

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

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LILhyz Chapter 50

## Chapter 50: Consult + Dinner

"Grandpa, let me help you get up," Lucas offered, guiding Erick to the dining table of their hotel suite. To Erick's other side, a nurse aide held Erick around his waist.

"My sweet little boy," Erick remarked, caressing Lucas' head. "Thank you for taking care of grandpa."

It had been three days since Erick was discharged from the hospital. After Lucas 'school, Evan fetched him and brought him to the hotel. Lucas bonded with his

paternal grandparents for at least an hour. Then after, Evan took Lucas home.

Erick and Clara had never been so happy in many years. Lucas was their new source of happiness. He was a jolly kid

who was so sweet. He never failed to be

affectionate towards his grandparents, which made the old Thompsons feel

loved.

"Lucas, I'm headed to the hospital. You stay here and have an early dinner with your grandma and grandpa, okay?" Evan kissed Lucas' cheek and said. "See you later, Luc."

"Daddy? Are you going to fetch Mommy? Why are you going to the hospital?" Lucas asked, his brows meeting in

confusion.

"Um. Sort of," Evan answered, winking at

his son. "I want to see your mommy before leaving tomorrow, okay? Wish me

luck."

"Okay, Daddy. Good luck!" Lucas said.

"Do your best, Evan," Erick wished him

well.

"Good luck, son," Clara said. "Don't forget the sushi. She loves sushi."

2/77

"Sushi? Mommy loves sushi," Lucas remarked. "Are you bringing Mommy some sushi?"

"Yes, I am, son. See you in a few," Evan said before finally leaving.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, at Warlington Hospital, Shantelle was entertaining a patient in

her office.

"Thank you, Doctor Shant, for

enlightening me about my options. I will call the hospital once we have decided,"

the patient said.

"Your attending physician can also make the surgery appointment," Shantelle replied with a smile.

"Goodbye, Doctor Shant," the patient

said.

"Doc, you have one more appointment

and, um. He- um. He said he wanted an hour of your time." The male nurse

sneered and said, "I shall help him now."

Shantelle did not fully understand. However, she has had patients whom she needed to pacify or educate about complicated surgeries. In such cases, she spent an hour, sometimes two hours, with the patient's family. Thus, she merely dismissed the secretaries' notice and waited for her next appointment.

To her surprise, the same nurse re- entered, carrying food boxes. One of which was her favorite sushi box in town.

Two containers included salads, and

another two had her favorite steak.

Shantelle gulped, and her stomach

rumbled. It was already past six in the evening, and she only had a sandwich for lunch. Was it normal for patients to bless her with food? Yes. She has had patients bring her fruit baskets and treats, but

then again, who was her next patient?

"Doc, your next patient," the nurse said. Then, the said person walked in.

Immediately, Shantelle's eyes rounded. It was Evan Thompson. He was carrying a bucket of ice, an expensive wine bottle,

and two glasses.

"Good evening, Doctor Shant. I hope you don't mind that I brought dinner during

our consultation. I am starving, and I'm

afraid that my condition may take longer to assess," Evan said before taking the seat in front of her table.

Shantelle did not say anything. Instead, she glared at Evan while he set the food packs.

"Your favorite salad, your favorite sushi, and your favorite steak." He first cut the steak into smaller pieces. Then he suggested, "Shall we eat before

discussing my condition, Doctor Shant?"

Shantelle saw how the male nurse kept staring through her office door. Clearly, he was in on it. What made it worse was

how other nurses and doctors were

eyeing her office. Wasn't it enough that Evan had been sending flowers to her office every day since Erick's discharge?

Evan just had to invite so much

attention. 2

"What are you doing, Mister Thompson?" She asked, giving him the same regard since he was acting like a supposed

patient in the first place, colluding with

the secretary.

"I am preparing food so my good doctor can give me proper advice," he

responded. "Bon appétit."

Shantelle further glowered at Evan, but her stomach grumbled again.

He smiled.

6/12

Her mouth twitched.

Her stomach growled again. "The hell!! Her stomach wasn't cooperating with her!

She wound up eating her salad, and he did the same. Halfway through her greens, she asked, "So, since you paid for my time. Tell me, what's wrong with you, Mister Thompson?"

Evan had already finished his salad. He

wiped the corners of his lips and replied, " Well, Doctor Shant. I need your expertise.

Shantelle bitterly picked up her favorite sushi and chewed it down. It was so flavorful. It was supposed to be a pleasing experience, yet her feelings were mixed with annoyance at how Evan pretended to be a patient.

Putting a hand on his chest, Evan described, "Doctor Shant, I often

7/12

experience pain in my chest. I might need an operation."

"Mister Thompson, you are bypassing the proper protocol. You should have consulted with the cardiologist first. For

all we know, you don't need surgery," Shantelle pointed out. Her eyes glanced

sideways, and still saw the nurses and

doctors gossiping about whatever was happening inside her office.

Shantelle's office wasn't soundproofed. Only a glass door stood in the way. She

was positive they could hear a little of

their conversation, somehow.

"Oh, but I don't need any other doctor," he replied. "It would not help."

"What do you mean?" Shantelle forked her steak angrily. She chewed it down like

the meat wronged her in many ways.

Evan, on the other hand, served her a glass of wine.

8/12

Only after gulping down her drink did she study Evan properly. He was silent, and his expression turned frail. His eyes were full of longing as he put his hand over his chest again. He cautiously responded, Doctor Shant, you see, my heart is broken, and I think only you can mend it."

11

"What? What did he say?" Shantelle could

not believe her ears. She did not know

that Evan was capable of such a drama. She could not help but laugh. She snorted as she pointed out, "Mister Thompson, I'm a doctor. I am not God! The chest pain you describe is from emotional stress. It has nothing to do with a surgeon's work."

"What you need is acceptance. Accept that whoever broke your heart is no longer willing to mend it. Only then can that heartache heal by itself," Shantelle described. "Trust me. I've been through the same situation."

9/12

"Accept it," she repeated. "And in time, you'll forget all those... feelings."

In the next few minutes, they both fell silent. Little by little, the tension that had earlier brewed slowly waned. Evan wasn't eating anymore. He closed his box of food and simply watched Shantelle.

Shantelle, on the other hand, angrily ate her food. When she was done, she studied Evan for some time. Seeing that look of defeat on his face, she sighed and said, Don't do this again, Evan. I won't be so accommodating the next time."

"I." Evan sucked in a breath. He looked down, forcing a smile, saying, "I just... wanted to have dinner with you, Shanty." 1

He returned his gaze to her, adding, "I think it was all worth it, seeing you and talking to you before I leave for Rose

Hills... If you are good, we can get Lucas now."

10/12

\*\*\*

Shantelle walked ahead of Evan into the driveway of the hospital. She stood on the far left, away from the crowd, letting off

some steam.

Evan followed. When he found her, he called the driver and walked toward

Shantelle. Just then, Evan noticed a motorbike advancing at high speed. It appeared to him that the two-wheeled

vehicle was aiming at Shantelle.

"Shanty!" He screamed, but she ignored him. Instead, Evan ran and pulled her over to his left side. "Shanty, watch out!"

The motorbike hit Evan, sending him face down on the ground.

As the motorbike fled the scene, Shantelle screamed, "Evan!"