

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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"Everything okay here, buddy?" Evan asked Lucas, his eyes scanning the playroom.

"Yes, Daddy, don't worry," Lucas assured him. "Shauna and I will stand guard."

In the playroom, Amara, Marcus, Maxine, John Adams, and Kamila were there with their nannies, playing. Lucas and Shauna were playing with the younger babies too. *

After seeing everything in order, Evan walked to the living room where the boys were.

Keith was carrying Charlene in his arms, Wendell held Amara for Evan, and Sean wrapped Samuel against his chest.

The TV in front of them was turned on. Its volume was at forty percent. Several beer bottles were on the living room table, plus nachos. They were watching that day's football game.

"Hurry up, man. It's starting," Sean said. He was standing up, rocking his little man.

Over three months after Shantelle and Reese gave birth, the boys decided to give their wives a break. They called it The Wives' Day Out. All girls were out on another spa treatment, and they were going shopping too.

Evan also saw it as a perfect opportunity to gather with his friends. Sure, they will end up watching the kids, and his house, being the biggest, would have the kids running around, possibly breaking things and screaming, but he thought it would be fun.

The man had converted their biggest room on the first floor into a playroom area. That way, he and his friends could focus on the game while they looked after the young ones.

Very quickly, the boys were engrossed with the game, occasionally screaming and grunting while rooting for their team of choice.

"Come on. You can do it!" Wendell said, focusing on the TV.

"Yeah!" They all said at the same time following a touchdown.

"Oh, Wendell. Amara may be hungry," Evan said. "Do you mind getting the milk for me, man?"

"Get Reese's milk too, Wendell!" Sean requested.

On the other hand, Charlene preferred formula milk, and Keith merely fixed a bottle for her.

By the time all the babies had been fed, everyone was standing, rocking their little ones. Even Wendell did the same because two nannies had to wash John Adams after a dirty diaper. Maxine wrapped her little arms around Wendell's neck as he stood with his friends, watching the game's peak, i

Wendell's twins had just celebrated their 1st birthday. They were very active and fast crawlers. Maxine could already walk with assistance while John Adams was close to getting there.

"It's becoming more obvious now that they look like Milan," Evan remarked.

"Yes, I think so too," Wendell acknowledged. "Fine by me."

"Man, you need another child," Keith suggested.

A laugh escaped Wendell's lips. He responded, "Easy for you to say, Keith, you had kids one at a time. You have no idea how tiring it is to have two babies crying and begging for milk at the same time."

"I think we will wait a year or two," Wendell added.

"She is falling asleep," Evan said, referring to Maxine.

Wendell pecked his daughter's forehead and swayed her to sleep.

"No! The Coybows are going to score!" Sean screamed suddenly, alerting everyone.

"Get the ball! Steal the ball!" Evan yelled. 'Come on. Eagles!"

"Yeah!" They all screamed at the same time, seeing how their chosen team managed to snatch the ball.

"Pass it! Pass it!" Keith yelled.

"They are going to hit another goal!" Sean excitedly said.

"Turn the volume up, Evan!" Wendell called. Being excited with them, Evan did as Wendell suggested.

"Yeah, Smith is running! Yeah!" Sean cheered. He was practically rocking his head, eager for the next score.

"And touchdown!" They all said at the same time.

The boys drank to the score, and they had nothing but smiles on their faces.

"Damn, we made so much noise, but our kids are still asleep," Sean remarked. They all remained standing in the living room, rocking their babies.

While the game progressed, Maxine's nanny came to fetch her, but Wendell kept Maxine with him since she was asleep.

Their favorite team had scored and also lost a few opportunities, making the second half of the game a thrilling one. Evan increased the TVs volume, so they could hear the sports commentator properly.

"Goa! Come on! Goal!" Sean yelled.

"Yeah! That was a nice run!" Wendell remarked.

"Damn! The Cowboys are tackling the ball!* Evan loudly remarked.

Their voices were getting louder and louder, yet, their children slept like a log. When their favorite team called for a break, Evan concluded, "We should sit down, man."

His friends echoed their agreement, and they took their seats one by one.

Since Samuel was wrapped around Sean's chest, he stretched his arms and legs. He leaned back on the sofa, waiting for the game to resume.

Evan decided to return Amara to the stroller. At the same time, Keith carried his daughter against his chest while sitting down. Wendell also sat down.

After only a few seconds, Amara cried. Samuel cried next, followed by Charlene. Maxine did not cry but wiggled her body, her feet kicking Wendell's leg.

Keith immediately stood up, and so did Wendell. Evan rushed to pick up Amara, and Sean removed Samuel from his wrap and stood up, cradling him.

Just in time, the game was back. The TV was loud again. All the babies hushed their cries and groans. The friends looked at each other and laughed, i

"Maybe they like football," Sean gave a silly remark.

"Or the sports commentator's sexy voice," Keith gave a joke.

"Or they miss their mommies," Evan suggested.

Wendell sighed, saying, "Maxine probably wanted me to stand."

The game continued, and the good friends were back screaming and cheering for their team. The TV was loud, but the babies were fast asleep.

"My feet are killing me," Keith complained. He rested on the couch, declaring, "Charlene is in deep sleep now. It wont matter."

Everyone else followed Keith and rested back on the sofas. Sadly for them, the babies woke up and cried one by one, including Maxine. 3

"I know what they want," Evan said. *1 guess it's the same with Amelia and Marcus sometimes.'

"Guys, we can have the TV play loudly. We can have a live band across the lawn or an atomic bomb, but they will sleep for as long as we keep standing up, simulate a walk, or sway them to sleep!" Evan concluded. 1

"Oh, I get it. They want their daddies to have varicose veins," Sean commented with a laugh. He got up and returned to swaying Samuel. 1

"Or muscle pains," Wendell supplemented, stretching his arm and rotating it as he stood. 1

"Or our backs to hurt," Keith said while arching his back and standing again. 1

After that realization, all four friends were up on their feet for the entirety of the game. Their kids slept through their screams and loud TV. When the game finally ended, Keith was the first to say, "It doesn't really matter, though. We'd give anything for them to have a good sleep.'

"Of course, man. We'll keep standing until the girls arrive," Sean said, and as if on cue, the doors to the mansion opened. Shantelle, Milan, Reese, and Karise arrived, looking extra hot in their new clothes, their skins glowing and their hair bouncing with every step.

Keith whistled, winking at his wife, saying, "Somebody wants it tonight." 1

Wendell coughed against his fists, saying, "I could say the same thing for my wife."

"And me too," Sean said.

Evan laughed and remarked, "I'm sorry for you guys. Mine wants it every night- Ahh! Shanty!' '

Shantelle smacked Evan's arm repeatedly, scolding, "Shut up, Evan!"

"What are you all standing up for? Reese said, taking Samuel from her husband and sitting down.

Shantelle did the same, taking Amara and sitting down, resting her baby on her chest. Karise followed, taking Charlene, and Milan took Maxine and sat beside Shantelle.

The boys waited. Seconds passed, but nothing happened. The babies were still asleep! Being the newest baby daddy, Sean complained, "That is so unfair!" >

"What's so unfair?" Shantelle asked.

Moments later, Evan told Shantelle they stood up during the game because the babies wouldn't let them sit down.

Laughter escaped Shantelle's lips. She revealed, 'No hard feelings, guys, but it's because babies are still young and merely rely on their instincts. They feel safest with their moms and safer with another guardian who moves around while they sleep. They can feel your presence more when you rock or sway them to sleep."

"With us moms, sometimes, it's just about our scents," Shantelle added before kissing her baby.

On the next Wives' Day Out, the husbands were prepared. They still watched the football game, except they wore their wives' workout shirts over their own. ?

They made noise as usual, but their babies slept throughout the game, yet, they were all seated. 2

"From now on, I'm going to bring Karise's sweaty clothes with me when I'm out with my babies,' Keith declared.

"I love my wife's shirt," Wendell claimed.

"I love my wife's scent,' Sean described. "Samuel is probably thinking, oh, both Mommy and Daddy are here."

"I love my wife," Evan said.

His friends chuckled, and one by one, they expressed the same.

"I love my wife too!" Keith echoed.

"Me too!" Wendell said.

"We are fucking lucky, man. We are," Sean said. "I love my wife, and she loves me back."