

Honey, Please Love Someone Else

Chapter 97 - Plan Changed

It's not been a year since I got married. If I look back to that day when my parents told me to meet Stella and her family, it makes me feel so astonished rather amused. I would never imagine to foster such type of affection towards a certain someone.

Is this the power of love?

The fated one will always be waiting for you even if you're at the other side of the world.

I'm so happy at the moment that it makes me scared. The worry of future with the unknown waves of destruction. What awaits for us only time will tell.

But I'm not ready to leave this paradise. The paradise that was built up with Stella's love. Her warmth and kindness is enough to make me feel like I'm in heaven.

My mother-in-law helped me to get a better view of the past but she didn't tell me the whole story. It's true that I'm not really close to her just like Mr. Carlton.

Maybe that's why she hesitated a little bit. I can understand her situation. Still I'm very grateful for her kind words, her sincerity, her trust and most importantly her affection.

She's the type of person who would lay low most of the time but when in need, she would become the lioness.

I had this fear in my heart. The fear of losing Stella. Because I'm not sure if I really deserve her or not. Marriage was just a piece of paper to me. But now it holds more value than anything else in my life. It's the bond that tied me and Stella together.

So, what if the bond breaks?

How will I make it work?

How can I prevent it from falling apart?

The answer is not simple at all. At least that's what I learned from my in-laws. They have gone through the stormy nights of the unfortunate events. They stood still, stayed together for the sake of their children. Some may think it as a fool's joke but to me,

they are no less than a worrier.

" They seem to be lost into their conversation. I'm getting anxious now." Mrs. Carlton chuckles softly.

" Ah! Let them be. I won't mind if I have to spend the night here." Giving her a playful smile, I replied. Since they're are taking quite some time I should order to the food for them. Besides the clock is ticking. It'll be soon dinner time. Mr. Carlton need to take his medicines also.

" I am ordering the food. What would you like to eat?" Mrs. Carlton picked up the dishes for herself and her husband. I gave all the instructions to the person on the phone.

My small assumption has taken a dive into the depths of dirty secrets, submerging into the black pool of privation. Now that I have gained so much weight on the following topic, I need to clarify the whole thing to Neil.

He's still thinking of the ways to torture Mr. Carlton more and more. Besides that I can't see my in-laws suffering any longer. They might not show it avowedly but it's not intricate enough to notice their aching heart. Not only them, Stella is also feeling down after seeing her parents in such situation.

" Excuse me. I gotta make a call."

" Yeah sure." I excused myself from my mother-in-law and left the room. Mr. Carlton was still talking with Stella. Perhaps he's having a hard time expressing his hidden personality.

As I kept on walking towards the empty lobby of the hotel, my phone was trying to connect with Neil. He picked up my call within few seconds.

" Hey bro! How's it going?" He sounded energetic.

" Things are way better now. Your dad is having a heart-to-heart conversation with your sis." I replied with confidence.

" Hmm, finally. I bet he's begging for mercy. Damn! old geezer can't tolerate such humiliation." He got a totally different meaning of my words. Revenge is still polluting his mind.

" No, Neil. You're wrong. I may not told you this beforehand but you need to listen what I'm about to say." I continued to explain everything to him including all the previous mistakes that Mr. Carlton made. The conversation I had with Mr. Carlton,

was purely my idea. I haven't talked about it with anyone.

It's true that I'm not the one who should confess the personal stuffs of someone else. But if I remember correctly, Neil once told me about the unknown past of Stella. Without that information I couldn't have fixed my blunders.

That's why it's my duty to give him a better picture of the past and help him to analysis the truth distinguishably. Rest is up to him though. Judging by Neil's personality I'm bit worried. He's not like Stella. His stubborn nature and his pent up frustration for his father may turn up to be a big obstacle.

" This is just so.... massively excessive. I mean hearing about it from you, makes me rethink the whole thing again and again. Like.... I can now put the missing piece of puzzle to it's place. Wow! Ah.... I don't know what to say..." I can't see his expression but I knew he was feeling quite surprised.

" Look, it must be hard for you to process it. But you gotta talk to your dad and sort it out. We need to bring everything back to normal." The real plan was to continue this thing for a week and then turn it back to normal as it was. But I feel there's no need for this. Once Neil talks to his dad he can sympathise with Mr. Carlton.

" What!?! It's not been a week! We can't just ditch the plan on halfway." He yelled out frantically, making my ear ache.

" Screw the plan. Meet up with your dad tomorrow-"

" No way! I-I can't... I c-can't do it alone!" Neil stutters with anxiety.

" Okay fine. We will be there with you, cool?"

" Seriously I really don't wanna talk to him. It's just..... I feel so anxious." He sighed.

" What the fuck! He's your dad, not some serial killer!" Being annoyed by his cowardly behaviour I yelled out in malice.

" Fuck my life!" Neil cursed on his woeful life.

" I'm ending the call. Goodnight Neil. Take care of yourself and don't you dare to ditch on us." With a serious tone, I grumbled at him.

" Yeah whatever." He replied unwillingly. As the call ended I put my phone into the pocket and retuned back to the room.

As soon I entered there, I saw a very heart warming view. Stella, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton,

all three of them sat down on the sofa, crying and hugging each other.

It's not the tear of agony but the tear of joy and victory. I can't tell at a glance that they were shedding tears of happiness as they were reunited.