

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

Chapter 5: She Left

"Sweetheart, if he can't appreciate you, then he doesn't deserve you," Doctor William Scott said. "I'm glad you have come to that decision."

William and Eleanor Scott embraced their weeping daughter inside the Scotts family mansion.

"I loved him, dad, mom. How I wish it did not have to end this way -" Shantelle expressed, but her mother cut her off.

"But more importantly, you have to love yourself," Eleanor suggested.

As Shantelle pulled away from her parents, her father suggested, "It's time to put yourself first, my dearest Shanty."

"When you married Evan, you lost yourself - your dreams and aspirations. I know you loved Evan, but there's more to life than that boy." William lifted Shantelle's chin and suggested, "You deserve better."

If it were two years ago, William would have wanted Evan as a son-in-law, but since Shantelle married him, he saw through her sadness. In the first few months of their marriage, his daughter was still elated at being with Evan. However, as the months passed, he could see Shantelle's longing to be loved.

Recently, she has been crying more often. She lost so much weight and was never interested in anything else but following Evan around. It pained William to see his daughter this way.

Shantelle was never lacking in love. Everyone around her loved her! For his daughter to feel so unwanted - to become doubtful of herself hurt William the most. He had long been asking Shantelle to get a divorce, but she always insisted that their marriage was getting better, day by day. Of course, that was not what he saw.

Finally, they were going to be separated. He did not care who initiated it. What mattered most was how his daughter would be free to live her life. He urged, "Let's leave this town. Let's relocate to where you can pursue medicine."

William smiled and suggested, "Become a surgeon like me."

In William's view, taking Shantelle away was the best solution. His daughter may appear strong right now, decided on the separation, but he knew well that Evan was her weakness. She could easily crawl back into his arms, and it wasn't because his daughter had no brain. She was too in love with Evan, and it clouded her judgment.

Shantelle sighed and contemplated. After some time, she weakly replied, "Okay, father. I agree with your plans."

"I'm glad you approve," William answered. "Then your mother and I will prepare for everything. I'll have the house for sale. I don't want us coming back here, even if it means cutting my friendship with the Thompsons."

"But, dad. That would mean - your work?" Shantelle asked.

"I will resign from St. Dominique's Hospital as their director. I will sell my shares at the university. I can easily find work elsewhere, being the best cardio surgeon in the world," William suggested. "Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll take care of you."

"I have a city in mind. Warlington. They have the best training facility for Surgeons," he revealed. "As soon as I can find a home, I'll move you out of Rose Hills."

Days passed.

"Mr. Thompson, sir. I'm very sorry, but my mother was admitted to the hospital because of pneumonia the other day. May I please be allowed to review the documents at the hospital?" James, Evan's assistant, asked. "I will bring my laptop with me."

"You will bring your laptop to the hospital?" Evan leaned back and sighed. He finally understood why his assistant had been so exhausted recently. He shook his head and suggested, "Take two days off and attend to your mother. I'll ask Sherly to cover your work. Get some proper sleep while you are at it."

James' eyes lit up. He quickly bowed and said, "Thank you, sir Thompson. Thank you so much. I will give Sherly my endorsements."

Evan brushed off his assistant with a hand, saying, "Go. Take care of your mother."

"Sir, since you allowed me to take a leave," James said. "May I recommend that you also get a good sleep yourself?"

Evan froze. Was it that obvious how he had been struggling to rest for many nights? He glanced at his private room next to the office and gasped. Maybe he needed a good sleep - at home, the same home he shared with Shantelle.

Again, he sucked in a breath, knowing it was finally time to deal with the divorce. Evan had yet to return home for more than a week. It was beyond the time that he gave Shantelle. 'Could she have already signed the divorce papers?'

There was only one way to find out. He turned to James and said, "You are right. Thank you, James."

"You are welcome, sir. Goodnight," James said before leaving the CEO's office.

"Mrs. Shaw? I have several clothes from the office needing laundry. Kindly take care of them," Evan said as soon as he entered the villa.

"Oh, my. Mister Thompson, you have been staying too much in the office. You used up all your spare clothes!" Mrs. Shaw said. "Have you eaten dinner? I can make one very quickly."

When Mrs. Shaw suggested she prepare his dinner, he frowned and asked, "Shanty did not make my dinner?"

Sure, he gave Shantelle divorce papers, but she had always attended to his needs, even when they were arguing. The fact that she did not cook dinner was surprising to him.

Mrs. Shaw was taken aback by Evan's probing. She knotted her brows and asked, "But, Sir, aren't you getting a divorce? She left three days after you and the Misses quarreled in the living room last week."

Immediately, Mrs. Shaw lowered her head, saying, "I'm sorry to pry. Your voices were so loud it was hard not to listen."

"I see." Evan frowned. He could not believe it. "She left?"

"Yes, Sir. She has left some papers on your bedside table," Mrs. Shaw revealed.

Evan skipped dinner altogether. He went straight to the bedroom and saw the papers, exactly as Mrs. Shaw had disclosed. When he moved closer, he understood it was the divorce agreement.

He was surprised that Shantelle signed it, even without making a drama. She did not go to his office. She did not call or send him any messages these past few days. Evan did not also get a call from his father, which meant his family had not learned about his decision to divorce Shantelle.

Evan picked up the two-toned wedding ring that was meant for Shantelle. He unwittingly studied the ring on his finger and muttered, "She signed it. She really signed it."

His brows met. Evan thought he would be relieved, but why did it feel like his chest was heavy? He was about to remove his wedding ring when he discovered another paper underneath the divorce agreement.

He picked it up and recognized it was a letter addressed to him. Lazily, he flipped the paper open and read it.

[My Dearest Evan...]

The weight on Evan's chest felt heavier in each line of the letter. Shantelle recounted the years when they were young. Somehow, it also reminded Evan of how close they were back then. Eventually, his eyes landed on the last words, which appeared to have been written as a follow-up. It read:

[By the way, I marked out the alimony and countersigned it. As I said in my text, you don't need to give me any money. And, I'm sorry about the picture message I sent you. I just thought you should know.]

He raised a brow and wondered, "A message? She sent a message?"

Evan found it strange because he had never received a single message from her.