed her eyes. She was responding to the same kisses with passion. Her actions utterly made him hard beneath his pants. Sadly, knowing her well, he knew he wouldn't get any and would respect her wishes too.

He lifted her weight and let go of the kiss, saying, "I'm not so hungry anymore."

Milan only chuckled and traced his face. She replied, "I'm not hungry, either. ■"

That was Wendell's cue to keep eating her. He lay her on the bed and settled next to her. He cupped her chin and then began kissing her all over again.

They were so into the kiss, with Milan occasionally feeling his erection against her thigh. Their legs began to intertwine, and their hands touched each other's faces. Soon, Wendell stroked Milan's thigh. She gasped, as if shuddering from that skin contact. Her eyes turned dreamy, and her hands moved to Wendell's chest.

Wendell and Milan kissed again, and she started stroking his arm while they were at it.

Soon, Wendell's hand went inside her shirt. He remarked, "Your skin is so soft."

Milan did not react. Instead, she simply returned to kissing him.

Eventually, Wendell made it all the way to her breast. He cupped her covered bosom and kneaded them gently. Milan moaned and squirmed.

At that point, Wendell could no longer hold himself. He went under her bra and touched her bare breast. He let go of their kisses to say, "I want to feel more of you."

He reached for her back and unhooked her bra. He climbed on top of her and helped her off the shirt. When his eyes landed on her chest, he puffed his cheeks and declared, "Right now, I am the luckiest man to see these beauties."

Milan did not have oversized breasts, but her nipples were pink and perky. As Wendell marveled at her, she bit her lip and allowed him to see more of her.

Wendell returned to kissing her, but this time, he played with her nipple, rolling it in between his fingers.

' Mmmm," Milan released an erotic sigh when Wendell sucked on her breast. She shut her eyes, and her back arched. Her legs spread wider for Wendell as he ate her mounds. 1

Their desires were at their peaks, both gasping and moaning erotically. Wendell was this close to getting past her abdomen when all of a sudden, Milan's stomach growled.

Wendell stopped. He looked at her, asking in silence.

She said, "I'm not hungry. Let's not stop."

Wendell littered kisses on her belly. He gripped the waistband of her shorts, ready to pull it down, when Milan's stomach growled again.

"I swear, I am not hungry!" Milan claimed.

At that point, Wendell laughed. He climbed back up to her and kissed her lips. He said, "Let's stop and eat. Besides, it will be a struggle to hold back, knowing we can't even go all the way."

He kissed her again, saying, "And I don't know if you are ready."

Milan lay there, taking deep breaths. She was slightly disappointed that she didn't get an orgasm, but at the same time, she was relieved that Wendell understood her situation.

She said, "Wow, you are so different from Rowan."

"I'm not my brother," Wendell said while offering his hand to her.

"I know. I just can't help but compare. You are so much better," Milan said. "I'm sorry."

"I think it's understandable. I compared you to Salome just earlier," Wendell said while helping her into the shirt.

"And?" Milan asked.

Wendell smiled. He embraced Milan, saying, "I think we will get along just fine."

Milan hugged him back, answering, "I think so too."

Miss Milan Gray, will you be my girlfriend?" Wendell asked.

Milan pulled away from the hold with a flushed face. She replied, "I'd love to be your girlfriend, although we kinda are engaged." i

A laugh escaped Wendell's lips. He said, "We are, aren't we?"

After an intense make-out session, Wendell and Milan had their late dinner. They checked on the twins then after and let the caregivers take their personal breaks before returning to Wendell's room.

Instead of Milan sleeping in another guest room, they cuddled in the same bed that night. Because they were spooning together and Wendell's arm was practically across her chest, he had a boner again. Thinking about Milan's condition, he asked, "So, Milan. I know you said you can't have sex yet, and I won't ever rush you -"

"Depends on the size. What's your size?" She asked.

"Um. Large?" Wendell replied.

"Hmm. How many inches?" Milan sought.

"Six and a half, I think," Wendell replied.

Milan turned to Wendell, flushing. She replied, "Um...I thought you were bigger, but now it's great."

"Are you mocking my size?1" Wendell asked, his eyes narrowing at her.

She giggled and revealed, "No, it's just that I am dilated for a large-size male organ. I had practiced it for two weeks straight. If you were bigger, we'd have to wait another few months."

Wendell's mouth fell open, and his member became stiffer than a rod.' Fuck, why did she have to admit that?

She traced his chest with her finger and proposed, "You know what that means? You are the perfect size for me. You just have to do me, really slow... So it won't hurt?"

Dead air fell upon them. It took seconds for Wendell to recover. He said," No, I think what needs to be done is to get you... extremely wet." "Extremely wet?" Milan lifted her brow. She asked, "How?"