

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhzy Chapter 68

Chapter 68: The Special Date

Immediately the next day, Evan

purposely ended his work early. He had

been waiting for the opportunity to take

Shantelle out for months, and this was

his moment. After she said yes, he did not

wait another day, another week, and definitely not another month.

Fortunately, it was the right season for

his ideal date with his ex-wife. He

thought about it a hundred or a maybe a thousand times. When Shantelle left, he had long imagined taking her to one of her favorite spots, and he wished it would bring back the old Shantelle that loved him so.

Shantelle shrugged, saying, "You said it

wasn't formal."

"And you don't look so bad yourself. I didn't know you could wear shorts," Shantelle commented, noticing how Evan

was in a white shirt and denim shorts.

that reached his knees.

"Oh, I admit it's been a while, but I'm happy to be in comfortable clothes," Evan replied, giving her a bouquet of roses.

With a sigh, Shantelle accepted the roses. She smiled, saying, "Evan, I don't know where to put these. The house is full of

roses."

"I'm sorry. I'll prepare tulips or

sunflowers next time," Evan suggested, resulting in Shantelle chuckling.

"You won't stop, will you?" Shantelle

asked.

"Not until you love me back," he replied

without hesitation.

Shantelle smirked. She accepted the roses

and handed the bouquet to the maid. She instructed it to be placed in her room before entering the car.

"Good luck, Daddy!" Lucas said, peeking

through the door and giving Evan a thumbs up.

"Thanks, Lucas. I love you. I'll see you later. Daddy will put you to sleep," Evan promised.

Shantelle and Evan were on the road for two hours. In between, they talked about the new heart and lung center, which was due to open next week. They also covered Evan's number one rule.

"Yes, the only time I became unguarded was at the hospital, when nurses had to help with my burns, but I still tried to ask

for a male nurse each time. Sometimes, there just weren't any," Evan admitted. "You can ask James if you want. He can attest to everything."

"Yes, it's true, Miss Shanty. I've been scolded many times for failing to maintain the boss' number one rule," James said. He had to drive Evan and Shantelle, for he was the planner of that evening's date. He needed to make sure everything went according to plan. 1

"Why such a rule?" Shantelle asked Evan.

There was a moment of silence. Evan

thought back before he turned to Shantelle, admitting, "Because I don't want any more Nicoles slash Melody to ruin my life." He reached for her hand and described, "The life I would have had

with you if Nicole was not in the picture."

Shantelle thought about Evan's words. She recalled how he requested a male

doctor back in Warlington. Whenever he

was in front of a woman, he would

distance himself. The other day, he dared not shake the lawyer's hand, even if

Scarlett was already married and had

loads of kids. 1

Despite these observations, she uttered, "I'd like to see you pull through with this rule of yours."

"I have been for more than six years, Shanty," Evan revealed.

Halfway through their journey, Evan put a blindfold over Shantelle's eyes. Out in the car, Evan guided her the whole time, holding her hand. He purposely did not wear his compression garment with that solid plan of being to feel the softness of her palm against his.

"Just where are you taking me, Evan?"

After walking for minutes, Shantelle

asked.

"Smell it," Evan suggested, and Shantelle

did as she was told.

"I smell the beach," she replied. "Oh, god. I miss the beach. It has been ages!"

"I know that for a fact, for only the young Evan Thompson drove you to your favorite beach spot," he declared.

Hearing Evan, Shantelle stilled. She gasped before asking, "You mean to say – Evan?" She removed her blindfold

hurriedly and found herself gaping at the beautiful beach. It was already six in the

evening, and the same shoreline

glistened in bioluminescence!

"Planktons!" Shantelle delightfully

exclaimed. "Oh, my god, Evan. You remember!"

Shantelle ran to the beach, removed her

sandals, and stepped onto the sand. She

created blue footprints as she continued down the shore. Shantelle had probably hiked several meters when she turned to Evan and asked, "Come on, Evan! Just like old times."

Evan walked toward Shantelle and

offered his hand again. He said to her, "Better than old times."

Shantelle studied his hand for a second, but then she took it, responding, "I suppose."

Evan and Shantelle walked along the shores holding hands, sometimes submerging their feet into the water, just to see how the planktons formed shapes around them. The entire time, James was there to take pictures of their plankton experience.

They continued to march further into the

shoreline until arriving at a resort where

a sandbank dinner awaited Evan and

Shantelle. They had a candle-lit dinner

under the stars where all dishes were a

favorite of Shantelle.

After supper, Evan still had another surprise for Shantelle. Evan guided her to the tip of the sandbank. The resort had set up a picnic blanket with candles lying around the sand.

A bucket of ice was buried halfway into the sand, with an expensive bottle of wine and a platter of assorted cheese sitting next to it.

In the next half an hour, they simply drank wine, paired it with cheese, lay on the picnic blanket, and watched the stars gleaming against the night.

Shantelle had a smile on her face as she studied the skies. It was lovely. Paired

with the sea breeze and a little kick of

alcohol, it was the most relaxing night of

Shantelle's life.

"I know this isn't a luxurious date,

Shanty. I have taken you to those classy restaurants in the past," Evan said. "But –

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"I think this is a special date you have taken me to, Evan, one that is meaningful," Shantelle expressed, cutting off his trail of thought. She glanced at him, and their eyes locked. She bit her lip and softly said, "Thank you, Evan."

Evan badly wanted to kiss Shantelle that night. She kept smiling throughout their date, and Evan thought she looked more beautiful. He was this close to stealing a kiss, but he was afraid he was pushing his luck too far. With every bit of strength in him, he held back.

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midnight at the Scotts' mansion. The first thing that Evan did was to put Lucas to sleep. His son had apparently been waiting for him.

Shantelle, on the other hand, bathed

before checking on the two. When she entered Lucas' room, she saw Evan lying next to Lucas. Her son made a pillow of Evan's arm while Lucas' limbs wrapped around his father like he was afraid of

losing his daddy.

She sucked in a breath. Her heart ached at the thought of breaking off their sleep.

Shantelle sat next to Evan. He must have noticed her that he hummed awake. She suggested, "You know what? Why don't you stay? You looked so tired yourself. You could use a good sleep."

Who doesn't sleep well with their kids? To Shantelle, Lucas was her sleeping pill. She was confident Lucas would have that

same effect on Evan.

In response to Shantelle's proposal, Evan smiled and dozed off to exhaustion.

Seconds turned into minutes. Shantelle did not know how long she simply

studied the father and son. She remained to sit next to Evan, looking, thinking, and wondering.

Aside from noting the closeness between the father and son, she studied Evan's features. Despite being already in his mid -thirties, Evan looked incredibly

handsome. Even if he had dark circles around his eyes due to lack of sleep, he still appeared like someone ready for a modeling gig. He could easily play the ruggedly handsome look without even putting in any effort.

When she realized she had been staring at Evan too much, she decided it was time to leave. She leaned to the other side and

kissed Lucas on the cheek. As she

retreated, her gaze landed on Evan's sleeping face, and she stilled.

"He was asleep. He would not know," Shantelle thought inwardly.

Shantelle gulped. She called him, "Evan? Evan?"

She waved her hand over his face, and after seeing how he wasn't moving, nor was he affected by her attempt to wake him, Shantelle concluded the man was fast asleep. Thus, she did what she thought she would never dare to do.

Shantelle moved closer and closer until her lips met Evan's. She briefly shut her eyes at the feel of his lips, but when she opened them, she met a pair of dark brown orbs looking straight at her.

Her heart raced.