

# Honey, Please Love Someone Else

## Chapter 119 - Stella 1

I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. I had all the amenities I needed for a good life. But even though I was given all those luxuries, I was trapped inside a golden cage. Just like the princess of the tower. So, even if I am imprisoned here, I'm still a princess right?

I should be happy, right?

My dad adored me a lot. Until my brother was born. I was really happy to see my little brother. But as the time went by, my parents started to treat me differently. They paid more attention to my little brother. Although it never made me hate him or envy him.

I love my brother very much.

There was no need for me to feel envy. My brother became a victim too. All I can do is pity him. He was forced to follow the footsteps of my dad to become the successor of our company.

I was restricted, confined with the chains of rules. Ever since my childhood I learned to become a compromiser. It wasn't good but enough to satisfy my dime heart. I was a jolly kid. I loved talking with people. At school I was praised for my friendliness. But one day, it became a hideous thing to me.

My close friend betrayed me. Why? Just because the guy she liked, proposed me instead of her? It was not my fault. Or perhaps my over friendliness caused him to misunderstand my intentions. She started to spread gossip about me. I stayed silent, prayed that she'll stop this soon.

My prayers were heard but in a different way. Vanessa—— my ex friend shifted somewhere else all of a sudden. Later I heard that her family went bankrupt. Maybe god punished her for her deeds so, I forgave her.

Even after she left, the gossips were still there haunting me. I decided to change my reputation. All it took was one simple lie. I lied to them about my sexual preferences.

I said I was interested in girls. Funny, it didn't cause me any troubles. Instead those old gossips were gone. Everyone started to avoid me which I appreciated dearly.

However my closed friends remained same as they were. Among them Ray was always there for me.

But after I revealed that I was interested in girls, his behaviour changed. I wanted to tell him that it was a lie. Sadly time wasn't by my side and so was luck.

Soon after the incident with Vanessa, I had another heartbreaking mishap. I found out about my dad's affair. I was still in high school, overcoming a critical situation yet another disastrous experience happened.

I was tensed, depressed, scared, pressed between the layers of misery and anxiety. My mind was going crazy. I don't know whom to talk or whom to ask for help.

I couldn't trust my friends. I had to hide it. But for how long? At the end, I confessed it to my brother who was still young. Of course he became angry. He just wanted to fight with dad. But I stopped him. It'll make things more complicated. I also didn't said anything to my mom.

My parents aren't the ideal couple. I realised it a long time ago. But they somehow managed to stay together for the sake of family, for the sake of us. I was smart enough to understand their actions yet dumb enough to forgive my dad for his acts, again and again. Maybe I favoured him a lot.

Gathering up all my courage, I decided to talk with my dad. What a fool I was to think that it will be that easy. My dad didn't uttered a single word. His silence proved my allegations. After that, our relationship became more detached. He was ashamed and so was I.

I couldn't talk to my dad normally. Not even to my mom. I wanted to escape from this prison. So I chose to rebel against them. Drinking, smoking, lying to my parents and all those other things I did to free myself from the chains. My brother helped me even joined me sometimes.

All this things were not enough to fill the emptiness of my heart.

I soon stopped them and went back to normal. Then one day my friends asked me to go to a club with them. It was my first time. I was eighteen so, there's nothing to worry about.

But someone informed my dad about it. I never imagined that he will get agitated since I was an adult now. When I returned home, I was welcomed with a hard slap. It was the first time my dad hit me.

After that day our relationship deteriorated bit by bit. We have practically become

strangers.

My loner days started from my college. All my friends went outside for the colleges. Only I stayed here since my dad didn't want me to live far away from home. I became a reserved person unlike my high school days.

As soon my college was over I decided to get a job. But dad didn't let me do it. Of course why would he do that when he earns so much money. I had no right to object. My days became quite miserable. I spent my time watching and reading stuffs. There was no purpose of my life.

As I became twenty two, my dad started to find a suitable marriage partner for me. He kept on bringing guys. I was not ready for marriage.

People don't always get married for love or have a happy ending. My parents are the great example of it.

Marriage was something I hated most. I don't want to end up like my mother. I wanted to live my life all by myself without relying on someone else.

Is that too much to ask for ?

I rejected the proposal and sometimes my brother would make fake rumours about them to make my dad reject those proposals.

But for how long? I was tired of all this.

Then suddenly I thought of an idea. Just like me, there must be other people who have the same problem. Most of the rich families pressured their kids to get into a political marriage which will benefit them. But what if we do a fake marriage?

The idea was not crazy at all. Many people chose to live separate lives despite of being in a marriage. I just need to make sure that we live our own lives without bothering each other.

The next guy who came to be my marriage partner was the son of my dad's friend, Theo Lester.

We went to talk in private even though I was feeling nervous and anxious about the plan. Both of us were quite.

" I'm Theo Lester, which you probably know by now." He said smiling at me, breaking off the silence between us. He's quite well known in the city. I felt a bit embarrassed for not being aware of it. Although he didn't get mad at me. He just laughed.

He was twenty seven years old, two years older than me. Taller than me, with a manly structure. My first impression of him was not that high. He seemed to be a quite guy who really minds his own business.

He told me about his situation which is also similar to mine. So, both of us agreed to do the fake marriage. I was happy that I succeeded on my first try.

Although I had no idea that this very man is going to change my life.