

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhyz Chapter 106

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhyz Chapter 106

Chapter 106: Shantelle's Special Prize

On day three of the congress, Shantelle did not have any luck. Because she and Evan spoke late in the evening, debating about her apparently expensive engagement ring, she woke up late. She regretfully joined the table of Doctor Millet, Doctor Penelope, Doctor Emma, and Doctor Gina.

There were new faces at their table, but mostly, her old classmates, which she did not like. However, she figured she would have to bear it since it was the last day.

The organizers gathered suggestions for the following year's conference during the first three hours. They had lunch in the same hall, and in the afternoon, they proceeded with the awarding.

From her seat, Shantelle was looking at her phone, waiting for a reply from Evan. The man promised he would be at the hotel before one in the afternoon. It was already one PM, and there were no signs of Evan.

"Good afternoon, doctors. Before we proceed with the awarding, I would like to call on one of our sponsors for this event. He will be joining us on stage to distribute the certificate and medallion awards," the host of the gathering announced.

"He is one of the known philanthropists of Lockwood City, who is said to have saved many lives of young children. He has given jobs to many workers by maintaining the Lockwood National Park. Aside from his businesses here in Lockwood, our sponsor is also the CEO of the Thompson Group of Companies, one of the rising corporations in the country today," the host resumed.

"His companies include a shipping line business, a financial institution, a healthcare provider, and a real estate enterprise." With a smile, the host finally introduced, "Please help me welcome Mister Evan Thompson."

Ultimately, Shantelle understood why her man was not by her side. Evan did not explain how he was going to have a grand entrance.

The doors to the conference center opened, and Evan walked in with two bodyguards to deflect any woman, breaking his number one rule.

Immediately, all the ladies' mouths fell open upon seeing him.

Evan wasn't only good-looking but also had that mysterious yet dangerous vibe. He had dark brown eyes, that intense look, and that poker face he often put on whenever he was in a room full of women. Notably, Evan had that perfectly maintained beard that outlined his chiseled jaws. Aside from that, Evan was tall, well-built, and had broad shoulders. He walked confidently in each step, his chin up, establishing his dominance.

"Wow, that's Evan Thompson!" Penelope first remarked. 'Phew!' She turned to Emma, saying, "You are lucky to have a hot boss."

Emma chuckled, "I know, right? But he is married."

"He is married," Gina acknowledged before turning to Shantelle, her brow lifting at her, thinking.

"Who is he married to? What a lucky woman!" Millet bitterly remarked, her brows meeting altogether. As Millet turned to her colleagues, she caught Shantelle staring at Evan in a dreamlike state.

Millet quickly mouthed to her co-doctors at the table, 'Look at Shantelle!'

Meanwhile, Shantelle smiled at Evan's arrival. Miguel met her gaze, and he waved at Shantelle. Shantelle smiled and waved back.

"Oh, look, Shantelle. The bodyguard has the hots for you. You should date him too!" Millet remarked, encouraging laughter from her side of the table.

"Stop that!" Emma scolded Millet. "Doctor Shant said she is already getting married."

While Millet and her crew continued bullying Shantelle, she focused on Evan. At the end of the day, she would have the last laugh anyway.

She smiled at how Evan made it to the stage while Andy and Miguel tried to hold back a female doctor who wanted to get a picture of him.

"He doesn't let any woman come close to him," Emma reported. "I heard he is only dedicated to his wife."

There are two sides to the story. I also heard Mister Thompson was divorced, but he regretted the divorce," Gina said.

It took a little while for Evan to find Shantelle. She smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"Oh, my god. Did he smile at me?" Emma said, her eyes rounded in shock." Oh, my god. Oh, my god. He remembers me."

"I think so," Penelope encouraged.

Gina followed Evan's gaze and could swear he was looking at Shantelle. She was bemused. She replied to Emma, "I don't think so, Emma."

Soon Evan made it up to the stage. He took the stand and welcomed everybody, saying, "Good afternoon, doctors. It is my honor to be with you today and present the prestigious Thoracic Surgeon Association awards."

For the first time, he granted a smile to everyone, but it was a mere professional smile. He resumed, "I have added incentives to the awards, hoping it would inspire you to do better in your field – saving lives and helping patients in need of medical care. May you continue to do great so that some of you may be absorbed into my healthcare businesses soon, where you will be rewarded for your hard work and loyalty."

After Evan's welcome, the awarding formally began. One by one, the host called for the doctor awardees.

"For her Scientific Achievement, may we call on Doctor Winona."

"For his service to humanity with dedication and selflessness, the Outstanding Community Service Award goes to Doctor Paul Lee."

A few more names were called until Doctor Hale and Shantelle were ordered to the stage. The host said, "The Whistleblower Courageous award is given to the doctors for courageously saying no to evil. The award goes to Doctor Hale and Doctor Shant."

"Lastly, this year's young excellence award also goes to Doctor Shant for performing over a hundred successful thoracic surgeries," the host announced.

Applause and hoots could be heard as Shantelle, and Doctor Hale got up on stage. From Shantelle's table, Millet and Penelope rolled their eyes.

In the distribution of the awards, Evan would pass on a check to the host, and the current thoracic surgeon association president would give the prize itself. The doctors did not get close to Evan, not even an inch.

When the association president gave the golden medallion to Shantelle, he suggested, "Doctor Shant, two special awards for you and a gift check from Mister Thompson. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Shantelle smiled. Her eyes were fixed on her batchmates. She turned to the president and said, "I simply did the best that I could to help patients being a doctor, and that includes being a responsible citizen to promote fairness in the organ donor list."

Then, she glanced at Evan, expressing, "Thank you, Mister Thompson, for the prize money, but I'm afraid I will decline to receive the money. I don't want it."

She bit her lip and then suggested, "I would like another special prize instead."

Puzzled, the association president asked, "What price did you have in mind?"

Shantelle looked at her table. She made sure the ladies who taunted her were looking at the stage. Then, she declared, "I want... a kiss from Mister Thompson."

The doctors within the conference center gasped in shock. Did Doctor Shant lose her mind?

From her table, Emma muttered, "She's dead. She is going to lose her job and her career altogether. Mister Thompson will never have that."

Millet, on the other hand, suggested, "Shantelle has gone delusional! Haha!"

Penelope was laughing at Shantelle and her other batchmates from Warlington Medical School.

Back on the stage, the president of the Thoracic Surgeons Association was trembling in fear. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead. He wondered why Doctor Shant was causing him trouble at the end of the conference. He said, "I'm afraid that's not possible -"

"Excuse me." Suddenly, they heard Evan's audible voice. Everyone's gaze fell on the man as he walked over to Shantelle. He cleared his throat and asked, "Doctor Shant, for your valiant acts, is my kiss far worthy as a reward than the money in your hand?"

Shantelle peered down at the two checks in her hand. They were both fifty thousand dollars each. She returned her regard to Evan and tore the checks, saying, "I would rather have a kiss, Mister Thompson. May I?"