

# Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

## Chapter 20

Soon, the door opened with a click.

He stands at the entrance and looks at me. The dim light makes it hard for me to see his expression. "Come in." He takes a step back and makes a gesture of invitation. After closing the door and changing my shoes, I follow him inside. What comes into view is the grey-styled living room. His taste is completely different from Callen's, but makes me feel more comfortable. He sits on the sofa without saying a word. His ignorance makes me feel uneasy. Rubbing my hands together nervously, I try to figure out what to say. "Don't you have a complicated matter?" He asks calmly. I try hard to put on a calm face. "My mother was hospitalized in an accident and is still in a coma. Last week, my creditors asked me to pay back a lot of money. Today, I was fired. I'm really helpless. Can you help me?" "What about your ex-husband?" he asks. I wonder if he's mocking me. Haven't I suffered enough? If we weren't almost strangers, I'd almost be sure of it. Although I feel bitter, I still have to answer him with a smile. "I came to him before, but his wife hates me, so she refused my request." "To be more precise, Maisy, the one who broke up your family, refuses to help you or even wants you to suffer more." "How do you know?" I blurt out. I regret asking this. From the first night we met, he knew all about the three of us. My intuition tells me that this man is not ordinary. He leans back and puts his hands on the sofa. "Maisy thought you were hitting on her husband, so she had your boss fire you." "I didn't!" I deny. "I wouldn't have gone to him if it wasn't for money." "But Maisy doesn't believe you." He chuckles. I want to defend myself, but I can't. He's right. Maisy doesn't believe me, so she went out of her way to corner me. I feel helpless and embarrassed. I stand in the same place and don't know where to put my hands.

To my surprise, Harrison starts to comfort me. "I'm not humiliating you. And I'll help you out."

"Thank you, that means a lot!" I burst into tears as I speak. As long as he is willing to help me, I am willing to do anything for him. He doesn't seem to be used to my tears. With an awkward face, he coughs lightly. "You don't have to be touched. I'm not gonna help you for no reason." "You know what I mean?"

He looks at me with a faint smile at the corner of his mouth. My heart sinks, and my body trembles slightly. I want to turn around and escape, never to see this man again. But I can't. I knew what he was thinking when he asked me to come here. I shouldn't have expected him to be a man of charity.

The way he looks at me is unfathomable.

I put my purse on the table and stand up straight. Then I start unbuttoning my dress. With a fake smile, I look into his eyes.

It's probably what he wants.