

# You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

## Chapter 11

Joyce dragged her trolley case, panting as she climbed the hill, looking down at her phone's location every now and then.

No. 1 Sophora Street.

She didn't realize that Luther's house was halfway up the hill, and most importantly, there was no bus that could take her there!

Rich people really do like to live in the mountains.

She was literally walking on two broken legs.

She should have let his driver pick it up.

After quite some hard work, she climbed halfway up the mountain, and finally, she saw the mansion gate, which was surprisingly at the end of the road. Did he just own all the rest of the mountain?

When the big iron door slowly opened, Joyce was dumbfounded.

Inside, boulevards, neat lawns, shaped flowers, and fountain sculptures stretch on and on.

Very far away! An imposing golden European-style building stood on the hillside, shining dazzlingly in the setting sunlight.

Infinity, that's about it.

Joyce was almost crawling when she finally reached the door of the main house.

She was panting against the Roman columns in front of the door.

Mr. Arnold opened the door and made a respectful "please" gesture, "Young lady, please come inside."

Although Mr. Arnold tried to hide it very well, Joyce could still feel the contempt and disdain in his eyes.

She knew she looked a mess now, with her clothes soaking wet and one of her suitcase wheels falling off.

But she didn't even have the strength to speak.

Joyce followed Mr. Arnold into the living room.

Inside the decor was even more beyond her imagination – crystal chandeliers more than ten meters high, and walls plastered with marble.

On the luxurious revolving staircase, slowly walked a noblewoman, with a fashionable pearl necklace.

Jacqueline Mullen glanced at Joyce with disdain, who was wearing white sneakers, an apparently cheap t-shirt, and dragging a worn-out trolley case.

“Mr. Arnold, where did the beggar come from, and you just led her to the house?”

As they speak, another person ran down the stairs and was surprised to see Joyce.

“Joyce? How is it? You are the wife of my brother?”

“Mom, how dare brother let this kind of person be my sister-in-law? I don't want it! I object!”

Shelly Warner almost shouted.

Jacqueline and Shelly don't usually live in the main house, which was where Grandma and Luther lived. They both lived in the penthouse, one of the busiest places downtown, and tonight they were here all for Luther's new bride.

Joyce was also surprised. Shelly was in her college class, and she knew very well that Shelly had always looked at her unfavorably.

Little did she know that Shelly would be Luther's sister.

Shelly hated Joyce the most, and when Joyce was nearing the end of her sophomore year, she skipped a year to get into their department.

Some time ago Joyce was again trusted by Professor Owens to enter the automotive design internship program based on her academic excellence.

She couldn't even get in herself.

Why? She's the daughter of the Warner family, the richest family in Khebury, and she couldn't compete with Joyce in a project that her family had invested in?

It's too much!

Now Joyce wants to be her sister-in-law and be head and shoulders above her, how could she bear her anger?

At that moment, Luther just came home.

Jacqueline immediately came forward and advised, "Luther, you always knew your business. The Warner family has a lot of money, so how can you just get a license recklessly?"

Although he was her son, she was afraid of him from the bottom of her heart. From the age of five, she could not control him.

"That is right. Brother, hurry up and end this hilarious marriage. Why should Joyce share our family assets." Shelly echoed, "You can get rid of a woman like her if you just give her some money."

Joyce couldn't resist interrupting.

"Can I have your attention?"

Jacqueline and Shelly looked at her at the same time.

"Don't worry about the property, I signed a waiver of property." Joyce spread her hands, except for 800,000, she didn't want any of it.

" . . . "

" . . . "

After a moment's froth, Jacqueline suddenly spoke, "Even so, Luther, you're married."