

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 21

My heart's dripping with blood at the thought of me undressing before him like a whore, and my hands are trembling. Tomorrow's the deadline to pay back. Be a whore, or be a miserable corpse. I need to survive, so I urgently want to know his answer. I want to be sure that he will give me a hand.

It's the last button but I can't unbutton it no matter what. The more nervous I get, the more my hands shake.

"People never smile in the truest way when they're against their will." Harrison says slowly while sitting on the sofa. I look at him straight in the eye after unbuttoning the last button. "I'm willing to do it."

Yes, I'm willing to be against my will. I'm not the youngest or the prettiest, and my temperament is not remarkable. In a way, I'm lucky to be here.

He is my last way out. He narrows his eyes and there's no smile on his face. After looking at me for a while, he slowly gets up.

The moment he gets up, I'm so flustered that I don't know what to do. There's only one thought in my mind. It's coming, isn't it? He stands in front of me without saying a word, which makes me feel even worse. I lower my head and ask in a dry voice, "Can you please help me?" "I can take care of your daily needs, as well as... your physical needs." I almost broke down when I said the last part of the sentence. He won't mind it, will he?

Looking at his calm eyes, I slowly take off my dress and say word by word, "Although I was divorced, my skin is better than a young girl's." "I know how to flirt better than most girls and I can give you anything you want sexually. The only man I've ever been with is my ex-husband, so I'm kind of clean."

I try to sell myself to him as a commodity, hoping he will give me what I want. But he just keeps silent. His expression stays calm, as if he hasn't heard what I said. I think for a moment and continue to say, "I can be an invisible lover and only appear when you need me. You don't have to wear a condom because I'll be on the pill. I'm not gonna cause you any problems in your life."

I think I've made myself clear. I'm standing in front of the sofa in my underwear. The air conditioning makes me shiver slightly. But my palms are sweaty, out of nervousness or fear.

As the seconds ticked by, I become more and more flustered. Will this expressionless man say no? I place both hands on my bra and decide to unbutton it. "If you..." Harrison takes a step forward and grabs my hands. My mind goes blank and I completely forget what I was gonna say. But the faint smell of tobacco on him is somehow reassuring.

"You don't have to do this." He takes a step back and keeps me at arm's length. But it's not what I want! He is refusing me, isn't he? My hands hang limply at my sides. With his long, cold hands, he helps me put on my skirt and buttons it up. "Can you think it over? Don't you need a sex partner? I'll do it better than anyone else!" I grab his hands and beg him to change his mind. I guess I overestimated myself. He's not interested in me at all. "I'll help you, but you don't have to rush to repay me."

He agreed to help me? It gives a ray of hope to a desperate man like me. I suppress my shock “My mother vouched for someone to borrow one million. It’s a lot.” “Are you afraid I don’t have that kind of money?” Of course I am. I can’t afford to be disappointed again “I still don’t know who you are.” I’m sure he knows what I am saying. He smiles and takes out a bank card from his wallet. “There’s no limit on this black card. The password is your birth date.” I heard Callen talk about black cards before the divorce. They’re top-of-the-line credit cards and only the powerful can have them.

Black cards can not be opened by individual application, so the bank must have opened the card for him.

I take the card and look at it, my fingers turning white. I ask him, “Why do you know about my birthday?” “Because I want to know,” he answers with a chuckle. So it means he’s way more powerful I’ve imagined. I can’t undo what I’ve done. I wonder whether I’ve made the right decision. He takes my hand and walks to the door. “I’ll take you to a place.” I won’t ask where he’s going, because things have been out of my hands since I took this card. Sitting in the passenger seat, I look down at the black card with sore eyes. My hands are still shaking. “Is it okay if I take one million?” I ask tentatively. “This card is already yours.” My heart’s full of joy, but I pretend to be calm. “I won’t take a penny more. Since you gave me this care, I believe our deal is final.”

“If you want to get anything from me, go take it. But I won’t give you a penny, because that’s what I deserve.”

To put it bluntly, his card bought my body. It’s up to him how to exercise his right. After a while, the car stops at a red light. Harrison turns around to look at me. In the darkness, his eyes seem to be shining. It kind of dazzles me. “I’ll take what I want.”

His cold voice’s full of temptation, and I can’t help being attracted.