

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 26

Riveria Haze, which was Khebury's most luxurious banquet center.

A palace was made with marble and glass, with colorful window panes, arched ceiling that was embedded with gold and a luxury chandelier lamp hanging down from the ceiling. People who can access here were the business elite and politicians.

Joyce had never been to an event like this before.

The media gathered here and countless flashing lights shone.

She took a deep breath, no wonder Luther wanted her to change clothes. The banquet that she imagined was relatively different from the reality.

When Luther passed by, the media coincidentally put down their cameras.

It was known in the industry that only if Luther gave his nod of consent can his picture be taken. If anyone took his photo stealthily, the photographers will disappear in Khebury next day, not to mention if their jobs were saved.

Luther, who had never brought a woman to an event, was with a woman of unparalleled beauty today. And even if the media was curious, no one dared to take a picture of Joyce.

Joyce followed Luther into the hall.

Inside the hall, countless eyes were on Joyce in a flash.

Under the shining lights, she had a lotus pink dress, slender body, perfect face, cool as if a goddess.

Who was she?

Surprisingly, Luther came along with her.

She was so beautiful. I've never seen her before.

The gentlemen and ladies whispered.

When Luther entered the hall, several politicians gathered around to exchange pleasantries, and Joyce wisely stepped aside.

Two exquisitely dressed celebrities quietly approached as they sized up Joyce and then gazed in awe.

Glancing at the dress she was wearing, they even marveled, “Wow, isn’t this the latest model of this year designed by TW private chief designer?”

“Yeah, didn’t they say they were only on display and not for sale? How did you get it?”

Joyce has never liked to deal with this kind of scene. Her lips slightly hooked, “You are looking at the wrong one. This is the copycat version.”

What she just said made the two celebrities at loss for words. They awkwardly smiled. How could it possible? They coveted for the dress for so long that they could not be wrong.

Waiters in tuxedos shuttled in the banquet hall, holding plates full of champagne.

Joyce took one and held it in her hand.

At this time, an enchanting woman wearing a fiery red long dress approached with an arrogant posture. Her makeup was extremely heavy. The neckline of her dress was extremely low, sexy and stylish.

Martha Robinson was a top tier supermodel. Her family was rich and Shaw Entertainment Group was a resounding presence in Khebury.

She walked up to Joyce, towering over her with contempt and a hostile look on her face, “Who are you?”

This woman was not polite. Joyce lightly replied, “You do not need to know.”

“You!” Martha’s gorgeous face instantly twisted. Being admired by others all the time, she had never been ignored. “How dare you speak to me like that, don’t you know who I am?!”

Joyce’s eyes slightly raised and she shrugged, “Sorry, I don’t know and I’m not interested.”

Martha felt like she was going crazy. This woman was too rampant.

Ever being conscious of her image, she yelled out of control. “Bitch, what the hell is your relationship with Luther? Why did you come with him?” She was burning with jealousy, knowing that she had been pestering Luther since she was a child, but Luther had never responded and asked her not to stand by him, let alone take her to a party. Why this woman in front of her had the right?

“Oh.” Joyce trailed off deliberately.

“Then you listen carefully, I am” Joyce deliberately paused.

Chapter 27

At that moment, some more curious people gathered around. The more they gathered, the more people wanted to know their relationship.

Joyce said it slowly and clearly, word by word.

“I’m, Luther, Grandma’s” she deliberately paused again, making a cliffhanger, “nurse!”

When Luther saw Joyce surrounded by people, he approached her with a frown and tried to take her away.

He didn’t expect to hear Joyce’s shocking words when he first came over.

Grandma’s nurse!

“puff” He was holding back to not to laugh but failed. The champagne in his hand shook, spilling some on the back of his hand.

Grandma’s nanny. That was what Joyce thought.

Martha could never have dreamed of such a response.

It was clear that Joyce has lowered herself to a low profile, but she felt like a defeated peacock.

Did the nanny wear clothes that money can’t buy?

She had the feeling that she wanted to fight, but did it in a wrong way. Obviously, she wanted to sarcastically insult the woman in front of her, but couldn’t find a proper way to do so.

There was a kind of low profile that was greater than a high one.

Luther has never show the outburst before. Because of her, his champagne was spilled.

Martha, who was sharp-eyed and trying to deflect the embarrassment, immediately went over to her and said in a delicate voice, “Luther, let me help you.” She took out a handkerchief and got close to him.

The strong, pungent smell of perfume was something Luther would have liked to avoid.

Joyce, however, pushed Luther at her convenience.

Coincidentally, the entire glass of champagne in Luther's hand was poured on Martha's chest.

Spectacular! It was like, from the valley slowly flowing down the stream, all the way to the bottom of the skirt.

"Ah" With a scream, Martha took a step backward and her smile froze. She was embarrassed at the moment, holding her handkerchief.

"You might wipe yourself first." Joyce suggested it with calm and collected face.

Martha couldn't say a word. Her expression twisted. She knew it was Joyce who did this to her, but after all, it was Luther who poured the wine on her. She couldn't even complain but clench her teeth and hold back, "Sorry, excuse me."

Martha turned back and rushed to the dressing room. Damn it. Her image was all ruined by that woman!

Now, at last, the banquet was quite a little bit.

Joyce smiled at Luther and raised her glass, "You're welcome."

Luther was dumbfounded and incredulous that she thought he should thank her for helping him get rid of the harassing woman?

He picked up a paper towel and wiped his hands, giving Joyce a sidelong glance. She looked refreshed.

This woman was really tactful. How could she use him to kill two birds with one stone?

He was worried about if she would be besieged by celebrities, but it seemed that he was overthinking.

Joyce was in a much more relaxed mood as she took one glass of the champagne, ready to take a light sip.

"No drinking!" Luther uttered a warning, reaching out to take away her glass of wine.

Joyce didn't move.

"Don't drink if you can't. And no more drunken behavior like last time."

After the speech, he turned around to walk away.

Joyce looked at her empty hand and thought back to the last time she was drunk. What had she done to make him so afraid of? She had no memory of it.

Last time she also slapped him in this face. Although he did not scolded her for it, he bore the grudge for so long. She twitched her mouth in discontent.

The crowd of spectators who gathered here before, all went away consciously.

No one dared to go up to talk to Joyce again. She was not easy to be messed with, so people didn't want to inquire something from her.

At this time, the hall lights rotated up, colorful, like bright stars.

The host of today's banquet was from the Heath family, the warlord in the capital of the country. And today's protagonist was the Heath family's daughter, who has been separated for nearly 20 years and finally found.

Chapter 28

Today, the Heath family celebrated the recovery of their daughter with a feast.

Everybody was looking forward to seeing the warlord's descendant.

The lights focused on the top of the revolving staircase and the media swarmed up.

The flashing lights were staggered and blindingly dazzling.

With the flowers, applause and music, a woman in a white princess dress slowly walked down, covered with fine diamonds as the glitter of stars.

Fine eyebrows and almond eyes. Bright and charming.

The daughter was none other than Charlotte.

Luther was both surprised and shocked that Charlotte was the long-lost daughter of the Capitalthe Heath family.

The granddaughter of the military general, the daughter of the general. She was indeed the descendant of the warlord.

Joyce was also surprised that she hadn't seen Charlotte at school for a while, and she remembered that the orphanage's director Rachel had called them to identify their relatives and left their hair and nails for DNA tests.

Little did she know that it would be Charlotte who would find her family.

Along with Charlotte was her mother Cecelia. The identity of her father Ralph was too special to show up in the public.

Joyce could not help but look at Cecelia again. She was extremely shocked that Cecelia had an indescribable temperament. She was more than beautiful, gentle, noble, truly a lady from the big and noble family.

Joyce was truly attracted by Cecelia that she could not help but take a few steps forward.

Charlotte slowly stepped down the stairs, passing by Joyce. Her lips curled up in a meaningful smile. Once she reached the top, she could think of the status and glory added to her body that she never dared to imagine. She became a princess-like celebrity from an orphan girl who used to be treated badly.

From now on, she, Charlotte, was also at the top of the pyramid.

She could get every single thing as long as it was what she wanted.

Joyce must not have imagined that all should belong to her.

Including

Charlotte looked lovingly at Luther with the softest smile.

He, too, will be hers.

There were more and more people who walked by and accidentally bumped into Joyce.

The handbag Joyce was holding fell to the ground. She reached out to pick it up, but was squeezed behind by the people beside her.

Cecelia passed by and leaned down to pick it up. She walked through the crowd and handed it to Joyce with a smile. There was no haughty manner in her.

They looked at each other. There seemed to be warmth flowing throughout the body.

What a healing smile.

Cecelia seemed to radiate maternal kindness all over her body.

Joyce had never been envious of anything, but at this moment she felt uncomfortable. She had never met her parents, and she truly envied Charlotte, who had found such a gentle mother. What more could she want?

"Thanks," said Joyce. Unfortunately she was already pushed further away by the crowd.

People surrounded Charlotte and Cecelia, sending their congratulations.

Cecelia introduced her lost and found daughter to everyone.

Her bright smiles spread across their faces.

Everything was extraordinarily beautiful.

As the banquet drew to a close, Jacqueline, Shelly, Cecelia and Charlotte sat on a sofa chatting. The two families were friends for generations, so they were naturally closer than other people in the banquet.

Shelly put her arm around Charlotte affectionately, "I can't believe you're the Heath family's daughter. I've never heard you mentioned it at school, you're so low-key."

Charlotte said modestly, "I just found my parents. There are a lot of things I don't understand, so I will have to ask you for more advice in the future."

"No problem." Shelly just loved to hear her talk because it made her feel comfortable.

Then Charlotte complimented Jacqueline.

Jacqueline was delighted to hear it and said bluntly, "Cecelia, congratulations on finding such a well-behaved and virtuous daughter. She is so wise and likeable."

Jacqueline and Shelly were both surprised that Luther brought Joyce along.

They were worried that Luther would go public with the fact that he was married.

Chapter 29

However, when Jacqueline and Shelly heard from others that Joyce claimed to be Stephanie's nanny and Luther did not deny it, the two were somewhat relieved.

The two discussed privately and ventured to guess that perhaps there was some sort of agreement between Luther and Joyce, and that this agreement must have something to do with Stephanie.

Since Luther didn't want to go public with the news that he's married. Then there was room to turn everything around.

They just pretended they didn't know.

"Speaking of which, our two families still have a marriage contract" Jacqueline wanted to say something, probing Cecelia's attitude. The marriage with the general family was vital to the business circle.

“A marriage contract?” Charlotte thought she had heard it wrong.

“Oh, back when you were just born. Our two families agreed that the eldest son and daughter would be married later.” Cecelia narrated, “Charlotte, you can choose for yourself. Mom will never force you.”

Cecelia looked at Charlotte tenderly. Twenty years had passed, and after all the hardships, she finally found her daughter. She was so young and experienced the hardship in orphanage. In the future she would compensate her.

Charlotte thought there was an engagement between her and Luther.

God, she was ecstatic, and willing to marry him.

Shelly yanked Luther over here, “Speaking of this, Charlotte saved Luther’s life.” To broker the marriage for them and got rid of Joyce. That was something she was happy to see it happen.

“Really?” Jacqueline stood up and asked with concern, “Luther, when did you get hurt? Did Charlotte save you?”

Charlotte bowed her head shyly.

No words meant acquiescence.

With uncertain look, Luther only said, “That day I was in danger. Thanks to Miss Charlotte for saving me, otherwise it would have been a disaster.”

He did, indeed, always owe Charlotte an explanation.

And, it can’t be delayed any longer.

He didn’t expect that Charlotte would be the daughter of the Heath family, to whom he was engaged to.

“I can’t believe that they have this kind of destiny. It’s really God’s will.” Cecelia saw a blush on Charlotte’s cheeks, and she immediately understood that her daughter was already in love with him.

“Luther, Charlotte saved your life. You have to repay her well.” Jacqueline couldn’t wait for the two families to join in marriage.

“Luther, you can pledge to marry her.” Shelly pushed him.

.....

Joyce was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, and she could hear their voice not far away.

Charlotte had saved Luther's life and was engaged to him.

What a surprise.

She faked to be his wife and became a real mistress.

She didn't want to hear it any more, and then walked away towards the garden terrace.

She took out her cell phone and dialed the number she had repeatedly called over the past few days.

Still, the number you have called turned off.

Justin, where the hell are you? She took a deep breath. She was so tired and powerless.

"Luther's wife?" The voice that suddenly rang out startled her.

She turned her head and watched a man come out of the darkness.

Pure black suit, black tie. Demonic and wild looks, the man was born so evil. That was a kind of sin. He lit a cigarette, and his whole body was immersed in the lingering smoke.

"What, do I look fascinated?" Christian Ballard's mouth was slanted in a bad smile.

"You're not a good person, stay away from me." Joyce said bluntly, turning away.

Christian froze, not expecting her to be so blunt at all.

He was involved in the illegality, but he did not have to write the word "bad" on his face.

Oh, Luther's women, it was so much fun.

He was also interested in her.

He crushed out the cigarette in his hand with his bare hands, not feeling hot at all.

He smiled wildly, so enchanting.

Chapter 30

After the banquet.

Luther drove Joyce away with him.

Riveria Haze was located on the outskirts of the city, far from the Warner family's main house, and one had to cross the whole Khebury to get there.

The Maybach drove onto the highway and sped along.

The red lights on the rear of the car in front of them were alternately flashing, like the scarlet eyes of the dark night.

Luther did not say a word and seemed to have something on his mind.

Joyce hesitated, but spoke first, "Charlotte and you are engaged."

Luther looked at her sideways.

Joyce paused and looked into his eyes.

"I heard that she even saved your life?" She was quite puzzled for she had the impression that Charlotte was not the one who would give a helping hand. Charlotte hadn't studied first aid.

"Hmm." He responded, not wanting to talk much about Charlotte.

There was a moment of silence and the atmosphere was somewhat stagnant.

As Joyce was just about to speak, Luther interrupted, "We need to divorce as soon as possible. She has saved my life, I need to make up for her."

After saying that, he had some strange feeling in his heart.

In fact, he had a hunch that Joyce was going to file for divorce.

As a man, he wished he had spoken first.

"Okay." Joyce replied with an expressionless face.

Luther looked at her, seeing no reaction from her. He was not feeling well.

The air pressure in the car seemed to be getting lower and lower, suffocating people to catch their breath.

"Tomorrow we will go through the formalities. Grandma wants you to stay on, so you still live in the Warner family to take care of her. Keep the divorce a secret from Grandma, don't let her know about it. You can ask whatever you want."

He spoke what he wanted to say at a draught but felt more upset, as if he was acting rashly to say so.

“It’s OK. Grandma has been good to me and I will do my duty. Money won’t be needed, it’s enough.” She thought of the gentle Cecelia she had just seen, and her parents whom she had never met, and an inexplicable sadness crossing her heart.

Stephanie gave her the feeling that she was one of the family member, and she will take care of her as if she were her family member.

In this world, she never had anyone she could rely on.

Joyce stopped talking. She seemed to immerse in the solitude. This loneliness from the inside out let Luther feel pity.

Luther’s heart felt like it was stung by something, but there was no taking back what was said.

He hammered the steering wheel in exasperation.

Suddenly, his expression was awe-inspiring and his black eyes contracted violently.

He looked at the rearview mirror several times and then stepped on the gas pedal, like a sword off the string, to accelerate the car.

Inertia caused Joyce to slam backwards into the seat, hurting her neck.

As if sensing danger, she took a deep breath, “What’s wrong?”

“There are several cars trailing us.” Luther’s voice was like cold ice.

Joyce looked at the inside rearview mirror and then the right rearview mirror.

One, two, three, four. She counted silently.

“There are four cars trailing in total.” Joyce looked gloomy, “We are now in the middle of nowhere, which is the same as being exposed to their view.”

As they spoke, two cars behind them roared furiously to their front.

“Bang”, it was a gunshot, straight at them.

Joyce can actually judge the sound of the gun and the trajectory of the bullet, and she can dodge it.

However, Luther was faster. He did not hesitate for a moment. One of his hands wielded the steering wheel to avoid their chasing, and the other one pressed her head to his chest, using his body to protect her. The large caliber bullet was so powerful that it went right through the front windshield and brushed past the seat.

Knock, knock, knock!

She heard the violent and powerful beating of his heart, and smelled his distinctive masculine scent. That was good. She was always all by herself, and had never had this kind of warmth and reassurance since she grew up.

In her heart, a trace of other emotions slowly grew.

The criminals became even more violent and shot for more time “bang bang bang”