

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

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Years Back

Wendell threw his head back, enjoying how Milan was eating him. He felt some teeth, but he didn't mind. It further exhilarated him, knowing his girlfriend was such a cute amateur. Still, he gave a gentle reminder, saying,

Milan, don't bite my dick off. We still need it once we want to have our own family."

Milan's eyes widened. Her heart fluttered when Wendell mentioned making a family. She let go of his rod, saying, "Sorry." She giggled and asked, "Like this?"

This time, she did her best to cover her teeth while giving him lip service.

"Yeah, fuck. Like that," Wendell sighed. He lifted his head, watching as Milan moistened his manhood. To him, she looked so beautiful, cautiously sucking him.

His eyes remained glued to how her thin lips were perfectly wrapped around his rod. A hissed left his lips, and he said, "Fuck, I still can't believe you are mine. Get up here, and let's do this together."

"Together?" Milan asked.

A smirk formed on Wendell's face as Milan crawled up to him. He rested his hand behind her neck and kissed her passionately. When he pulled away, he said, "Yes, together. Take off your clothes."

After getting naked, Wendell guided her to the proper position, saying, "Give me your ass. Eat me while I eat you."

Milan gasped. Her eyes blinked, and her face burned. She replied, "Oh? I guess that's fair."

"Sweetheart, I'm all about fairness and equality," Wendell teased. His words made Milan roll her eyes, but she did as he instructed either way.

Milan was nervous and excited at the same time. Before she lowered herself to please Wendell, she felt his hot breath against her entrance, sending chills down her spine.

When she sensed his tongue pleasing her, her breathing hitched. He wasn't just licking her, he was lathering his tongue across her crack, and she thought she would go crazy in a minute or two from pleasure.

Milan relished the moment. She closed her eyes, her hips unknowingly grinding against his mouth. She thought, 'Wow.'

She did not know how long she sat on his face, enjoying Wendell's work, but soon he called her attention, saying, "Hey, what happened to fairness and equality?"

Milan moaned. Under her breath, she objected, "Oh, I thought that was your thing."

She laughed, realizing she was being selfish. Who could blame her? She had been missing out on all these great emotions, being intimate with a man and much more with someone she had grown to like so much.

Leaning down, she studied Wendell's pulsating rod. Milan grabbed his member and returned the favor, sucking him with affection. Remembering Wendell's earlier instructions, she tried her hardest not to bite him.

Milan's eyes turned dreamy at the thought of their erotic position. All the more, the feel of Wendell's tongue sent her into a galaxy of delight.

The two went at it in the next few minutes, pleasing each other. Their slurping tongues echoed across the room, and moans escaped their lips continually.

With the way they were stimulating each other, it did not take long for them to reach another level of high.

Milan came first. Her body mildly convulsed. Yet despite having cum,

Wendell still ate her hungrily, further inflaming her wanting. She was so lost in that feeling of having orgasmed that she rolled off Wendell, evidently in dreamland.

She was still letting it all sink in when Wendell maneuvered his way around her. The next thing she knew, he was checking her wetness. He said, "I'm going in now."

Milan nodded, saying, "I want all of you, Wendell."

Pleased by her words, Wendell kissed her. After which, he said, "You can have all of me, but to be fair, I want all of you too."

Milan simply chuckled, watching him settle in between her legs. He entered her, and he rocked her world. She was sent screaming and crying in pleasure, and she never held back.

Soon their bodies glowed in sweat. Their frames were intertwined as they rolled from side to side in the bed, making love. They were constantly kissing, touching, and grabbing each other skin, all while Wendell took control of the pumping motion.

"God, you are so tight, Milan. I don't know if I could pull out," Wendell remarked.

Recognizing his climax, Wendell grunted as he sat up. He shut his eyes like it was the most challenging thing to do. Subsequently, Wendell pulled out, using every bit of his sanity. Yet again, he exploded at her entrance.

After letting all his soldiers out, Wendell lay beside Milan and pulled her in his arms. He said, "I fucking love this. I hope I can wake up next to you every day. When the penthouse to the Diamond Hotel becomes available, will you move in with me?"

Milan stilled. She turned to face him and said, "You'll have to ask my father about that."

Wendell hummed. He knew exactly that the old man Gray wanted to make it happen. He smiled and pecked her lips, saying, "I'll talk to your father when we get back to work."

Nestled in each other's arms and utterly elated, sleep was nowhere near for them. Worse, Milan's phone rang passed six in the morning. When Milan saw it was Rowan, she canceled the call. A text from Rowan followed. He said: [Fine, we can break up, but can you at least talk to your father about giving me back the presidency seat?] i

As Milan read the text from Rowan, Wendell caught a glimpse of it. Milan remarked, "Jerk."

She ignored the text and put it back on the bedside table. Wendell asked, "I have always wondered how you and my brother got together."

Milan fell hushed for a second. She replied, "Well, it started when I met him at the Mayor's masquerade ball years back. Dad was invited to invest in Rose Hills, and I think that was when your father and him connected on another level."

A masquerade ball. I think I remember that. I was there," Wendell said.

"You were there?" Milan asked, bemused.

"Yeah, my whole family was there," Wendell replied.

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###FLASHBACK: YEARS BACK AT THE MASQUERADE BALL###

Milan wasn't into parties, especially those that required her to wear a mask. Behind her disguise, she rolled her eyes at how some guests were flaunting their costly clothes. Seeing her father occupied, she grabbed a glass of sparkling wine and walked to an empty balcony.

The gathering was held at Rose Hill's social hall, where several balconies were available for visitors to use.

Milan drank her wine when her heel got stuck between the tiles! As she struggled to free herself, she broke her heel altogether.

"Great!" She exclaimed. If that was not any worse, she shattered the wine glass on the floor after it slipped from her hand.

"Let me get that," a gentleman offered, walking into the balcony and picking up the broken pieces of glass. He was tall, with dark hair, and his mask covered his entire face. When the man cleared the floor, he said, "Be careful next time." 1

"Thank you," Milan said.

Then, the same man noticed how Milan was limping. Milan revealed, "I broke my heel. It got stuck in between the tiles earlier."

The man studied her feet, but because they were beneath her dress, he said, "You want me to check?"

"No, it's fine. I will head back to the hotel," Milan replied.

"With one heel and one without?" the man said. A chuckle escaped his lips before he offered, "Don't worry, I don't bite, nor am I hitting on you. I have a thing for heels."

Milan wound up laughing at his suggestion. She didn't know why but she found the man to be a good person.

After the man studied her shoes, he said, "There is only one solution I could think of that would allow you to walk out of here without being judged -1 mean, there are a lot of reasons why a beautiful woman would end up limping. A broken heel is the last thing people would think about."

Next, the man broke Milan's other heel and kept it. He took out some cash from his wallet and said, "I'll pay for the heels. I did break it anyway."

Milan laughed. She said, "Keep the heels, mister. That's a reward for helping me walk out tonight without being judged."

That night, she briefly chatted with that unknown man on the balcony, getting a feel of his excellent character. Eventually, however, she had to leave.

"I won't be able to guide you out," the man pointed to an exit and said, "But that's the closest exit. Take care."

"Thank you, mister Milan said, indirectly asking for his name.

Just as the man gave his name, her father called her attention. It distracted her from getting his identity. All she got was how the man said, "...Franco. I am the former prosecutor's son."

At the same time, the man's attention was called by another. Milan never got the name, but he made an impression on her. The memory of that masked man lingered in her head in the following months until her father announced his plan to relocate to Rose Hills and establish a business.

Milan met Rowan in one of her father's meetings with Mr. Franco. Recalling the last name and how Rowan was the former prosecutor's son, she approached Rowan one day and said, "Rowan, I believe we have met before. Remember about a year ago; you helped me with my broken heels?"

Rowan was utterly puzzled. He said, "Refresh my memory, gorgeous."

Milan giggled and narrated how it all happened. After which, she said, "I thought you were such a nice person for helping me out."

A smirk formed on Rowan's face, and he said, "I'm sorry. It's been a while. I must have forgotten, but yes, now that you mentioned it, I remember helping an angel like you back then. How about we talk about it? Do you want to go out for dinner?"

### END OF FLASHBACK###

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"And that's how it all started!" Milan said. "We got to know each other. He seemed different from when I met him, but I am not a very difficult person to please. I always try to see the good in others."

Wendell fell silent. He sat up, raking his fingers through his hair.

Milan caressed his back, asking, "What's wrong?"

Instead of an answer, Wendell crawled on top of her and sealed her lips with a kiss. He was so hungry for her that they wound up making love again and sending Milan into heaven.

After that talk, Milan asked, "Wow! What has gotten into you? You were so fired up?"

As Wendell chased his breath, he said, "Nothing. I simply think you were meant to be mine."