

# You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

## Chapter 18

St. Maria Hospital.

Joyce had been running back and forth for the last few days because she had a lot of preparation work and tests to do. She was physically and mentally exhausted.

Finally, tomorrow Justin would have surgery.

In the afternoon, many people were going to and from the hospital, but Justin was not in the ward.

Joyce asked around before she heard a young nurse say that Justin had pushed his wheelchair to the back garden by himself.

Indeed, Justin had never liked places that were too crowded. He must have gone to the back garden to relax himself a bit.

She followed the stone path to the back garden of the hospital and saw Justin's back from a distance after the corridor.

The sun was setting already. The afterglow sprinkled on his shoulders, and he propped one hand on his forehead. Maybe he was meditating? Around him were flowers of all different colors and the chirping of all kinds of birds, and Justin looked just peaceful in it.

She also felt relieved. She had waited too long for this moment, and she did not want an accident.

Recently Justin had become more and more unstable, sensitive, and silent, she could only spend more time with him. Maybe it's because he's nearing surgery and he felt a little nervous.

She walked over gently.

She was afraid to break this quiet scene.

Justin heard her movement behind him and pushed his wheelchair around.

The moment he slowly turned around.

Joyce froze.

Today, he was wearing a gray suit, and a white shirt. The gentle tone of the colors and the clear eyes on the handsome face were like a beam of light from above the cloud. Even if it was just a glimpse, she was shocked by the unworldly elegance of this man.

At that moment, Joyce seemed to have gone back in time, as if she just met Justin for the first time.

How wonderful life would be if they met each other just for the first time?

"I've been waiting for you for a while," Justin said softly.

Joyce suddenly looked back. What's wrong with him today, dressed so formally.

"Justin, I'll push you back. Don't catch a cold from the wind."

"Come here." Justin smiled gently, "I need to talk to you."

Joyce slowly walked to him and bent down to look him in the eyes.

"During this time, I know my temperament has changed, I'm sorry. You must have suffered a lot." He bathed in the sunset and said slowly, "I'm sorry, I was too weak to accept the reality. These days I have thought about it. Whether I can stand up or not, I will be strong to face everything."

Joyce listened silently, and endless aggression from the bottom of her heart continued to surge up.

Two years later, has he finally figured it out. Was he finally willing to face it? For two years, she had been careful, afraid to hurt his fragile self-esteem. These two years, she had been too hard on her body and mind.

"Don't cry." He tenderly reached out and gently wiped the tear stains from her cheeks.

Joyce was shocked to realize that she was already in tears.

If her efforts of the past two years could get him back to what he was like, then it would be worth it.

Justin took a blue velvet box out of his pocket. He opened the lid and it was a diamond ring, dazzling and radiant.

"I asked the nurse to get it for me this morning."

Joyce noticed his empty left wrist. So he had asked the nurse to help him sell his expensive limited edition watch for the ring?

“Joyce, marry me.”

Justin held her hand tightly, and his clear eyes were sincere, “I know, such a proposal is too simple. I can’t give you anything better at the moment. But believe me, I will find a way, everything will be there, and I will make it up to you.”

Joyce’s heart was beating jumbled and overwhelmed.

She certainly wanted Justin to put himself together.

But in her current condition, how could she possibly say yes to his proposal?

But she didn’t want to let Justin down either.

With the surgery coming up tomorrow, she didn’t want to hurt him.

The dilemma caused her to be confused, and her whole body trembled gently.

Justin gently, one by one, unfolded her slightly trembling fingers.

He didn’t know if it was because she was trembling or he was afraid she would refuse, but his fingers couldn’t stop trembling lightly.

He took out the ring and put it on her, “If you don’t refuse, I’ll take that as a yes.”

The moment the ring was put on, the coldness woke Joyce up suddenly.

No, it was wrong. She could not marry him.

No, that’s not it, that’s not how she felt about him.

It’s for responsibility, not love.

She took a step back like a lightning bolt and reached up to wipe the tears from her face, her mind in total chaos. What should she do?

Just then, a shrill female voice pierced through the quietness.

“Joyce! What are you doing here?!!”

Shelly accompanied her grandmother to the hospital for an infusion, and after she was done with the procedures, she came out for some fresh air. She didn’t expect to see Joyce in the back garden, who seemed to be secretly meeting a man!

Well, she got it!

Today she must expose this bitch for what she really was.