

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

Chapter 2: The Letter

Selfish? Yes, that was true. It was because she loved Evan so much.

Insecure? How could she not be? Knowing that Nicole Lively was at arm's length, Shantelle's insecurity grew.

Shantelle and Evan had a relatively tranquil marriage for more than a year. It wasn't fruitful or romantic - the dream marriage she wished for, but at least they were civil. Occasionally, they spent quality time as a married couple. Occasionally, they had made love. Shantelle could tell that Evan had tried.

However, six months ago, she received an anonymous message, tipping her of Nicole Lively's return. She became paranoid. She kept prying, infuriating Evan with her constant interrogating and snooping. He started bringing up a divorce since. Eventually, whoever gave her clues sent her photos of Evan and Nicole together, having lunch or taking her to a luxury apartment building.

That was when Shantelle pursued to know where Nicole lived. So when she found out that Evan was paying for the apartment, she stormed into the apartment building and gave Nicole a piece of her mind. Shantelle made sure everyone in the building knew that Nicole was a mistress!

Naturally, Evan found out about it. That was how they wound up in their most noteworthy argument, within the living room of their villa.

So yes, she was selfish and insecure, but that was all because of her love for Evan.

What hurt Shantelle the most, however, were Evan's words. 'I DON'T. LOVE YOU! I never did!'

She thought, if there was no ounce of affection for her, then why? Why would he touch her? She ridiculed herself, still sitting on the floor. She muttered, "I guess I'm just the convenient partner."

"Of course, Shantelle. You already know this," she added. Evan had never told her he loved her. He never even said he liked her. She was just someone his father forced him to marry.

Shantelle got up from the floor when she realized the maids were staring at her. 'They must have overheard. How shameful. How pathetic.'

She picked up the divorce papers and went to the master's bedroom. It was then that she read the terms of the contract. To set Evan free, she would get ten million dollars as alimony.

Shantelle set the document aside and stood in front of a full-length mirror. Watching the stain on her face, the bags around her eyes, and her skinny frame, she murmured, "How pitiful."

Before she became Misses Thompson, she was once the most sought-after young girl in college. She could not count the number of men who confessed their love for her, yet she chose to be with a man who did not love her.

"How pathetic." She told herself. "Shantelle, you are so pathetic!"

It's fair to say that love can turn one into someone foolish.

Shantelle was only twenty-two years old. She graduated at the top of her class in biochemistry, finishing her degree in seven semesters. She wasn't supposed to be someone who felt unloved and unwanted. She was meant to be greater!

After finishing college, she was so hung up, knowing that Nicole was just around the corner, that she did not even think about herself or her career. She had always wanted to become a doctor - a surgeon, but that would mean leaving the city to pursue medicine - allowing Nicole to see her husband freely! Thus, she gave up on that idea.

After studying herself in the mirror, Shantelle looked around the room. Her eyes landed on the portrait of her and Evan. It was a picture of them on their wedding day.

She noted how she was so happy. Her eyes were gleaming in the photo, but as she glanced at Evan's face, her heart sank. In that photo, there was only hurt in Evan's expression.

Guilt washed over her. Then, after some time, she laughed. The kind of laughter that was mixed with misery. Indeed, she was pathetic. She was at fault for marrying Evan against his will. If she had said no back then, he would have been free to choose, and she would not be in such a wretched state.

Shantelle did not know for how long she reflected on her decisions in life, but before dozing off to sleep that night, she admitted, "You are right, Evan. You are right. I am to blame for this."

"Mrs. Thompson, have dinner. You barely ate for two days," Mrs. Shaw, their house caretaker, walked in the door, forcing Shantelle to get up from the bed.

Shantelle did not know how, but she managed with only water and bread for two days. That was how depressed she had become after Evan gave her the divorce papers.

"I brought your dinner instead, so you don't have to go out," Mrs. Shaw said.

Mrs. Shaw urged Shantelle to eat. She did not leave, making sure Shantelle filled her stomach.

After Shantelle finished half her plate, she smiled and said, "Mrs. Shaw, thank you for taking care of me. Thank you for being my constant companion here at home, but -"

The words were stuck in her throat, and she cried, saying, "I'm afraid I must leave. I'm afraid I have pushed myself too hard on Evan's life that he hates me -"

"Shhh. Mrs. Thompson. You are a good person. You just need to learn that love cannot be forced," Mrs. Shaw said. "If you love something, set it free. If it comes back, it's yours. If it doesn't, then it never was."

Shantelle smiled at Mrs. Shaw. She acknowledged, "Thank you, Mrs. Shaw. I guess I know that already. I was... really hoping he would love me one day."

Mrs. Shaw nodded. She had been working with Evan's family for years. When Evan moved to his marital home, the Thompsons asked her to take care of the newlywed couple.

She had known Shantelle since she was in high school. The Scotts were constant visitors to the Thompson's home. Thus, Mrs. Shaw was aware of her kind nature, but Shantelle slowly changed since she married Evan.

Mrs. Shaw tried to mind her own business, but this time, she could not help but give Shantelle her advice. If they were both unhappy with the marriage, why stay?

"Have you decided?" Mrs. Shaw asked.

Shantelle nodded and faintly replied, "Yes, I have."

After Mrs. Shaw left, Shantelle first took out a paper and pen. Evan has been bringing up the divorce since four months ago, but it was only in the past twenty-four hours that Shantelle gave it enough thought.

She sucked in a breath and wrote a letter to Evan:

[My Dearest Evan,

You first helped me with my math homework when I was ten. Your technique for mastering mathematics was excellent. I thought you were so brilliant.

Remember when my parents were so busy because of a doctor's conference my father had to attend? Mom and Dad had to leave me in your house, and we made a mess of the kitchen, making pancakes. I enjoyed those happy times with you.

When I was twelve, our families went camping by the lake, and you saved me after falling into the water. That was the first time I felt I truly liked you. Even if I was just a kid, I was crazy about you.

I only told you about how I felt when I was thirteen because I knew you were leaving for college.

Evan, my love for you is not shallow. It goes deeper than you can imagine, but I was wrong about how I showed my love. You are right. I should not have agreed to the marriage and trapped you into such a commitment.

I've heard this line many times, but I have always denied it. Loving someone means setting them free. So, here it is. I have already signed the divorce papers.

I hope you and Nicole will find happiness. I'm sorry to have come between the two of you. Forgive me for being selfish. Forgive my childish ways.

Goodbye, Evan.

Take care.

Love,

Shantelle.]