

Honey, Please Love Someone Else

Chapter 58 - Cold Food

The never ending dinner was finally over. But I can not return to my home. Since I drove Megan here, I can't just let her go by herself, especially when it's so late in the night. It's my duty to send her home safely.

I was mostly silent during our supper even though she continued to talk about various things on her own. Which led to making our stay longer than it should have been.

I dropped Megan to her place then instantly returned to my home. I unlocked the door with my spare key. Lucy probably have left by now and Stella must be sleeping. I don't want her to wake up with the sound of door bell. My throat felt very dry. So I walked into the dining table to drink some water.

When I opened the fridge I noticed that there were some bowls. Usually we don't have any extra food left out when we eat. And now that Stella has taken the duty of cooking the food, she makes sufficient amount of food for us. I became curious wondering why are there so many containers filled with food. Didn't she had dinner today?

When I opened the containers, they were all filled with my favourite foods. One had meat loafs in tomato gravy, one had macaroni, one had chicken stew. These are all the things I love to eat. I had a doubt that these are all made for me, a full packed dinner exclusively cooked for me only. I opened the freezer and there was a container which was filled with tiramisu.

I was stunned. I was speechless thinking that she had to spend so much of her efforts to cook all this. It would have taken her so much time. Why she didn't told me that she was cooking dinner for me? I would not have went with Megan if I knew she had cooked already. Guilt took over all of my mind.

My throat became more dry. Looking at those things made me forget that I was thirsty. I took the bottle of water and drank half of it. My mind was not at ease. It was filled with so many questions. Once again anxiety came to visit me at a very unwanted moment.

I thought that I'm going to fix everything. Our relationship will have no doubts. We will make it stronger.

Then once again, here I am, standing here, in front of my fridge, thinking about why on earth she did not told me that she had cooked for me.

Only she can answer this question and to hear it from her mouth I have to wait for the morning. Without making any sound I went to my room. Surprisingly, Stella was laying on my bed, sleeping peacefully.

That was unexpected because usually we sleep in my room when I'm at home. This is the first time when she had taken the initiative to sleep here on her own. I was pleased indeed. If only I had returned earlier, I would have been sleeping with her, holding her in my arms. If only I had canceled that offer, I would have enjoyed the dinner with her.

Changing my work attire, I put on a t-shirt with a shorts. I lifted the sheets a little, then laid down my body beside her. Normally, I would keep on gazing at her face, capturing her features. I have done it so many times that when I close my eyes I can clearly see her image. It becomes so real that it feels like she's standing right in front of me. My eyes wander around her beautiful face, searching for any traces of pain or sorrow. She looked so peaceful sleeping like that. It seemed that she had no worries in her life. She was just a baby, sleeping without any worries.

Next morning when I opened my eyes, Stella was gone. My heart felt morse as I wanted to see her beside me. Getting up from my bed I went to freshen up. When I walked into the dining table Stella greeted me.

" Good morning."

" Good morning." I softly replied and sat down on my chair. Stella began to serve me the food.

" Why didn't you tell me that you had cooked the dinner already?" I needed to know her reason. It was definitely made for me and even after putting all her efforts she just let it go?

" Uh... how did you-"

" I saw it in the fridge and the freezer. Mind giving me the explanation for it?" I wasn't trying to sound bossy or angry but I was serious.

" I just came home little early and I had eaten half of it. Those were the extra proportion of yours. Since Lucy had went home I decided to keep it on fridge."

" Strange. How come all of them were my favourite dishes?" I raised my eyebrows upward, gazing at her directly. My jaw was clenched. Stella had realised that I want to hear the real explanation. Her eyes were not gleaming anymore they were full of

sorrow and sadness.

" I wanted to cook your favourite dishes to cheer you up. But since you had told me that you have to attend someone else I thought I should not inform you." How stupid she can be? Seriously? Just for that? Didn't you felt that you should at least ask me if I'm really busy or not? Even for a once?

" You could have at least told me about it!"

" I thought your work was important." She said in a quite tone almost like a whisper.

" Stella please! At least let me decide what is important for me and what is not. If I had knew this, I would have never gone with her. How could you let all your efforts die in vain?" I was frustrated and annoyed thinking about her stupidity. But when I looked at her, she was suffering. Her eyes were filled with grief. It made me more angry and sad.

I got up from my chair and gave her a tight hug. She didn't reject my embrace instead she warped her hands around me.

" I was wrong. I should have told you about it." I began to pat her head. Her smooth silk like hair was brushed against the palm of my hand. She was just like a little kitten.

" It's fine. I'm the one who's more upset here. You can't imagine how annoying last night was. If it wasn't for the sake of my company, I would not have gone with her." Stella began to laugh after hearing my comment. Finally she was no longer sad.

" Whom did you went with?"

" Our new model for the ad. Her name is Megan."

" Megan Smith? "

" Yeah how did you know?"

" She's a very well known model. I have seen her in social media."

"Oh. That makes sense. Thanks to that Megan I lost a good supper."

" Hey! don't be like that. I can cook anytime for you."

" You know what? Heat up those foods and pack them for me. I'll eat them in my lunch."

" Are you kidding me?" She exclaims in surprise, making her eyes widen.

" I'm dead serious." My smirk was enough to make her understand how much serious I was.