

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 19

With just one word, I can feel the coldness and alienation in Harrison's tone. His old tenderness's gone and he sounds like a stranger to me. It makes me forget what I was gonna say. I feel like I'm doomed to fail. "Hello?" He says again. With my hands tightly holding the phone, I put aside my thoughts and say without confidence, "Em, it's Chelsea. You sent me home last time. Do you remember?" A burst of laughter comes from the others side, which puzzles me. I wonder if I said the wrong thing. I'm not sure if he remembers how I said no every time he offered to help me. I'm calling him out of the blue. Maybe he thinks I'm playing hard to get. "Of course I remember you." His tone's relaxed and smiling.

It's kind of ambiguous. But the good thing is, he remembers me. "I'm calling because I need your help. If you have time, can we meet?" I don't want him to misunderstand, so I add, "Because this matter is kind of complicated." "Where are you?" It means he agreed. I heave a sigh of relief. "How about we meet on Central Street in half an hour?" "I don't like to hang out at this hour," he refuses. I get nervous all of a sudden. What does he mean by that? Apart from Callen, I've barely had any intimate contact with men. It's the first time I have thought through the meaning of a man's words. I can only hear his breathing now. He's calm and slowly waiting for my answer, while I'm like an ant suffering on the hot pot. "Where should we meet?" I finally compromised. He paused for a few seconds before he says, "Go downstairs in 15 minutes and I'll have someone pick you up." Without waiting for my reply, he hangs up the phone. Maybe he doesn't need my answer at all, because he knows I won't say no again. I look straight ahead, and the phone slips from my hand with tears. I get up and walk to the mirror, looking at the pale and thin woman in the mirror. The ensuing disasters didn't break me down. I'm still alive, and Harrison is my last straw. As long as he promises to help me, all the problems will be solved. I put on my most expensive dress, which I bought for an interview. I never thought I'd be using it right now.

I put on delicate make-up and bright lipstick. When I'm about to go out, I think of something and go back to wear a perfume I haven't used in a long time. After that, I smile at myself in the mirror, and then I go out.

I see Harrison's car as soon as I come downstairs. The driver seems to have seen me too and turns on the lights.

I grab my purse tightly and take a deep breath as I walk towards it. After nearly half an hour, the car stops at an apartment building. The driver told me to go to Room 903. I thank him and get out of the car. Standing at the door of Room 903, I begin to hesitate. Finally, I reach out and ring the doorbell with trembling hand.

At this moment, Harrison and I are only separated by this door.