

Honey, Please Love Someone Else

Chapter 92 - Guilty Lover

Thankfully my father-in-law decided to take Stella's help as we had planned from the beginning. It was already late and I insisted my in-laws to spend the night at my place. But Stella refused it, which was kinda sudden.

She looked into her phone and booked a hotel room.

Yes, a hotel room. Honestly she went on to the super serious mode after the conversation we had. A fire was lit up inside her soul. The sadness, the depression, the dejection was no longer visible.

The arrangements were all prepared by Stella. She knew that her father's pride would be pervaded if he had to stay in my house. It would have been completely normal if they had come here for visit then stayed. But in current situation they were literally homeless.

Yep, that's how it was.

Stella booked a five star hotel room where her parents will stay. Also it was one of the well known hotels in the city. A hotel is better than an apartment.

One can find all sorts of facilities which are available in a hotel. Besides, Stella knew that if she talks with Neil, she can confront him to return the authority papers to Mr. Carlton.

" So.... everything's set now. We will go back to our home. Ummm... if you need anything, just give me a call." She shutters while coping with her dry throat.

" Okay." Mr. Carlton replied in a gruff way.

".... Here's my card-" With a skittish voice Stella said that to her parents while stretching out her hand.

" That won't be needed. I still have mine with me." My father-in-law replied in a cranky tone. Even his face was as sour as a grape.

Jeez! Give her a break already, you damn geezers!

" Okay. Uhhhh.... you don't need to go downstairs if you feel hungry. Just call in the room service." Then again Stella bothered to act like a parent who's dropping off the kids. My in-laws have already eaten dinner at my place so they won't be hungry any time soon.

" Yes I know. Anything else?" It was awkward to continue this conversation further. Even I wanted to walk—— rather run away from there.

" N-no. We will be going then. Goodnight."

" Goodnight dear." Mrs. Carlton said politely as we walked away from there. I felt that Mrs. Carlton was stuck between two people but she chose to stay with her husband in his worst time. It's a good thing since she can give him mental support.

" Hey, you okay?" I was driving us home. My curiosity made me talk with her, breaking the tension between us. The atmosphere has gotten bit glum so it's time so show my talent.

Of course I can't be as dumb as Luke and as jolly as Neil. But I can try.

" Yeah! Never been better." With a sarcastic tone she replied, sneering at me.

" You're doing great. I'm proud of you." I continue to motivate her, presenting my golden smile at her service.

" But my dad doesn't look that good." Can we just forget about that damn old man? He's repenting for his misdeeds. Let him suffer. Jeez!

" Give him some time. Old peeps are kinda persistent. He won't easily surrender." Chuckling softly I replied.

" Thanks for the heads up."

" Sure. Do you have anything else planned?"

" You mean Neil? Yeah. I'm gonna seriously chop off his balls." Gnashing her teeth forcefully, she replied. Her anger was clearly noticeable. I don't wanna be the victim of her rage.

" Hey! Hey! Hey! Easy there! That kid has his whole life ahead. No need for such harsh treatment. We can settle this issue peacefully." Me and Neil were in same team. As his partner I gotta help as much as I can. Although I'm scared of the outcome in the future.

I'm gonna keep my mouth shut in this matter and pretend that I was never part of this plan.

" I don't understand. Why would he do such thing? Not even for once he mentioned about it to me. I feel like I'm being kept in the dark. Why did he have to go to such lengths? Is this really what he want?" She was looking heartbroken. Her eyes were on the verge of tears.

" We can ask him about it later. Maybe there's an explanation for all this." I only had to act normal and casual. Meanwhile Neil was in a tough situation. Stella was trying hard to get in touch with Neil and interrogate him about the whole thing. Blocking her number was no help.

" Although I fear something else far more dangerous. What if he's gotten mixed into some shady business? I'm so worried, Theo. He's not even picking up my calls." Her voice sounded cracked. The rage was gone and fear took over that place. Not only sad, she was indeed worried about her little brother, worried for his safety.

" It'll be alright. Don't worry honey." I pulled her closer towards my seat, grinding her body with mine, while my hand ruffled her soft hair gently. It was enough to sooth her.

Guilt took over me as I realised that I'm also responsible for causing her such pain and agony. My intention was not bad but still she is in a tough spot, trying to take a hold of her life and her family. She may feel alone. She may feel lost in her own journey.

I want to lighten and brighten up her journey. Although the dreadful question remains.

Am I really helping her? Or am I just causing her more trouble?

Yes, I cannot deny that I'm betraying her in other way. All the lies I have told her, all the things I kept secret from her, pretending to be someone that's I'm not, projecting my hollow sympathy towards her, just how much guilt I have to carry before it all ends? At the end, is it really gonna work ? Is it enough to make her happy in future ?

Will she forgive me for doing such disloyalty act ?

Only time can predict the upcoming results. I'll have to be calm and cautious. I need to provide her with all the support. Deep down in my heart, I always felt that my father-in-law is a good person.

Seeing his other side, his dominant nature, his prideful arrogance made my heart shattered into pieces. He was always a kind person, cheerful and jolly. My trust and faith is hanging in the edge of the cliff. It's not completely fallen.

Thus, I decided to find the truth, the true nature of Mr. Carlton whom I knew from a long time. I want to challenge my own mind to overcome this dilemma.