

# You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

## Chapter 10

After Joyce bought dinner and helped Justin settle down, she went back to the hospital billing center to pay off the 300,000.

After everything was done, she came to the orphanage in the afternoon.

Last time she could not make it to the orphanage because of what happened that night. She made a new appointment with the dean to come over this afternoon.

She grew up in an orphanage and was always treated well by Mother Rachel.

The orphanage had been keeping their information, and once someone came looking for their family, they would call them over to identify them.

As a child, Joyce was quite looking forward to finding her biological parents, but unfortunately, she found the wrong one every time.

Over time, with one disappointment after another, she had long been indifferent.

She survived without her parents, didn't she?

On her way upstairs, Joyce met Charlotte, who had just arrived, at the corner.

Charlotte smiled sweetly and greeted warmly, "Joyce, you're here too?"

Joyce smiles and nods. She and Charlotte grew up together and are now at the same university.

They didn't really meet each other much, but their relationship was okay.

The two pushed the door into the dean's office together.

In unison, they called out, "Hello, Dean!"

Rachel looked up from the pile of documents, saw them, and said happily, "Finally you are all here, I know you're busy, but this can't be delayed any longer."

Joyce asked, "Dean, I've come to look up information in the past for family searches, what exactly do I need to do this time?"

Joyce and Charlotte entered the orphanage in the same year and month, and they were close in age and height, so every time someone came looking for a family member, they had to call them together and tell each other apart.

“Oops, this time we test your DNA, you each leave a strand of hair and a cut nail.”

“Oh.”

Joyce didn't think much of it.

Charlotte, on the other hand, had her eyes rolled back in suspicion.

Joyce and Charlotte both kept their nails and their hair separately and put them into the bag designated by the dean.

“I tell you, the background of the people who came to find their relatives this time is remarkable ...”

Joyce had just come from the hospital and was still in a hurry to get back and pack up her things and move to Luther's house for the night.

She wasn't interested in listening further and said urgently, “Dean, I really have an emergency and I have to go.”

“Get on with it.” Rachel nudged Joyce with a smile, “Know you're a busy man! I'll let you know if there's any news.”

After Joyce left, Charlotte affectionately came up to Rachel and rubbed her shoulders, inquiring, “Dean, what kind of person is looking for a family member and making it so complicated?”

Shaking the bag in his hand, “Look, I brought the dried beans you love.”

Charlotte had always been good at pleasing people, and Rachel liked her a lot.

“You know me best! Did you know that the Heath family from the capital?”

Charlotte was stunned, “The Heath family? I don't think that means the Capital family, the current Commander-in-Chief Rodney Heath, and General Ralph Heath.”

“The Heath family lost their granddaughter and have been looking everywhere for her ever since. They found Khebury in a roundabout way, and I heard she was about your age.” Rachel returned.

“Wasn't it like looking for a fine needle in a haystack? Do they have tokens or anything like that?” Charlotte queried.

“I heard there was a silver pendant, but you don’t have it in your file bags, and I don’t remember seeing it, so the DNA test is the most accurate.”

Charlotte’s heartbeat suddenly accelerated, she knew Joyce had a silver pendant. And when they were young, she was particularly envious! And she stole it from her when she bathed, and Joyce did not even notice a thing.

She might be able to find this silver pendant if she did not lose it.

Could Joyce really be the daughter of the Heath family, the warlord family? The granddaughter of the commander-in-chief of the military district? The daughter of a general?

No wonder, Joyce was a natural marksman?

Was it genetic?

Charlotte’s heart was burning with jealousy, why was Joyce so lucky? First she met Luther, and then she became the daughter of the Heath family.

No, she’s going to take it all for herself.

With that in mind, Charlotte warmly pulled Rachel up from the table and said with a smile, “Dear Dean, change out of these work clothes. I must take you to dinner today, I’ve missed you so much.”

“Charlotte, you, your mouth is still so sweet.” As she spoke, Dean Rachel had already been pushed into the bathroom by Charlotte to change her clothes.

The corner of Charlotte’s lips curled up in a wicked way as she sent Rachel away.

She wants a step up, money, status, Luther.

She had to have them all.

When the dean was away, Charlotte looked so calm and...

Switch the hair and nails that she and Joyce left behind just now...