Chapter 72: The Second Date

"So, where are we going? How are you going to woe me?" Shantelle asked as she got comfortable on a leather seat."How much did you pay for this flight? This is really posh."

Right after breakfast, Evan and Shantelle left for the airport. Miguel and Andy came with them as part of their security. There were other passengers whom Shantelle did not know, but she did not bother

asking, seeing how they regarded Evan with respect.

They boarded a private jet and settled in the middle seats, where a table was available for eating and having

refreshments. What surprised Shantelle was how elegant the aircraft was. It wasn't the same kind that Evan booked

for them when they traveled to Rose Hills

from Warlington.

"Um. A few thousand dollars. As for our

date, it's a secret, remember? You'll need

to wear a blindfold when the aircraft is

about to land," Evan revealed before

winking.

When the aircraft finally lifted off the runway, Shantelle said, "If we are going outside the country, you better have

gotten my passport."

"No, no. We are going to go around the

air and do skydiving," Evan said out of

nowhere.

Immediately, Shantelle's eyes widened. She retorted, "Are you trying to kill me, Evan? I can't do skydiving! I'm afraid of heights!"

Evan laughed. He put his arm around her and teased, "Don't worry, I'll jump down first and catch you when you fall."

"What kind of date idea is this, Evan?"

Shantelle smacked Evan on the arm and

angrily said, "I swear if you are taking me skydiving, I will visit you in the villa and put a cockroach in your room!"

"What? What kind of comeback is that?"

Evan asked, his laughter unwavering. "It

comforts me, however, that you intend to

visit me in our matrimonial home,

regardless of your intention."

Indeed, Shantelle knew him well. It

wasn't that he was afraid of cockroaches,

but he disliked them to the core.

In the next few minutes, Evan and Shantelle bantered. Eventually, Evan admitted they would see a special place, and no, they were not going skydiving. Still, he did not disclose their final

destination.

Soon, a flight attendant served the couple

red wine with nuts, grapes, and cheese. It was only after taking four glasses of wine that Shantelle dozed off in her seat, her head resting on Evan's shoulder.

Hours passed, and Shantelle awoke with a grumbling stomach. She had a blanket around her and felt Evan's arm wrapped around her waist. Shantelle

comprehended how she was resting on Evan's chest. She looked up at Evan and asked, "Evan? Are we still flying? What time is it?"

When she checked her watch, she was alarmed to know they had been flying for five hours! No wonder she was feeling

hungry.

Despite her panic, Evan calmly ordered the food to be served. He said, "Eat lightly. We will arrive in two hours and have our special dinner there."

Shantelle's mouth fell to the floor. They were going for another two hours? Just where was the man taking her? Sadly,

Evan wasn't giving her any clue. Thus,

she followed his orders and ate the five-

star-looking food. Evan ate with her, and after the meal, he asked, "You can take another hour of rest, or if you'd like, you can prepare for our date. There is a stylist on board to do your hair and makeup. I

also have a dress for you to wear."

Shantelle opted for the latter. After

sleeping for five hours straight, she

wouldn't feel sleepy, even after another

set of wine.

The dress Evan bought for her was in the shade of indigo. It covered her arms up until her elbows. It had a satin top with

Swarovski stones embellished on the

neckline. The skirt of her dress was in a darker shade of indigo, with two layers of

fabric. The outer layer was a lace, where the hem was embroidered with flowers

and decorated with more gems.

Evan had also prepared a set of gold jewelry for her, a golden purse and heels of the same shade.

A stylist did her hair and makeup from one seat at the back while Evan changed in the bathroom. An hour later, both of

them were done.

Shantelle thought Evan looked gorgeous, wearing the same shade of tuxedo as her dress. As usual, his hair was combed upward and styled with gel, and he always had his beard grown only up to two millimeters. He smelled of expensive perfume, and he had that sexy smile that he had confidently worn over the past few weeks. Shantelle could only assume it was

because she had allowed their

relationship to develop this way.

'Heck, it better be!' She thought.

"A blue shade makes you stand out,

Shanty," Evan suggested. "You look so beautiful."

The flight attendant gave Evan a bouquet of sunflowers, and he passed it to

Shantelle. He said, "I heard Aunt Eleanor had been planting the seeds, so don't think it's a waste."

Shantelle only chuckled. She held the flower with care and replied, "Yes, soon we will have a plantation of sunflowers. Next time you give me tulips, include the bulbs so we can plant them. Mother is now considering getting into the flower business, thanks to you."

"Tulips plus bulbs – got it," Evan acknowledged. He ushered Shantelle to their seats, and from there, he took out a blindfold. "Sorry, but we are almost here.

It's time to cover your pretty eyes."

Soon, Evan and Shantelle arrived at their

date site. Shantelle was absolutely

clueless. The pilot did not announce

where they landed as well. After the airplane, Evan guided her to the runway, directing her to pose for a photo with

him.

"Smile for the camera. Miguel is taking out picture and no, don't remove your blindfold," Evan said, holding Shantelle by the waist. He claimed, "First memory

of our second date captured."

Shantelle complained about how her eyes were covered, but Evan assured her they

would have another photo upon their

return to Rose Hills. This time, with her eyes looking straight at the camera. For now, she would have to bear it.

They hopped in a rented car and were on

the road for only ten minutes. Evan said, " We are here. Are you ready to be wowed?" He leaned in and whispered into Shantelle's ear, "Or I get a really long kiss if your jaws drop?"

Shantelle laughed and pushed him away.

She said, "I'm not wowed yet.

Evan was smiling from ear to ear as the car pulled to a stop. Andy and Miguel

escorted them to a famous structure in

the city. It was already late when they

arrived, so only a few people were

around. Moreover, Evan paid for private time at the said tourist spot, including an exclusive dinner. The place was

practically closed only for their date.

"It feels cold," Shantelle remarked. "Why didn't we leave the flowers in the car?"

"Because, we will capture every memory, including how you hold your flowers,"

Evan suggested. "Are you ready to see where we are?"

"I am very curious," Shantelle said. After

all,

they had been on the super-fast plane for seven long hours!

"Miguel, prepare to record Shanty's

reaction," Evan ordered. He held

Shantelle in front of him. He couldn't

contain his smile as he slowly removed

her blindfold.

When Shantelle opened her eyes, she

stared at Evan curiously. She smiled at his excitement and heard him say, "Turn

around, Shanty. This is the trip I missed

taking you in the past.

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Shantelle did not recognize her

surroundings just yet. Her brows met at

Evan's suggestion. Soon, she lazily

turned around, and the moment she saw

where she was standing, tears rolled

down her face, her heart fluttered, and her jaws fell open. "Oh, my god! Evan! I – I can't believe this!"

Shantelle felt goosebumps all over, seeing

the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the city of love. When Shantelle and Evan were married, she had hoped they would take this trip and experience the romantic side of Paris, wishing it would make Evan realize his feelings for her.

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It certainly was the vacation she had always wanted. Sadly, Evan had only

offered to take her after their divorce, but

it was already too late. What was the point of going to the city of love if you had lost the one you love?

Shantelle did not know for how long she

gaped at the tall tower, her eyes looking at its peak. Her knees weakened. She

almost lost her balance, if not for Evan

supporting her back. Recalling Evan's

presence, she turned to him and embraced him tightly. She broke down in tears, completely in disbelief.

Evan stroked her back and said, "When you left Rose Hills, I had booked a trip for us to Paris, remember? We didn't get to go, and that was entirely my fault. So let me make it up to you, Shanty. Let me take you to the places you have always

dreamed of going, and let's make memories together."

"Tell me where else you want to go, and

I'll take you and Lucas. I'll never put it off

again – never," Evan swore.

Shantelle and Evan remained to hug each

other for minutes. It took a while for

Shantelle to feel soothed. When Shantelle

pulled away, she looked at Evan with

tender eyes. She gazed at Miguel and

Andy. They were both smiling with

contentment.

She returned her attention to Evan, feeling her face, and ears burn. She stuttered in her words as she softly said, Um, but – but we can't make out here." She bit her lip, embarrassed at admitting she wanted to kiss Evan.

Evan laughed. He leaned in and simply pecked Shantelle's lips. He revealed,

After the dinner at the tower, I'll take you to the perfect place where… we can make out all night."