

Honey, Please Love Someone Else

Chapter 85 - Twisted Fate

To start a day this terribly, both me and Stella were stressed out. Shortly after we returned from Stella's office I informed John that I won't be coming to work today.

Neil and Ray went home in the morning. That's why I stayed with Stella to accompany her. Her body hasn't recovered yet. She needs to eat nutritious food for now and avoid any type of fried or spicy food.

Lucy was here till lunchtime and prepared lunch for us. Stella told her to leave after that. She insisted on cooking our dinner.

I can't argue with her for being childish. But she has to take a lot of rest. That's why I also requested her, to let me help her cooking our dinner. Even though I had no experience in cooking in my whole life.

I guess my mom would be proud to hear it.

" You can cut the veggies," Stella instructed me as she knew about me being a amateur.

" Sure." It may look simple but I am about to regret my very own decision. The first thing I picked out to chop was an onion. A freaking onion! And damn! My eyes hurt and I'm tearing up.

" Ugh! My eyes!" Ashamed and maculated me became the center of Stella's amusement. She was laughing after seeing me in a troubled condition.

What a nice wife I have. She's laughing to see me in this state. Fantastic!

" Just leave it for me. I'll chop them later. You can continue cutting the other stuff." Somehow she managed to get hold of her laughter and spoke to me.

" Why do you even need to add this much onions? God! My eyes are burning." Yeah! Seriously! Why add so many onions just skip this evil thing.

" Cause it makes the food rich and tasty. There's a trick for cutting onions. Here, I'll show you." She grabbed the knife from me. There was a loaf of bread on the counter.

Stella took it and cut a little piece of it, putting it into her mouth.

Peeling off the skin, Stella began to chop the onions. Her hands were moving so fast. It probably took few seconds to slice and dice that onion. What a skill! If it were me, I'd probably chop off my fingers.

At that moment, when I was observing her cutting skills, Stella's phone rung up. I went to get it. Upon viewing who the caller was on the screen I realized the call was from Stella's father.

" Who's it?" Stella's voice can be heard.

" Your dad."

" Put it on speaker then." I picked the call and put it on a loudspeaker. If only I had known what lies ahead in the future, if only I had an idea of what was about to happen when I picked up that call, I won't have taken it.

Fate had taken a twist, making our life more miserable.

" Stella, did you get a job???" My father-in-law screamed from the other side. Both of us were caught off guard. Stella's eyes widened, putting the chopping on hold.

" D-dad how did yo-" she choked on her own words, as if they were not coming out of her mouth.

" Did you or did not?" His voice trails with fury as he asks the follow-up question.

" Y-y-yes... I-" Stella answered, stuttering.

" Just what the hell you were thinking? Did you ever thought what will happen if people find out about this? Our reputation will turn into dust! Why do you need to get a job? Your husband is the wealthiest man in the city, yet you are working somewhere under some low-class company, shaming our family's name? I can't... I can't believe you would do something like this!" Anger and disappointment can be heard from my in-law. I saw a new side of Mr. Carlton—a man filled with pride, too shallow to notice the unhappiness of his own daughter. He didn't saw his daughter's dreams rather he had locked her up into a cage of lies, all these years.

Did I judged him wrong ? After seeing him all these years, I believed that he's a good person, a kind hearted man. But who knew some people are pros in hiding their true nature? I was just a fool to think him as a good guy.

My jaw clenched with the rage building up inside me. It feels like betrayal. I am also

hurt as these words are addressed to my wife— to whom my heart belongs.

" Dad, I'm not doing this for money. I just want to have my own identity." She walked near me so she could reason with her father. Her body was shaking a little yet she didn't withdraw arguing with her father.

" Leave the job immediately! Don't ever think of doing it again." Mr. Carlton was certainly angry as Stella wasn't ready to leave her job. Although the irony is, she is already gathering money to quit her job.

She could have told her father that she is leaving the job to end the argument. But she continued, for the sake of her new life. She is no longer being controlled by her prideful father.

" No, I won't. I want to do something for myself." Stella insisted.

" Does Theo knew about all of this?"

" Yes-" Without waiting for my wife to finish what she was about to say, I interfered

" Mr. Carlton, sorry for poking my nose into your father-daughter conversation. But I was the one who gave her permission. I don't have any problem with her having her own career." I replied boldly. After all, I'm Stella's guardian now. She married into my family, she married me. There's no way I'm gonna tolerate someone who's insulting my wife, even if it's her own father.

" Theo, at least not you. Do you know how shameful it is if your wife has to work when you earn a fortune? I know my daughter isn't mature like you, but think of the society."

Ah! The society. The cruel custom, the cruel circumstances made by the humans. Some may receive benefits but some may end up with a very tragic loss.

This society and criticism of other people, they are like the shape edged swords. These swords have cut off so many wings of hopes and dreams throughout the decades and centuries.

" Mr. Carlton, I think you should support your daughter rather than judging her and telling her what she should do with her life or not," I stood my ground, firm in defending Stella with all my might.

" Fine do whatever you want. Tell her not to call us again." With that, he ended the call. That heartless man, he didn't hesitated to say out those words. Even though he knew his daughter was also listening the whole conversation.

Tears pooled up in her eyes. She was devastated. When our eyes met after the tragic event, those tears rained down her reddish cheeks. The blood was flushed on her nose along with her ear.

Fate is such a cruel thing. Not even for a once it showed mercy to my pitiful wife.