

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 31

Maisy cries so hard, like I'm bullying her. I check the time and say, "Callen should be off duty by now. Do you want to call him and have him come over?"

She sobs and shakes her head like crazy. "I'm never gonna let you see him. Don't try to use me!" I shake my head helplessly. This woman is definitely nuts. "Then you should go. Go back where you belong," I say. But she still holds me tightly, for fear that I would leave. "No, you can't just walk out on me after two slaps! You get to be punished!" "Be punished?" This is really ridiculous.

I pull my hand back and wipe it with a tissue, as if I had touched something dirty.

She looks annoyed, but I feel so good.

She doesn't seem to know how to retort. After a long while, she says, "All the people present are witnesses. I'm gonna call the police. Just wait and see!" After saying that, she takes out her phone and looks as if she is really going to make a call. "Do you guys really want to be witnesses for a home wrecker?" I look at the people around me. Most of them are women.

Without answering me, they start whispering. Seeing this, Maisy laughs and looks at me triumphantly. "See? They don't believe you. They're ashamed of you for seducing my husband, b*tch." "I think you've forgotten one thing." I smile. She approaches me, whispers in my ear, "Chelsea, you lost to me in the past, and you're gonna lose to me again today. I know you want to be Mrs. Gibbs again, but I'll show you it's impossible!" She dials a number and then looks at me with contempt. "You've forgotten Callen was my husband. You seduced him when I was pregnant and made him divorce me. Isn't it clear who's the real homewrecker?"

I deliberately raised my volume so that everyone around could hear me clearly. Maisy looks at me in surprise and quickly hangs up the phone. "What are you saying?" "I'm saying you're a home wrecker. My ex-husband regrets being with you, so he keeps coming back to me." My voice is soft, but there's hatred in it. "How can I not hate her? What was she doing when I was in so much pain begging them not to kill my baby? She's laughing at me.'

The tables have turned.

"Holy sh*t. I hate home wreckers the most!" A middle-aged woman shouts angrily. Someone echoes, "Woman, get out of here! Don't you have parents? Didn't they tell you not to be a mistress?" "Chelsea has lived here for more than 20 years. We all know what kind of person she is. No wonder she never told us the real reason for her divorce! Poor Chelsea." "That's right! We can't let that bitch bully Chelsea." "Hey, woman, get lost! Or we'll just kick you out!" These women get all worked up over their anger. At this moment, Maisy's like a pain in their ass, and I'm the poor woman who's been through hell. Apparently, Maisy didn't see it coming. Everyone's against her now. She argues that I'm slandering her and insists that she and Callen are truly in love.

It's really hilarious. Turns out this wicked woman has such a naive side. In the end, she flummoxed away. She trotted to the car not far away and nearly fell several times in the

process.

Looks like she's pretty shaken up. After she left, the onlookers all expressed their concern for me and promised to help me in the future. I thanked them.

To be honest, I don't know most of these people. I may have seen them, but I don't know their names.

When I'm finally alone, I feel completely relieved. I won't believe my "kind" neighbors, because they didn't support me from the beginning. What's more, they used to gossip about my divorce.

It's been a long day. Maybe tomorrow the whole neighborhood will know what happened to me. They may appear to be sympathetic, but they're laughing at me inside.

Thinking about it, I suddenly smile. That's how the society works. No one's really kind.

"Beep beep beep!"

When I'm lost in my thoughts, I hear the horn of a car behind me. I quickly walk to the side of the road, but the sound doesn't stop. I turn around gloomily and see a familiar car parked three meters away from me. "Why are you here?" D*mn, I shouldn't have asked it. I'm not his boss. Harrison answers, "I came here to see if you needed my help. Turns out you didn't." He's talking about what happened between me and Maisy just now. His attitude as a bystander pisses me off again. "You're stronger than I thought," he adds. One word and my anger is gone. I look up at him and say, "I'm not the kind of person who keeps making the same mistakes."

He turns around and signals me to get into the car. I won't ask he where he's going. The unequal relationship decides I don't deserve an answer. I no longer regret turning to Harrison. There's so much he can do to help me. If I had chosen to face this alone, I would have been homeless. I don't like being dependent, but right now it's the only thing I have. The car stops at the Queen's Dream, the best western restaurant. When I was still married, Callen said he'd take me here when he got promoted. That's never gonna happen now.

I walk to the restaurant without waiting for Harrison, because I feel pressured when I'm with him. As a result, I get stopped by a security guard. "I'm sorry, Madam. You have to wear a suit to eat here."