

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 21

Sure enough, Justin was missing.

Joyce searched him over and over again, and already checked every place in the hospital, asked every person as much as possible.

Exhausted, she fell to the ground.

The dark clouds covered the moon and the dim streetlights made her shadow extra long.

Justin can't be found anywhere. It's like he's vanished in this world.

The surgery was in tomorrow and Justin was still missing.

She felt frustrated.

Her efforts and the suffering she'd endured for a long time all went down in the drain.

Luther looked at Joyce who was sitting on the floor in front of him.

She huddled and buried her head deep into her knees. Her hair scattered down her slightly trembling shoulders. Was she crying?

Luther just felt uncomfortable, and Justin had been missing for almost two years.

What happened with Justin? How can she be so sad?

Joyce looked up and took a deep breath. Sitting there, it seemed that she couldn't think at all.

She did not cry.

There are no tears, because she cannot cry. Her heart is like being stabbed by a knife, feeling infinite emptiness and confusion.

Luther had never seen her like this before.

With bleak, sluggish feeling, she looks more melancholy at the moment, but with extreme attraction

He can't help but want to love her.

He took a deep breath and resisted his urge to pick her up.

"Is it necessary to pretend to be sad? If your "funder" is gone, you can still find the next one."

He wanted to comfort her, but his words hurt.

He didn't mean it. He was angry about himself and didn't know what it is for.

Why was she upset? Wasn't he richer than Justin, and wasn't R&S Group more powerful than JAXAH Corporation Bank?

Justin did have the title of a refined nobleman in the upper circles, and there were many celebrities who were after Justin. He knew his sister is one of them. But isn't he more facially attractive than Justin?

What the hell was he thinking. How could he demean himself and compare with Justin? What a lunatic!

Joyce has long been numb and immune to Luther's sarcasm.

She slowly stood up and patted the dust on her body. Her face was expressionless, "Let's go."

"to where?"

Luther stupefied.

"Go home. Shelly is here today to stay with Grandma for the infusion, right? Grandma must have already gone home. If we don't go back, Grandma will get suspicious." Joyce rubbed her sore arm as she walked out.

When she got into the car, she tried to put on her seat belt.

But she found her hands were shaking so much that she pressed the latch several times and couldn't get it in.

"Let me help you."

Luther's big palm touched her cold hand and pressed it gently. "click" The seat belt was fastened. She was clearly in pain, but she has to pretend as if nothing was wrong, making Luther feel sad.

She was so close to him that she could smell his ordor that belonged to him.

Her cold hand was suddenly wrapped by his hands.

Joyce instinctively retracted her hand and leaned her body back.

Expressionlessly, she said, "Thank you."

Her detached behavior and indifferent expression disturbed him immensely.

Joyce inclined her head to look out the window, "Don't worry, what happened today will not affect you. The promise to Grandma, I will fulfill."

She stopped talking. Her eyes looked blankly out the window. The lights and neon glittered, seemingly far away from her.

Luther pressed down hard on the gas pedal, full of depression with nowhere to vent.

Chapter 22

Back to the Warner family's main house.

Joyce accompanied her grandmother for dinner and talked with her for a while. The two talked and laughed.

Joyce's face was calm, as if the thing had never happened.

There was no denying that Grandma was in a much better mood since Joyce arrived.

Joyce would also give her grandmother massages from time to time to ease the pain caused by her lung cancer treatment.

Luther thought it would be worth it. His grandmother had brought him up all by herself, and he just wanted her to be happy for the last days of her life.

After Grandma fell asleep, Joyce returned to her room.

Although she stayed in Luther's luxurious room for a few days, she never took a closer look at it since she came and went in a hurry each time.

Today she found that there was a storage room in the bedroom. After opening the door, a burst of cold air spread.

Inside were rows and rows of wine cabinets. A whole room for the wines? So extravagant.

She opened one of the crystal cabinet doors, which held all kinds of foreign wines she had never seen before.

She picked the smallest bottle, opened it, and poured herself a glass.

She had never had a drink before. Suddenly she wanted to try it today.

She drank it off.

The pungent sensation flowed through her limbs. She felt that her brain was getting hot, and the body a little numb. And then she gradually couldn't think clearly.

Well, good. She didn't want to think about anything right now, the more numb the better.

One glass, then another, and soon the whole bottle was empty.

She gradually felt dizzy and the burning sensation was all over her body. She tried to stand up, but her legs were weak and she fell on the soft carpet.

So comfortable, it's good to sleep like this.

Some time later, a pair of shoes appeared in front of her.

She looked up with confused eyes.

Follow the shoes, she looked up and there were long and slender legs. And then upper, she saw a pair of deep black eyes under the straight brows, high nose and thin lips. That was so noble, domineering, cold and handsome!

The most beautiful man on earth.

Why did it look familiar?

"Handsome, you're so good-looking." She giggled up at him, drunk as hell.

Luther looked speechlessly at the woman who lay prostrate.

At this moment her tilted head, slightly curved and watery eyes were so soul-stirring.

Luther felt uncomfortable all over. He discovered the empty bottle next to him, and couldn't help but let out a low curse.

This woman actually drank up the Spade A champagne he had been saving for years.

"Hey, wake up!" He kicked her.

"Handsome man, pull me up. Have a few more drinks with me, and I'll pay you." Joyce's smile was so attractive when she fumbled her pockets, as if she was looking for her wallet.

Damn, this woman treated him as a bartender? Obviously, she can not drink, but she was so drunk and crazy.

“Get up!” Luther reached out his hand with a upset face and yanked her, but he underestimated the explosive power of a drunken woman too much.

Joyce’s legs were so weak that she couldn’t stand up. She dragged Luther and fell straight backwards. Being dragged down by her, Luther was tripped. “Bang” a loud sound in the room.

Joyce slumped to the floor, followed by Luther who fell right on top of her.

At this moment, there seemed to be electric light. Two people face to face, four lips pressed together.

Warm, soft, and a rich smell of the finest champagne, the smell merely made you drunk.

“Handsome, you are so bad.” Joyce reached out and hooked her hand around his neck, her cheeks flushed. Her sexy lips were seductive and alluring.

Not knowing if it was the smell of wine that caused his trance, or if the scene was too beautiful for this moment.

Luther actually kiss her. She was so fragrant, so sweet, so soft. He just felt his whole body was expanding. There was bursting feeling in his brain, almost can not control.

Joyce was kissed like this and felt lost.

It was so familiar. It’s as if he’s back to the night when he was drugged.

Luther was getting out of control

Chapter 23

Joyce was afraid of tickle. Justin used to come to the range to look for her. He lovesd to use feathers to scratch her neck secretly when she was practicing.

“Joyce, you need to work on your fixation, you’re distracted oh.”

“Distracted and still hitting 10 rings, fantastic.”

She dodges around every time she got tickled.

It was only when one was young and ignorant that can feel the joy of innocence.

The tickle on her neck felt like it was being tickled by a feather, so she couldn't help it and laughed, "Justin, stop it."

Words was like cold water pouring over his head.

Instantly, the water extinguished all the out-of-control fires in Luther's body.

He awoke. what was he doing? Surprisingly, he was charmed by her.

Damn Joyce, was she using him as a stand-in for Justin?

He couldn't stand it any longer and stood up and roared, "Enough! It's time for you to wake up!"

After that, he lifted Joyce's collar, and dragged her all the way to the bathroom. She was dumped directly into the bathtub which was filled with water.

The warm water instantly flooded her body.

It sobered her up abruptly.

Joyce shook her long, wet hair and tried to open her beautiful eyes wide, looking at Luther with a confused expression, "What's your problem?"

"....."

Luther was about to explode with anger.

"Ah, really. The clothes are all wet." She grumbled.

"You don't remember what you just did?" He gritted his teeth.

Joyce was shocked, and hurriedly checked if her clothes were put off. Except for the two missing collar buttons, all was unscathed.

She was relieved that nothing had happened.

"I'm sorry, I probably drank bad-quality wine and lost my temper in some way just now. Please don't mind." She apologized.

"Bad-quality wine?!" Luther gasped, "You drank that bottle of Spade A. It's worth a hundred thousand pounds!!!" There were another basements in the house but the cabinet in his room was his private collection.

"Ah!" Joyce was stunned, and calculated the exchange rate. It was 9. It was worthy of a million. God! just a small bottle?

“Do, do I need to pay?” She looked at him in horror. She hadn’t paid back the 800,000 RMB that she owed before, and a million-worth bottle of wine would be too much to pay back for her.

“.....”

With such an expression on her face, he instantly lost his temper. This woman, all she thought about was money right now.

Joyce climbed out of the tub.

Her white clothes were soaked with water, as if there was nothing clinging to the body. Every body line was perfectly outlined, simply more sexy than not wearing clothes.

Luther caught a glimpse and gasped. Just can’t help not to look at her.

The hot kiss came to his mind, and he tried to restrain himself. He pulled off a towel and threw it over Joyce.

“Put it on.”

Joyce only then noticed that her soaked clothes appeared to be transparent.

She awkwardly wrapped herself up in a bath towel and smoothed her long, dripping hair.

She just wanted to leave, but her feet slipped and stumbled into Luther’s arms.

The soft curves clung to him without a seam.

Luther could not easily suppress the heat in his heart. It was instantly ignited again.

“Don.”

He turned around and pinned her against the cold wall of the bathroom, huffing, “What, seduce me twice. Your ‘funder’ is gone, and today you can’t wait to find the next one? Okay, since you’re so proactive, I’ll satisfy you.”

When he finished his speech, he ripped off the bath towel she was wrapped in.

Since she was a gold-digging wannabe, why should he put up with it if she wants to have some fun?

“Pop”.

Luther’s handsome face tilted to the side, completely stunned.

Joyce was also surprised by herself that she had slapped him.

“You!” Luther’s black eyes lit up with rage, for the first time in his life he was slapped in the face, how dare she!

Chapter 24

After that slap.

For a long time, Luther and Joyce were in a cold war.

Both calmed down, but also peaceful.

It was on the weekend.

St. Casterman Road, where the best costume jewelry in Khebury was gathered.

In front of a high-end private custom store.

“Why are you here to buy clothes?” Joyce was reluctant.

“There’s a banquet tonight and you’re going to go dressed like this?” Luther glanced up and down at her, “Dressing like a beggar will lose my face.”

She didn’t think that she look like a beggar. Obviously she was looking quite good.

“Why should I attend? Our relationship is not supposed to be open to the public either, so in what identity would I go?”

“You think I want to take you there? It was Grandma who insisted.”

“It’s not like Grandma will know if I’m going or not! Can’t you just say I’m going?”

“Joyce, are you addicted to lying to people?”

“.....” Joyce was speechless. Forgot it. It was just a dinner party to go on. It was not a big deal.

TW was Khebury’s top private custom clothing store.

Luther was about to join Joyce inside but suddenly his cell phone rang.

“You go in first and pick what you want. I have a video conference.”

Luther walked a few steps away and stood under a large tree, turning his back to answer the phone. His back was erect, high and cold.

Joyce opened the glass door. Inside was a duplex layout, two-storey high. The decoration is ultimately luxury.

The female clerk took a glance at Joyce and found that she was wearing cheap clothes. "Miss, if you are looking for a bathroom, go out and turn left, and then walk for twenty meters." said the clerk contemptuously.

Joyce ignored her disdain, casually looked the dresses and price tags.

One, two, three, four, five, six. It was just a simple t-shirt, costing more than 100,000 RMB.

The world of rich people was really not something she can imagine.

The female clerk said in a hypocritical manner, "Excuse me. Can you help yourself first ? We have another honoured guest to serve."

"Hmm." Joyce waved her hand.

Snobbery was not something she didn't understand. It was just that she wasn't originally from this world. She stayed here just a few days with nothing to care about.

In the future, she would have nothing to do with him.

What a coincidence, the guest was none other than Shelly who was on the second floor.

When Shelly walked out of the fitting room, she caught a glimpse of Joyce.

Joyce, the liar, was still in the Warner family, and my brother didn't kick her out even though she was cheating on him.

Shelly was so upset that she had to teach Joyce a lesson today.

"I'll take all of these." Shelly handed the dresses to the clerk for checkout while keeping her eyes on Joyce.

She secretly put an expensive silk scarf into Joyce's backpack on the couch when she wasn't noticing.

Joyce was bored and looked at clothes for a while. Seeing that Luther kept busy outside the store, she picked up her backpack, intending to leave.

But when she passed the security door.

Suddenly, an ear-splitting alarm sounded!

The clerk shouted up, "Don't leave!"

Joyce was confused and stopped.

The clerk stepped forward and grabbed Joyce's backpack and immediately found out the silk scarf inside the bag, "Oh my God! You stole the scarf! So you're a thief! Security! There's a thief!"

Joyce went blank. How could she have a silk scarf in her bag?

Security guards approached and were ready to grab Joyce.

Chapter 25

Joyce shouted coldly, "Don't touch me! I'll call the police myself."

Luther noticed the commotion in the store and came over.

The next moment, Joyce was pulled into a warm embrace. A thick and firm chest, full of security, made her instantly settled down.

The guard was then kicked by Luther.

The clerk was stunned.

Such manner! The man must be rich and respectable as well!

At first glance, the high quality handmade suit was from the top designers. Two sapphire cufflinks alone were worth a million.

Luther asked unhappily, "What happened?"

This woman was always making troubles.

"I have an extra silk scarf in my bag." Joyce was helpless, "Call the police, check the surveillance video."

The clerk was wise and then waved her hand, "No, no, it must be a misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding?" Luther sneered.

He took out his cell phone and dialed Aaron, giving him the name and address of the store, "You have ten minutes to buy the store."

Joyce was stunned. Was he making such a big deal about it?

Shelly, who had been hiding on the second floor, heard Luther's voice and tried to escaped. She couldn't imagine that her brother would accompany Joyce to buy clothes.

Luther discovered Shelly who was at the corner, "Shelly, get the hell down!"

Shelly was scared and her legs had gone weak as she stumbled down the stairs, "Luther, why are you here?"

"What did you do?!" Luther's black eyes were filled with anger, making people shudder.

Caught in flagrante delicto, Shelly had to admit, "Sorry, I just wanted to play a prank."

Luther stared at Shelly, "I'll deal with you when I get back."

At that moment, the telephone of the store suddenly rang.

The clerk was almost petrified after hearing the call. She looked at Luther and could hardly believe it, "From now on, you are the new owner of this store"

The store was bought in a matter of minutes. It took not only financial resources, but also deep connections.

This was his ability that he could get anything he wanted.

The clerk finally recognized the man in front of her as Luther, Khebury's most valuable man and the head of the R&S Group.

It was over and she was definitely going to get fired.

Shelly also did not expect that her brother would buy the whole store for such a small thing.

She bowed her head and hurriedly left. She was fearful of making her brother angry if she still stayed here. And she resented Joyce even more.

Luther sat down on the sofa like a distinguished host.

The clerk rushed to serve a cup of aromatic coffee for him.

His long and slender legs were folded and his whole body was bathed in the sunlight. He looked at his cell phone. A simple action, but showed the ultimate elegance and charm.

"Take your pick. I like to shop in a quiet and soothing environment."

Joyce wanted to say that he didn't have to buy the whole store.

“You better shut up.” Luther flipped up his phone abruptly and tossed over a word of warning.

Joyce rolled her eyes. That he loved to spend money was his business. Anyway, he was not spending her money.

The clerk diligently brought a lotus pink dress and respectfully said, “This is the newest designed by the chief designer this year. It is only one in Khebury. It is normally only on display and not for sale. It especially suits your temperament. Please come here to try it on.”

Joyce took it. the design was simple, smooth lines, indeed good.

She changed her clothes and slowly walked out of the fitting room.

Luther looked up, and at that moment, he gasped.

The lotus pink skirt wrapped tightly around her perfect figure. Her chest was like undulating mountains, vaguely visible. The long and slender neck was as proud as a swan. Her crystal eyes were watery, bright and innocent, as if coming out of a painting.

Stunningly beautiful!

Luther recalled the night he was slapped. The wet clothes was also seductive like this.

Damn, that night he left in anger. He didn't teach her a lesson yet for that slap.

“You can try this same color shoes as well as the diamond studded handbags to match the dress .” The clerk bent down on her knees to help Joyce get changed. The service the clerk was offering was the best.

“Is it okay?” Joyce was particularly annoyed with shopping, and her patience was at its limit.

“Not too bad.” Luther cleared his throat, not saying what he really thought.

He stood up, “Let's go.”

The clerk came forward attentively, “Let me help you take off the brand.”

Joyce waved her hand, “Don't take it apart.”

Luther raised an eyebrow, “Why?”

“Temporarily borrow it. I'll return it to you.”

Luther, "....."