

# You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

## Chapter 51

Christian got mad because she was too disgraceful.

Always, woman flocked to him, and never a woman who dared to turn him away.

Joyce, a senior student at Cunard University, was currently interning in the automotive project team at R&S headquarters. Today he was passing by and didn't expect to see her walking into the coffee shop, so he followed her in.

"Sir, your coffee is ready." The waitress enthusiastically handed the coffee to Christian with a blushing smile on her face. Such a sultry man, like a poppy flower with fatal attraction.

Christian took the coffee, full of irritation.

Seeing that Joyce was leaving, Christian tried to reach out and tug her.

A young couple came in to buy coffee.

Christian just tugged Joyce's arm with one hand, the other hand holding the coffee. Then he bumped into the couple and the coffee spilled all over them.

"Ah! Oh my God!" The girl screamed for her new white shirt that she had bought today, all ruined by the coffee.

The boy was also shocked and took a step back. However the brand new buckskin shoes were covered with coffee stains.

Joyce turned around at the sound and looked down at Christian who was tugging on his hand, only to feel helpless.

Apparently, he wanted to making troubles for me in the public.

"Don't rush off. I have something to ask you." Christian spoke coolly. He completely ignored the young couple who were splashed with coffee, as if they did not exist.

Joyce handed the girl the napkin and instructed her to wipe it off quickly.

Looking up, she questioned Christian, "You're not apologizing?"

"Huh." Christian laughed. He had never apologized to anyone since he was born, and this woman in front of him wanted him to apologize. It was ridiculous.

He took his wallet out of his suit pocket, and his two long fingers squeezed a thick pile of money.

Then, he stuffed the money into the boy's coat pocket.

He stopped laughing and his voice was extremely cold, as if it can freeze people into ice, "Take it to buy a new pair of shoes. Do you still need an apology?"

The boy was taken by his dangerous aura and his legs trembled. With the black suit and tie, the man in front of him may be a gangster who can kill him in a minute. How could he dare to provoke him?

"No, no, no. Sorry sorry sorry. We were careless and bumped into you, sorry." The boy was abashed, bowed his head and admitted his mistake.

Joyce staggered. She had seen the bullying before, but never seen such arrogant one. Money was really powerful.

She used to think that Luther could do whatever he wanted because of his money, but now it seems that Luther was much more polite compared with him.

"What? Little girl, do you need an apology?" Christian's lips hooked up and had a wild smile. Step by step, he got close to the girl whose clothes were spilled with coffee. He winked at her and asked seductively.

"No, no, no need." The girl had never seen such a handsome man before. Her face instantly flushed, and her bewildered eyes were full of adoration. She shyly bowed her head and stuttered her words.

Christian smiled and took out another stack of money, throwing it arrogantly on the girl's chest, "Take it to buy clothes. Is it enough?"

The girl subconsciously reached out to take the money, and although she had the feeling of being humiliated, she only dared to nod her head repeatedly.

Seeing this, the boy hurriedly pulled the girl along with him and fled.

While walking away, he apologized repeatedly, "Sorry sorry sorry."

"Look, they don't even need me to apologize. Can't blame me oh." Christian shrugged.

At that moment, the coffee shop clerk trotted out and handed over a cup of iced mocha coffee with adoring eyes, "Sir, just now your coffee spilled. I made you a new one."

Christian took the coffee, opened the lid and took a sip. Then he smiled seductively at Joyce.

## Chapter 52

“Heh.” Joyce was speechless at the ridiculous.

And it was none of her business.

She would have sit in a cafe for a while and have a cup of coffee, but now that was not possible.

Joyce turned around to leave, but Christian stopped her again.

“Every time I see you, you’re preoccupied. Is Luther treating you badly?” Christian asked curiously.

Joyce thought it was pointless to keep wasting time on it and simply answered him, “I have nothing to do with him. You misunderstood.”

“Misunderstanding?” Christian snorted and shook his head. “There’s no way he’d bring unrelated women to a party.”

“You wouldn’t believe me even if I told you, so why ask more questions?” Joyce was tempted to shake off his hand, but he clutched it tightly, “Why don’t you just go ask Luther?”

Intuition told her that the man in front of her was not an ordinary person, perhaps he was involved in the gangster. Perhaps he was Luther’s enemy.

In short, she needed to stay away.

“Your name is Joyce, isn’t it?” He teased at her slightly.

She froze for a moment. It seemed he had everything about her.

He closed his hand with force and instantly pulled her in front of him. Too close, she could clearly feel his breath.

“You smell so good. I love it.”

“Let go. What are you trying to do in public?” She looked away, dodging.

“What, are you afraid?”

He laughed evilly and wildly, and lowered his head to give her a peck on the cheek.

“Shameless.” Joyce thought it was annoyed that she had been molested in public.

“How about not leaving Luther and be with me? I can give you anything you want.” He said it in a bad way.

Joyce kicked him hard and shook off his hand, finally breaking away from him and taking a few steps back.

“Sick.” With that, she turned and ran for the door.

This person was dangerous and she cannot have any involvement.

Christian did not chase after her, smiling and shouting at her back, “the Ballard family group, Christian. Woman, you will need me one day. Remember to come to me oh.”

Joyce ignored it.

As she trotted to the cafe door, she glanced back at Christian.

He was seen propping up the bar with one hand, legs folded and placed, sipping coffee in a leisurely manner.

Thinking about his bad behavior just now, she suddenly felt the fire inside her body everywhere.

Such people should always be taught a lesson.

With that in mind, she held a boomerang dart in her hand.

The dart flew out like a sword and returned to her hand quickly.

The impact was swift, and the black liquid poured out all over his expensive suit and shiny American crocodile shoes.

It instantly made him wretched.

In his life, he had never been so screwed.

He froze and disbelief was on his face.

Because he saw it.

Although the speed was extremely fast and difficult for the average person to perceive. But he can see it clearly that it was a boomerang dart that hit the coffee in his hand and then flew back.

The person who threw the boomerang was Joyce.

He saw her turn around with a stunning smile. That made her heart beat.

“Heh, so it was you who saved Luther last time,” Christian became serious and his lips curled up in a playful manner.

All of the people chasing Luther were wounded by the boomerang darts. The depth of the wounds was measured with precision.

He had been looking for it, and it was you.

Joyce!

Things was getting interesting.

## Chapter 53

R&S Group headquarters.

“Boomerang darts?” Luther’s looked surprised.

“Yes, Luther,” Aaron placed a copy of the investigation report on Luther’s desk, “You were attacked by three killers and fell into the river with a grazing gunshot wound to the leg. The reason the three killers didn’t continue shooting into the water is because, all of them were wounded in the neck with concealed weapons.”

“I found the doctor of the underground clinic that gave them emergency treatment. He took OGW 2 million RMB and fled to S-town. It took me quite some time to find him. According to his account at that time all three killers neck was cut open, blood flowing. With one inch deeper, the artery will be cut and they will be killed on the spot. This shows that the person only wanted to teach the three killers a lesson and repel them, not to take their lives.”

“So the person was simply passing through?” Luther raised an eyebrow. That was interesting.

“You could say that.” Aaron nodded and continued, “According to the doctor’s description of the surgical wounds, gunshot wounds can be ruled out, but they are not ordinary knife wounds either. Ordinary stab wounds, deep inside and shallow outside, while the three killers’ stab wounds were shallow on both sides and deep in the middle.”

“I mocked up the general look and consulted the experts and they said it might be a boomerang dart.” Aaron gestured with his fingers, “v-shape, that is, after throwing the dart, the cyclotron force will make the dart fly back to the hand. Thus, no trace of the attack is visible.”

“No wonder there was only blood on the ground at the scene, without any other traces.”

Luther understood and the mystery was finally solved.

He didn't expect the person who saved him to be using roundhouse darts.

“Who usually uses these boomerang darts?” Luther wondered, “It was nighttime. What kind of person carries around a boomerang dart?”

“This ..... can't be found at the moment. Could it be a hobbyist? I found a boomerang dart club and I am going to check the members one by one.” Aaron reported truthfully.

Roundhouse dart was also a type of dart.

Luther suddenly remembered Imperiana.

Joyce threw three darts at the same time and all three darts hit the “double” area, making Felix and Mathew lose and drinking nine cups of wine.

Also, when he was being followed by a car, she shot the car tires with great accuracy.

The accuracy was superb, and the precision was flawless. It was clear that she must be a trained marksman.

So, was it possible that she could use the boomerang darts?

“Luther, what else do you want?” Aaron asked respectfully.

“When you say the boomerang dart club, are there any female members?” Luther asked. For no apparent reason, he always suspected Joyce.

Aaron picked up the information book, looked it over, and said, “Luther. there are no women in the club. It's usually the men who use the boomerang darts, and I researched it before, long distance throwing requires a certain amount of arm strength, which few women can do.”

Luther propped up his jaw with one hand, his eyes flashing with an unknown flame.

He could not say whether he was disappointed or not. In short, Joyce, there were too many secrets on her.

## Chapter 54

Was she a friend or foe? Was it possible that she could use the boomerang?

Many questions, deeply entwined in his mind.

“Got it, you go down. Continue to pursue the matter of drugging, and make sure to uncover the person behind the curtain.” He can not easily let go of people who offended him.

Aaron respectfully excused himself and closed the office door as he left.

Luther took out his phone and dialed Mathew’s number.

“You help me check Joyce, she had her six years’ experiences of resume erased. The person who can erase it is naturally not an ordinary person, but I believe there must be residual traces.”

“Big brother, it’s not good to check up on your wife. How can behave in front of her in the future. Is there anything that you can’t ask her in bed?”

“Cut the crap.”

“Got it, wait for my message.”

Luther hung up. Mathew was an up-star in e-commerce and had a wealth of online resources. Traditional channels can’t find out, only to see what deleted remnants of information can be repaired, and maybe something will be found.

A few days later, R&S Group held a public event to promote the new car concept at Canal Square.

Canal Square, next to Khebury’s moat. It was a famous tourist attraction in Khebury. Under the brick and stone walls of the old city, the clarified river flew quietly, a perfect blend of old and modern.

Golden sunlight sprinkled and the water sparkled. It was a beautiful view.

On Canal Square, Juanita and Charlotte came by at noon today to set up the venue.

Joyce was called in by Juanita to help, as Joyce was most skilled person in digital equipment operation.

The venue was arranged in a very modern style with metallic tone with a collection of various high-techs.

The phantom background presented a three-dimensional effect, and the latest concept model placed in the middle was actually synthesized by light and shadow, not a real car. However, when you walk into the exhibition, it was as if you were in the real world, as if you can really touch the car.

Passers-by were amazed and admired by that.

It was indeed a manifestation of strength and financial power. The promotion activities were held so luxuriously.

Charlotte was busy in setting up flowers and balloons, as well as preparing refreshments and gifts.

Joyce lowered her head to debug the light projection equipment.

Juanita went around handing out flyers.

Because it was an important public event for the R&S Group, Luther drove over to give a speech after all the settings were made.

He drove a R&S Group's latest concept sports car. The roof can sense the light automatically and the door was controlled by voice. When you got out of the car, the system can sense the heat of people, and then automatically closed the door. The purpose of this car was to boost today's promotional activities.

When he got out of the car, it caused quite a stir in the crowd.

He himself is the best spokesman for R&S. He was handsome and rich.

When he walked up to the center of the show, the limelight immediately focused on him and shone brightly.

He looked so great in the suit.

"Wow, he's so handsome, so handsome."

The stage was filled with shouts of amazement, and many young girls looked at Luther with admiration.

## Chapter 55

Luther briefly introduced the design concept of the latest integrated casting car. The aim was to make a hybrid casting model with better performance and more affordable price for the benefit of more young people.

There was another cheer and applause.

Joyce only felt funny. Luther made him look like a movie star but real ones may not as popular as he was.

After Luther's speech.



Refreshments and gifts were handed out and people lined up in an orderly manner to receive them.

The work was successfully completed and Joyce quietly left the venue.

She stood by the canal not far away, leaning her back against the stone railing, looking out at the crowds, not knowing what to think.

Luther didn't see Joyce and looked around for her.

Finally found Joyce standing not far from the river.

It was rare to see her wearing a white dress with a small white jacket. Standing by the canal, bathing in golden sunlight, her hair was fluttering in the wind as if a fairy fell to earth.

He couldn't help but walk towards her.

Charlotte saw the scene with a sharp eye and was extremely upset, thinking how to spoil it.

No matter where they were now, at least she had to stop Luther from continuing to develop with Joyce. Otherwise all her efforts will be forfeited.

So, Charlotte followed Luther closely.

Luther saw from afar Joyce take out her cell phone to make a phone call. Lowering her eyebrows and biting her lips, she looked like she was in trouble.

He guessed that it was not another search for Justin?

Whenever she showed such a sad and confused expression, she was most likely calling Justin's phone.

In fact, he had seen her on the phone several times in private, and it seemed that each time there was no end in sight.

But so far she hadn't given up.

The thought of this made him extremely upset. Was Justin that important to her?

Luther's chest tightened with anger as he stopped and didn't go any further. Was he insane? Why did he go over to her?

Charlotte appeared at the right time beside him, smiling brightly and asking softly, "Luther, are you still satisfied with the exhibition today?"

Luther looked back and saw that it was Charlotte. He gave his approval and said, "Very good. I didn't expect you to be very capable at your age."

"Really, that's a relief." Charlotte beamed with laughter.

In fact, she was also using her mother Cecelia influence in the Ministry of Culture and publicity. Someone helped her in advice. This was the benefit of having power and authority.

Luther also showed a light smile.

Charlotte was still trying to keep the conversation going.

At that moment, there was a sudden "thump" behind them both.

Charlotte was taken aback.

She obediently hid in Luther's arms, trembling gently. His chest was really wide and thick, extremely secure. His body's unique male scent made her intoxicated.

Luther put one arm around her and then they turned to look at the canal.

They just saw the river splash, pushing away layers of water. A man was struggling in the water. It looked like he was about twenty years old.

"Not good. Someone jumped into the river!" Some people around the crowd exclaimed.

But it seemed that there was no one who can swim and save. Everyone was standing by the canal and anxious.

He can swim, but did not know how to rescue.

"Can you go down and save him?" He solemnly looked at Charlotte, with a expectation in his eyes, "That night, thanks to you, you saved me. I see the man in the water is not as tall and heavy as me. You should be able to save him."

He was actually curious. In the dark night, she saved him from the swift current of river. Charlotte must be a professional lifeguard. Saving the person in front of you should not be a problem.

Charlotte's heart "thumped" and she tried to hide her panic.