

# You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

## Chapter 46

Damn woman, it was clearly her who took the initiative to undress him for many times.

She seduced him, and he just did what she wanted.

At the thought of her frightened expression, he became so upset.

Joyce was in a hurry to get to work at R&S headquarters. She was a bit disoriented, looking at the subway shuttling back and forth, and was lost in thought, causing her to miss a train.

By the time she arrived, she looked at her watch and was ten minutes late.

“Crap.” She frowned, blaming Luther for delaying her in the morning and stirring up her mind.

She has always been strict with herself, and punctuality was the first requirement.

When she came to the office, Supervisor Lauren looked displeased and called out to Joyce, “Stop.”

Joyce bowed respectfully, “Lauren.”

Lauren was mainly responsible for managing the daily matters of the R&D team, and attendance was naturally included. Today she was wearing a black work suit with white shirt, and her hair was meticulously coiled up, making her look smart and competent.

“Let’s see. Who do you think you are? A big shot oversleep?” With a sarcastic face and a rather contemptuous expression, Lauren pointed to Charlotte, who was sitting not far away behind the partition, and flattered Charlotte, “Look at the real big shot, who diligently arrived half an hour early.”

“I’m sorry, there was an accident.” Joyce was unjustifiable and didn’t want to make excuses for herself.

“Hey, that’s why the rich and powerful people are working hard now. You, the underclass still don’t know the shame and deserve to be poor for the rest of your lives.” Lauren spoke aggressively.

Joyce tilted her head and just felt funny. She thought there was no need for Lauren to say such a bad word to her.

Juanita gave Joyce a look that told her to hold back. The project had just started and it would do no good to offend Lauren.

Charlotte, seeing this, stood up and walked forward, advising, "Lauren, I think Joyce must have encountered something. She's a great student, and she's a popular figure at Conard University."

"You, still speak for her. You can't be too kind otherwise you may easily suffer loss. I brought you a cappuccino by the way this morning, take it. You go and continue your work. You got me here." Lauren immediately turned around, full of smiles, nodding to Charlotte. Knowing that Charlotte's background was so noble, how can she not kiss up to her? Maybe she could get a proper position in the government with only one word from Charlotte.

Charlotte feigned a look of embarrassment as she accepted the cappuccino.

Then she dutifully returned to her seat. Waiting for a good show.

Charlotte's words, ostensibly speaking on Joyce's behalf, actually undoubtedly added fuel.

Lauren was not well educated, and her grades were not good enough. So she relies on the means to help her get the supervisor position. She was usually most jealous of ones who were good at study.

Charlotte knew all the things about Lauren for she inquired about them in advance with special intention.

"Oh, is it great to be a good student? You can be late because you are a good student? Nowadays there are plenty of people who are disciplined, down-to-earth and willing to work as well. Now that you've stepped into society, you have to start from the basics." Lauren continued to be sarcastic and her face of heavy make-up was distorted.

"Yes, I understand." Joyce nodded. Wise people would not argue about it.

"You don't need to work today. Go make coffee for everyone first, and also, clean the room all over again, and wipe down all the tables. Figure out your place. Behave yourself before you do anything!" Lauren ordered them with a pompous manner.

## Chapter 47

"Yes, Lauren, but Professor Owens asked me to help him with his drawing, which requires UG 3D software and is due in the morning." Joyce chuckled and shrugged. "Could you help Professor Owens for me? I heard that you also major in manufacturing and design."

Joyce was very articulate and always had a great presence.

“You!” Lauren’s face turned green with anger. She made it into a management position with great efforts and already forgot how to use the software. Was Joyce deliberately defiant? Was her deliberate attempt to make her lose face?

Juanita walked forward to mediate with pleasing smile, “I’ll make coffee. I’ll go. I’m newcomer and I’m the youngest. I should do it.”

Lauren burned up and said loudly, “Get out of the way. It is none of your business.”

Juanita looked at Joyce worriedly and walked away helplessly.

Joyce gave her an “all right” look in return.

Charlotte sat in a place not far away from them, watching the scene, feeling very happy.

Yesterday she complained about Joyce in private with Lauren, and it seemed that Lauren took her words to heart. She thought, it was impossible that everyone liked Joyce, and believed the power can overwhelm her.

“Lauren, I’m sorry for being for ten minutes late. Please don’t feel offended. I can stay after work to clean the room. Is it okay? Please don’t mind it if I offend you in any way.”

Joyce’s sincere words made Lauren speechless.

No, if Lauren can’t stop Joyce today, how can she continue to be the supervisor in R&S Group in the future?

At this time, Lauren’s sharp eyes noticed that Joyce’s neckline was slightly messed up and a red mark seemed to show on her neck.

She sneered a little. Her keen sense of smell told her that this bitch must have gone somewhere last night, fooling around with men.

No wonder she was late today.

Lauren glanced fiercely at Joyce and then smiled, “Joyce, I only thought you were untouchable because of your own level. I didn’t expect you to be this kind of woman that relies on your body to get to the top.”

“What?” Joyce wondered.

There was no need to be hysteric just because she was a few minutes late. She had already put up with it again and again.

But it was obvious that Lauren didn't want to let her go.

"Look, your lips are red and swollen. Your shirt is unkempt with a wrinkled collar and red marks on your neck. Tell me, where did you go last night? What kind of wild man are you dating with?"

Joyce was not that kind of woman, but it was clear that Lauren was going to punish her. Everyone was a little worried about Joyce.

"There's no need to report my personal matters to the company, is there?" Joyce closed her eyes and thought she can't be bullied by her too much.

"How dare you talk back when I ask you question?" Being annoyed, Lauren raised her hand and stepped forward to hit Joyce.

Juanita was shocked by Lauren's stance.

Seeing that Lauren was about to slap Joyce.

Joyce quickly took out her hand and intercepted Lauren's wrist in mid-air. She frowned deeply. Why did people nowadays want to hit others. Martha did, and so did Lauren. She was not at the mercy of others.

Lauren looked incredulously at her squeezed wrist.

She struggled to break free, but could not shake Joyce's hand off.

Joyce, after all, was a former gun owner, and the strength of her hand was sufficient to deal with a woman.

They stared at each other silently.

Lauren was shocked by the coldness that burst out of Joyce's eyes.

In this way, Joyce told Lauren that it was not easy to beat her. There was a limit in everything. Lauren was the leader and she had to put up with it. But now she could no longer tolerate it at.

At that moment, Juanita glimpsed Luther, the big boss, who seemed to be walking this way. She quickly and wisely shouted out, "Good morning, president Warner!"

Lauren froze.

Why was he here?

That meant that she can't hit someone in front of the president.

## Chapter 48

She winked at Joyce, signaling Joyce needed to hurry up and let go of her.

Joyce let go violently.

The inertial power made Lauren step backwards accidentally.

At this time.

Luther stepped into the office with a cool and noble look.

He strode and passed by the floor-to-ceiling windows.

At that moment, the radiant sunlight seemed to penetrate the glass, enveloping his entire body in a halo.

Charlotte almost looked stunned, unable to express her admiration to him in words. Being pure as jade and having a peerless complexion were the most accurate interpretation of him.

Lauren spruced herself and straightened her collar to make sure she had the proper etiquette.

Then she hurriedly turned around, bent down respectfully at Luther, and smiled, "President, what brings you here. If there is anything you want to do, just tell me."

That was so strange. How could Luther personally come to a small R&D project team?

Could it be to visit Charlotte? Yesterday she heard all the talk at the front desk that Charlotte, the general's daughter, had engaged with Luther.

Lauren sensibly pointed to Charlotte, "President, Charlotte is sitting over there."

Luther's expression was tight and very cold, and he didn't even look at Lauren.

Directly ignoring it, he passed by Lauren.

Nor did he look at Charlotte.

Instead, he walked straight to Joyce and stopped in front of her.

Lauren was dumbfounded. Wasn't Luther here to see Charlotte?

His aim was to see Joyce?

Joyce saw Luther and felt her head ache again instantly. She recalled the morning scene and felt embarrassed.

She subconsciously turned her head away, not wanting to look directly at him.

Luther handed the phone to Joyce with clear and cold voice, "You left your phone at the foot of the bed."

Joyce checked the pockets, but found that she did not bring her cell phone.

She took the phone in a daze. For a moment, she didn't know what to say and simply chose not to make a sound.

Luther turned and left.

There was no excess expression.

What happened just now made the entire project team stunned.

Lauren's delicate makeup completely collapsed. What was going on?

She just scolded Joyce for fooling around last night, and now Luther came over to return the phone.

Apparently, Joyce's phone was left at Luther's bedside last night. So they? What was their relationship?

God, she wondered if Luther heard how she described him just now.

She also wondered if Luther knew she wanted to hit Joyce.

Lauren's legs went weak and she fell into the circle chair. She used all the means over the years to push out many people. And she had tried so hard to get the position of supervisor. She felt like her career was going to be screwed up.

How was that possible? Didn't Luther have a fiancée, Charlotte? How could she be befriending the wrong person?

Lauren's face was so pale that her whole body went limp.

Others also looked at Joyce. In addition to being surprised they were secretly relieved. No matter what, Joyce at least will not be bullied again.

Juanita threw an ambiguous look at Joyce and gave her a sneaky thumbs up.

Joyce was dumbfounded because they all thought too much. It was not what they thought.

No one knew what Luther was thinking. He visited her so blatantly. Would he be afraid of misunderstanding from others?

Obviously, a misunderstanding has been caused.

Charlotte bowed her head with shifty eyes. Under the table, her fists were clenched, and the bones of her hands were clearly visible.

Joyce, look at what you had done to me!

After the morning farce, everyone in the office took their places and got busy with work.

Joyce came to Charlotte's desk and explained slightly, "Don't get me wrong. There's nothing between him and me."

## Chapter 49

After all, Charlotte was the one who really engaged with Luther.

Joyce didn't want to get involved in other people's marriages.

With watery eyes, Charlotte smiled, "Never mind. I still trust you. You can go ahead with your work."

"Hmm." Joyce nodded. She returned to her seat, turned on her computer and opened the 3D design software. Joyce began to concentrate on her drawing.

On the other side, Luther returned to his exclusive office.

He pressed the call button, "Get Casey in here."

Not long after, a man in a gray suit with a clean face walked in.

He was Luther's special assistant Casey.

"Mr. Luther, may I ask what you need?" Casey asked respectfully.

"About the new projects in automotive research and development, give me a brief overview of the progress." Luther sat in his swivel chair with an elegant posture.

The ink-black large desk had a paperweight in the shape of a leopard with a pair of emerald eyes.

He reached out his hands and repeatedly rubbed it. The more difficult the tame was, the more he wanted to tame.

“Mr. Luther, this car design uses integrated casting technology, which requires the molten metal liquid to be cast through a large mold. Before that, we need 70 small parts. With the casting, the number is reduced to four that makes up the body of the car. This greatly reduces production costs and also improves the strength of the parts.” Casey reported.

“The designer, is Joyce?” Luther raised an eyebrow. She was quite capable, and was actually an incomparable talent.

“Yes, Luther,” said Casey who was surprised in that Luther would not ask for such details in the past.

“Is there a supervisor named Lauren in the project team?” He remembered the scene where Joyce was embarrassed just now, and he heard it all.

“Yes. Her name is Lauren.” said Casey.

“She’s fired, and this project is under your personal supervision.” Luther got up, and his voice was without a trace of emotion. His eyes were like universe.

He walked towards the floor-to-ceiling windows and looked out on the 88th floor. The view was spectacular with the sky, clouds, mountains and tall buildings. And he could see the whole of Khebury.

“Yes. Luther.” said Casey as he was about to exit the office.

It was weird that Luther would fire a junior executive. He didn’t know what did Lauren do that offended Luther.

At that moment, Luther suddenly turned around with an unknown smile, “Wait. Keep her.”

He suddenly felt that things might get more interesting by keeping Lauren.

It was better to wait and see what happened.

“Yes. Mr. Luther.”

Casey left the office with amazed feeling. What was wrong with Luther? Why did he recall his order? What was going on in the automotive development program that he didn’t know about?

At lunchtime, Charlotte requested to leave the office for a while during lunch break.

She deliberately walked quite a distance to find an out-of-the-way drugstore. A mask on her face, she went in to buy a pregnancy tester.

With the tester in her pocket, she then walked into the bathroom of a cafe shop.

Such a thing, of course, can not be done at home and in the company.

After waiting for a short time, Charlotte looked at two striking bars on the pregnancy test.

As she thought, she was indeed pregnant.

If she was an ordinary person, she will be at a loss for words. But she, Charlotte, had never been an ordinary person.

She calmly looked at the pregnancy tester several times, smiled and then dropped it in the toilet.

The baby was definitely Thomas'. She conceived just days before Joyce saved Luther's life. The timing was so coincidental that she can make a big deal out of it.

## Chapter 50

It was impossible to keep the child. Now She had such a noble identity. "He or she" did not deserve to come into this world.

Only, she had to plan this matter well and maximized the benefits of this fetus to achieve her purpose.

She'd got some thinking to do.

Charlotte's lips curled up in a wry smile when she was thinking.

Naturally and calmly, she flushed the tester down the drain, shredding the box and destroying all traces of it.

Immediately afterwards, she walked out of the bathroom and left the shop.

The daylight was so good as if there was gold being scattered all over the place.

Charlotte's slender figure, faded into the crowd.

Shelly slept over until noon, so naturally she missed out on a great scene in the morning.

Joyce went downstairs to get some fresh air in the lunch break .

After drawing the design for hours, her whole body was a little sore.

Opposite the R&S headquarters was a merchandise street, with two rows of hundred-year sycamore trees forming a boulevard. The green stone path was like an oasis in the noisy city, which was extraordinarily quiet.

As Joyce walked aimlessly down the boulevard, she took out her cell phone.

After a moment's hesitation, she dialed Justin's number again.

"Sorry, the phone number you have dialed does not exist, please check and dial again."

Still disappointed, she looked blankly at her phone. She was able to dial his number before, but now the number didn't even exist.

Justin, where the hell were you? What should I do if you didn't get your legs treated and miss the best time?

She always felt that as long as she didn't get a refund, she might be able to find Justin someday.

If she got the refund from the hospital, it was like losing the hope forever and maybe Justin's leg will never be cured again.

Her heart rose with a strong sense of guilt, mixing with the emptiness and hopelessness. Taking a deep breath, she can not calm down.

As she kept walking, she saw a cafe shop.

The European and Mediterranean style of decoration, the color of blue and white, all made her have a sense of refreshing.

"Can I have a cup of iced mochaccino?" Joyce took out her phone and showed the payment code.

"Yes, Miss, please wait a moment." The waitress was very enthusiastic.

"I'll have it too." A low, magnetic voice rang out behind her.

Joyce, subconsciously, moved herself sideway.

"We meet again. Every time I see you, you seem to have something on your mind?"

Joyce turned around and looked at him.

He was wearing a pure black suit and a pair of sunglasses, with sultry and evil appearance.

“I don’t know you.” Joyce didn’t even bother to lift her eyelids. It was none of his business whether she had something on her mind or not.

Every time Christian met her, he had the feeling of being instantly insulted.

He hurriedly took off his sunglasses and his evil eyes blinked, “Can you look at me again? You don’t know me?”

He noticed that she didn’t respond.

He said it and was disgruntled, “We met last time at Riveria Haze. Have you forgotten?”

Last time at Riveria Haze she said he was a bad person and told him to stay away from her.

She was so cool that instantly aroused his interest.

In fact, Joyce recognized him. He looked so evil. It was difficult to find a second one in the whole Khebury so she could recognize him easily.

Christian had a bad smile, “Let me introduce myself to you. My name is Christian from the Ballard family ...”

Before the words could be finished, they were interrupted by Joyce in a raw manner.

Joyce got the coffee just in time.

“I don’t dare to be interested in you. Please step aside, you’re in my way.”