

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 13

“Grandma.” Luther was shocked and rushed forward to the old lady.

However, Joyce rammed him away almost simultaneously, “Don’t you move her!”

Then, she immediately began to massage Stephanie’s heart, “Call the doctor, what medicine do you usually use? Hurry up and use it.”

The house was instantly in a mess.

The family doctor arrived soon after.

Joyce kept on doing heart massage and dared not even to stop. Beads of sweat were rolling down her cheeks. When she saw the doctor coming, she hurriedly stepped aside, “Grandma had a heart attack, and I felt something was wrong when I saw her face turn purple before.”

Jamie McKnight, the family doctor of the Warner family, quickly gave Stephanie a shot and fed her another dose of medication.

At last, Stephanie began to get better.

“How is my grandmother now?” Luther asked sharply.

Jamie stood up and said in a gruff voice, “Nothing serious. You should thank this lady for her heart massage and the medication was administered in time. I gave her some sedatives, and you should let her sleep for a while, and not stimulate her again.”

Mr. Arnold went to see Doctor McKnight off, while Shelly and Jacqueline helped Stephanie back to her room.

Immediately following Luther’s unceremonious eviction, the women all drove back to their downtown mansion with worried faces.

In the large living room, only Joyce and Luther were left there.

Luther looked at Joyce, who looked so tired and was wiping sweat from her forehead.

He could not help but want to know more about this woman.

She had been so good at first aid. Just watching her massage her heart, he could not help but think about the night he was rescued – there seemed to be such a hand, giving his chest massage constantly.

Was it an illusion? Why would he just get a familiar feeling when looking at her at this time?

“Have you ever given anyone else a heart massage like that?” Luther suddenly asked.

Joyce wiped the sweat from her forehead, “Yeah.”

She suddenly remembered the night when she lost her virginity, and remembered how she tried to help but was violated in the end. Thinking of this she frowned.

“Is it a man?”

“Men, women, seniors, kids all around! I’ve participated in first aid volunteer training.” Joyce returned without a smile, “It was organized by the school, and many of my classmates had participated.”

Luther was instantly disappointed.

Hell, what the hell was he expecting? Why would he try to find a connection between her and the person who had saved his life that night?

Obviously, the girl who saved him was Charlotte.

First aid volunteer training by the school? Charlotte must have attended it too? And that’s why she had saved him.

Mr. Arnold returned to the living room after sending Doctor McKnight away. The way he looked at Joyce was no longer disdainful, but more respectful – Joyce was indeed a good girl, and Stephanie was really not wrong. He should not have looked down upon her before.

Mr. Arnold respectfully walked up and helped Joyce with her luggage, “Madam, I’ll help you arrange your room.”

“Mr. Arnold, take her luggage to my room.” Luther glanced at Joyce’s worn-out suitcase on the floor.

She just got 800,000, is it not enough for her to get a new suitcase?

“Wait a minute.” Joyce reached out to stop him, “I have to share a room with you? It’s such a big house, can’t we just find a guest room?”

“You think I want to share my room?” Luther raised an eyebrow, “Grandma would suspect.”

“...”

“Yes, young master.” Mr. Arnold respectfully returned.

Gurgling, Joyce’s stomach rumbled indisputably.

Having walked half a day to get to this place and worked so hard to help Stephanie just now, she was hungry chest to back.

“Is there any food?” She asked nonchalantly.

“Madam, it’s already past dinner time. I will prepare a bowl of seafood noodles for you.” Mr. Arnold answered immediately.

“No need.” Luther yanked Joyce over, “I’ll take you out to eat.”

Imperia.

Away from the hustle and bustle of the city, at the top of the mountain, however, it was extremely luxurious inside. Without a premium membership, you just could not walk in however much you have.

Luther didn’t know what was wrong with him that he would bring Joyce to such a place.

After Joyce had her dinner, he took Joyce into a private room on the top floor of the clubhouse.

Felix Saunders, Mathew Fleming were all Luther’s best friends.

One was the son of a real estate tycoon, and the other was an e-commerce newcomer.

The two of them were drinking and playing darts in the private room at the time.

“Luther, it’s the first time I’ve seen you bring a woman.” Mathew was surprised. What was wrong with this guy? Usually women were not allowed to stay by his side.

If they were just some outsiders, they might think Luther had some special tendencies.

Luther sat down next to the floor-to-ceiling window, and with the cliff and the hollow dark night in front of him, it was as if they would be dragged into this dark abyss.

He lighted a cigarette carelessly.

“She’s my wife.”