

# Honey, Please Love Someone Else

## Chapter 17 - My Pain

I could feel the pain building up in my heart. It is something that has been locked up deep inside of me. But now it's time for me to let go of it.

" I am just tired of everything. I wanna live my life like a normal person. How am I supposed to do that? My parents never stopped me from pursuing my dreams, but I choose to take over my dad's company. I thought it's the best option for me since I'm their only child. Maybe I wanted to show them that I'm capable of looking after it. I wanted to be better than my dad. Soon I became a bit aggressive over every single detail. As my high school life ended I became more fixated with my career. Perfection, that's what I was aiming for. I kept on doing this and that, checking files to redoing presentation, venting my anger on others that it started to effect on my personal life." I paused for a moment to take a deep breath for regaining some fresh air.

Stella kept her eyes at me. She was waiting for me to continue my speech.

" I have become a machine." I chuckled at my irony.

" Do you want some water?" She asked me with tensed eyes.

" No I'm fine."

" You know when I was a kid I wanted to be an astronaut but later I came to know how hard it is to be an astronaut. I guess nothing is easy or less complex but if you do something you are deeply passionate about, it can be enjoyable at the same time. I don't know how being a CEO of a company works so I can't say if it's a fun job or not. But you can take it easy sometimes after all you are a human. The reason you became a workaholic like this is totally your own fault. Only you can change yourself. And I'm also here now so if you need a friend you will always have me beside you even if we get separated in future." As soon she finished her speech, her mouth shaped into a bright smile. She was trying to enlighten me.

I pressed my lips, moving my head to her

" You're even a better friend than Luke."

" Who's Luke?"

" No one, just a dumb guy who likes to hook up with middle aged women." She laughed hearing this.

At that time I felt so lightweight. As if all the frustration inside me was gone. They say sharing pain makes it less. I always wonder how can one share your pain.

If you get hurt, your friend is not going to take the half amount of your pain right? Then why am I feeling so cheerful?

I never liked telling or sharing my problems with others. I felt it's a bother to annoy them or stress them with my issues. So I kept it to myself.

" Thank you for hearing me out. I feel lot better now."

" It's nothing and you can always come to me if you wanna talk."

The rest of our trip went well as we spent our time in hotel. Thus it was time for us to return from our trip. Mom was angry with me even after three days were last but she told Stella to visit them after our arrival. We came home and decided to see my parents tomorrow.

" Listen I know your mom got mad at you and somehow I'm also to be blamed for it. But I have talked with her and I'm guessing she's not that angry any longer." Stella was trying to confront me. She knew that I'm not really talkative so she wanted to help me out.

" It's not your fault that my mom got mad at me."

" Still, make sure you apologise to her when you see her tomorrow. Okay?let's just visit them and don't be harsh just try to be nice."

" Fine. We should go sleep for now. I'm tired after this journey. Good night."

" Good night. Sleep well."Stella went to her room after greeting me. My eyes wandered around the ceiling. Thoughts kept on going through my mind. Suddenly a face flashed on my mind. It was Stella. She was trying to ease me by rubbing my back. Her soft breathing was blowing on my neck. Her smile was so relaxing as if looking at it makes me forget all my sorrow. Our face was close, so close that I can hear her heartbeat.

Is she moving towards me? Why are our faces become close? It was only few inches apart between us. My heart was racing, beating fast. Why am I feeling like this? What's going on? I wanted to say something but my voice wasn't coming out from my

mouth. It was sealed tightly and I'm trying harder to break it.

My eyes again faced the ceiling and I realised that I was dreaming. What a strange dream I just had. It was still blurry to me but someone I managed to remember gist of it.

I came down after getting ready. As usual breakfast was served but Lucy wasn't there. Stella was stilling on the chair pouring the juice on the glass.

" Good morning. Why are you alone? Where is Lucy?"

" Since we are going to your parents house I told Lucy not to come today. That's why I made the breakfast so b̄ar̄e with it for today."

" Why are you saying it like that, as if your cooking is bad. Your cooking is even better than Lucy."

" Oh thanks. I was worried about you not liking this change since I didn't asked for your permission." Her voice sounded bit hesitant. I knew Stella is bit submissive and well behaved but asking my permission for a simple thing like that, is bit too much.

" Haven't I told you that you're free to do anything as long it won't bother our reputation or our image in public. You don't have to be like this all the time." She put the plate in front me and placed the glass of juice on my right side. I noticed she was wearing a plane dress which was one of her usual cloth in her wardrobe.

" You're still wearing them? What happened to all those clothes I bought you ?" I yelled at her face, point at the dress. She chuckled softly rubbing the back of her head.

" Umm... do I have to... wear them today?"

" Yes! Go change. NOW!" She ran back to her room. I got little worried that I shouted at her. It wasn't my intention but I kinda lost my cool that time. I don't like to repeat myself to someone again and again.

Stella walked down the stairs wearing a dress with her black hair falling down to her shoulder. Unlike the last one, this looked absolutely gorgeous on her.

" Now all good?"

" Yes."

We reached to my parent's house. I got a bouquet of yellow roses for my mom. Actually Stella told me to got one on our way.

" Oh dear! My son has grown up to be a quite gentlemen."

" Hello mom how are you?" Stella greeted my mom as we walked inside the house.

" I'm good dear. I was missing you so much."

" What about me?" I mocked her pointing a finger at me.

" Don't even compare yourself with her." she replied pouting at me.

" Are you still mad at me? I'm sorry mom I didn't mean to hurt you." I tried to sound as much apologetic as I could, keeping my eyes down.

" It's fine son. How can I be mad at you."

Finally mom hugged me, holding me tightly with her soft arms.

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