

# Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

## Chapter 12

Harrison stops and the corner of his mouth curls into a cold smile. "That's what you should say after using me?"

I'm so angry. He started this whole thing, and now it's my fault. "Fine. Let's go." He drank a bit so he got a chauffeur. We sit in the back without saying a word. There's room for one more between us.

It isn't the car he was driving last time, and it's much fancier. I can't help but laugh at myself. For a rich guy like him, changing cars might be as frequent as dating. His car probably cost more than my house. Abbie was right. I don't deserve him. "What are you thinking about?" Harrison's voice breaks the silence. I look out of the window and answer softly, "I was wondering why the prince sitting up there with me." "I didn't know you had a sense of humor." His casual tone deeply hurts my heart. My nose twitches and I almost weep. Harrison seems to have sensed my depression. He turns his head and says, "You could have stopped drinking. Do you want to go to the hospital?" "I'm not gonna kiss your ass like everybody else, or will I lie naked in bed for you. Since you know I'm a divorced woman, why do you still care about me?" Alcohol makes me say what I always wanted to say.

He seems to be amused. "You're not good enough to be my sex partner, but if you want, I can give you a chance."