

# You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

## Chapter 31

Luther's car managed to lose them and dodge from side to side.

"Sit back!" He barked.

Then, Luther made a beautiful sharp turn. The Maybach sped up to 280 km/h, directly into the off-ramp, leaving them behind, only unfortunately it was a highway farther away from the city. They drove further and further away.

In a short time, the car behind them caught up again.

Joyce sat up straight, clenched her seat belt, and stared, "Who did you offend?" This was a country where the rule of law prevails in Khebury, where guns were blatantly fired.

Luther opened the center console with one hand and took out a pistol, "Don't be afraid, I'm here."

She did not scream and cry in fear, bold enough to make him very surprised, but also did not have time to think about it.

As he drove, he opened the window and turned to shoot at the cars behind him.

The car was going too fast, and the wind was blowing violently into it. Luther can barely hold the steering wheel, but still wanted to shoot, which was obviously too difficult to juggle.

He had to race and try to shoot back the trailing car at the same time.

Luther was in trouble.

Then he heard Joyce's calm and collected voice, "Give me the gun."

He thought he had heard it wrong.

Joyce said it again, "Give me the gun."

Luther froze and glanced at her, completely unable to react.

No time to waste, the situation was critical and imminent. Joyce simply grabbed the pistol directly from his hand.

“You.” Luther took firm control of the steering wheel, and looking at her worriedly.

He saw her skillfully opening the safety catch, “click” a bullet loaded.

She turned sideways and probed out the window.

“Bang” a gunshot.

The movement was consistent and in one go!

Luther saw in the rearview mirror that one tire of a car burst directly, emitting an ear-piercing, sharp sound, and came to a stop after a sharp 90-degree turn into a guardrail.

Then there was another “bang”.

Another car with a flat tire.

One more.

A hundred shots hit the tires of the car chasing him.

The last car, positioned on Luther’s side, only to see Joyce “snap” unbuckle the seat belt, the whole person lying sideways on Luther. She handsomely held the pistol in one hand, and the other hand on the handle.

The long, slender index finger overlapped the trigger.

Time seemed to be fixed in this moment.

The car was going extremely fast and the wind was blowing hard, scattering her long black hair, which was floating on his face. The sweet smell was intoxicating.

She was so gorgeous and cool. He had never felt so stunning.

Valiant, handsome, no words can describe her at this moment.

He just saw her pulling the trigger.

“Whoosh”, the bullet flew out, cutting a perfect arc in the air and hitting the front wheel of the last pursuing car.

“Bang Bang” the last car’s two tires burst at the same time, and the body instantly overturned, landing with a “boom” a loud noise.

Joyce was a marksman who can be accurate to 0.01mm.

She was already merciful, if she burst the tank, all the killers inside will be killed.

Luther stepped on the gas pedal, and the limousine whistled and sped away. Far away from them.

After firing the gun, Joyce slammed into the steering wheel due to the powerful recoil of the pistol.

Fortunately, Luther held on her waist firmly and tightly.

The two were close together. The car was too quiet, each other's violent heartbeat and rapid breathing were extra clear.

Crisis averted.

But Luther never let go, the scent of her was too good. He forgot to let go.

"You can let go of me now." Joyce reminded.

Luther returned to his senses and let go of his hand.

Joyce sat up from him and looked down touching the hot gun. She turned off the safety and praised, "Browning m1935, a 9mm high-powered pistol. It really lives up to its name."

"It's just that the recoil is a little too much, not quite for me." She weighed the gun in her hand. The country banned gun ownership in principle, and she heard that only a few top-level elites had gun ownership permits. She had never seen this kind of collector-grade gun.

"Give it back." She put the pistol back in the center console.

She was a connoisseur.

Luther's body leaned slightly, too much information to digest.

He glanced at Joyce, who was sitting upright, and his beautiful side face seemed like a pool of calm water.

He suddenly remembered a phrase.

The lack of the moon does not change the light; the sword breaks does not change the rigidity.

Probably it was the best way to describe her at this time.

## Chapter 32

Suburban inn.

Dimly lit, rosemary-scented room.

“There’s only one room, sorry to put you to such inconvenience tonight.” Joyce done with the check-in process and walked in the door with him.

The room was not big, and the facilities were ordinary. There was only one bed, making it look like a love hotel. Faraway from the downtown, it was good enough to find a place to stay.

Luther sat on the edge of the bed with a medical kit he brought from his car. He took off his suit and unbuttoned his shirt.

Joyce asked in a low voice, “Are you injured?” She thought he got injured because he was protecting herself while dodging bullets which grazed his arm. He was injured and still kept racing. It was not easy to do so.

Luther blushed slightly, “It’s okay, I just need a break. It’s too far out of town and it’ll take too long to drive back again. I’ll have Aaron bring someone to pick us up in the morning.”

The blood had dried up and the blood-stained shirt was stuck to his arm, and when he uncovered it, it was the same as reopening the wound. He couldn’t help but grit his teeth.

Joyce rummaged through the medical kit for iodine, hemostatic coagulant, anti-inflammatory powder, and gauze.

“I’ll do it.” She dabbed some iodine with a cotton swab and wiped his wound.

The wound was quite deep and the flesh on his arm was cut open.

He held back, with heavy sweat dripping down from his forehead.

Gunshots, injuries.

Joyce was suspicious. she was also in a shootout last time and saved a strange man. That was how she lost her virginity. But there were few major criminal cases in Khebury, almost none. Was it a coincidence that it happened to her twice?

What could be the connection between Luther and the strange man she saved last time?

"You always have a first aid kit in your car. You get chased a lot?" She asked tentatively.

She vaguely remembered that the man she saved last time had a gunshot wound on his leg, and she wanted to confirm it sometime.

Luther closed his eyes, "Are you afraid? There are too many people who want me dead." He opened his eyes, and his gaze took was with chills. "Joyce, you're such a goodmarks woman, like a pro."

He remembered that the last time Joyce played darts with Felix and Mathew, she shot all three darts together and hit double.

Not surprisingly, the one who wanted to assassinate him this time must be OGW.

He remembered the day when he got the marriage license, he suffered the first attack.

Was it a coincidence that Joyce approached him at this exact moment and married him under false pretenses? What kind of power could she have? He had to re-examine if there was a conspiracy behind all this.

Joyce was wrapping his wound with gauze.

She listened to his tone and it seemed not good.

Professional meant she was a professional killer? Oh, too funny.

The paranoia of the rich was re-occurring.

She deliberately tightened the gauze with great force.

The sudden pain made Luther grunt. Damn, this was a vengeful woman.

"Luther, you are omnipotent. How come you haven't found out anything about me until now?" She voiced mockingly.

The bandage completed and she tied a fast knot. It gonna hurt him to death.

She never called him "Luther", which at this point just sounded sarcastic.

Violently, Luther rolled over and trapped her beneath him, cupping her chin with one hand.

His eyes were aggressive and the heavy breath sprayed on her face.

He did send someone to check, however, her resume was blank for six years. Growing up in an orphanage, she made her six years experience completely unknown after she left there.

Two years ago, she skipped a grade and got a special admissions to Cunard University.

The fact that he couldn't find out can only mean that the person who erased her past experiences was not an idle person either. Who could it be?

Joyce looked at him coldly.

Sure enough, that she helped him wrap his arm eventually harm herself. She regreted and should have let him cope with it himself.

"Why don't you resist?" Luther pressed his body down and closed on her.