

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Locked Inside

Hey guys, I have a visitor," Wendell announced as he walked back into the mansion with Milan. "Milan is joining us for boxing training."

Shantelle grinned in amusement while Evan gave Wendell that 'We have a lot to talk about' look.

"Wendell told me about the requirements, and I swear I am as healthy as a horse," Milan declared. "I hope it's fine that I join your weekend routine?"

"Absolutely!" Shantelle replied. "Only the boys, Evan, Wendell, and my son, are doing the real exercises, though. Since I had a C-section with the twins, I can only do some walking for now, but of course, you are welcome to visit."

She marched over to Milan, putting an arm around her, saying, "We are happy to have you. In fact, while Wendell is still living with us, you are welcome to join us every weekend."

As she guided Milan to the back of the house, she turned to Wendell and winked at him.

Wendell was surprised. He mouthed to Shantelle, 'I don't know what you are talking about?'

Let's go, Wendell," Evan called. "Let's get started."

Daddy, I am ready!" Lucas announced, running down the stairs.

At the back of the mansion, Evan had a mini-gym. It had several cardio machines, weights, and boxing equipment that would allow him and his wife to work out conveniently without leaving the house.

While Shantelle simply walked on a treadmill, Evan led the group with some stretching routine. After which, they formed groups of their own.

Evan taught Lucas the basics of boxing while Wendell reviewed what Milan had learned. In only half an hour, Lucas was throwing punches and excitedly exclaiming while he was at it.

"Hiya! Hiya!" Lucas loudly said with each punch he made against the boxing bag.

"Good job, Lucas!" Shantelle remarked.

Wendell and Milan also praised Lucas. Milan said, "Lucas is a natural! I need to catch up."

With a laugh, Wendell remarked, "you definitely do. Your club coach taught you the basics, but he never followed through on whether you were taking the right stance."

He directed Milan to another section of the gym and suggested, "Come on, let me show you."

Wendell got into position. He said, "Keep your feet under your shoulders and turn towards your target. Put your non-dominant foot in front of you and point it at a thirty-five to forty-five-degree angle toward your target. Plant your dominant foot behind you like this."

Line yourself up with your target so you're comfortable, but keep your back foot open. Throwing power comes from the lower body, not the upper body, so you must get into a strong stance before throwing any punch." Wendell simulated a punch, grunting with every thrust. "Hiya! Hiya!"

On the other hand, Milan tried her best to focus on Wendell's instructions. However, she was thoroughly distracted. Her eyes could not move away from his well-defined biceps, his broad chest that formed beneath his workout clothes, how his eyes looked intense at his every punch, and how a few of his curls fell into his eyes.

"Got it?" Wendell asked.

'Oh, my god! What did he say again?' Milan tried to hide her shame. Clearing her throat, she said, "I am usually a fast learner, but I'd really appreciate it if you showed me again."

But – but before you do that, let me just –" She cut herself off and did what she had been itching to do for the past few minutes. With her fingers, she tucked a few strands of Wendell's hair behind his ear.

After which, she caught herself staring into Wendell's light-brown eyes. It was as if time stilled, and both were looking at each other. Eventually, Wendell chuckled and said, "It's going to fall either way, you know that, right?"

Right," Milan managed to hear that part, at least. She shrugged and answered, "I don't know. I just had the urge to do that."

Following that awkward moment, Wendell returned to giving instructions. He helped position Milan's body by guiding her arms and legs, their skins touching in the process.

Soon, Milan took a shot at it. With Wendell's guidance, she was able to throw strong punches.

At that point, Lucas and Evan were already done. Shantelle also excused herself, saying, "My babies are calling. We will check with you guys later! Take your time."

In the next few minutes, only Wendell and Milan remained in Evan's mini gym. After working on her punches, Wendell suddenly proposed, "Are you tired? Do you want to try kicking?"

"Um." Milan thought about it and said, "Sure, why not. Just a few tries."

Yet again, Wendell flaunted his skills. The way he posed and kicked his leg up in the air made Milan gasp. After showing Milan a few techniques, Wendell said, "Your turn."

"What? Already? I haven't learned enough!" She rebutted, but in the end, Wendell got her in a ready stance while holding her by the waist.

'Start with a fighting stance," He ordered.

"So when you give a front kick, you lean back like this," Wendell guided her frame while holding her arms and letting her rest on his chest. "Let's try it this time. Extend your leg straight out for a strong kick."

Milan kept pushing, and each time she tried, Wendell was there to guide her in her stance. On her last attempt, she may have overdone it that she completely slipped backward and fell on Wendell's back!

Wendell wound up on the floor with Milan. He groaned in pain, saying, "You are a small woman, but you sure are heavy!"

Milan laughed thoroughly. She tried to move away but was somewhat confused since she was between Wendell's long legs. She said, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

On her subsequent attempt to roll off Wendell, the door to the gym opened. It was Shantelle. Seeing Milan lying on top of Wendell, she said, "Oh, my god. I'm sorry! Carry on!"

They heard a loud click, suggesting Shantelle locked the door from the outside. She loudly said, "Take all the time you need, guys!"

Wendell and Milan laughed at how Shantelle misunderstood. Just when they thought locking them inside was the worst thing Shantelle could do, the latter ran back to the door and suggested, "And, oh, try not to scream. The gym isn't fully soundproof, as you can tell! Bye!"

No, they couldn't open the doors from the inside. Milan and Wendell were stuck in the mini-gym for another hour, chatting and laughing about their predicament.

When Shantelle finally returned, she asked, "You guys done? If not, I can come back tomorrow!"

"No!" Both Wendell and Milan replied at the same time.

"Oh, so you are not done?!" Shantelle clarified.

"No!" Milan cried out before letting out another set of shrieks.

"No, Shanty. It's not it," Wendell tried to reason. However, the next he heard was Shantelle walking away. How will he be able to get Shantelle to unlock the door then?

"Just holler when you are done!" She yelled.

In a panic, Wendell reacted, "We're done! We are done, Shanty! Open the door!"