

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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During their last night on the cruise, the couple went stargazing on the ship's upper deck. Evan had booked a private area of one of the vessel's pool bars, where they enjoyed the view of the sky from sunset until the stars gleamed at night.

"So beautiful," Shantelle remarked. "It's so different star gazing on a cruise ship. It's like, you are moving along with the sky."

"We should do this again," Evan concluded.

They had sun lounges arranged for them to lie on. Shantelle was resting on Evan's arms as her eyes were fixed on the sky. As the ocean breeze brushed her skin, she hugged herself and moved closer to Evan. The cool air and the sweet scent of the sea lulled her to sleep, secured in her husband's arms.

Shantelle did not know how long she dozed off, but she woke up, hearing her husband calling out to her.

"Shanty! Shanty, look! You can't miss it!" Evan said. "Wake up, Wifey!"

Shantelle fluttered her eyes awake. Turning to her left, she realized that Evan was no longer beside her.

"Shanty! Come on!" Evan called again.

She realized that Evan was already by the railings, watching the seas. He said, "Check this out!"

With a frown, she said, "What is so amazing that you had to wake me up from a good sleep?" As she approached Evan, he offered his hand and guided her to the railings. It was only from where she stood that she discovered why the man had disturbed her sleep. "Oh, my god! Planktons!"

As the water crashed against the ship, it glowed in neon blue. The longer they lingered by the railings, the view became thrilling as dolphins appeared out of nowhere. The dolphins were hard to see in the dark, but the planktons took their forms, making them easier to recognize.

"Oh, it looks so beautiful!" Shantelle sighed, saying, "Wonders of the sea. Just amazing!"

She looked at Evan and pecked his cheek, her hand wrapping around his waist. She claimed, "This had been such an awesome vacation. Thank you, Evan, for taking me on a cruise."

After spending another half an hour watching the bioluminescence of the sea, Shantelle and Evan returned to the lower deck, intending to rest for the night in their suite.

When they made their way through the center lobby, they saw Allen Banks making out with another woman. The woman was a blonde like Shantelle, and that's when she recognized this was the same woman Allen had done in the bathroom three nights ago.

It reminded the couple how Bridget and Allen were still part of the cruise. Only Hendrick and his son were taking a vacation at Punta Cana island.

Next, the scene that Shantelle was afraid of came true. Bridget suddenly appeared, pulling the woman's hair and calling her a whore.

"Let's go, Wifey. It's none of our business," Evan suggested. However, Shantelle could not let it go.

She freed her hand and marched in their direction, with Evan following her.

"Choose Allen, this woman or me?" Shantelle heard Bridget ask Allen.

Allen immediately replied to Bridget, "Of course, you, baby! I love you." Allen said a few more sweet words to Bridget, making her look confident in front of the other woman.

While Allen kept praising Bridget, Shantelle intercepted and spat, "Don't listen to his lies, Bridget. He repeats the same words, giving you endless promises he cannot keep!"

"Please, Misses Thompson, I know what I am doing. Allen loves me," Bridget said. She was about to tell more when Shantelle slapped her in the face.

Shantelle barked, "Why are you so blind, Bridget? Mister Banks fucks around at each chance he gets! He has been doing that to you for years, yet you are still together? The worst part about this is that you keep blaming the women around you but not him! Wake up! You are a beautiful women who studied at a reputable school. Find yourself a better man!"

She was about to leave with Evan, but Shantelle noticed how Bridget was still standing there, shocked. Her hand, feeling her red cheek.

"Arrgh! Come here, Bridget!" Shantelle dragged Bridget with her. With Evan glaring at Allen. The latter remained in his stance, watching as the couple left with Bridget.

In another lounge area, the couple settled in the couches with Bridget. For minutes, Bridget remained silent, just pondering about what had happened. Shantelle simply waited, drinking fresh juice and watching Bridget. On the other hand, Evan sat next to his wife, observing.

After what felt like forever, Bridget looked up at Shantelle and said, "No one has ever done that to me."

"I'm sorry if I slapped you, but you needed a wake-up call," Shantelle pointed out.

Tears stained Bridget's face as she revealed, "No one has ever told me the truth in that way." She looked down and admitted, "My friends kept telling me that I should fight for Allen and make every whore he sleeps with realize who they were messing with, but you are the only one who said." She sniffed and added, "You said I deserve someone better."

"No one has ever looked at it that way," Bridget added.

Shantelle and Evan looked at each other. Eventually, Shantelle said, "Then, they are not your true friends because true friends would not want you to keep suffering the same way over and over again."

"Value yourself, Bridget. Wake up and realize how Mister Banks will only keep hurting you," Shantelle suggested.

"Having misunderstandings in relationships is one thing, but having a manwhore for a boyfriend is another story. I'm sorry, but I don't think your boyfriend will ever be faithful to you," Evan remarked.

"I -1 don't know how." Bridget sucked in a breath, saying, "I'm so in love with Allen. I don't know if I can survive not being with him."

Shantelle moved closer to Bridget and proposed, "What is it that you do, Bridget? Divert your energy into something more meaningful."

She turned to Evan before redirecting her gaze to Bridget. She did not expound in detail, but she explained, "I should tell you, I was once like you –

I mean, not exactly, but I was once hurt. However, at some point, I stopped hurting myself. You see, when you keep exposing yourself to those that cause you pain, you will lose your confidence and love for yourself."

"Instead, find yourself. Why not chase your dreams? Become the person you had always wanted to be? What is it? A model? A singer?" Shantelle proposed, "Love yourself first, and everything else will follow. You'll see. Furthermore, if you'll always let Allen think that he can have his way and you'll forgive him, he won't change. Although, I think Allen is a hopeless case."

The couple gave Bridget advice that would keep her thinking overnight before their ship would dock. Aside from Bridget, it gave Evan some things to ponder about.

When Shantelle and Evan lay on their beds for that night, the man asked, "Shanty, is that how it was for you? You needed to leave Rose Hills to find yourself?"

Shantelle fell silent. She turned to Evan and admitted, "I lost my confidence in the later part of our first marriage, especially after our divorce. I barely recognized myself. Leaving wasn't entirely my idea. It was Dad's, but to answer your question, I think, yes, leaving was good for me."

"You would have been my greatest hindrance to achieving my medical degree in such a short time. If we did not split and I pursued medicine while married, I would have taken my time and become your perfect-imaged wife while studying. I would still be in my residency today," Shantelle described. "The parting was painful, I know, but it changed me into a stronger person and paved the way for me to achieve my dreams faster."

"And you wouldn't have realized how you loved me," Shantelle pointed. She hugged Evan and yawned, saying, "I think by now we know that good things came out from my leaving."

"I'm sorry again, Shanty, but you are right," Evan agreed. "I'm just glad I found you again."

"Someone once told me, if you love something, set it free. If it comes back, it's yours," Shantelle said. "I believe, wholeheartedly, that the advice given was true."

Getting off at the port, Evan and Shantelle were welcomed by a private car. The driver was loading their luggage onto the back when the couple noticed how Bridget had disembarked at the same time. She rushed, pulling her red luggage, and a driver helped her with her things.

Allen was running behind her, begging, Baby, please. I love you. Don't leave me here."

"Get your own fucking flight home, Allen! Better yet, get your whore to buy you a flight home! You are not coming with me!" Bridget said back to Allen, and the driver, plus the cruise's security, helped push Allen away.

From where Shantelle was standing, she saw Bridget nod at her, and she smiled. Bridget mouthed, "Thank you."

Shantelle simply mouthed back, "Welcome."

"I'm glad she learned her lesson. If she hadn't, I might reconsider canceling the partnership agreement with her father," Evan said. "Allen would have added to the issues of the Grants if they married."

Shantelle chuckled and said, "I think she thought about it well."

"That must have been some slap you gave her," Evan suggested.

"Oh, it was nothing. Some superpower I picked up after becoming Misses Thompson," Shantelle said teasingly before giggling into the car.