

## Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

### Chapter 28

I didn't continue to listen. His words mean nothing to me, because he's Harrison's friend, not mine. What's more, Jonah said it on purpose when I wasn't completely gone. Actually, my relationship with Harrison is not what Jonah thinks it is. So what if I'm his date tonight? I can't do anything without his permission. I know better than anyone if he's serious. I don't even want to leave the bathroom, because I know they're still talking about me.

I sit on the toilet and close the door.

This villa should be designed for banquets, or there wouldn't have been a bathroom this big. I'm sitting on the toilet seat, resting. If I had my bag, I would be playing with my phone now. "Have you seen her today?"

"Who?"

After a while, I hear people talking outside. I can see why the TV show says the ladies' room is the source of the gossip. "Mr. Stewart's never brought a date to a party before. Who was that woman with him?" As expected, they're talking about Harrison and his date again. Another woman replies, "A booty call or something. What else could she be?" "That doesn't make sense. The whole upper class knows he doesn't play with women."

"In fact, he's taken a woman to parties before. Five years ago, when Aviana Cook was still in the country, they were like a perfect couple." Five years ago? Aviana? Abbie seems to have talked about the same thing with her friend just now. "It's a thing of the past. Aviana's abroad now. Maybe they broke up. Even if they didn't, Harrison's got a new woman." A woman says disdainfully. "You know what? My brother said Aviana'd be back next month. Why did Harrison bring a date here when she's coming back? Think about it."

"Wow, I got it. He's trying to use his so-called date to make Aviana jealous."

I don't want to hear any more.

Harrison became my boss from the moment he gave me that black card. But their words still hurt me.

In their eyes, I'm like a tool. Harrison brought me here so people would know I was his date, and then Aviana, the woman he really loves, would get jealous. That explains why he didn't care about Abbie's hostility towards me. He just wants me to be the target. I come out of the bathroom and see Harrison leaning against the wall. This tall man in a black suit really stands out, like a sad, handsome prince. "I thought you fell in the toilet." He walks up to me and teases me. I can't help rolling my eyes. "Would you save me if I fell in?" He crosses his arms around his chest and appears to be thinking seriously. I don't see what there is to think about. The answer is "no" because I mean nothing to him. "First of all," he takes a step back and looks me up and down, "Your size is what keeps you from falling." After saying that, he starts giggling. What's so funny about that? He likes to tell bad jokes? What a weird man!

As we get back, music is playing in the hall and people are constantly taking their dates' hand towards the dance floor. Harrison stops. "Want to dance?" "Where did you get that

from?" | ask. He answers seriously, "Your face." Then he makes an invitation gesture to me. I want to refuse, but I don't dare to. At the moment, I am glad that I specifically learned to dance in order to accompany Callen to various occasions when I was dating him. I thought I'd never dance again.

"You don't seem to be very happy?" Harrison asks while dancing. "Will you be happy if you're here against your will?" He pulls me closer to his chest. "This is not the time to talk back. Learn something from the other dancing women." I can feel the vibration in his chest. He's clearly laughing! I didn't see Abbie or Jonah again until I left. They must be together now. Originally, I wanted to leave alone, but Harrison insisted on driving me home. I didn't refuse me because it's hard to get a cab here. I watch out the window as he drives, as if we don't want to talk to each other. Later, he got a phone call. I know I shouldn't have eavesdropped on his call, but I don't have any other choice. This call has something to do with Abbie because he's explaining what happened this night. "Don't you want to know who called me?" I turn my head and look at his side face. "I can't challenge your privacy."

He looks ahead with a calm face.

"You have my permission this time." "But I don't really want to know. Knowing too much can get you killed." I answer in a calm and indifferent tone. He stops the car and turns to look at me. "Do you fear death that much?" "Who doesn't?" I don't think there's anyone in the world who's not afraid to die.

He slowly leans forward and is getting closer to me. We're so close that I can feel his breath. The dim light in the car doesn't stop me from seeing his face clearly. He stops when he's a few millimetres away from my lips. "I can't take my eyes off your stubborn look."

He kisses me, but it's not a light kiss. He tangles my tongue with his, and our tongues are dancing like we did on the dance floor.