

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 33

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The proximity made Joyce recall the scene in the car where he put his arm around her. She can't help but feel hot in the face.

"Just because I can shoot doesn't mean I can fight. Otherwise you would have been taken down long ago." A woman's strength was naturally inferior, and with him who was strong enough, she was completely unable to move.

"How long have you been learning to shoot?" He asked.

"Six years." She wasn't shy about it.

Luther's pupils contracted, six years, just six years of emptiness. What the hell had she been doing for those six years? And where did she learn to shoot? And what was her relationship with Justin?

He let go of her, and there was an unreadable complexity in his eyes.

Today, because of her, he was out of danger. He believed for the moment that she was harmless to him.

Luther was a little tired and reclined in bed. Having lost blood, he needed to rest and adjust.

Joyce sat up from the bed, poured herself a glass of water, and asked him, "Do you want some water?"

He closed his eyes and nodded gently.

Joyce handed over a glass of water.

He didn't pick up.

Did he want her to feed him? Joyce was surprised. Forgot about it. Since they would be divorced tomorrow, she had no choice but help him for the last time.

She brought the glass to Luther's lips, tilting it slightly to let the water flow into his mouth.

The knot in his sexy throat rolled.

“How can we sleep with only one bed? Or you can give me the car key and I’ll sleep in the car.” Joyce suggested.

Luther said lightly, “How do you sleep with a broken car glass?”

Joyce pretended a unnatural smile. What should she do, sleep in the same bed with him?

“What are you worried about?” He snorted, “I’m tired. Plus, what do you think I’d do to a woman who’s getting a divorce with me tomorrow?”

Well, she had to do it.

Joyce went into the bathroom to wash up and rinse off briefly.

When she came out, she saw that Luther had fallen asleep.

The light in the room was dim. He was actually quite good-looking when he was asleep with less coldness and sharpness on his face. His eyelashes were like a fan casting shadows. And his high nose, thin lips. All of them was quiet and harmless.

She tried to recall the man from that night, but she did not see the face and did not have any impression of the outline.

The only thing she can be sure of was that he had an injury on his leg.

She was nervous.

Should she confirm it while he was asleep?

She glanced furtively at him and approached him on tiptoe. Then she bent down on her knees. She would have rolled up his trouser legs, but the cut was too snug to roll up. She cannot make a judgement.

What to do?

The sound of his even breathing came from him. It seemed that he was sleeping quite well.

Hesitantly, Joyce was bold enough to come forward.

With a “click” sound, she unbuckled his belt.

A flush spread over his cheeks. It was so embarrassing that she had never done anything like this before.

She gently tried to remove his pants, taking them off a little, and then a little more.

However, at that moment, Luther opened his eyes abruptly. The dark eyes were like a deep and bottomless abyss. He can see her nervousness and blush. Then, there was flame burned in his cold eyes.

She was so good at it. Her hands were so soft, stimulating his weak nerves.

Before his breakdown, he jerked the quilt over his legs to hide the fact that he had lost control.

Joyce was startled by the sudden movement.

“Woman, do you really think I can’t do anything with this small injury?”

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Looking up, Joyce smiled awkwardly, “I

“No

She stammered and finally came up with something to say, “Don’t you need to take off your pants to sleep? Isn’t that uncomfortable?” What a shame, it was so close.

Luther glared at her and took a deep breath. Then, he got himself under control, and re-buckled his belt.

“Well, forget it if you don’t need it. Go to bed and have a good night.”

Joyce hurriedly lay down in the corner of the bed, and she curled up to sleep as far away from him as possible.

It was really awkward. Her heart was pounding.

She didn’t fall asleep until the daybreak.

Aaron arrived in the early hours of the morning and had the Maybach with the broken glass towed away for repairs. He also drove a Bentley.

For safety reasons, he stood outside of the inn on night duty.

Until Luther woke up from his nap.

The early morning sunlight shone in, spilling dappled light and shadows in the room.

Joyce slowly opened her eyes. In fact, she did not fall asleep, and just took a nap for a while when it was almost dawn.

She sat up with a terrible headache.

Aaron knocked on the door and brought a change of clothes. Joyce had met Aaron before, and she reached out to take them with a slight nod.

Each washed up briefly.

The two walked out of the room and Joyce checked out of the room.

Aaron has been waiting outside for a long time.

Luther glanced askance at Joyce, a tired face with dark circles.

He teased, "Didn't sleep well?"

Joyce looked up and said without a smile, "How can I possibly sleep well with you around?"

How ambiguous the words were, she didn't even realize it herself.

Luther, "....." really didn't know if she can tease, or was an afterthought.

Instead, Aaron lowered his head in embarrassment. He'd better not be curious about his boss's thing.

He handed over a kraft paper bag containing sandwiches, milk coffee, etc., "Luther, you will have a little breakfast first."

Aaron drove the car, and Luther and Joyce sat in the back.

Joyce took out her sandwich and ate it. The bread was fluffy and the meat was fresh and delicate. She was afraid of that the sandwich Aaron brought was packed from one of the top dim sum restaurants.

Aaron respectfully asked, "Luther, back to the main house first?"

"First to the civil affairs bureau." Joyce mumbled with her mouth stuffed with breakfast.

Luther looked at her silently. His handsome eyes under his sword brows seemed not angry.

This woman, on the contrary, was impatient and put him in an unpleasant mood.

“No business first?” Joyce was surprised. Did she say something wrong? Wasn’t he the one who said yes yesterday?

“To the civil affairs bureau.” said Luther.

“You’re not eating? It’s delicious.” Joyce handed it to him.

Luther did not pick up, coldly said, “No need.” There was no need to eat with her for he was already full of anger.

Joyce rolled her eyes for his sarcastic tone. Forgot it.

It was far away and the car took a long time to drive.

Joyce fell asleep with a full stomach, and when she woke up, the car was already parked in front of the Civil Affairs Bureau.

In the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Came Joyce’s surprised voice.

“What?!” Unbelief was written all over her face, “A cooling-off period for divorce?! What is this?”

The staff explained briefly, “Sorry Miss, it’s like this, from January 1 this year, a cooling-off period has been added to the divorce procedure. You need to apply first, and within thirty days from the date we receive the application, either party who does not want to divorce can withdraw the registration application. When the thirty days expire, both parties need to come in person to apply for the divorce certificate. Failure to show up will be considered as withdrawal of the application.”

Joyce was stunned, which meant that it would be thirty days before the divorce was official.

“Well, then, let’s apply first.” She said helplessly.

“Okay, please show your IDs.” The staff said.

Joyce took out her citizenship card.

She saw Luther standing still with his hands in the pockets and a cool look on his face.

She looked at him suspiciously and asked, “Where is your ID card?”

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Luther shrugged, "Didn't bring it."

"Why didn't you say so earlier?!" Joyce was not calm. It was obvious that he was the one who wanted a divorce, and they made a trip early in the morning for nothing.

"You didn't ask."

Joyce, "....."

Aaron glanced at them, and did not make a sound. The boss's documents had always been kept by him. Did the boss forget it? Should he remind it? He was struggling whether he should remind his boss or not for a while. Then, he decided to pretend he knew nothing at all.

"Go back to the main house and rest, and get Jamie here." Luther instructed him and left the civil service.

Jamie was the family doctor at the Warner family and came by the last time when Grandma fell down in a faint.

It seemed that they can't divorce today. Joyce was also very tired after a night of tossing and turning.

It was just a matter of going back and catching up on sleep. They had to take a rain check on the application.

The divorce was just delayed.

As graduation approached, Joyce became busy with the school stuff.

Joyce couldn't be bothered with the divorce for a while.

The internship project team of professor Owens' automotive design eventually settled on a studio located inside the R&S Group headquarters.

R&S headquarters has set aside half a floor on the 12th floor for the project team. The team has been busy in the past few days moving machines and organizing various documents.

Joyce, Shelly and a few others were in the design team, while Charlotte was in the sales and promotion team. Shelly ended up in the project team through the Warner family.

They were finally able to leave the school for an internship. Still, these people were in the same place.

Today was the first day of their internship.

Joyce arrived at the R&S headquarters on her own. Although she usually lived in the Warner family, she only let Aaron drive her to the subway entrance. After all, she and Luther were in a relationship that cannot be exposed.

In front of the headquarters building, there was a giant fountain plaza with a spectacular European-style sculpture.

It was her first time to be here. She stood downstairs looking up at this towering building. There were eighty or ninety floors, maybe. The golden glass seamlessly connected each floor. The building was so tall as if extended into the clouds. The sunshine was so dazzling that stung people's eyes.

The power of money was surely staggering.

Joyce looked a little out of place from her simple white shirt, black skirt and backpack.

"Look at you. Take off your fancy clothes and you still think you are a princess?"

The piercing, shrill taunt came from behind.

The voice was a bit familiar.

Joyce turned around and met a pair of sultry eyes that seemed to kill her on the spot. The fiery red dress, heavy makeup. It was Martha, the one who got her into trouble at the last party.

Martha came here today for a car modeling campaign, but she didn't expect to meet Joyce downstairs. She inquired people about Joyce afterwards. An orphan with no background dared to compete with her?

Joyce made a fool of her at the party, and she had not dealt with it yet.

What a coincidence!

Joyce could naturally see her hostility.

Martha was aggressive and her sharp eyes swept over Joyce's cheap clothes, "Look at the cheap clothes you're wearing. You don't deserve Luther's love. Don't you even look yourself in the mirror? How dare you stay with him?"

In front of the company, Joyce didn't want to look for trouble and turned to leave.

Not talking, ignoring, sometimes seemed like a bigger provocation to the other person.

With hatred, Martha was irritated. She rushed forward, raised her hand to give Joyce a slap.

Joyce was agile and dodged. Keeping Martha's wrist off, she gave her a crisp slap without hesitation.

"I didn't answer you before because I didn't want to look for trouble. It doesn't mean that I can let people bully me. If you know how to behave, you should have stopped just now!"

Feeling shameful and angry at the same time, she tried to pull her hand back, but was not as strong as Joyce. She was so mad that she didn't care about her image and simply jumped on Joyce like a mad dog. Then she used her other hand to choke Joyce hard.

"Stop, let her go."

Luther got out of his car just in time to see the scene.

He stepped forward and pushed Martha away. Then, he pulled Joyce behind him and said coldly, "You're hurting her."

He saw that Joyce's arm bruised from Martha's pinching.

Martha saw Luther and cried out incredulously, "It was she who hit me, how could I hurt her? she was the one who hit me. Why are you defending her instead?" She pointed to her face, hysterical.

"Don't make trouble." Luther warned.

"Luther, what is your relationship with her anyway? She's not your type." Martha cried her heart out with accusations.

Luther didn't bother to look at her and said coolly, "I surely can choose my type. It's none of your business."

Martha was so jealous that she went crazy and took it all out on Joyce, "Why are you so brazen? Tell me how much you want to leave him. Make a price! Take the money and disappear now!" The woman's intuition told her that Joyce would be a great threat and must be dealt with before it was too late.

"I can make an offer?" Joyce thought it was kind of funny, and she glanced over at Luther with amusement.

Luther instantly became upset. He stared at Joyce, with eyes bursting with murderous energy.

This woman, if she really dared to make an offer, she will be dead!