

# Honey, Please Love Someone Else

## Chapter 30 - Bro Talk

They say never judge someone's ability on their first impression. It's not right to judge a book by its cover. I was not aware of Stella's intelligence so, I was kinda amazed that how swiftly she managed to solve a problem with ease. Her idea is excellent and suitable according to its current situation.

Never thought that she's going to be my knight in shining armour.

" I'm kinda jealous of your boss. Like seriously! He got a very good employee for his company. Why don't you quit your job there and join in my company, I'll double the pay." I chuckled lightly and looked at her.

" No thanks. I'd like to stay where I am. Besides it'll be awkward calling you 'Boss'" her reasoning is so baseless but what could I do. It's her choice so I gotta stick to it. I already told her to join my company on the first place but she denied due to us being a married couple.

" But seriously, your idea is really praiseworthy! I must say."

" I'm happy that I can help you. And you should stop worrying too much about your work life. Things will be fine, there is nothing you will achieve by getting yourself depressed. So cheer up."

Her mouth shaped into a heartwarming smile and that completely melted my heart. At this moment I don't feel any remorse or anguish or gloominess.

Is this how you feel when you are in love?

The whole conversation went from low to high like a roller coaster ride. The instant change off my mood made me think deeper about my current situation.

Do I really need to tell her about my feelings?

Or should I just let it continue like this? The right option seems to hard to pick.

The thought of it made my heart beat faster. Even it started to ache and sting as if it was bitten by a bee.

We both went back to our rooms after the dinner. It wasn't that late but we do have office so, It's better to sleep early.

Sadly I couldn't sleep for a bit. I kept tossing around my bed. I closed my eye and tried to fall asleep but it was useless.

The wild thoughts kept on coming back. It was too much for me to get over it. My physical health started to be influenced by my current circumstances.

When I woke up, I went to the bathroom. As I looked into the mirror, dark circles were mildly visible. I washed my face and wore my clothes like usual.

This time I decided to let my hair fall on my forehead. The spikes on the tips of my hair almost covered my eyes. I always style it backwards. That's why even after growing it longer it stays on the place. Besides it gives a neat and clean look for my office and work related places.

I hope that it's enough to hide my circles. Oddly it may seem unrealistic and impossible but when you change your hairstyle people tends to focus on it rather than anything else.

I got downstairs and sat on the chair. Stella brought the breakfast and she rushed it through her way to the kitchen. She placed the food and she looked like she was in hurry.

" I'm sorry but can you eat the breakfast alone? I'm actually late for my work so, I'll leave right way." I noticed that she was already in her work attire.

" It's fine. Have you eaten breakfast?"

" No, I'll do it later. Bye." She picked up her bag and literally ran out. I was upset but most importantly I was kinda disappointed. I mean I had to think out of a way to hide my dark circles under my eyes, and at the end she didn't even looked at me. Which is good, I mean the main purpose was to prevent her from seeing my dark circles. Still I felt disappointed as if I wanted her to notice them.

I wonder what she would have said after noticing my dark circles.

I let out a deep sigh. It felt so lonesome while eating by myself. Some how I managed to finish off the food and went back to my room. I fixed my hair like the way it always looks.

When I got into the office I talked with John about the idea that Stella gave me. John also agreed that it's a good proposal. We decided to go with the plan. As my work was finished I was still kinda glum after what happened in the morning. Maybe a drink can help at a time like this.

I went to the bar which I visited last time. The bartender from the other day was still here. I really need to thank him for helping me out.

" One whiskey on the rocks." Hearing my voice the bartender moved his head to my side. The counter wasn't that crowded but he was talking with a customer that time. He recognised me in a wink of an eye.

" How's it been man?" This time I looked into his name tag which was pinned on the edge. It says ' Dalton ' so his name will probably be it.

" Not so good, not so bad " His eyes twisted into a frown.

" You didn't tell her?" He flattened his expression and gave me a 'Seriously dude' - type look.

" Uh... it's kinda complicated."

" Complicated? How so?"

" Well I already had a girlfriend of two years and I realised about my true feelings after breaking up with her."

" That's good then. You're not in a relationship so, you can freely confess to her without any guilt, then make her your girlfriend."

" Umm.... that can't be possible."

" Why? " Dalton looked totally confused as I was continuing our conversation.

" Because she's married to me."

" WHAT!" He literally yelled out loudly and my ear was deeply effected by his sharp pitching noise.

" Yes. We were arranged to marry each other by our parents. I was still in a relationship with my girlfriend but we recently broke up after she was fed up with me."

" How long you guys were married?"

" Almost four months now."

" So your crush, I mean your wife knew about you being with someone else?"

" Yes... well. Actually she knew it before we got married."

"What is wrong with you people?"

" We kinda made a contract."

I told him every thing from the starting. After listening to the whole story Dalton was still looking at me weirdly as if I was a rare specimen or some alien.

"— so that's it. That's the whole story."

" Seriously you rich people! Can't you just live a normal life! Jesus Christ!" Dalton rolled his eyes and sighed.

He looked annoyed and resentful that moment.

" Does she has any boyfriend or some one?"

" I don't know. I never talked with her regarding this topic."

" Excellent!" Dalton gave me the second glass since I already finished the first one. I took the sip from it but the alcohol still didn't start to work.

" I'm really scared, I really, really, really scared. I don't want to loose her. The thought of her leaving me rips apart my chest."

" You should tell her how you feel before it's too late. There's always someone who can do it before than you. He can take that place which you wanted. That will be messed up bro. Don't do something that you'll regret later." I chuckled and started to laugh at his comment.

" I already regret so many things. I regret dating all those girls, I regret drowning myself into the work, I regret not spending time with my family, I regret hurting

Regina. I'm such a piece of shit." Dalton looked at me with a pained expression. He was feeling sympathetic over my lamentation.

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