

# Honey, Please Love Someone Else

## Chapter 95 - Better Choice

I always preferred to maintain my privacy. Most people like me would consider keeping bodyguards with them for their safety. Although I never felt the necessity of appointing trained men around me for my safety purposes.

I had leaned boxing and karate. Honestly I did those stuffs for fun but as I grew up my skills became more polished. Thanks to that I can handle any minor situation.

" Everything kinda sums up now. I think you should apologise to your kids and tell all these things. I'm sure they'll understand." With confidence I continued to pursue him.

" I'm good. There's no need for that." He declined flatly. His rejections were too strong for me.

" Oh! Come on Mr. Carlton! You can't just carry on behaving like this. They still think of you as a possessive father. They think that you're controlling their lifestyle.

That's why you need to show them your true self. Sort out all your misunderstanding-" Before I could finish off my speech, Mr. Carlton butted in.

" Don't be ridiculous! You think I don't know about their secret outings? Or when they sneaked out from the house to party with their friends?

If I wanted, I could have stopped them from doing all this. But that wasn't my intention. As long they're safe, I'm okay with everything." He sighed while avoiding my gaze.

Now that I think about his point of view, it's not half bad. Worrying about someone's safety is harshly distressful. I get anxious when ever I think of my Stella.

" Maybe keeping a bodyguard wasn't really a bad idea." With a slightly laugh I replied. It may have invaded their privacy but it didn't completely affected their privet lives. So I guess it's cool.

" History repeats itself. After all they're my kids. They're bound to follow my footsteps, do reckless things and regret later on. That's what I feared most. It was the only way to

keep my eye on them. I didn't intended to pry into their personal life." He sounded apologetic rather disheartened.

" It's okay. You did your best Mr. Carlton. Now you gotta tell all the back story to your kids. They deserve to know the truth. I'm not gonna judge you on their behalf but at least to me, you're a good person.

We all do mistakes. What matters most is how we learn from our mistakes and give our efforts to correct it." I felt like confronting a child as if he's sulking for making a mistake.

" You can't fix a broken mirror." He stated with a blank face.

Seriously? Can't you be more positive? Everyone knows that we can't fix a broken mirror. Thanks for making it so hard for me to explain further.

" But you can fix a broken vase." Oh dear lord! That's such a dumb example. I'm internally screaming. Let's just continue with this, " It depends on the difficulty level. Unless you give it a try you'll never know." I said while trying to give him a genuine smile of confidence and positivity.

" I'm not sure if I can confess all these." Hearing his words made me glum. It seems that he's still not confident enough to face his children. As I was going to say something to cheer him up, Mr. Carlton spoke again, " But I'll give it a try-" he paused and looked at me with a playful grin, " -only if you start calling me 'Dad' from now on."

I was so surprised by his unexpected request. Suddenly I felt that our bonding got stronger, firmer, sturdier. Fair enough. It's about time, I should start addressing him as my 'Dad'. Imagining this concept in mind gave me an oddly overwhelming feeling.

" Okay, dad." I replied with a chuckle. A warm fuzzy sensation ran through my heart. Mr. Carlton— my father-in-law's mouth had taken the shape of a bright gleaming smile.

Bright enough to lighten up a gloomy rainy afternoon. " Thank you .... dad, for listening to me. I knew that my efforts won't go in vain."

" No son. I should thank you for making me realise my mistakes. " I felt little happy to hear him address me as ' son'. Our debate ended with my joyous victory. We kept on talking about other stuffs. All of a sudden I remembered something, which made me feel unworthy for being Stella's husband.

" There's another thing I wanna ask." My throat went dry as I proceeded to speak of

my nightmare, " You knew Ray liked Stella, right ?"

" Yes, I kinda felt that but I didn't know for sure." He said with a chuckle.

" They knew each other from a long time. Ray's got a good family. He's wealthy and good looking with an admirable personality. So, how come you never thought of him as Stella's marriage partner ?"

In the beginning I really hated Ray. But now that I'm friends with him, I can see how much of a great guy he is. Ever better than me. This inferiority complex has haunted me for such a long time.

" Well, firstly Ray is definitely a good guy, I won't deny that. But his lifestyle may have affected Stella. He has to face the camera on daily basis. People are always chasing him. They won't stop even if he gets into a relationship or gets married. Therefore Stella would have ended up with unnecessary hassles. She's a type of girl who loves to keep a low profile just like you, Theo."

" Hmm. Your assumptions aren't flimsy. But there's no guarantee. He could have been a better choice too." My heart cracked as I said those words.

" There's always a better choice. If you can't be happy with your present and keep on changing it, I believe that you'll never be satisfied with any choices at all. For example, look at me. I'm literally the worst choice your mother-in-law picked." He drank the last drop of his alcohol and stretched out the glass toward me, telling me to refill it.

" Is that your sarcasm or you grieving on your past?" I raised my left eyebrow up while mocking on his comment.

" Both. Do you think Ray would be the best for her? Even if he is, you shouldn't be comparing yourself with him. Rather than that you should try being your best version. Try to make her happy. So,so,so,so happy that she won't ever feel like leaving you."

I feel bad know that I'm hiding the shameful from him. I just want to tell him what truly happened from the beginning of our fake relationship to our present self. But it will break his heart. Both me and Stella decided to keep this matter a secret forever.

" I'll be the best for her." I pledged to myself in front of my father-in-law.

It's true that everyone wants the best thing so they pursue it. But eventually they can't reach the finish line. There's only one winner. I have to be the winner at all cost.