

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

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Getting Familiar

"Thanks for doing this, Evan," Wendell said before he and Evan walked into the building office of the G&F Manpower International Service.

That day was Wendell's official appointment. Evan came with him because his older brother, Rowan, was increasing skepticism about his ability to take the presidency seat.

What better way to impress all their employees and executives than to parade his connection with the wealthiest man in Rose Hills?

As they walked along the halls, going from the first to the second floor of the office building, people were gaping at them. Many mouths were down on the floor, shocked to know their new president had such a powerful backing.

Moreover, Evan and Wendell looked incredibly dashing in their custom-made suits. The two friends shared similar features. They had dark hair and were both tall, with broad shoulders and lean bodies.

As for their distinct attributes, Wendell had more beard than Evan. Wendell had light-brown-colored eyes compared to Evan's intense, dark-brown orbs. Evan had a more slender, oval-shaped face, whereas Wendell had more cheeks and a diamond-shaped face. Evan had straight hair, while Wendell had soft curls on top.

When Wendell finally made it to his office floor, Milan was already waiting with her father, the company's current CEO. Wendell's father was also there to support him.

Wendell could see how Milan's father was pleased to see Evan Thompson. He was smiling, nodding in approval. Then, he turned to his daughter and nodded again.

Following Mister Gray's gaze, Wendell noticed Milan had cut her hair, and she wore spectacles too. He recalled how Rowan used to remind her to wear contact lenses instead.

He smiled, thinking she looked great with shorter hair and with glasses on. Wendell thought it was rather refreshing.

"Wait? What the He stopped, realizing he was admiring his brother's ex girlfriend.

Wendell shifted his gaze to Mister Gray. He greeted him and the rest of the executives who stood behind him.

After all, introductions had been made, Evan excused himself to return to his wife and kids. He wished Wendell all the best and suggested that he supported his friend's new career path.

When Evan left, Wendell entered his office. Mister Gray also followed, together with Milan and Wendell's father.

With the door closed behind them, Mister Gray told Wendell, "Milan did not take an active part in the company, merely referring clients and helping me with my work. However, with you taking this role on such short notice, I made Milan your executive assistant."

"You both can work together," Mister Gray presented. He glanced at Wendell and warned, "But mind you, know your place. Remember who Milan is to me."

"Of course, Mister Gray. I understand," Wendell acknowledged.

"I want us to talk about the wedding soon," Mister Gray proposed. He turned to his daughter and said, "Remember to make the changes with the wedding coordinator."

"Um." Milan gulped. She reluctantly said, "Dad, about the wedding. You see, Wendell and I

"Are you having cold feet, Wendell? Are you going to be like your brother, a man of no word? Tell me! I will gladly cancel our partnership and return your shares!" From being calm, Mister Gray became agitated.

"Do you think I have forgotten how your brother has underestimated me and humiliated my family?"

"Wendell?!" Behind Mister Gray, Wendell's father glared at him. He mouthed, 'Fix this now!'

Mister Gray, please calm down," Wendell asked. He didn't know why, but instead of canceling the wedding altogether, he proposed, "Milan and I simply think we should wait and get to know each other first -"

"You both know each other for a year now," Mister Gray rebutted.

"Yes, but not close enough," Wendell replied. "We were simply considering moving the wedding date back – yeah, that's right. Isn't that right, Milan?"

Milan repeatedly nodded, saying, "Yes, Dad. We just need more time to – to accept things – to make the changes and-" Turning to Wendell, she added," And get comfortable

"Then get to know each other fast!" Mister Gray responded. "I'm not yet convinced about moving the wedding. Talk to me about it next week!"

Without saying another word, Mister Gray turned on his heel and left Wendell's office.

After that conversation with Milan's father, Wendell agreed to let everything cool down first. It was clear to him and Milan that Mister Gray was still upset about Rowan's betrayal. Instead, Milan secretly worked with the wedding coordinator to postpone the wedding so the suppliers could still have time to resell or cater to other events.

In the next two weeks, Milan and Wendell worked together. They saw each other for ten hours a day. They ate lunch and dinner at the same time.

Their faces were in front of each other nearly six hours a day. With their work set-up, they were definitely becoming more familiar with each other. Wendell had already discovered much about Milan, including how she loved Shiba toys. He learned that she spent five years of her life co-founding a non-government organization that supported children with disability. Wendell became familiar with her facial expressions when she was mad or tired, but lied about it in front of him. Despite her father's wealth, what amazed him was how grounded she was.

One evening, as they were having a late dinner at the office, Milan described a trip on the safari with her family.

"Right in front of our villa, there was a family of elephants that drank from a pool of water – it was crazy amazing!" Her eyes gleamed as she told about the adventure.

Wendell thought she had terrific sugar-gray-colored eyes and one of the most beautiful smiles he had ever seen. He concluded his brother was a loser for trading sex with Salome for Milan.

They were still covering her Tanzanian trip when Milan's alarm rang. She frantically got up and said, "Oh, my god! I totally forgot! I have to leave. I have discovered a new addiction."

As she collected the empty food boxes, she said, "It has been my perfect distraction from thinking about Rowan."

"That sounds interesting. What is it?" Wendell asked.

Milan paused and bit her lip. She said, "You wanna try it?"

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"A twenty-four-hour arcade?" Wendell asked, his eyes bulging in front of a claw machine.

"I'm not particularly into the rest of the arcade." Milan pouted her lips and said, "I just want my Shiba stuffed toys. The challenge of getting the toy is a perfect distraction. Try it!"

A claw crane or claw machine was an arcade game known as a merchandiser. One has to direct the crane in the correct position and drop it at the right time to get the desired stuffed toy.

Milan chose her own machine, saying, "My eyes are on the Shiba stuffed toys. You can put your energy into the paw patrol toys." She winked at him and said, "If you win, I will treat you to dinner next. The person with the most toys wins the game!"

Wendell pulled up his sleeves and declared, "Easy."

Laughter escaped her lips, and she responded, "Let's see about that!"

Again and again, Milan and Wendell attempted to catch their toy, but it proved more complicated than it looked. They spent an hour trying to get a single toy, but none of them got one. Still, Milan didn't give up.

"Why are we still at this if we aren't winning?" Wendell asked.

"It's not about winning. It's about the thrill and addressing the frustration of not winning," Milan said as she fixed her gaze on her targeted toy.

"And to get even more frustrated after not winning," Wendell added.

"I'm still unresolved," Milan said after she made another attempt.

Another half an hour later, they still failed to get a toy. Wendell eventually proposed, "Let's work together."

"Sure." Pointing with her head, Milan referred to her crane machine, saying, "Shiba toy."

Wendell was behind the console, and Milan was on the lookout.

"Yeah, that is the right spot. Drop it! Drop it!" Milan eagerly commanded.

Wendell dropped the crane, and he felt his heart beating fast next. His eyes widened in anticipation as the crane's claw played in his head in his motion. The claw hugged the Shiba toy and finally carried the darn toy with it!

"Oh, my god!" Milan exclaimed. Tears stung her eyes with joy. "We got it!"

"Fucking, yeah! We won!" Wendell exclaimed, giving an uppercut punch. Thinking back at how hard he and Milan worked together, he felt like he had won the lottery.

"We did it!" Milan said with joy. She was jumping for joy as Wendell picked up the toy.

"We won!" Wendell declared ecstatically, and because of their excitement, he and Milan hugged each other. Wendell spun her around while Milan raised her arms in delight, still screaming at their win.

When they pulled away, they realized they might have overreacted with their win. The surrounding people stared at them, thinking they probably had lost their minds. They were screaming and jumping for joy like they had hit a casino jackpot when, in fact, they only won one Shiba stuffed toy.

"Haha!" Milan laughed heartily. Her eyes thinned in amusement. She said, "This was the silliest thing I had ever done, but I enjoyed it!"

Wendell was at it too, laughing. He said, "I don't care what they think. From here on, this should be our thing."

When Milan gave him a puzzled look, Wendell corrected, "You know, a friendly thing. Our friendly thing."

Milan laughed. Her face turned red as she acknowledged, "Yeah, of course!"