

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Cruise Day Three.

"Wifey, I'm sorry. I didn't think they would serve canapes with anchovies." Evan massaged Shantelle's back. "I had them take back the compliments. They willingly made you some seafood ramen for free to soothe your stomach."

The couple was about to start their dinner at the cruise ship's seafood restaurant when Shantelle took a whiff of the anchovies' unpleasant smell. She wound up puking in the outer areas of the restaurant, her frame leaning against the ship's railings.

After wiping her face with a tissue, Shantelle searched for the restroom, saying, "TH wash my face, Evan."

"I'll go with you," he offered.

"To the ladies' room?" She objected. "It's just six tables away, Hubby. I'll be fine. I only need a fresh outlook at dinner before trying it again."

Shantelle took one step and retreated, saying, "If they have those pineapple tarts from two days ago, I think that would make me feel better. I loved those."

"Wifey, I already asked. They said they ran out. I'm sorry. However, we might stumble upon them on our next land tours," Evan replied. On day one of the cruise, Shantelle tasted a pineapple tart and had been asking for it since. "When we do, I'll buy as many as I can. I promise."

Hearing Evan's reply, Shantelle pouted her lip and walked in the restroom's direction.

Inside the ladies' room, Shantelle walked in just in time to hear a loud banging at the last cubicle. Her head turned to the source of the sound. Next, she heard moans of a man and a woman!

Shantelle felt utterly disgusted as she heard pants zipping and the woman giggling. She shook her head as she washed her hands. While washing her face, the unknown woman came out, rushing to the door. Shantelle did not bother to look and focused on freshening up.

"Well, well. If it isn't Doctor Shant." Shantelle shifted to the last cubicle door and saw a familiar man, but she could not put a name to his face. He had a brownish complexion. He was tall and well-built. Shantelle could not deny the man was charming with his form, but of course, no one could beat her man.

"Don't you remember me?" The man asked. "You operated on me two years ago. Allen Banks."

"Oh." Shantelle's mouth formed into a big O. How could she have forgotten the man whose girlfriend accused her of being a mistress?!

"You look beautiful," Allen described. "Damn! I should have pursued you."

"Please." Shantelle rolled her eyes. She grabbed a paper towel and remarked, "Cardiologists were more of your thing, Mister Banks."

"Allen! I knew you were in here!" A woman walked in, and Shantelle belatedly recalled this woman was Alien's girlfriend, Bridget something. She could not remember. She recalled how this woman stalked her for days at Warlington Hospital, thinking she was Allen's side bitch. "You are fucking another woman behind my back, aren't you?"

"Wait. You are still together?" Shantelle could not help but ask. She just witnessed Allen banging a woman, but apparently, he was still together with his girlfriend!

"I remember you! It's you, isn't it? He is having an affair with you!" Bridget cried. "Haven't you learned your lesson?"

"Woah! Woah, leave Doc out of this!" Allen tried to calm his girlfriend, but soon, Bridget became irrational, screaming and crying, her fingers trying to scratch Shantelle.

"Careful what you say, miss, because I only came here to wash my face, then I found your boyfriend in the woman's restroom! Don't spout untrue accusations!" Shantelle barked. She walked to the door and claimed, "I am a happily married woman, and I have nothing to do with Mister Banks!"

Shantelle shut the door hard and found her way to Evan.

"What's going on there?" Evan asked, seeing a woman frantically shouting from the restroom. She appeared to be slapping a man's face loudly.

"Where is that woman? I'm going to teach her a lesson!" Bridget screamed, but unfortunately, she did not find Shantelle. Security came to usher her and Allen outside the restaurant, for they were disturbing all the diner's peaceful meals. In the end, the restaurant offered free desserts as an apology.

Seeing Allen and his girlfriend gone, Shantelle shook her head. She explained everything, including how she was mistaken for the woman Allen had done in the restroom. She also said, "That man was my patient before.

I remember now. I put a stent on his blocked artery."

She described, "He was always flirtatious, but I was used to patients like him. I just ignored him. After the operation, he sent me flowers and other gifts as thanks. Then his girlfriend assumed he was cheating on her with me!"

With a frown, she revealed, "Later, the hospital found out Mister Banks was doing his cardiologist because they did it in the hospital before he was discharged, but I was repeatedly blamed."

With narrowed eyes, Evan said in irritation, "I'll talk to the restaurant and schedule a meeting. I want to ensure that man clears you and the girl sees you have no reason to betray me. Besides, no one gets to talk to you that way! You are Misses Thompson."

The truth was, Shantelle did not want to be bothered by them, but she also considered that Bridget needed to understand how she had nothing to do with Allen. With a sigh, Shantelle replied, "Okay. I agree. No one gets to talk to me that way."

Thanks to the ramen, Shantelle felt better. The warm soup, the hint of saltiness, and the noodles gave her happy hormones. Their dinner still turned out to be delightful.

After supper, Evan spoke to the restaurant manager. The manager was apologetic about the earlier commotion and tried to offer the couple more compensation, such as a free dinner.

Evan realized they were being evasive. He thought they were helping Mister Banks. He said, "Is Mister Banks a regular customer? Is that why you don't want me to meet him? I simply want to clarify the issue."

With a look of defeat, the manager said, "I'll arrange it, Mister Thompson. I'll update you anytime tomorrow."

Before Evan and Shantelle heard from the seafood restaurant manager, the couple had to get off the cruise ship. The ship had docked in Punta Cana and was off to meet with the owner of Caribbean Sales, the cruise ship company.

Hendrick Grant, the company's president, had been sick for the past year and entrusted the business to his son, but it was a failure. His only saving chance was for Evan to buy his cruise lines.

From the port, a private limo welcomed Evan and Shantelle. They were taken to a luxury resort and guided into the lobby. They were heading to a meeting room when Shantelle saw the Caribbean dessert she had longed to have. She said, referring to the lobby cafe, "Oh, look, they have it in a specialty box!"

Shantelle pointed at the glass display and reminded him, "Those pineapple tarts I've been yearning for after the first day of the cruise. Get them for me, Evan, please! Please! Please!"

"Anything for my wife," Evan assured her.

Before Evan could reach the small cafe, a woman had bought the entire box. Evan tried to ask the resort for more, but they had already run out.

When the man turned to his wife, he saw sadness in her eyes. He knew she craved the treat badly. Evan swore, "I'll get those for you, Wifey."

As Evan ran after the customer who bought the entire box of tart, the hotel staff guided Shantelle to the meeting room. She was still alone when she settled in one seat, but the hotel staff had already begun serving starters and beverages.

After five minutes, another hotel staff returned with the tart box. The young man said, "Mister Thompson is still settling the payment with the woman, Misses Thomspson. He should be here any minute now."

"Eeeh! I love this!" Shantelle squeaked in delight, seeing the box of pineapple tarts. She did not care how much Evan paid for them. She just wanted them so badly. She impatiently ate one, and she was in heaven! Shantelle swore she could finish the entire box.

"Like it, guys?" She was the happiest as she talked to her growing babies.

Shantelle was about to eat another piece when four individuals walked in; An older man in his late sixties, a middle-aged man, Bridget and Allen Banks!"

Before Shantelle could process anything, Bridget screamed, "You! What are you doing here? I can't believe the audacity! It's not enough that you are trying to steal my boyfriend. You just had to stalk us, too!"

"Get out!" Bridget screamed. "You cheap whore!"

She marched into Shantelle's seat and pushed the box of pineapple tarts away. "Take that dirty food with you!"

Shantelle gasped, seeing the treats fly into the air. It played in slow motion how each piece landed on the floor, some breaking in the process.

A tear rolled down her cheek, realizing she only had one taste of those delicious... pineapple tarts. It wasn't fair! She should at least have three pieces, one for the other twin and one for her!

Evan's efforts played in her head. Her beloved husband had chased after a woman to buy these precious pineapple tarts, only to be thrown away by this unreasonably jealous woman! Shantelle thought she had been jealous of her previous marriage, but she had never done such a sinister thing – to throw away some of the world's most remarkable creations!

'Oh, poor precious pineapple tarts!' she silently remarked. It was as though darkness had cloaked her that she swore to avenge the tarts.

While Bridget kept throwing accusations, Shantelle's eyes darkened, and her hands clenched into fists. Trembling in anger, she pointed at Bridget and declared, "You will pay for what you did to my tarts!"

"What? Tarts?" Bridget laughed. She declared, "Woman, trust me when I say, when I am done with you, you will have more problems than your tarts!"