

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 6

“Are you sure you can walk?” He raises his eyebrow and tilts his head to look at my swollen ankle.

It makes me shy. He’s just looking at my ankles, but I feel like I’m naked. I move my feet a little, and my face begins to burn.

“My colleagues and leaders are there. I don’t want to draw too much attention.” I’m sure he knows

what I mean.

But he doesn’t put me down. Hearing his rhythmic heartbeat, I feel both nervous and relieved. Although I’ve been taught not to trust strangers since I was a child, I want to believe in him. My intuition tells me that he won’t hurt me.

No one catches up with us and I’m gradually relieved. Just now, I was really worried Maisy was not gonna let me leave.

He doesn’t take me back to the lobby, so I breath a sigh of relief. But then I’m confused. “Where are we going?”

“A place that won’t be seen,” he replies.

His answer scares me. What does he want? I want to get the pepper spray out of my bag, which I have with me since the divorce. As long as he dares to hurt me, I will teach him a lesson! Finally, he stops by the roadside. Lowering his head, he asks, “Shall I take you to the hospital?” “No, thanks!” His breath falls on my face as he speaks. I feel embarrassed by the misunderstanding that he’s a bad man. “Please put me down. I’ll just take a cab home.” He doesn’t say much and put me on the ground the next moment. His big hand is no longer around my waist. I try to walk, but the pain in my ankle nearly causes me to fall again. “I’ll take you to the hospital, or you may stay here all night.” He helps me again and speaks in a calm manner.

In fact, we have known each other for less than an hour, and I don’t even know his name. I should refuse his proposal, but I nod after looking around the empty area. It’s really hard to get a taxi. I haven’t seen a car come through here since we got here.

“Thank you so much.” He picks me up again and looks down at me with a smile. “My pleasure.” The parking lot is opposite the hotel. His car’s worth about one hundred

thousand grand. After sitting down, I can't help observing him curiously. I didn't get a good look at his face because of the light. Now I can clearly see his side face.

"You're curious about what I look like?" He teases me.

I don't know what to reply.

Halfway through the way, he breaks the silence. "That shrew is a mistress, and that man is your ex husband."

I don't answer, but I slowly clench my fist. He's not asking me, isn't he? "So you are that poor ex-wife." He says slowly.

His words make my heart ache. I haven't fully recovered from this painful memory, and I don't want to talk about it. But he doesn't need my answer. He speaks to himself, "The youngest daughter of the Cook family, Maisy Cook, fell in love with a married man, so she tried every means to drive his wife out. A year ago, she became that man's wife as she wished. The ex-wife is you." "How do you know that?" I look at his side face.