

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 41

After the party, Joyce sent off her elders downstairs on Garden Street and parted with her new colleagues before everyone went home.

New beginnings, new colleagues, everything was great.

The night breeze was slightly cold, brushing her cheeks and ruffling her ink-color hair.

She reached up and smoothed her hair behind her ear.

When she looked up, Joyce glimpsed a white figure on the corner not far away, standing out in the darkness of the night. She narrowed her eyes. Wasn't that Charlotte? Then a black military vehicle pulled up in front of Charlotte and picked her up.

Joyce looked down at her watch. Charlotte and Shelly had left first during the dinner. It was almost two hours ago. How came Charlotte was still on Garden Street?

She looked around and didn't see anyone suspicious.

Maybe she was overthinking it.

Joyce went straight to the direction of the subway. It was not too late, and she could catch the last train.

When she walked to the roadside and passed a black parked car, a sharp horn startled her.

The windows automatically fell down.

Joyce looked in and there was Luther.

Under the dark night, his perfect side face was like a sculptor. He turned his head and looked at her.

"Can you drive?" Luther asked.

Joyce nodded, "Yes."

She noticed that he was actually sitting in the passenger seat. How strange that he showed up on Garden Street so late, like he was waiting for someone.

Could it be that he was waiting for her on the road she had to take? He was afraid that there would be no car to go back home?

It was possible. She laughed. Maybe she was overthinking it.

“Get in the car. You drive.” Luther propped one hand on his forehead. His tone was clear and cold.

Joyce couldn't refuse, so she opened the main driver's door. As soon as she opened the door, she smelled alcohol, very fragrant and mellow.

“Did you drink?” She glanced at him, “Why don't you let Aaron drive you back?”

Luther's eyes flickered, “He's got something else to do.”

After saying that, he stopped talking, as if he was tired, and closed his eyes to have a rest.

Joyce didn't ask much and sat in sideways.

It was her first time to drive such a fancy car. Although she had gotten a driver's license and usually drove her tutor's car, she really had not touched this kind of electronic and intelligent car before. Looking around, she couldn't start the car.

“Luther, where is the car key?” She asked.

Luther was so drunk and uncomfortable. He didn't want to open his eyes, but only whispered, “It's in my pocket.”

Joyce held out her hand, “Can I have it?”

Luther still did not open his eyes. The after-effects of imported wine was very strong so he did not want to move “come and get it yourself.”

Joyce rolled her eyes. Was she serving a young master?

She unbuckled her seatbelt, leaned over to him and reached into his left pocket of the suit first. There was nothing nor on the other side. Then she went through his shirt pockets again, still nothing.

She simply suspected he was playing a trick on her and said without impatience, “Can't find it.”

Seeing that he didn't respond, she gave him a gentle nudge, “Don't sleep, give me the car key first.”

Did he really want her to drive? And she couldn't leave him on the roadside and let him sleep in the car for the night.

Luther finally opened his eyes. Seeing her bright, crystal-clear eyes, he could tell that she was angry.

"Pants pocket."

After saying that, he closed his eyes again.

Joyce held her breath and reached for his pants pocket again.

His pockets were a bit deep, and through a thin layer of fabric, she could feel the heat of his skin, and the powerful muscles of his legs. Leaning too close, the smell of alcohol mixed with strong male hormones filled her nostrils.

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Joyce's face was slightly hot and she couldn't help but keep her face away.

It felt like she was getting intoxicated by him.

Still nothing.

Could it be in the other pocket of the pants?

She had no choice but to stretch his body, head down, and put her hand in his right pants pocket.

"Oh my God, doing that thing without closing the window?" A woman passed by the car and screamed.

Doing that thing? Joyce was stunned, and then understood what it meant.

"Mind your own business. Can't you see it's a Bentley? A limited edition worthy of tens of millions RMB. It's a rich man's game. Go away, don't look at them." The man beside the girl said.

"But that's too"

"Let's go, let's go. Go back home and we'll do the same."

"You're annoying as hell."

Joyce actually wanted to look up and retorted to them. She was just looking for her car key. They were the ones who were overthinking it.

But the truth was, she didn't dare to look up in the end.

It felt like she was losing her face because of Luther.

Being misunderstood by others in the public.

The more embarrassed she felt, the more nervous she was. And the more nervous she was, the less she could touch the key. Unknowingly, her face had swelled to red. Finally she touched a hard thing, and her heart fluttered with joy.

"Where are you poking around?" Luther suddenly opened his eyes and looked directly at her. His voice was heavy and slightly hoarse.

Joyce was so startled that she retracted her hand.

Hard and long, was it not a key? Then what could it be?

"I... I can't find it." She was so embarrassed that she felt her ears were getting hot.

His eyes glanced at her, finally willing to move. He reached out and opened the center console, "Suddenly I remember the key is on me, you can start it directly."

Ah!

Joyce felt a fire burning in her chest. Was he fooling around her? She was misunderstood by the passers-by just now!

Luther didn't bother to pay attention to her, closed his eyes again and said faintly, "Hurry."

Joyce had nowhere to vent her frustration but to angrily start the Bentley. She closed the windows and stepped on the gas.

The limousine sped away.

When Joyce drove the car back to the Warner family's main house, Luther seemed to have fallen into a semi-sleepy state and couldn't wake up no matter how she woke him up. To be more precise, he was responding, but not reacting.

Joyce had no choice but to help him out of the car. She used all her strength to hold his shoulders and walked towards the house.

He was so heavy that the two stumbled together into the living room.

"Finally, you're back." The old voice rang out.

She didn't expect that Stephanie would still be waiting for them in the living room at this late hour.

Joyce had Luther's arm on her shoulder in a weird gesture and smiled awkwardly, "Grandma, why are you still up so late?"

"I don't feel well if I haven't see you two back. Joyce, you're not at home these days. I always feel stuffy." Stephanie's face was full of kind smile. Seeing them hugging each other, she was very happy.

She actually knew that they were just pretending to be together to deceive her. She was a wise businesswoman when she was young so she could know what they were doing to her. They can cultivate their relationship. Now they were hugging.

Grandma was good at choosing the candidate. Joyce has the courage to take charge and the Warner family needed such a hostess.

"Oh, the automotive project team has just been established, and we are gathering today. Grandma, starting tomorrow, I'll be home with you on time." Joyce was exhausted from dragging Luther and gasped, "Grandma, hurry up and go to bed."

How could she get Luther to the guest room if Grandma didn't go back to her room?

Stephanie said happily, "It's okay. I'll just be here to watch you guys go into the room together."

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Joyce lamented.

What was Grandma up to? On purpose?

Was it an unlucky day for her? It was so hard to get Luther back, and her grandmother caught her in the act.

Under the "watchful eyes" of Grandma, Joyce dragged Luther into his bedroom and threw him onto the bed.

She was tired and panting. Her forehead was covered with sweat.

Wait, why was this scene so familiar?

Joyce recalled the last time she rescued a man from the river. He was also this heavy, about the same height. Even the feeling of his body was similar. Last time she was in the suburban hotel and not able to take off his pants to verify something. The automotive project team made her busy, so she forgot about it.

Today's scene aroused her strong suspicions again.

She had to confirm it.

Could it be Luther, the person she saved and took her virginity at the time?

Luther was drunken and felt asleep, lying motionless on the bed with his chest up and down.

Joyce gritted her teeth and gently walked forward.

She reached decisively her hands for his belt.

After unbuckling the belt, quick as a flash, she removed his pants.

The sculpture-like perfection of her body pierced her eyes. Thinking back in the car

God

She closed her eyes for a moment, and felt her cheeks burning like fire.

It was just so humiliating to do something like this.

However, the sight in front of her made her in a dilemma. His legs were white and proportionate. Just both legs had scars with new and old injuries. Deep and shallow.

God, what had happened to him?

Joyce had a strange feeling. She didn't expect that he, who was usually bossing people around, had also experienced things that were not known to people.

Why exactly did he get these wounds? There were grazes from bullets and injuries from knives.

That touched her heart.

Right now, she can't even tell from the wounds if he was the one she saved last time.

Joyce sighed. Forgot it if he was not the one.

It was Luther's room, so she could found out a pair of his pants out of the closet and put them on him.

After the changing.

She reluctantly changed his shirt again in order to cover up the fact that she just wanted to take off his pants.

He got a robust physique, strong muscular lines, long and slender legs.

Her face was getting hot when she was changing clothes for him. So she simply turned off the light to not to see him.

But with the lights off, she can't see.

You can only groped around on him.

The more she touched his body, the hotter it felt.

It was hard to do it, and she felt like she was going crazily hot and sweaty too.

After covering him with the blanket, she dashed into the bathroom to take a shower.

After showering, she lay down on the couch with a blanket and went to sleep.

Sleeping in the same room with him always made she feel uneasy.

Joyce was dazed before she fell asleep.

Early the next morning.

“Clatter.”

Joyce was awakened by the sound of water in the bathroom.

She rubbed her sleepy eyes and slowly opened them. The curtains had been pulled back and the morning daylight shone in.

Next to the bed, Luther's clothes were thrown all over the place, messy as if something had happened last night.

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Joyce sat up from the couch and was just about to get up.

Luther came out of the bathroom. His black hair was wet with water droplets slipping down and dripping onto his sexy chest. There were water droplets in his defined face.

White bath towel was around his belly button, sexy to the extreme.

Robust physique, strong muscular lines, long and slender legs.

Last night the light was dark, now it was so bright.

She could see it more clearly and realistically.

Thinking about what she did last night, Joyce instantly blushed. After all, she had not been intimate with men before. That he was so “naked” and stood in front of her naturally made her feel embarrassed.

She turned her face away.

“Did you help me change into my pajamas last night?” Luther raised his eyebrows. His eyes were like falcons, looking at her askance.

“Yes, I did it.”

It was not okay for Joyce to deny it.

“I didn’t throw up. Why did I need to change?” A strange fire jumped in Luther’s eyes, “And why am I sleeping in this room.”

It seemed that he didn’t remember anything after he got off the car yesterday.

“I had to get you here last night when you were drunk and I was the one driving you home. And Grandma was watching us downstairs. We couldn’t let Grandma find out we didn’t sleep in the same room!” Joyce explained awkwardly.

It was early in the morning. Did he get up with a bad mood?

He was a man. Why did he mind it that she helped him change?

She didn’t even care.

He frowned slightly and took a big step closer to her, forcing her to confess more, “Is that so? Why do I get the impression that you’re always trying to find ways to undress me?”

“You’re sick.” Joyce frowned and stood up from the couch, trying to push away from him who was stepping up close to her.

Her heart was beating so fast. Obviously she had covered it up. Did he find it out?

He was one step quicker to hold her wrist.

His hands were slightly hot, perhaps because he had just taken a shower.

Even she felt hot.

She tried to break away from him, but couldn't shake it off.

"Do you know that or not?" He leaned closer to her, almost clinging. "No one can be sober when a man and a woman are in the same room together. You're playing with fire."

This woman had tempted him twice and now she was pretending to be innocent.

He could no longer repress his feelings.

He held her head and kissed her.

The fresh mint smell rushed straight into her nose, lips and teeth, and up to her heart and lungs.

She froze, her mind going blank.

Feeling herself violated, instinct made her raise her hand.

He left her lips and instantly squeezed her wrist, tying her hands behind her back. There was a dark red fire burning at the bottom of his eyes, "Want to hit me a second time?"

He covered her lips again.

He was fierce as a beast.

His breathing was getting heavier, and she just felt like she was suffocating and about to be swallowed by him.

When she tried to push him away, he simply held her hands back with one hand, so that she could not move and could only let him violate her.

She was kissed and her whole body trembled lightly. The more she trembled, the more he kissed her.

That was how a man behaved. The more they resisted, the more they wanted.

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A dangerous feeling assaulted her whole body, a familiar feeling, as if she was forced to lose her body that night. Domination, no resistance.

"No, let go." She was scared.

The memory of that night overwhelmed her and her whole body trembled.

Like finally sensing her difference.

Luther let go of her.

Joyce instinctively clenched her chest collar, gasped violently, and tried her best to control the trembling. The feeling of humiliation came up, and the eyes instantly moistened.

He had never seen her being scared before. To be precise, it should be called fear.

Being chased and in the shootout, she can calmly and easily cope with it.

What exactly was she afraid of? Was he a viper and a beast? What made her so afraid of?

“What, isn’t that what you want?” The temperature in Luther’s eyes chilled down, “How long do you want to play the game of cat and mouse?”

Joyce fell into the couch and curled up, hugging her calves and calming her panicked heartbeat, not wanting to take any more of his insulting words.

The look on her face made his heart prickle a little, and eventually he didn’t say anything more.

“Knock knock”

At that moment, a knocking came in burst.

“Luther, Joyce, are you two there?”

It was Stephanie’s voice.

Luther stroked his forehead and complained that his grandmother learned to inspect them early in the morning.

He casually put on a shirt and went up to unlock the door.

When the door was open, Grandma could see the ambiguous scene in the room with a mess of clothes and the flushed Joyce.

“Go ahead and continue. You guys go on.” Stephanie was so satisfied and couldn’t stop smiling. It was nice that these two finally knew what to do.

Stephanie was just about to close the door for them.

Joyce rushed up at this time and held the door handle, "Grandma, I have to go to work. I need to go." said in a hurry.

At this moment she can't hide her red lips, nor her flushed face, nor her messy clothes.

But she just couldn't stay here any longer.

She wasn't sure that if Luther would completely lose control when the door was closed again.

She darted out, not looking back.

Stephanie said to Luther, "Be gentle, don't scare her. I'll have the kitchen make you sea cucumber later, so you can strengthen your body. I don't have much time left, so if she can get pregnant, I'll die with no regrets."

"Grandma, don't be ridiculous. Look how good you are now." Luther hated to hear such words. Grandma was the most important family to him.

"Okay, okay." Stephanie turned to leave, stumbling slowly down the stairs. She was indeed in good spirits, but only she knew that she was hanging on by a thread with pain medication. Now she had tripled her dosage and still couldn't restrain the pain from time to time. She didn't have much time left.

Luther closed the door and stepped into the bathroom again.

He just took a bath in vain, because he was feeling hot again. He unscrewed the cold water faucet to wake himself up.

It was Felix's fault that made him drink so much wine yesterday.

He wanted to pick up Joyce by car. It would be too late to go back home without a car for Joyce. It was not easily to drive a car to the Garden Street and stop on her way to the subway. His head was too painful to let him continue driving.

Although he was drunk last night, but still had a vague impression that this woman took off his pants and clothes, and touched on his body, so that he could not endure until the morning.