

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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The Godparent Vows

"We have a problem," Shantelle said to Evan. "The twin's evening shift caregiver got sick, and you know we can't let any infection get in the house. Remember that Mrs. Shaw and Tessie took their days off?"

Pouting her lips, Shantelle revealed, "They won't be back until tomorrow morning. The morning shift caregiver can't extend any longer. She said no one is taking her son to school."

Evan immediately got up from his seat and walked toward his wife. He said, "Go ahead and take your rest. It's my turn to watch the twins."

But I thought you said you were working on something important?" Shantelle revealed. "I was thinking of calling mom."

"At this hour? It's almost midnight, Wifey. No, let me take care of them. I can handle it. I'll ask James to finish my work," Evan said before making the necessary phone call to his assistant.

He pecked Shantelle's cheek and said, "Come on."

"Are you sure you can handle it?" Shantelle asked.

"I'm a super dad," Evan claimed.

"Okay, why don't we divide and conquer," Shantelle suggested. "You take twelve to three. I'll take four to six."

Evan rejected the idea, but Shantelle insisted. She said, "We both should at least get some sleep."

Then, as if having a lightbulb moment, she searched the study and asked, "Wendell took his rest?"

"No, he went to see Milan," Evan revealed.

"Oh," Shantelle said.

"A big oh," Evan suggested.

Evan guided his wife to the master bedroom for her well-deserved rest. Then, he went to the nursery and dismissed the day-shift caregiver.

Looking at the twins sleeping in their respective cribs, Evan smiled. He might actually have a not-so-difficult night. The man moved one lazy boy chair and rested in between the cribs. He pulled out his phone and took pictures of Amelia and Marcus.

Evan leaned back and admired the photos, including those he had previously taken with his wife. Just then, Amelia started crying. He carried his little girl and tried to soothe her, but eventually, he caught the scent of her dirty diaper.

"Oh, is that what I think it is? Is that why my baby is crying?" Evan asked.

As Amelia cried, Evan lay on the diaper changer area, gently removing her overalls and cleaning her off. Amelia was crying so hard that in the next few seconds, Marcus cried too.

"Oh, no," Evan declared.

The man quickly carried Amelia and walked towards Marcus' crib. He scooped his son into his arm, then cradled both of his twins. He hummed a soft melody of a known nursery rhyme, which aided the babies to sleep.

Soon both twins were fast asleep, relieving Evan. He placed them back in their cribs one by one and alternately patted their frames. However, when Evan sat back in his seat, Marcus cried again.

Knowing Amelia would wake up soon, he hurriedly carried his son. It was at that moment that he realized Marcus' overall was wet. Evan quickly fetched a new diaper from a large storage box inside the closet.

When he removed Marcus' clothes, he saw the little guy's thing poking out of his diaper. Evan chuckled and said, "How did that get out of there?"

Nonetheless, the diaper was also wet. Thus, Evan still changed his son. When he was done, Evan put him to sleep.

Evan returned to the chair and attempted to shut his eyes. Only fifteen minutes passed, and Marcus cried again. His son had a dirty diaper, and Evan changed him again. As he did, he remarked, "My goodness, we need unlimited diapers."

After cleaning Marcus, Evan slept an hour before Amilia asked for milk. It was evident by the way she was making a sucking motion.

The man realized how he missed thawing Shantelle's pumped milk. Therefore, he opted to prepare powdered milk for his daughter.

Unfortunately, Amelia did not like her milk. She went crying and crying until Marcus awoke!

"Arggh. I'm so messed up." Evan was this close to waking up Miguel when Wendell arrived.

"Need help, friend?" Wendell asked. He was chuckling at how Evan was carrying both twins and swaying his body to soothe them. "You look great dancing."

"Oh, shut up, and please get me some milk," Evan suggested. "The caregiver got sick, so I'm all alone to let Wifey take a rest."

"On the second fridge downstairs, thaw two bottles. Just hold the frozen milk under lukewarm running water," The man instructed.

It took a while, but Wendell ultimately returned with the ordered milk. Just then, Marcus was also asking for milk, crying and making that sucking motion.

"I'm in trouble," Evan pleaded. He turned to Wendell and said, "I could use a free hand."

Let me wash first," Wendell said.

Thankfully the twins were still tiny at that point. Evan managed to carry Amelia. He placed Marcus in a stroller while feeding his daughter. His feet gently rocked the stroller.

"I supposed long legs have their advantages. Haha!" Wendell returned, teasing Evan.

"Will you please, just help me," Evan begged. "Pick up Marcus and feed him n

"Are you out of your mind? I don't know how to feed a baby!" Wendell complained.

Evan groaned. He let Amelia finish her bottle first and instructed his friend, Let her burp."

"How?" Wendell asked.

"Like this." Evan showed Wendell how to carry Amelia over his shoulder. He said, "Then gently tap her back to help her with the process."

Thanks to Wendell around, Evan managed the twins feeding. However, as soon as Marcus finished his bottle, Amelia farted. 2

"Oh, no," Wendell said. "Man, I am not cleaning shit." 2

"Hey!" Evan barked. "That's your goddaughter you are talking about? What happened to, for better or for worse?"

Wendell laughed thoroughly. He responded, "That's marriage, Evan. There aren't no vows to being a godparent -"

Pointing at Wendell, Evan retorted, "Well, I'm going to change that. From now on, my kids' godparents will have vows! You'll need to swear on for better or for shit." 2

It could not be helped. Wendell wound up laughing his heart out that Amellia cried. He had to give the baby girl a dance while wrinkling his nose at the smell of her dirty diaper. He said, "Fine, I'll learn to change the diaper, but you must show how first."

Finally, when Marcus finished his bottle, the two friends switched babies. While Wendell carried Marcus, Evan showed his friend how to change Amelia's diaper.

"First, you need to be prepared for all possible scenarios," Evan described.

"You make it sound like it's war, Evan," Wendell remarked.

The man smirked. He said, "If there is anything I learned over the past week, babies urinate after they poop. So you need to be ready for that surprise. You put a new diaper under the old one, and only then will you open and start cleaning Amelia."

Evan efficiently changed his daughter, and when he pulled out Amelia's old diaper, she urinated. The man said, "See that?"

Damn, so we need to change her again?" Wendell sought.

"Yeah," Evan answered. "I seriously need a diaper subscription."

When Amelia already had a new nappy, Evan put her to sleep. Marcus had been resting on Wandell's chest. When the man suggested putting the baby down, Marcus cried. They checked his diaper, and indeed, it was dirty.

"So, how many times do babies poop," Wendell asked.

"For now, I think, almost every after they feed," Evan admitted. "I think this is while they are still newborns."

Damn. You do need a diaper subscription," Wendell suggested.

Wendell did end up helping Evan change Marcus' diaper, but after that, the man suggested, "You should get some rest. I can take it from here. Thanks for the help."

"How often do they feed?" Wendell asked.

Every two hours," Evan revealed.

"So you are going to need milk again in two hours?" Wendell sought.

"In an hour. We have spent an hour changing diapers and cradling them," Evan pointed out.

"Damn! I might as well thaw the milk!" Wendell declared before going to the kitchen. After about ten minutes, he was back with a new milk set.

Instead of sleeping in the guestroom, Wendell rested on the beanbag found in one corner.

Evan was half asleep, but noticing how Wendell was still around, he asked, "Aren't you going to the guestroom?"

Nah, it's forty minutes to feeding time, meaning an hour and a half to pooping time, changing diaper time, and cradling time. I thought I'd stick around. For better or for shit, remember?" Wendell said. 1

Evan laughed. He said, "Glad I have you, man."