

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhyz Chapter 122: Shanty's Super Powers

"You try to steal my man, and all you can think of are those tarts?" Bridget taunted. She was so full of rage she did not analyze the situation appropriately. She turned to Allen and said, "Were you meeting her here too? In front of my father?"

Bridget shifted her attention to the older man and revealed, "Father, this woman is seducing Allen! She is on the cruise ship – our cruise ship!"

Returning her gaze to Shantelle, she declared, "I should have you thrown overboard from the cruise ship! Do you know who you are messing with? My father owns the cruise ship! I am Bridget Grant, an heiress to the Caribbean Sales!"

"Bridget, what are you saying? Doc and I did not schedule to meet. Maybe she is here for a reason?" Allen tried to explain.

"Lady, what brings you here?" The older man calmly sought. "Is it true what my daughter is saying? You seem to be a fine lady. You should find your own man to love."

"Another one of your hoes, Allen?" The middle-aged man questioned.

"What? Tongue-tied? I gave you a pass two years ago because I had no evidence. But this is evidence enough, how were you in the restroom with my boyfriend last night? How you are on the cruise ship coincidentally as us?"

"Bridget, enough!" Allen barked. He turned to the older man and said, "Mister Grant, I swear it is not true

"HAHAHAHA!" Before they could get answers from Shantelle, an ominous laugh escaped her lips. Shantelle was gentle and beautiful – a very kind soul, but that day, she appeared to be the scariest person in the room.

Everyone else felt their skins crawl, their steps retreating at how frightening she looked.

"Heiress to the Caribbean Sales? You mean sinking sales, right?" Shantelle corrected, her eyes rounding at Bridget. "You are so proud of your wealth and using it to bully other people, yet your influence is no match to mine!"

"Throw me overboard? Let's see who gets to be thrown overboard when I am through with you!"

Shantelle's eyes tightened. She declared, "I am

Misses Shantelle Thompson, wife of Evan Thompson, and I will make you suffer for what you did to my tarts!"

Those standing before Shantelle were Hendrick Grant, the owner of the Caribbean Sales, his son, Hans Grant, his daughter Bridget and a future son-in-law, Allen. At first, they were taken aback by Shantelle's revelation.

Eventually, they realized how it made sense. Why would the hotel staff allow the woman inside the meeting room? However, they failed to think logically because of Bridget's sudden aggression.

Hendrick Grant's face paled, realizing what his daughter had done, but before he could apologize, Bridget said with a trembling voice, "Nice – nice try, Doctor Shant! Aren't – aren't you a divorcee?"

Bridget tried to toughen up, but she feared that Shantelle's words were valid. She added, "I bet you have longed for a rich man to save you from despair. Naming a powerful man won't help you

"What happened to the tarts?! Who did this?" A man's voice thundered across the meeting room. The Grants and Allen snapped their heads in Evan's direction.

Like Shantelle, Evan's eyes widened in horror, seeing the crumbled tarts on the floor. He just bought the box of tarts for a thousand dollars! And while money was not an issue for him, the point was, they were for his pregnant wife!

He chased after an older lady who had initially bought the tarts and used his fine long legs and expensive shoes against the pavement. He ran

around the hotel to find the nearest ATM because the lady wanted cash as payment!

The man did everything so his wife's cravings would be satisfied and he would continue to receive love. Fear flashed into Evan's face. Would his wife let him sleep on the couch that night?

Meanwhile, Bridget was stunned to see the tall and handsome man in the form of Evan. He wore expensive clothes and had an aura. He had sharp eyes and a chiseled face. Despite the sweat on his forehead, she thought he was exceptionally alluring! She wound up gulping at the sight of him, but soon after, she wondered, 'Why was he asking about the tarts? Just what was in those tarts? Did they have diamonds?'

"M – Mister Thompson, I can explain," Hendrick Grant said, his hands raised, hoping it would calm Evan down. "My daughter, Bridget, made a mistake. Please forgive her and forgive us."

Only Hendrick knew Evan's face. He recognized him immediately and connected the dots, thanks to how he reacted to the tarts!

"Wifey?" Evan asked Shantelle.

Shantelle's gaze turned devilish as she pointed to Bridget. She revealed, "Husband, it was her? She destroyed all the tarts. Then she implied that I tried to covet Mister Banks."

"You again!" Evan angrily called. "Last night, you accused my wife of being with your boyfriend when she only needed to wash her face. I was tables away, and she was in and out of the restroom for five minutes!"

"Much more," Evan closed in, saying, "Why would my wife cheat on me when she has me?! Does that even make sense to you?" Evan walked to Allen, asking, "Who is Allen Banks? Is he as handsome as me? Obviously, not. Is he a multi-billionaire like me?"

As Evan berated, Hendrick Grant glowered at his daughter. His son, Hans, also gave Bridget questioning glares. Allen was also convinced himself. If he were Shantelle, he would not cheat on Evan!

"I -1!" Bridget howled in tears. She said, "I thought! I really thought so! I'm sorry!"

"Sorry, does not cut it!" Evan yelled in Bridget's way. He demanded, "You will have to pay for those tarts!"

"Mister – Mister Thompson, please. We apologize. I'm sure we can arrange something," This time, Hans Grant suggested.

"Speak to me!" Shantelle demanded as she returned to her seat. "I hold the power because I am Misses Thompson!" With her chin up, she added,

Evan will do anything I say."

She turned to Evan and said, 'I don't want to buy the cruise ship! Let them go bankrupt for all I care! Let them lose the billions of dollars they have worked for since Bridget has no respect for me!"

Evan stood behind his wife. He responded, "Anything you say, Shanty."

"Announce to the business world how the Grants have humiliated me, your wife," Shantelle added. "No one will ever do business with the Caribbean Sales."

"Please, please," Hans started to beg. "We need help. We will lose so much. We can refund your cruise tickets!"

"We can give you an extended cruise," Hendrick Grant offered. "Or, I can sell you the company for half the price, don't leave us hanging. We might lose everything if we don't get help -"

"No!" Shantelle firmly said. "I'm not interested in your offers. It's not a just compensation for how you have wronged me!"

They all turned to Evan in shock, but the man only suggested, "My wife has the power. I will do anything she says."

In the next few minutes, the Grants started offering other gifts.

"We have a house in the Bahamas. We can give you that."

"Bridget has the latest Ferarri. You can have it!"

"Can we at least have a partnership?"

Bridget, who had been crying for minutes, went down on her knees. The thought of losing her wealth and status scared her the most. She begged, "Please, I can make a public apology. I can recommend Doctor Shant to my social circle. Please help us."

"No," Shantelle firmly said. "It's not the rightful compensation for what your daughter has done to me!"

The Grants offered more options, but Shantelle rejected them outright.

"Please, Misses Thompson," Hendrick also went down on his knees. His eyes landed on the crumbled tarts. An idea crept into his head, and he offered, "I know the store from which the pineapple tarts are made. I can order a few boxes before you return to the ship. Will that help?"

Finally, he caught Shantelle's attention. She pretended to be unaffected for seconds, but soon, she raised her brows and cleared her throat, saying, "First, you must teach your daughter some manners. She cannot be anywhere near my husband or me. Second, I will require a public apology from Bridget. Third, I want four boxes of pineapple tarts before leaving Punta Cana. Last, I want a monthly package of the tarts delivered to my home until I give birth!"

"If you are amenable to these terms, I will allow my husband to negotiate with you," Shantelle added, her jaws clenched.

In the following seconds, Hendrick Grant finally understood what made Misses Thompson mad to the point that she made them beg on their knees. She was pregnant all along!

Bridget's accusations clearly angered Misses Thompson, but what enraged her more were the tarts! Of course, it had to be the tarts!

Hendrick glared at his daughter and reprimanded, "Bridget! How could you throw away a pregnant woman's food? We got in all this trouble because of you! Get out! And bring your good-for-nothing boyfriend with you!"

Hours passed. Shantelle got her four boxes of pineapple tarts. She was happy again. While Evan negotiated with Hendrick and Hans Grant, she ate an entire box merrily.

In the end, Evan agreed to a partnership instead of a full buy-out. He concluded he still needed the Grants' experience. Their only downfall was that Hans, Hendrick's son, needed more marketing and leadership skills to manage the cruise line.

Their parties verbally agreed on the next course of action before the couple returned to the cruise ship at night. In the car, Evan remarked,

Wifey, you were so brave earlier. I was so fucking proud of you. You could potentially run my business!"

Shantelle snorted as she laughed. She revealed, "I only wanted the tarts." 2 "I know," Evan admitted.

"But, I have realized that I have superpowers!" Shantelle announced. "You should have seen how their bodies trembled in fear when I said; I am

Misses Shantelle Thompson."

"If someone would look down on me next, I would say, I am Misses Shantelle Thompson! Buy me a strawberry milkshake! Make that two!" Shantelle declared. "I could get used to that." 1

Evan laughed. He put his arm around Shantelle and claimed, "Get used to it, Shanty, because that is your permanent name."

When Evan glanced at the three remaining boxes of pineapple tarts, he asked, "Can I have one? Those look delicious."

Shantelle bit her lip. She looked down at her sweet tarts before giving off an awkward smile. She took out one piece and was about to feed her husband when she pulled her hand back and said, "Oh, this one looks more delicious."

She bit half of the tart and fed the half to Evan.

The man frowned. As he chewed down half of the tart, he started laughing. He said, "I thought you love me, Shanty!" "Well, loving is sharing, Evan, and what you did is you shared with me and the twins."

Shantelle hugged Evan and said, "Thank you for loving me, Evan.