

chapter 9

One Last Time Evan managed to flee from Shantell's friends. Unfortunately, his beloved sports car did not escape Shantelle's vomit. "Urggh. This is awful!" Shantelle said in disgust after throwing up on the side of Evan's car. Her dress got partly stained, and she absolutely reeked of alcohol. "I'm never going to drink again." 'Damn, my favorite car.' Evan was behind the wheel. His other hand stretched to Shantelle's back. He stroked her back, saying, "You are never drinking again, Shanty. You got that?! You can't hold your liquor." "Ha! It's your fault I'm drinking, you asshole!" She unwittingly said before heaving. She rolled back the car windows and emptied the contents of her stomach. Yes, she puked on the empty streets as Evan drove through the night. "I'm not taking you to your parents like that," Evan announced before taking another turn. After thirty minutes, they arrived at their villa. Evan carried Shantelle, princess style. As he paced into the house, Shantelle kept spouting nonsense. "Oh, home sweet home. I'll never see you again. Will you miss me?" "Oh, it's the Misses!" Mrs. Shaw walked up to Evan. "Can you make chicken soup for Shanty, Mrs. Shaw? Bring it up to the room when it's ready," Evan requested. After seeing a nod, he hurriedly took Shantelle to their room. Evan settled her in the chair while he prepared the bath. After achieving the proper water temperature, he returned to Shantelle and carried her into the tub. "You need to take a bath, Shanty," he suggested. "I'll ask Mrs. Shaw to help you –." Before he could do as he thought, Shantelle had already removed her clothes. "I stink. I stink – ah, my bath! I miss my bath! My favorite bathtub. I will never see you again," Shantelle said as she carelessly lay on the tub. Evan had no choice but to aid her.

He figured, since they had already been intimate a few times, there was no harm in seeing her fully naked. "You are okay continuing by yourself?" Evan asked. "Hmmm." Shantelle lifted her face, and with narrowed eyes, she said, "I can take a bath, hubby." Reluctantly, Evan stepped back. He said, "Okay, I'll check on you once in a while." It took half an hour for Shantelle to finish. By that time, Mrs. Shaw had already brought the chicken broth and placed it on the room's coffee table. Evan instructed her, "Can you help the Misses out of the bath?" "Certainly, Mr. Thompson," Mrs. Shaw confirmed. After some time, Shantelle came out with a robe over her body. Mrs. Shaw guided her to the coffee table and encouraged, "Have some soup, Misses. It will help you feel better." Since Evan carried Shantelle, he also had puke on his clothes. He decided to bathe while Mrs. Shaw was feeding Shantelle. When he came out of the bathroom, Shantelle was already sleeping on the bed. Mrs. Shaw had also left their room. Evan changed into his pajamas. He sat in front of Shantelle with a chair and studied her sleeping features. Her face was red from all the drinking she had done. Her eyes, without makeup, were back to being puffed. Immediately, it reminded Evan of how she had probably cried so much. It made Evan feel tightness in his chest, knowing he was the root of her cries. He caressed her face and pushed back her hair, saying, "Shanty, what am I going to do with you?" Evan gazed at Shantelle for almost an hour, just contemplating. When he felt his eyes helplessly falling, he climbed onto the other side of the bed. He covered Shantelle and himself with a blanket and pulled her into his arms. He shut his eyes and easily wandered off to sleep. "Evan, don't leave me!" In the middle of the night, Shantelle said in her sleep. "Shant. Shanty, I'm here." Evan woke up, hushing her cries. "Evan, please," Shantelle cried again. "Eva –" "Shanty, wake up," Evan pulled her up, pressed her against his chest, and soothed her back, saying, "I'm here." He clenched his jaws, saying,

"I'm sorry, Shanty. I'm sorry." Soon Shantelle awoke and realized she was in Evan's arms. She cried for real. She said, "I'm going to miss you, Evan. I'm going to miss you." "Shanty, we live in the same city. We are still going to see each other," he said, but Shantelle kept weeping until she was out of breath. In the next few minutes, Shantelle was silent. Then she looked up at Evan and faintly asked, "Evan, make love to me one last time." Evan gulped. "Shanty, I – " "Please, one last time. One last time," she begged. Looking into Shantelle's blue orbs, Evan blinked. How could he say no to this beautiful woman? He nodded, saying, "Okay." In the next half an hour, two naked bodies were on top of each other, moaning and wailing their desires. Their lips were hungry for each other, not wanting to let go. To Evan, there was something special about the way they were in bed that night. He seemed to have poured more emotions into their kiss and how he entered her. It was probably the best sex they have ever had, to think they had already parted ways. When Evan came, he threw his head back, relishing the moment. When his eyes returned to Shantelle, he saw a tear down her face, which made him speculate there was something wrong. Evan rolled on his back and sought, "Is there something you need to tell me, Shanty?" Shaking her head, she replied, "Nothing, Evan. Nothing." Evan struggled to sleep that night. The girl resting on his arm shed tears; he knew it was for 2/3. a One last line him. Besides the guilt consuming him, he was surprised by how intimate they were. They had sex in the past, but it was nothing like this. The closeness between them was far different. He meticulously studied Shantelle's face and acknowledged her elegance. Shantelle had long lashes, a long pointed nose, and very fair and youthful skin. Indeed, she would have been a wife any man would want. 'Do I truly want this?' One thing was for sure; Evan wanted his freedom. Maybe if he was not forced into the marriage, he could have seen her in that way—that way, exactly how he looked at her with

admiration. He moved closer and pecked Shantelle's forehead. He noticed her do the same. He assumed she was still awake. Thus, he whispered, "Shanty, nothing is going on between Nicole and I. I promise you that. I might have considered it before, but everything has changed now." Why was he even telling her this? Evan was unwilling to admit anything. He simply wanted her to know the truth about where Nicole stood in his life. After some time, he realized that Shantelle was indeed asleep. 'Did she hear me?' With a sigh, he said, "Shanty, goodnight."