

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 11

Harrison takes away my wine and says in a low voice, "You can't drink that much though I'm here." I don't know if I'm drunk or in a bad mood, but I grab it back. While I was grabbing, I spilled wine on my hand.

After I drank it up, I feel someone pulling my hand. I turn around and see Harrison wiping the wine off my hand with a napkin. My heart skips a beat.

"Harrison, how did you meet her?" The sweet-looking woman asks in surprise, "We were just chatting. She said that she was divorced." This woman is really ridiculous. It turns out she was talking to me to find out who I am. And now she can't wait to tell Harrison I'm a divorced woman. Harrison doesn't look at me, nor does he answer her. The woman's unwilling to give up. "You shouldn't be with her. People will laugh at you."

"People? Who?" I ask with a smile. "Those from the upper class, of course." The woman looks me up and down with disdain. "You don't have more than \$200 on you, right? Everyone else in this room's clothes are worth tens of thousands. Do you still think you deserve Harrison?" As soon as she finishes her words, I hear a murmur of laughter. I've been completely needled and I desperately need to vent my anger. This woman has a crush on Harrison, doesn't she? Well, I don't mind pissing her off.

I get close to Harrison and hold his arm, leaning into his chest. "Harrison thinks I deserve him. That's enough." I chuckle. The woman suddenly stands up from the sofa and points at me, asking in a sharp voice, "What do..." "Abbie, stop it!" The man who stops her is the one who asked me to drink before. It turns out this woman's name is Abbie.

Abbie lowers her head and looks at me. Gritting her teeth, she stomps her foot and runs out of the room with tears. A few people follow her out. The room is as quiet as it has ever been. I sit up and give Harrison some space. "Thank you for not pushing me away." He brought me all the humiliation, but I still have to thank him, because I know I can't afford to offend anyone here. I will get in trouble unless I have Harrison's support. He doesn't answer me. With a cigarette between his long fingers, he takes a deep drag on it and exhales. "Don't get mad at Abbie. We all know how she feels for you. You shouldn't turn against her for such a woman!" The man who speaks to Harrison is still the one who has just toasted to me. Harrison puts out his cigarette and asks coldly, "Jonah, who do you think I should do this for?" "At least it should be a woman worthy of you," Jonah says indifferently. Harrison sneers a few times and says word by word, "I can be with whoever I want. No one can stop

me."

“Not even God!” His words sober me up completely. I stagger to my feet. “My mom is still waiting for me. I should leave. Enjoy yourselves.” “I’ll take you home.”

He gets up wearing a coat. Seeing this, I quickly wave my hand and say, “I’m good. Thank you.”