

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

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My Milan

"Lucas is sad," Evan said on the phone. "I think the primary reason was Lily's family is on vacation, and she is out of reach." 2

Wendell called Evan after arriving at his office. It had been almost a week since Lucas was admitted to the hospital again. Shantelle's mother returned a few days ago. Thus, Wendell and Milan got a break from overseeing the twins' care.

"Whatever you do, Evan, don't make him feel inadequate because of his disease," Wendell proposed. He sighed and said, "I wish I were there."

"Thank you, man. Shanty and I are trying to be cheerful, despite his blood count going down. Visitors are limited, though. Last night, Keith and Karise tried to visit, but the hospital did not agree, given his condition. He only saw them through the door window. I lied and told him Keith and Karise had a cold," Evan revealed.

Put me on video call then," Wendell suggested.

Wendell and Lucas chatted through a video call in the next few minutes. They talked about anything under the sun, with Wendell repeatedly trying to make Lucas smile.

"I have great news for you," Wendell said. "Your Aunt Milan is my girlfriend now. She is officially your Aunt."

That got Lucas confused. Instead, he asked, "Does that mean you and Aunt Milan are getting married?"

"Oh, my god! Did I hear that right?" From the background, Wendell could hear Shantelle exclaim. "You and Milan should get married now."

She wasn't anywhere in the video frame, but Wendell was familiar with her voice. Just as Shantelle said those words, Mister Gray walked in, overhearing their conversation.

"You and Milan are like the perfect couple. I'm glad that you are together for real! I always knew you had developed feelings for each other," Shantelle added.

She went on and on, making Wendell uncomfortable since Milan's father was standing right in front of his table. If that wasn't enough, Shantelle took over the video call and asked, "By the way, you need to tame it down when you do it. Mrs. Shaw said something about hearing moans 4

"Bye, Shanty!" Wendell said, ending the call. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

Mister Gray narrowed his eyes at Wendell. He asked, "When are you going to marry my daughter? Are you going to keep moving it back until I die?"

Sometimes, Wendell thought Milan's father was humorous. It had only been a few weeks since the original date of Rowan's and Milan's wedding. He was exaggerating how far long he had been waiting.

"Um – Mister Gray." Wendell got up and replied, "I am going to buy an engagement ring at my first opportunity. It's just that it has been extremely busy lately with Evan's son getting sick."

"Mmmrn," Mister Gray said and nodded approvingly. "Good."

Mister Gray," Wendell said. "I have been meaning to talk to you."

"You should because you don't invite my daughter to live with you without marrying her," Mister Gray said.

"Right," Wendell said. He scratched his head, realizing Milan had already told him their plans. Though in this day and age, it was common for

couples to live together before tying the knot, the Grays were a traditional family.

Did you already have sex with my daughter, Wendell?" Mister Gray asked, and the temperature around the room dropped. Wendell became tongue-tied. "Then all the more that you should marry my daughter!"

Mister Gray," Wendell said. "If we hold an actual wedding ceremony soon, Evan and his family might not make it. As a family friend, I am sure you know how the Thompsons are very dear to us. I was hoping you would agree if Milan and I marry on paper first."

Moreover, Milan and I haven't begun rescheduling the wedding," Wendell said. "We need more time."

"Hmmm." Mister Gray said. Wendell knew that Milan's father sympathized with Evan. That was how he was allowed to work from home occasionally. He knew Mister Gray would consider his request.

"Get that ring, give my daughter a face – do you know that after her wedding got canceled, she became the talk of her friends back in our old hometown? And the mayor? Those we asked to be sponsors are looking down at the kind of union the Francos and the Grays have formed. I could say the same thing to the potential clients who thought our company had a strong collaboration," Mister Gray pointed out. "I don't care that this union has turned out to be a marriage of convenience, but –"

"It Wendell coughed against his fist before revealing. "It isn't just a marriage of convenience. I wholeheartedly like your daughter. I would not ask her to move in with me if my feelings for her are superficial."

A smile formed on Mister Gray's face, but he quickly took it back, acting to be stern. He said, "Then, I will agree on the marriage on paper, as long as Milan is fine with that. Have you talked to her about it?"

"No, not really," Wendell said. The truth was, he wasn't sure if Milan would agree to the marriage at all. "But I'll bring it up with her tonight."

"Good. Then, I'll be on my way," Mister Gray said. 1

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In another office, Wendell did not know that Rowan, his older brother, went to see Mister Gray. Milan's father questioned, "What are you doing here, Rowan?"

"I want to ask for forgiveness. I won't stop until I get it," Rowan said. "Please give me back my position, and I will work hard to win back Milan's love." i

"You are not getting back your position, and you won't win Milan's love because she and Wendell are together," Mister Gray said, shocking Rowan.

Hearing the news, Rowan marched out of the room and charged at Wendell's office. Rowan kicked the door open, his voice loud and clear as he questioned his brother's honor, "How could you? I get when you were forced to marry Milan, but being in a relationship with her? You knew she was my fiance –"

"Ex-fiance!" Wendell shot back. "And so what? I can't help what I feel about her. Besides, who did the betrayal first? You were the one who had been having extra fuck relationship with Salome –"

"Wendell, if this is about Salome, I'm done with her, okay! Just give me back my Milan," Rowan begged.

"Your Milan? You mean my Milan!" Wendell claimed. "Don't you think I don't know how you lied about meeting her at the masquerade ball? You claimed to be me when it was I who helped her with her heels that time. Milan only let you in because she thought you were me!" 3

"Even if she developed feelings for you, the point is, you deceived her, and you continued to do so when you started fucking Salome!" Wendell added.

Before Rowan could say another word, Mister Gray yelled behind them, "Rowan! Get out of here! You are no longer welcome in this company!"

Wendell's office became surrounded by people, staring and eavesdropping on their exchange. After Mister Gray ordered the guards to escort Rowan out, the office floor became cleared of employees, and only Milan was left staring at Wendell blankly.

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Heartbeats later, Wendell's office door had been fixed. Wendell and Milan were silent inside the room.

Eventually, Milan said, "So, it was you? You were the one at the masquerade ball?"

In Wendell's seat, he cleared his throat and admitted, "Yes, it was me. I was the former prosecutor's son who pretended to be obsessed with heels to offer you help."

Milan was restless for the next few minutes. She was moving back and forth in her seat, thinking. She recounted how Wendell reacted when she told him about the masquerade ball. It was no wonder he made love to her again. She asked, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It was over and done with, and I didn't want either of us to be frustrated with the past," Wendell said.

"It all makes sense now how Rowan was so different from what I expected! " At first, she laughed at it, but soon, it angered her. She spat, "All those time was wasted on the wrong man!" 1

Milan went on and on, letting out her feelings about Rowan's deception, but eventually, she saw it from Wendell's point of view. She said, "That's right. You are right."

A tear rolled down Milan's face as she walked towards Wendell. She sat on his lap and embraced him tightly. She claimed, "You were meant for me, and I was meant for you."

Before Wendell could speak, Milan crashed her lips to his, her hands unbuttoning his shirt. She said, "I want you now –"

"What?" Wendell asked in a panic.

Now! I want you!" Milan claimed before carelessly kissing Wendell again.

Their emotions were high, their hands turning restless, and their breathing became labored. Milan had nearly unclothed Wendell when his office doors opened. They heard Mister Gray clear his throat, and they both stilled in fear.

Next time, you lock the doors. Wendell, remember what we talked about," Milan's father said before locking the door behind them. 1

Dead air fell upon them. It was not until a few seconds had passed that Wendell managed to speak, "You know, sometimes, I think your father secretly likes me."

Milan chuckled and answered, "Now that I think about it, he does seem to like you."

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Walking into the elevator hallway, Mister Gray smiled brightly. Who would have thought that Wendell and Milan would end up together?

While his daughter was in a relationship with Rowan, he had come to know Wendell. Mister Franco had always praised Rowan for his career achievements, but they always referred to Wendell as their good son.

Mister Gray saw it daily when Wendell worked for the company. Wendell was respectful, a good boss, and hard-working. He was also very faithful to his girlfriend, whom Mister Gray thought did not deserve Wendell.

Aside from that, he learned that Wendell had smart investments. In fact, he was more prosperous than his older brother, but he never bragged.

Many times he wished his daughter was with Wendell instead. He always thought that Rowan was arrogant and too full of himself. His fears came true when Rowan cheated on his daughter. Worse, Rowan did it with Wendell's girlfriend!

He was prepared to go to war, but when Mister Franco suggested that Wendell take Rowan's place instead, he agreed. He allowed Milan and Wendell to spend more time together, hoping they would grow to like each other. Thankfully, everything turned out well, and he may get the better son-in-law after all.

The elevator doors dinged open, and Mister Gray maintained his smile as he walked in. He said, "I hope I'll have grandchildren soon."