

# Honey, Please Love Someone Else

## Chapter 86 - Her Wish

Sometimes life puts you in a situation where all the bad things falls upon you. As if you were walking peacefully on the road and suddenly a truck hit you. A series of misfortunes, utter bad luck or something that would completely wreck you.

To be honest, I don't believe in such things like fate and destiny or the will of god. My life will go according to the actions I take. Then there's moments like this, where I'm at the mercy of all mighty god, praying and begging for my wife. Up until now, I never had the necessity to think about god or ask for his help. Maybe that's why he put me in a tough spot.

Stella was bursting into tears. Those eyes of hers, they have turned red and fluffy. No matter how much I tried to stop her crying, she kept on weeping.

" Honey, please don't cry. Don't waste your tears for someone like him." I cupped her tiny face in my palms. The anger and disdain I had inside me, it was hard to keep it locked up.

" Why can't he agree with me? Just for once?" This time her nose began to flow. She was crying like a child without paying any attention to her surroundings.

"Since my childhood, I have loved my dad so much even after everything he did. I'm so tired of being the one who only listens. I'm tired of being kind. Why do I have to be the one who only consider? I have my own will and dreams." More tears started to come out from her eyes.

I have noticed one thing that Stella gets emotional when it comes to her dad. That time when Stella confessed to me about the reason of her being an introvert and keeping herself away from any relationship, the reason turned out to be her father.

The story of her dad's affairs and how the man she trusted most ended up hurting her, again and again. Same with that incident when Stella went to a night club and her dad found out.

This damned old man! He is the one who did the most damages in her life. Yet she doesn't hate her dad and that's why she suffers the most probably. Maybe I should let her talk, listen to her unheard thoughts, those empty pleadings which never came out of her mouth.

" Shh. It's alright." Her forehead rested on my hard chest. Gently holding her in my arms, I began to pat her head to console her, to soothe her broken heart.

" I wish.... I wish that someday my dad would understand me and my feelings. When I was a kid, I always looked up to him. He was the first guy I ever loved. Now that I compare both of those times, the past seems like a dream only.

Why did he change? Was it because of my brother? Or was it for the money? There was a time when I felt that I was given less importance. I thought that since I'm a girl, I can't be much help to him. I can't take over the company. That's why he's spending more time with Neil in order to make him the ideal man.

Although not even for a once I blamed my little brother. On the contrary, he became the only person who truly understands me. Then that incident happened. I caught my dad with some other lady.

The dad I loved most, the person whom I believed, showed me a very unexpected sight. Since that day the distance between us only grew further." I stayed quite and shaken by her hurtful confession. Because I want to hear her silent agony. How can a jolly girl like her spend her entire life running away from her happiness?

" B-because of him I kept myself in a cocoon, hiding myself from the world. I had this fear of people leaving me and betraying me. I don't wanna end up like my mom. It's better to be alone. At least you won't be thrown away or forgotten by someone." As the sentence ended, she stopped talking. There was a long pause before she continued again.

" But what I wanted most in my life was probably being loved by my dad. I just wanted to go back to the old times where I won't have to lower my eyes while talking with my dad." Now that I see her, it reminds me of a child asking for love and attention. She only wants her dad's love and affection which she never received.

" No matter what your dad says, I'm your guardian now. I won't let you throw away your happiness." She wasn't weeping any more. Her nose was runny that it almost reached her lips. With the help of my handkerchief, I wiped her nose, her tears. Her nose began to flow again. I grabbed her nose with the handkerchief and she blowed her runny nose. Not a sight that I want to see again. Chuckling softly, I continued

" Yeah, I have hurt you before. Maybe I will do it again, after all I'm so stupid. But when I see you hurt, I get hurt too. That's why I'll try my best to keep you happy. So, don't cry for some old man. Okay?" Her eyes widen with hope. Finally a smile appeared on her face and tears flooded her eyes.

Although this time, they were the tears of happiness. That's why I won't lecture her again. My fingers roamed over her reddish cheeks. I càrèss it tenderly. The smooth velvety skin of hers, it was captivating me to continue what I was doing. Our eyes got locked in an intense moment of staring each other blankly. I can hear her heavy breathing, even feel them.

" I'm happy that the person I love is you. I'm so lucky to have you as my husband, Theo. I can't ask for a better man than you." She whispered into my ear. The hot breath crashed on my ear, making me tuned on with excitement.

'What is wrong with you Theo!' I thought to myself as the situation is less romantic and more like tragic here. Besides she's not mentally stable. I dare not to think of having sèx with her right now. Although my body was acting without my own will. Jeez! What a shameful moment for me. I need to change the subject.

" Thank god! Now I don't have to worry about you choosing Ray if I die." I flinched before replying to her, trying to hide my lust and hidden dèsirè. But my choice of words were wrong rather hurtful. I didn't thought much before speaking, I only meant it as a joke.

" Don't ever say that!" Stella scolded me with an angry face, glaring at me, while throwing her hand on my chèst. Boy! Those punches were ripping off my chèst. I need her to stop. It does hurts.

" I'm kidding! I'm kidding! Ow! Ow! It hurts!" She started to punch me which made me pled her to stop.

" God! I hate crying. Ugh! My head aches so bad." Finally she stopped hitting me. Looks like the situation is normal now. I won't have to feel guilty for saying those things. Next time I'll be more cautious.

" There, there. Go get some sleep. I'll wake you up when the foods ready." I laid down her body on the bed and tucked her body gently as if she was a child.

" But you can't cook-" Pressing my finger on her lips, I prevented her from speaking further.

" I'll order something. You go, take a quick nap." Planting a kiss on her forehead, I went to downstairs. I can't cook so the only option will be ordering something from restaurant. That's what I planned until the doorbell rang.