

# Honey, Please Love Someone Else

## Chapter 62 - Broken Smile

Stella had finished eating her ice cream. I noticed that, the way she was licking the spoon she could eat another one. Mine was still half way full since I'm not a big fan of eating ice cream.

" Would you like to eat mine?" I pushed the ice cream Sunday at her as she nodded her head to say yes. She had eaten all of it within a few minutes. Depression really makes people hungry a lot.

" Since you have heard the story all ready I won't make it too long. When I first saw my dad with some other women, I was shocked, rather disappointed at him. I had no idea whom to tell this. My mind was going insane with the nightmares that I had on those days. I wanted to tell my friends about it but I was scared that they will show pity for me. I wanted to tell mom but I didn't wanted to hurt her. After fighting with all of my worries I told Neil about it. Since the beginning we had a very close connection with each other. That's why, even though he was a young boy, I felt secure to discuss with him."

" Age doesn't matter when it comes to maturity. Neil is way mature and intelligent despite his age." I have felt that Neil is a very understanding person. He way of thinking is very mature.

" In fact he's more mature than me." Stella let a soft chuckle and then she sighed in melancholy. Her eyes were teary as if they can rain down from her red cheeks any moment. Those eyes of her were looking fixedly at the empty ice cream glass.

" Do you want another one?"

" Yes!" Her excitement was obvious. I told the waiter to bring another of their ice cream Sunday. Stella's emotional condition is still hanging in a rope. I guess period can make girls ten times more emotional than their normal days.

" When I told Neil about it he was furious. He literally wanted to fight with dad but I confronted him not to. I made up my mind and told dad what I saw. He stayed quite, keeping his eyes down on the floor whole time. He was ashamed of his deeds. I didn't

told mom anything nor did Neil. But after that day, my relationship with dad became very distant. He would only talk when there's something to discuss. I felt ... very bad that.... time. I felt that.... I should have .....never told anyone..... anything." She began to sob while stuffing her mouth with ice cream. Thank god we were sitting in a corner or else people would have started to stare at us.

" Do you hate your dad?"

" No....." \*sobs\* " I still love my dad. I don't understand how everything became like this. Since my childhood I had a very strong bond with my dad. He was so different back then. He would treat me like a princess. But after my brother became five years old, dad began to give him more attention. I felt left out although I never hated or envied my brother. I was a girl and I could never take over his company. Maybe that's why he started to focus on Neil."

" That's just bullshit! Look at Regina, she's a woman and she also took over her dad's company. If your dad wanted, he could have made you eligible for that job. But no! He just wanted to marry you off! God damn it! Now I understand why your brother hates him so much."

I burst out in anger. How can Mr. Carlton be a person like this? His thinking is so low and disgusting. The strangest thing is, in spite of knowing all these, Stella still loves her dad. If it were me, I would have decided to go with Neil's way.

" Stella don't cry. It was not your fault. Please! Don't cry for something so cheap."

I tried to comfort her, controlling my temper. At this time I should try to heal her wounds rather than making them deeper. If I loose my temper and react like a manic, she will get scared.

" You're right. It's a really useless thing to cry for. I kept myself in a shell all these years, thinking that I will go through the same fate as my mom. At some point mom also found out about dad's affair but she still choose to stay with him. I don't know if they even love each other or not. I could never ask them." Stella gulped the last spoon of ice cream. She was looking like a complete wreck. Seeing her like this, made me thought that I should have taken her home first.

" How can a person spend their whole life with one particular person? I always asked this question to myself and tried to find the answer. I believed that, one day I will be replaced by my lover. It made me feel scared of loving somebody romantically. The day when I married you, my mom said that no matter what happens I should hold onto my marriage. At that time, my heart just sunk deeper into the darkness of my fears. I was scared to be left alone by somebody just like my mother." I was stunned to find this truth of her past. I had thought that perhaps she was naive enough to avoid love or

romance. But the truth is far more bitter than my expectations.

Her fear and anxiety started because of her dad. I think she is angry with her dad for betraying her. Stella knew that her dad was a nice person who cares about his family. But her image of a good dad was torn apart when she caught her dad having an affair. It's a very reasonable outcome of the situation. On the other hand I was thankful to her dad for giving me his daughter. But that doesn't mean I will let him off the hook.

"Where?" I grabbed her hand then escorted her to my car. I drove us to a desolated area. You could say it's kind of a remote place, at the edge of the city. There is no people around here. An empty place, right up in the hill. I opened the car's door for her and she got out. Stella was looking at me in confusion wondering where the hell and why the hell I took her here.

"No one is here. You can say whatever you want. Scream your heart out." With a gentle smile I told her to let go of her anger. No one will come here to judge her. She walked at the end of the hill, just few meters away from the edge. Taking a long deep breath she screamed her heart out, throwing out all of her anger.

"Felt better?" She smiled at me with those worn out eyes. The traces of the tears were visible on both of her cheeks. It was such a heartwarming moment for me to witness such a thing.

How can a broken person look so cute?

It would make you pledge to yourself and you would promise yourself that you will never let go of this smile. You would want to protect this beautiful smile of theirs.