

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 6

"I don't want to get rid of you, Justin. I have raised enough money for your operation, just don't give up, everything will be fine, you can definitely stand up." She slowly squatted down in front of him and looked at him with her sincere eyes.

Almost, his heart was about to feel pleasure, but suddenly his face became even more gloomy, "What then? After I stand up? Your mission is complete? You don't feel guilty anymore? And you're finally free?"

"I'm not, you're overthinking it."

He looked excited and suddenly reached out and dragged her to him, leaning down and then kissing her, "Then you give it to me. I want it now."

"Justin, don't you do that." She dodged his lips.

Enraged, he pushed her violently to the ground and hissed, "Why did you refuse! Why won't you marry me!"

Joyce was now a total mess and felt pain all over her body. Two years, and she was really too tired.

What has happened could not be changed.

What would happen in the future, who could know?

There was only so much she could do for him, with everything she had.

"Justin, we're going to check into the hospital tomorrow."

Justin turned blue and pushed the wheelchair back into the room by himself, and threw the door shut with a "bang".

Just now there was a moment when he rolled within his heart and almost wanted to tell her that he was just pretending with he was playing women, and that he was just angry that she didn't care about it all.

She didn't understand how much he loved her and how afraid he was of losing her.

He was afraid that she would speak up, and even more afraid that she would say something he never wanted to hear.

He was not stupid. He understood that she did not love him. It was either sympathy or guilt. Anyway, it was not the love he wanted. All through these two years, it was always wishful thinking of his own in this so called love.

But he has nothing left now and really could not live without her anymore.

Joyce stood up and bent down to gather up the pieces of the plate.

She was distracted and suddenly felt a stinging pain in her finger. She took a look at her hand, and what she saw was blood.

At that moment, her phone suddenly rang twice.

She took out her phone, her bloodstained fingers swiping through the screen.

The first thing that came to her mind was the scene where she got her license with the man, and then his god-like, cool side face. The man was too high up, too far away, and not to be messed with.

But she needed money, and Justin needed surgery.

She lifted her head and looked at the closed door of the room, her gaze flowing with indefinable emotions.

If it was money that she owed, there would eventually be a time when she could pay it off.

But what if it was love that was owed? What would she pay back with?

President's Office, 88th Floor, R&S Group Headquarters.

Aaron Browning is Luther's personal assistant.

At this point, the people inside were reporting, "President, investigation shows that the people who attacked you that day, most likely OGW. There were no cameras around at the time, and strangely enough, there was quite a bit of sprayed blood on the ground, like they were injured by some kind of sharp object before they fled."

"That's why they didn't continue to attack me." Luther always felt puzzled, that day he was in great danger and leaped into the river, but why did they give up? Were they actually injured by someone?

Who would be the person that drove the killers away?

"Tracking the blood dripping down their path, we traced it to an underground clinic. But it was already empty. The only clue is the doctor who treated them at the time."

“Do whatever it takes to find this doctor,” Luther commanded.

Knowing what injuries the other killer suffered might lead to new clues.

“Yes, Luther.”

“It was also OGW who gave me that kind of things?”

“I don’t think so, need to check again.”

“Go ahead.”

Luther stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, overlooking the whole of Khebury from his 88th-floor office. With all the tall buildings around and lights twinkling like stars, he was lost in thought.

OGW really didn’t have to give him that kind of stuff, so who could it be?

What was used to repel three killers at the same time?

That was definitely something unusual.

This mystery he must solve, and he always felt it would be the key to finding out what happened that night.

Suddenly, he remembered he hadn’t transferred money to Joyce.

He picked up his phone, made a few quick clicks, and transferred her half a million.

It shows that Joyce had received it successfully.

He stared at the text message for a moment.

Half a million to him was just so insignificant. Even if they were discarded on the ground, he would not even bother to lift a hand to pick them up.

But Joyce’s words and deeds were something he could not understand. When he thought back to the day before yesterday and her license, she looked just so beautiful and cold. She was just so flirtatious and spontaneous, yet she was indifferent and meritorious at the same time. He really did not know, which side could be her true side.

He snorted, after how she pretended to be so indifferent, she still took the money.