

# Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

## Chapter 25

The silence in the car is inexplicably nerve-wracking, and I fidget in the passenger seat. At first I thought it was one million, and I fell into despair because I could never make that much money. In order not to live in fear, I turned to Harrison. But things have changed because of today's accident. When the car stops, Harrison turns around to look at me. "Can spilled milk be gathered up?" I look at him without saying a word. I know what he means. I don't know what he's up to, but my gut tells me he's not gonna let me off the hook.

His cell phone rings. I look at his side face, and the discontent in my heart has reached its zenith. We made a deal, but we don't have the same information. This is unfair.

"The man's only gone for a while. He's gonna check in with his boss and come back for you," Harrison says. I raise my head and look at him with a frown. "Then why didn't you give him all the money?" "Am I supposed to tell you that?" His cold voice is full of indifference. I'm a little shocked. It's probably because he has been so gentle that I forgot he was my creditor. I'm in no position to ask him anything. It's killing me to know that. Harrison doesn't need to explain to me. Whether it's one million or 100 grand, it's his money. I don't deserve to ask him for anything. I feel as if there were a stone in my heart, which makes it difficult for me to breathe.

About half an hour later, Harrison pulls up to a shop. "You're coming with me to a banquet tonight."

"Why?" I ask subconsciously. He doesn't answer and directly get off the car. I follow him and walk into the shop. It's a makeup shop. I watched my prosaic face become exquisitely beautiful through makeup. Harrison changed into a black suit, which makes him look more trim. He walks behind me, stops, and places his hands on both sides of my chair. I look in the mirror and see him bend over my shoulder. My body freezes.

"Would you like to rest for a while?" When I was asking, I was ready to stand up, but he presses on my shoulders and chuckles. "You are like a mouse seeing a cat." "But you're not a cat, and I'm not a mouse," I reply flatly. Since he doesn't allow me to leave, I'll just sit in the same place and communicate with him. But I'm still upset about what he said in the car. I don't think it's unreasonable for me to call off the deal. As an ordinary woman, I'd like to stay away from a big shot like him with black cards. Harrison whispers in my ear, "You started this game, so I'm the one who decides when it's over.,

That's only fair, isn't it?" After hearing this, I suddenly feel a chill run down my spine. All the way to the banquet, his words were always in my mind. I understand he was reminding me that things were out of my hands. "Since you're here, enjoy yourself."

With a faint smile on my face, I take Harrison's arm. But inside I'm actually sneering.

"How am I going to enjoy myself in a place where I don't belong?" Everyone's looking at me. It's not that they like me, because most of them are women.

I could see her hostility towards me. If we weren't at a banquet, they'd probably be beating me up already. I don't know why, but I feel like laughing all of a sudden.

Harrison looks at me. "What makes you so happy?" "Eighty percent of the women here are looking at you. They are interested in you," I become excited as I gossip. Harrison

strikes me as a stoic, aloof sort of guy. I don't know him very well, but I think he's single and doesn't have many friends. Then, I have a bold guess. I turn to look at him and get serious. "You don't have to restrain yourself. Love is not about gender. I support you." He looks at me with a frown. Obviously, he doesn't understand what I'm saying. "Are you gay?" I ask him seriously in a low voice. I thought he was either going to admit it or not say anything. To my surprise, he takes me in his arms. Before I know it, I was leaning back. All I can see is the ceiling. If it weren't for his arms around my waist, I would have fallen to the ground. His smiling face comes into my view, and he says in an extremely tempting voice, "Why don't you wait for me on my bed tonight? I'll give you the answer." "Let's see whether I'm gay or not." My heart's beating faster, and my face's burning. I wonder if my makeup can cover up my red face. "Hey! No wonder I didn't see you anywhere. Turns out you're flirting with a beauty." A man's voice sounds in my ear. Harrison helps me to my feet. Then I see Jonah Mills, the man who toasted me before. "You know I don't like this kind of occasion." Harrison seems to be a bit bored. Jonah shakes his head helplessly. "You've been gone a long time and those girls missed you. But you have a date tonight. They must be hurt." I didn't get a good look at Jonah at the karaoke last time because of the dim light. He's wearing a suit now, but he still behaves like a playboy. And there's sexual innuendo in the way he looks at women. I'm kind of confused. Why would Harrison make friends with Jonah? They're so different, and yet they seem to be so close. After a while, Jonah takes Harrison away with him. I didn't stop them because I want to be alone. I take a glass of wine from the waiter's tray and walk out of the banquet room.