

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 4

Evil thoughts were flying around in her head.

If she pretended that she saved such a man like him and had sex with him, she might be able to fly up the ladder from now on! Anyway, she had lost her virginity long ago. She had a boyfriend herself and had even slept with her tutors from school.

How could she miss such a great opportunity?

Oh, Joyce, although the two of them grew up together in an orphanage...

But inside her heart, she hates Joyce extremely, because Joyce is always the most dazzling one around them. She was just everywhere to steal her limelight, and even the dean also liked Joyce the most.

Joyce left the orphanage for shooting training a few years later and no one competed with her anymore.

And she climbed into her college mentor's bed and made it to Khebury's best, Cunard University.

But to her surprise, Joyce gave up the shooting competition and enrolled in Cunard University. And because of her excellent grades and good looks, she became quite famous in the school.

Damn! Joyce was able to skip a grade to get into Cunard near the end of her sophomore year, and she felt just so jealous.

It was as if she could never get rid of Joyce, always living under her glory.

She could not bear it any longer.

Joyce would never have imagined that such an excellent opportunity to get into the upper society would be taken away by her.

Immediately, she ran to the riverside to soak herself all over and bandage the wound on his leg.

And again, her clothes were all deliberately wrinkled and torn in some places. Finally, she bit her own lips.

She pinched herself hard on her legs and her eyes were suddenly filled with tears.

After making all the preparations and disguises.

She called for an ambulance and then stood by his side until he woke up.

She reckoned that the shrill ringing of the ambulance must have brought him to his senses. And the ambulance's dazzling lights would be enough for him to see her clearly.

Everything, water to water, seamless.

After waiting for a long time.

The loud sound of the ambulance pierced the long sky, and the dazzling flashing red lights lit up the dark night.

Luther was awakened by a noise and his head was dizzy.

He no longer felt hot, but relaxed instead. He struggled to open his eyes.

A faint sobbing sound came from beside him.

"You're awake? I called an ambulance and the car is already here."

"You"

In his mind, the charming scene just now came tumbling up and he knew what he had done.

That feeling was good and sweet so he could not bear to end what he did. And now he did not want the aftertaste to go away.

Luther narrowed his handsome eyes, and by the dazzling lights of the ambulance, he could see the person in front of him.

In front of him was a lovely girl, with thin eyebrows and a pair of bright almond watery eyes. She was soaked all over her long black hair, with water droplets still dripping from it. The morning sunlight sprinkled on her shoulders which made her look as pure and beautiful as a saint.

Her clothes were disheveled, her eyes were red and swollen, and she still had clear blood marks on her lips.

"Did you save me?" Luther barely managed to sit up.

Charlotte nodded gently, "You fell into the water and I dragged you up. You hurt your leg, but it's okay, I've bandaged it up."

"Just now I..."

Charlotte froze, crystalline tears spilling from the corners of her eyes, and her hands stirring the corners of her coat helplessly.

With her being like this, there was no doubt about what had happened.

Luther's heart sank with an overwhelming sense of disappointment.

It was different from what he had imagined, a big difference. He clearly remembered that the woman beneath him, like a small wildcat, refused to give in and kept resisting, causing him to exhaust his strength before he could barely stop her.

And the woman in front of him, obviously soft and weak.

It was hard for him to think it straight and to get it right.

"What's your name? How old are you?"

"Charlotte Meyer. Twenty-two, Marketing school of Cunard University."

Luther fell into deep thought, this night he was set up and attacked, and if not for her, perhaps he would have died.

She saved him in the first place, and he violated her instead.

He had to take the responsibility, no doubt.

He was a man who has always put responsibility first.

He remembered that he had promised to marry her.

But looking at the pitiful one in front of her.

He just could not have a feeling...

After a moment of hesitation, he stared, "I will take the responsibility. However, I need time."

He handed her a business card, "My name is Luther Warner, Miss Meyer, I'll remember you. I'll contact you when I'm done with the matter at hand."

After all, he had just gotten his marriage license with Joyce this morning. He needed enough time to process everything.

“You don’t have to worry about that...” Charlotte lowered her head and pretended to sob softly, “I know ... you didn’t mean it

She looked down at the business card in her hand, R&S Chief Executive Director, Luther.

No one could see the slightest hint of a winning smile crossing the corners of her mouth.