

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhyz Chapter 49

Chapter 49: Shantelle's Reply

Just who is this man pleading before her? Shantelle did not recognize him. In fact, his whole arrival and approach to

everything had been a complete surprise

to her.

First, he told her he loved her and had gone around looking for her. Second, he did not retort over the fact that she had hidden Lucas for years. Even the way he accepted Lucas was still overwhelming for Shantelle. Evan Thompson, the same man who told her to disappear from his life, was down on his knees, begging and asking for forgiveness.

Her body stiffened. She had to shut her eyes and control her emotions. She had to use her strength to free her hand. Yes, she felt no change in Evan's heart rate after his words. She honestly felt his sincerity,

but what does it matter now? She wasn't

the same person she used to be.

"Evan, stop," she ordered. "Please, return to your seat."

"Shanty," he looked at her and asked,

Please, tell me how you feel about all this. I want to hear what's on your mind. I know you probably hate me, but had that hate faded even just a little knowing the

full truth now?" 2

"Please, I need space," Shantelle requested. She looked sideways, avoiding his gaze. When Evan returned to his seat,

she finally relaxed, and Evan apologized.

She hid her hand behind her back and

clenched them. After thinking about Evan's request, she cautiously responded, "Evan, many years have passed. I have gone past that stage of keeping hate.'

"No one is perfect in this world, and I supposed I would want to be forgiven

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should our places be exchanged." Shantelle saw Evan gasp as if he was

relieved.

She felt a little guilty, for she never meant to give him any hope. She resumed, "I partly blame myself for what happened between us. I agreed to marry you, knowing you did not love me. If I had not done so, I would not have felt miserable."

"But then again, I would not have Lucas too, and he is everything to me." Her

voice softened as she referred to the

brighter side of their relationship. "I supposed everything happened for a reason. Thus, for the sake of Lucas, and

for my own peace, I forgive you. I forgive

you, Evan."

"By forgiving you, you can play your role as a father to Lucas like you should be, and we can agree on co-parenting

amicably," she described. "However-

Shantelle looked Evan straight in the eye, and with her voice slightly raised, she clarified, "Forgiving is one thing, Evan,

but I won't... FORGET." 3

"I will never be the same person who followed you around like a puppy because

that Shanty is already gone." Her jaws

clenched before she continued, "I want to

emphasize that other than being good

parents to Lucas, there can be nothing

between us."

"You say you love me? Stop. Don't pursue those feelings because you will only hurt yourself. I don't want to love," she repeated. "Never again."

Earlier, when Shantelle hinted she would forgive Evan, he relaxed. However, when she resumed, Evan could not help but feel like a statue.

'There can be nothing between us.'

'You say you love me? Stop.'

'I don't want to love.'

'Never again.'

Those words punched his heart like a knife. It rang in his head, and he was lost in his thoughts for a few seconds. Shantelle must have given him time to let it all sink in, since she also fell mute.

Returning to his senses, Evan exhaled profoundly. His voice broke in and out as he asked, "Is it because of Keith?"

"It has nothing to do with Keith. We are just friends. He is Lucas' godfather, and please don't make trouble and start

punching him in Rose Hills. I told him not

to update me about your life. He also made a deal with my dad, stopping him from telling you about me. He kept his mouth shut, and dad signed a contract with him," Shantelle revealed. "It was an

ex-deal, but yes, there were wrongs in those decisions too, and that's why I

decided to forgive you because even I -"

She sighed heavily and admitted, "Even I made mistakes. I kept Lucas from you and acknowledged that I was also wrong." 2

"So are we good, Evan?" Shantelle inquired.

Evan did not know for how long he just

looked past her, thinking, but eventually,

he sought, "Don't you... feel anything for me anymore, Shanty? All those years you have loved me, had that faded over time?" 2

"Shanty, don't you love me anymore?" he asked. He did not look away from her.

Evan waited and waited.

Shantelle ultimately took a deep breath with her eyes shut. It appeared to Evan that she was bracing herself. When she opened her eyes, she clearly and slowly answered, "I don't. I don't, Evan. I don't

love you anymore.

There was not a hint of emotion in her tone. She wasn't angry or nervous. It was

all flat.

It hurt more than Evan imagined. After Shantelle said those words, it appeared as though the air was voluntarily leaving his lungs. He could not breathe, and there was tightness in his chest that he could not ease. Immediately, he wondered if

Shantelle felt the same pain when he said

the same words to her years ago. He felt like a fool all over again for hurting this beautiful person, the woman he loved,

and the mother of his child.

"So let's get over this and move on with our lives as parents of Lucas. Let's talk about your scheduled visit," Shantelle quickly suggested, not dwelling on the topic.

The awkwardness lingered in the air for

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some time. Still, the two agreed on how they could have Lucas both. It took a while, but eventually, the surrounding tension withered. All that was left were

two parents, deciding on what was best

for their son.

Evan planned to visit every weekend

while Lucas attended school. Evan could

come on weekdays, depending on his

schedule. Lucas would stay with him

overnight during his visits, and Evan

would take Lucas to school.

"I agree to this Shanty," Evan weakly confirmed, "But during the school break, you would have to come to terms with me bringing Lucas back to Rose Hills for a

full month."

Shantelle wound up massaging the back of her neck and then her forehead.

Seeing Shantelle's hesitation, Evan reminded, "Shanty, Lucas is my son, and

I missed seven years of his life. I want to make up for all of that. You did say we didn't have to make things difficult,

Shanty -"

"I know." She puffed and added, "It's just

hard. He's never been away from me –

that long and far."

Ultimately, she replied, "I'll prepare myself for it."

"One other thing, I want Lucas' last name changed to mine," Evan informed. "He is

my son, after all, the rightful heir of my company."

Yet again, Shantelle was rendered speechless.

"Shanty, it's bound to happen," Evan firmly said. "We can't change this fact."

"Fine," Shantelle replied. "I agree, but before making the formalities, please let's talk to my parents -"

"I intend to," Evan revealed. "I will return when your parents are home.'

Shantelle nodded and prepared him,

They will grill you." 2

"They can fry me. They grill me, point a gun at my head, and I'll be ready for it. I've been ready for more than seven years,

"Evan suggested. "Over and over again –

while sometimes on the road and in my

sleep, I played that speech I had written,

asking for your parent's forgiveness. It

hasn't left my mind since."

"I'm ready," Evan repeated.

"Okay, then." Shantelle acknowledged." If you have nothing more to discuss with me, I think you should see Uncle Erick."

"Shanty, you are too excited to kick me out of the house," Evan remarked. 1

"I'm tired. I want to get some sleep,"

Shantelle claimed. "My reason for asking you to leave has nothing to do with you. So please, don't flatter yourself."

Evan hissed. While getting up, he

remarked, "This is a totally different side of you."

"Get used to it," she replied.

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Evan and Shantelle were already at the

door. Seeing his car service had already returned from the hospital, Evan turned to Shantelle. He said, "Shanty, thank you for forgiving me. It may not be what my heart craves, but it is enough for me."

She looked at him without answering.

"So, I supposed we are friends?" He asked, extending his hand to her.

Shantelle looked at his hand for a second.

Then, she took it, saying, "Acquaintances.

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"Friends have an affectionate mutual bond that excludes intimacy. We don't have any of that," she pointed out.

"Right. Should we start making that bond? Maybe I can take you out for dinner on Wednesday evening? We will be leaving on Thursday morning. It would be great to catch up." He sought.

Shantelle lifted her brow. She answered, '

No. I am very busy, Evan. I am up for

surgery consultation on Wednesday afternoon, which sometimes lasts until the evening. Sorry."

"For Lucas? We would want to show him that we get along," Evan suggested.

Shantelle returned to the door, and

before closing it, she replied, "Evan, we get along just fine. Goodbye."