

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 10

In the dim light, I meet Harrison's eyes.

If I'd known he was in this room, I wouldn't have knocked.

"What's up?" He looks at me with a faint smile. I look at him awkwardly and sound distant, "I'm here with a friend. But I can't find our room." He shrugs causally. A shadow of smile touches his mouth. Somehow I feel a bit annoyed. "Goodbye, Mr. Stewart. Have a good time." I nod gently. There's a voice behind him. Before I can hear it clearly, I'm pulled into the room the next second. I turn around to leave, but he has closed the door.

I place both hands on his chest and look at him warily. "What do you want?" "Pretend to be my girlfriend," he says causally. He naturally puts his arms around my waist. He's so gentle that I have no reason to hate him. Recalling what happened before, I don't push him away. Then, he sits me down on the sofa.

After that, the room becomes quiet for a few seconds. Suddenly, a man walks over with a drink, "You're Harrison's girlfriend?"

"I..."

"I thought he wasn't interested in women. Turns out he's taken! Come on, have a drink!" The man interrupts me and puts the glass in my hand.

Looking down at the wine, I have mixed feelings. If I'd known I was gonna be asked to drink, I wouldn't have followed Harrison in.

What's more, I don't know the people here. What if I get drunk? I grits my teeth. "I'm sorry. I don't drink." "You don't drink?" The man looks at me and then Harrison. Harrison takes the glass from my hand and drinks it in one gulp. He then places it on the table and say, "What's so strange about that?" The man blinks ambiguously at me. He says in a voice loud enough to be heard, "Harrison, so you're her hero!"

"Get the hell out of my way." Harrison ignores him and turns to look at me, "So your injured ankle didn't stop you from coming out?" "It's... none of your business." I chose not to explain. Although he helped me last time, we're still strangers. I don't have to tell him why I'm here.

He's not angry at my answer. On the contrary, he chuckles. "Since you're here, enjoy yourself." I'm not in the mood to enjoy. I just want to get out of here, but there're always

people talking to me. My upbringing makes it impossible for me to interrupt them and leave. Harrison, who sits by my side, is currently having a drink with the man who just toasted me. "When did you know Harrison? Why have we never seen you before?" A sweet-looking woman on my

right asks curiously. I'm not trying to hide anything, so I tell her what happened that day. When she heard that I was divorced, there was contempt in her eyes. I see it, but I didn't say it. To be exact, I've been used to this. For the past two years, I've been met with scorn or sympathy for my divorce. I'm actually satisfied that this woman didn't say anything mean. Feeling bitter, I pick up the beer on the table and drink it up.