

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 18

I walk over to them nervously. "Sir, what's up? Did you guys eat?" "None of your business. We're here to remind you to pay us back tomorrow," the man in black says with a sinister smile. My palms are sweating and I try to put on a brave face. "Sir, my mother is still in the hospital and I get fired today, so..."

"So what? You want to be a dead beat?" The man in black frowns.

"No, of course not. I mean can you give me more time? I really don't have any money right now." The man's very impatient. "Don't you have a rich ex-husband? Go and ask him for help!" "You think I'd lend you money if I hadn't been digging into your family?" I didn't expect them to know so much about me. "Sir, I have nothing to do with my ex-husband now. He's not willing to lend me money at all. I'm telling the truth!" He looks me up and down. "Well, I have a way." "What is it?" I ask excitedly. "You look quite pretty, right? Why don't you become a prostitute or a pimp? You can make a lot of money." His teasing tone really pissed me off. I can't wait to slap on his face. "I'm sorry, I won't do that." He sneers. "But you still need to pay me back tomorrow. Even if you jump off a building, we'll come to your sick mother. Think about it." After they left, I go home and lock the door, squatting down along the door, burying my head in my arms and crying bitterly. My cry in the empty room sounds particularly frightening. I've always been afraid of the dark and being home alone at night, but at this moment, I don't feel scared. I didn't stop until I couldn't shed any more tears. I can no longer feel any sensation in my legs. Opening my eyes, I look at the darkness in front of me. My heart is in turmoil, and my head is about to explode. Suddenly, an idea flashes through my mind. I quickly get up but almost fall because my legs are numb. Fortunately, I hold the cabinet next to me. After a while, I run to my bedroom, turn on the light, and get my purse. Finally I find the business card at the bottom of it. Once again I cry, but this time the tears are of joy. Harrison's name is on it, and his number. He helped me for no reason from the first time we met, and later said that I should call him at any time if I was in trouble. Instead of living a life of fear, I should take the opportunity to save myself. I don't want to be a whore or a pimp, nor do I want to be in debt. Thinking of this, I suddenly feel hopeful. If I call him and tell him why I need to borrow so much money, he wouldn't turn me down, would he? After all, I don't know who else to turn to. In a mixed mood of indecision, perplexity and uncertainty, I finally dialed the number with trembling hands. My hand grips the phone as if to crush it. "Beep" sounds keep coming from the other side. I feel as if my heart's going to jump out. "Hello?"