

Honey, Please Love Someone Else

Chapter 117 - The Parenthood

The beginning of our parenthood was both delectable and agonising. Little Issac was born on 15th January. He was growing up bit by bit.

As the time went by, his facial features became more prominent. He exactly resembles my beautiful wife.

We thought that our repellent days are gonna end now. Although it only got worse.

One of the most difficult thing was when Issac would wake up in the middle of the night. Stella's body is getting weak. She already lost the weight and went back to her normal self. Within the two months she became more thin than her original self.

My mom and mother-in-law stayed here during this time. Stella is very clumsy. She tends to do mistakes a lot. In the night time we had to stay awake thanks to our son. In the morning, Stella would get the sleep which she had to skip. Our moms would take care of Issac.

In the third week of may, Luke's daughter was born. Lucky bastard. He sure had his wish come true. Not that I'm sulking or anything for having a son.

But I won't deny the fact that in my heart I was wishing for a cute little daughter. Maybe god listened to half of my prayer which was why my son looks like Stella. I'm sure that he will grow up to be a handsome guy.

Having a child is like handling a wild beast. Issac is not a quite kid. As soon he learned to walk properly, it became more difficult to look after him. He tends to run around a lot.

Not only that, he literally picks up everything from the floor and puts it into his mouth.

Gosh! Babies can give you a hard time for sure.

The stormy days of child care continues. Issac became one year. He already learned to say 'mama' but I gotta wait more for my turn.

Right now I'm teaching him how to pronounce 'dad'. I just returned from the work. It feels exhausting after a long day. But my tired body can't stop me from playing with my son.

"Come on champ! Say 'da da'!" Laying on the bed with my son, I proceeded to my daily routine.

Yes, I have been trying it for a week since he first started to say 'mama'. Seriously how hard it can be? Or maybe I'm not his favourite.

"a-gahhh" He keeps his little round eyes glued to my face while babbling those words. A failed me stared at the innocence of a child, waiting for the day to hear him call me dad.

"Are you still trying?" I move my head to see the source of the voice. It was Stella.

"I need to keep on trying. Since I don't get to spend much time with him, he is getting more attached to you. No wonder he still hasn't called me 'dad' by now." Surprisingly, I was whining about my unfulfilled desire.

"Aww! Are you sulking?"

"Isn't that obvious?"

"Come on sweetie. Show your dad what I taught you." Stella picks up our child and fondles him on her chest. She whispers something on his ear.

"Pa pa." Little Issac babbled.

"Happy now?" Stella asked with a smirk.

"When did he learn?"

"He was having hard time with the 'dad' so I tried this one."

"That's it my boy! Dad is so proud. You're a good boy." I hugged his tiny body gently. Every time he does something new, it makes us happy. We feel so proud.

It's been quite a while since we last saw Luke and Regina. Today they came to visit us with their daughter. We have already met their daughter when she was born. But now that I'm seeing her after a long time, I can tell she is the exact xerox copy of Luke. It's so astonishing.

"Oh my! Paris grew up a lot. She is so adorable just like Regina." Stella praises her

with joy.

" Sorry to disappoint ya, but my daughter takes after me. Therefore her cuteness comes from me." All of our faces turned sour as Luke begun to spout nonsense.

" Shut up, Luke. Don't make me beat you up here." Regina gave him a deadly glare.

" Hah! You're just jealous. Cause my princess takes after me." Pulling his daughter closer to his chest, Luke yells.

" Jesus Christ! Luke stop behaving like a child." I had to scold him in order to prevent his stupid behaviour.

" You must be jealous too, right? Serves ya right! Hahaha! My daughter is the cutest." Okay dude! Enough with your show off. I get it. Your daughter is cute. Happy now?

" You have putting up with that?" Making a displeased face, Stella asked Regina.

" Yeah." Letting out a sigh, Regina replied.

" He's obsessed with her." I added.

" I'm kinda worried about the future. If he keeps on being obsessed with her, Paris might start hating him for sure." Regina's presumptions were some what true. In the mean time, I decided to ask them the question which was bothering me since I get to know it.

" By the way, why did you name her 'Paris'?" I eagerly waited to hear the answer.

" My daughter. I can name her whatever I like. Huh!" Luke said with arrogance.

" I have nothing to do with it. Luke picked up the name." Rolling her eyes, Regina stated. I guess it's not easy to handle a dumbass like Luke.

" Where's Issac?" Luke asked with a more serious face.

" He's still sleeping. I'll go get him here." Stella left to get our son. He should be awake by now. Issac was still rubbing his eyes when Stella carried him to us. Luke went and took Issac in his left arm. His right arm was occupied by his daughter. He may be an idiot but he carried them both with care.

" Remember me, Issac? It's me your uncle." Issac looked at Luke with half opened eyes then shifted his gaze at Paris. With his little hands, Issac tries to hold Paris.

" Hey! Hey! Hey! Are you already going after my daughter? Well, can't blame ya for this. After all my daughter is so pretty." At this moment we only laughed. He may act like a obsessed father but it can't make us anger any more.

" I think they will become good friends in future." Regina proudly said.

" Hopes so." Stella agrees.

" Don't worry Issac. Your uncle Luke gonna groom you up. Then you will be the next lady killer—— like me of course." Suddenly I get a ominous feeling that he will become a great source of annoyance for my son.

I wish you luck my boy.