

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 14

Felix froze for a few seconds, "Luther, what did you say?"

"I said, she's my wife." Luther seemed to have immersed in the cloud of the lingering smoke, dusted off the cigarette ash. For a reason no one could really understand, such a casual action as it might be, had exuded a fatal attraction. He was just so handsome.

After only two puffs, Luther put out his cigarette, as if he was afraid Joyce might feel uncomfortable.

"Shit, I can't believe you got married!" Mathew almost exploded, "And you didn't tell us? We never heard of your wedding even!"

"It was just temporary, so you guys don't have to care."

Joyce popped up with a smile.

Luther's cold eyes swept over.

At once, the air turned ice cold.

Felix seemed to understand what happened, so he immediately rounded up, "Come on then, since you are Mrs. Warner now, let's have a few drinks."

"I can't drink." Joyce waved her hand.

"Ma'am, here are the rules. We play a game of darts, and if you don't hit the heart you are punished with one cup, and if you miss the target you are punished with three cups. If you hit the heart we each take one drink. If you hit the double, we'll each take three cups. That's three rounds of the game." Felix finished and squeezed his eyes at Mathew.

Mathew immediately understood, so he brought over a bottle of expensive strong wine on the table, took out three glasses and filled them all.

The fragrance of the mellow liquor floated all over the room.

Joyce corrected, "No need to call me like that, just call me Joyce."

"Ok, Joyce, can we start now? I'll show you first." Mathew finished and threw the dart in his hand.

Slightly away from the red center.

Not bad at all!

Felix handed three darts to Joyce, "Joyce, it's your turn. Do you want to try your hand at the darts first?"

Luther frowned. They had overplayed their hand a bit.

Those rules were apparently unfair.

Those liquors were all quite strong, and if Joyce drank three glasses, she would certainly fall down.

Felix and Mathew sure knew it all. It was just their plan to get Joyce drunk so that Luther could do something to her. They must think they do it all for the sake of their brother.

Luther stood up and tried to stop them.

But then he heard a few "swish" sounds.

Felix and Mathew only saw Joyce pick up three darts at the same time, twirl them around in her hand, and then raise her forearm.

When they turned their eyes back to Joyce again. Joyce was already wiping her palms with a towel.

And all these three darts she threw were left in the double area.

The two instantly dropped their jaws in shock. She was so fast they didn't even have the time to see what happened.

What a woman she was!

"Gr ... great," Mathew stammered.

"Three times three gets nine. Nine cups for each of you then." Joyce shrugged her shoulders and smiled blandly.

"..."

Nine glasses. The two of them must be so drunk today.

That should not have been part of their smart plan.

The two of them were on the verge of vomiting when they finished their nine glasses.

The two blamed and complained to each other.

Felix could not care about manners anymore lying on the sofa, muttering and complaining, "Damn Mathew, do you just have to use something this strong.. "

Mathew, with a dizzy spell in front of his eyes and feeling like he was spinning all around, accused, "Dam ... damn you, making up the rules of the ridiculous game ..."

Luther seemed to be enjoying what he saw quite a lot, and he slightly raised his eyebrows, glancing at Joyce.

This woman just could always surprise him. First it was the research program, and now it was the darts.

The way she threw those darts was not something that one could learn in a short period of time.

"Can we just go back? I need to sleep." Joyce, with a sleepy, impatient look on her face, looked over at Luther.

Felix and Mathew both dropped their jaws again.

This Mrs. Warner did not care too much about manners.

Joyce didn't realize how ambiguous her words were. She was really too tired and sleepy.

"Let's go."

Luther picks up the suit jacket he took off.

Then, leave.

Felix and Mathew looked at the backs of the two leaving and glanced at each other. God, something weird was going on!