

# The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

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Ever Ready Evan

"Mother?" Evan asked, seeing Clara inside his office. "What brings you here?"

"Oh, I needed James' help with my ATM," Clara replied. "He said you wouldn't mind that he left to go to the bank."

"Of course, Mother. You didn't even have to come by. I could have Evan stilled, hearing Andy's call. It only meant the call was about his wife."

"Andy? What? Okay. I'll be headed to the hospital now," Evan nervously said. He turned to his mother and revealed, "Mother. Shanty is giving birth."

"Oh, my! I'm going to see my grandchildren!" Clara was teary-eyed, filled with excitement. She said, "I want to come with you! I want to see the babies. Have Howard fetch your father, and we can meet him at the hospital!"

Evan and Clara immediately left for the hospital. While a company driver was behind the wheel, the mother and son discussed in the backseat of Evan's Audi.

"You must be patient," Clara said. "Shanty will be experiencing the most significant pain of her life. It isn't emotional, but the very painful process of delivering the babies, and she has to go through it twice!"

"Evan! If she blames you, let her! If she tells you she won't have babies again, just let her say anything she wants because I tell you, it is excruciating to give birth," Clara described. "You feel like your hips are going to break, your ass tearing, and that pain will remain active until both babies are out!" 3

"She will scream at you. She may even curse!" Clara warned. "But you must endure everything. Soothe her. Just keep saying sorry, and don't worry. She won't really mean what she says because it's just the pain clouding her reason."

"Thank you, mother, for the advice," Evan acknowledged. "I'll be ready. I've been ready for a while. Whatever Shanty will throw at me, I will take it like a man and keep telling her I love her."

Clara nodded, saying, "I'm very proud of you, son!"

The truth was, Evan had been ready for weeks. He had done his research.

While watching Shantelle sleep at night, Evan often watched actual birth documentaries. Aside from mentally preparing himself, Evan rehearsed breathing exercises with Shantelle to help reduce the pain during delivery. He had also mastered a few massage techniques with Shantelle over the past few days.

The man wanted to be prepared entirely, a perfect husband for when Shantelle would give birth. He was going to support her through and through. He would not cower away when his wife would start yelling at him. No way!

While in the car, he imagined pacifying his wife as she yelled at him. It played like a movie in his head, and in that hypothetical scene, he repeatedly expressed his love for Shantelle.

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Arriving at the hospital, Evan and Clara were dropped off in the driveway. As soon as they stepped into the hospital lobby, they saw Keith entering the same facility.

"Evan!" Keith called.

"Keith," Evan said. He quickly announced, "Shanty is giving birth!"

"Karise is pregnant!" Keith said at the same time.

"Karise is pregnant?" Evan asked next.

"Yes, she is, but I'll tell you about it later. Today is about you and Shanty," Keith suggested.

"Let's go find them," Evan said.

"Two good news in a day!" Keith claimed. A smile became painted on his face as he walked with Evan in the lift's direction.

Clara heard their conversation. While Evan chuckled, she acknowledged, "Two good news in a day."

When Evan's party arrived at the delivery room where Shantelle had been kept, Karise was already waiting outside the door. She said to Evan, "They are preparing her. I'm afraid only one could go in with her."

That was Evan's cue to get scrubbed.

Karise, on the other hand, turned to Keith and happily announced, "Babe, I'm pregnant!"

While Keith and Karise hugged each other, Evan changed into a scrub suit and found his way to Shantelle.

The moment he saw his wife, Shantelle smiled at him. She said, "Evan, the babies are coming out."

He kissed her lips and caressed her face, saying, "You are so beautiful. I can't wait to see them. I love you then, and I love you more for the sacrifices that you make and what you are about to go through."

"Aww. Thanks, Evan. I love you too," Shantelle replied before asking for another kiss.

Noticing how the medical staff was busy prepping for Shantelle's delivery, Evan readied himself.

At first, he observed his wife. Shantelle occasionally groaned and adjusted her frame. Now and then, she complained about how painful her hips were. Then again, she had been whining about the same for the past three months since the babies had gotten bigger in her stomach.

He wondered, 'Has labor kicked in? Is Shanty holding back?'

Evan glanced at the medical team again and noticed they were already pulling up her hospital gown, checking her pubic area. He returned his attention to Shantelle and held his hand. He said, "Shanty, how are you feeling now? Is the pain kicking in? I want you to know that I am ready for this. You don't need to keep the pain to yourself."

"You can scream at me, say anything you like, and I will be patiently sitting here and taking as much discomfort away from you, in any way I can," Evan revealed. "I won't get mad, I promise."

"Hmm?" Shantelle reacted.

"You can call me whatever names you like, and I won't mind. You can declare war, and I will understand. Shanty, I love you so much, Wifey. I can take anything you throw at me, so let it all out," Evan said. "You don't have to hold back."

"I'll massage your back. I'll have the breathing exercises with you, and I'll even grunt with you as you push the babies out," Evan declared.

The man noticed the nurses smile at him. Shantelle, on the other hand, giggled. He felt Shantelle's hand on his face. She laughed and revealed, "I get it now, Hubby. I am happy to know that you are ready for that scene. However, that's not going to happen."

"What? What do you mean, Wifey?" Evan asked.

"Remember my last check-up with the OB doctor? Our son has not changed his position. They did an ultrasound earlier, and the situation is the same. I was given a choice of whether to try a normal delivery, but chances are, I might still go through an operation if our boy doesn't flip during labor. So I decided on a C-section." With a nod, Shantelle clarified, "They are going to cut me open. It's the safest way to deliver them both. And while I am starting to feel the pain, my doctor won't wait until I go into full labor."

Evan stilled. All those research and emotional preparation would not be of good use after all!

"So, you won't be – urn, screaming, calling me names, cussing at me?" Evan asked, his frame leaning back, his brow lifting. "You won't need my comfort or hold my hand?"

A laugh escaped Shantelle's lips, and a few of the medical staff also giggled. If that wasn't enough, Evan cleared his throat and added, "I -1 wanted to be that perfect husband who can keep it together when his wife gives birth."

Yet again, Shantelle chuckled. She said, "Don't worry, Hubby. I may not cry in pain later, but you'll get your chance to help me care for the twins, especially since my recovery will take longer than those who give birth vaginally."

"You'll still get to play that role of a perfect husband, and you must follow through," Shantelle assured him.

Before Evan could answer, the doctors came in. The anesthesiologist began inserting Shantelle's epidural, and the operation started in the next few minutes.

In each step of the operation, Evan chatted with his wife. It became Shantelle's good distraction from the actual scene, down her body. Soon, the doctor announced, "First baby out! Baby girl Thompson!"

"Wahh! Wahhhh!" The loud cry was music to Evan's ears.

His head snapped in the direction of the baby. His heart swelled with pride, seeing the healthy girl crying and her limbs moving.

He could not fathom how he was feeling. Evan struggled to breathe, and his chest felt like it was congested. Tears stung his eyes as he impatiently observed how his daughter was being cleaned. Before he knew it, the nurses placed the baby in Shantelle's chest.

"Shanty, she is so beautiful," Evan remarked. Tears continued to fall down his cheek as he asked, "Can I touch her?"

Shantelle nodded and said, "Yes, you can hold her too."

After Shantelle had given her baby girl warmth, she urged Evan to take their daughter. With the help of a nurse, Evan finally held his first baby in his arms. He kept sniffing his tears away, saying, "So beautiful. My baby is so beautiful." i

Evan's smile was from ear to ear as he panned his gaze from Shantelle to his daughter. He caressed the baby's head and said, "Hi baby, it's Daddy!"

More tears rolled down his cheek as he reiterated, "It's Daddy."

"Please, can you take a picture of my husband holding the babies?" Shantelle asked the medical staff, and Evan obliged. It was a perfect memory that deserved to be captured, after all.

"The next baby is out! Baby Boy Thompson!" The doctor announced, and a loud cry followed, just like earlier.

"Woah! What a loud cry there, buddy!" Evan exclaimed, turning to where their son was being cleaned. "Shanty, did you hear that?" i

"Yes, I heard," Shantelle acknowledged, her smile stretched wider at Evan's every reaction.

Evan recognized how his excitement must have been so evident that all the medical staff kept giggling at his reactions, but he did not care. He was on cloud nine with joy.

Like earlier, their son rested on Shantelle's chest for a moment, and then they allowed Evan to hold the second twin.

Holding the two babies in his arms, Evan approached his wife. He looked at Shantelle with gleaming eyes, whispering, "Thank you, Shanty. I love you so much. Today, another dream of mine came true."