

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 7

The car stops at a red light. He says calmly, "I happen to know her father."

I don't know much about Maisy's family, but I know she's from the upper class. Callen once said that she could help him with his career, but I couldn't. Then the man must also come from the upper class, but I don't care. When we get out of the car, we are strangers.

He starts the car again. In order to change the subject, I take the initiative to ask, "I'm Chelsea Hodges. What's your name?"

"Harrison Stewart."

But there's a van passing by, so I didn't really hear him. I ask again, "Harrison what?" He sweeps a glance at me. "Stewart. Harrison Stewart." I thought he wouldn't answer me, but he repeats it again. This time, I heard him. It's already over ten o'clock when we arrive at the hospital. It's very quiet. After examination, the doctor says I didn't have a broken bone and gives me some medicine. Harrison paid my medical bills because I couldn't walk. Back in the car, I say gratefully, "Thank you so much for today. Next time, I'll buy you dinner."

"We both know next time means never. You can repay me in other ways."

My heart sinks.

With a dark face, I say word by word, "You may get me wrong. I'm divorced, but I'm not easy. I don't repay favors with sex." I knew men wouldn't be nice to me for no reason! He pauses for a moment, then turns around to look at me. Suddenly, he smiles. His smile makes me blush because I think he's mocking me. "I just didn't want you to feel pressured," he explained. Turns out I'm the one who got it wrong. I'm lost for words so I turn to look out of the window, pretending nothing has happened. "Just stop here. My family will pick me up." A hundred meters from my house, I pull him over. "Can you walk?" "Well, they're coming down to pick me up," I said. He doesn't say anything and just quietly watches me get off the car.

I look back several times and see that he has not left. I'm not a narcissist, so I don't think he liked me the first time I met him. Instead, I wonder if he's up to something and wants to see if someone will actually pick me up.

It's almost 12 o'clock in the evening. There are few people and cars on this road. If he's up to something, there's nothing I can do to stop him. I want to leave quickly, but I can't

walk fast because of the injury on my ankle. I have to pin all my hopes on my mother, hoping that she would come down quickly to pick me up.

As I'm thinking, a car suddenly stops beside me, and I stop subconsciously. He rolls down the window. I can't help doubting if I shouldn't have trusted him. Is everything this man did tonight premeditated? "What's the matter?" I look at him defensively. He doesn't answer and lowers his head to stare at my feet. He says calmly, "If it's bothering you, I can help you out." "It's not a big deal." I look down at my feet and immediately smile.

He looks at me and says in a low voice with a smile, "I'm talking about your ex-husband and his mistress."