

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 61

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Somehow, when she that Luther and Charlotte had a child, though just slightly, she actually had an uncomfortable feeling at the bottom of her heart.

Luther stood there motionlessly for a while, his handsome eyebrows tightly furrowed.

The atmosphere in the room was tense and stagnant.

After a long time, he finally spoke, "I will be responsible.'

Charlotte certainly knew when to stop and knew better than to continue. She got what she wanted today and thus she hurriedly changed the subject. She smiled and said, "Oh, it's all my fault to interrupt your work today.

Please don't let me keep you any longer. You must all be so tired after a long day. The doctor told me to stay until six o'clock, and I can go home if there is nothing wrong. You guys really don't have to stay with me."

"I'll stay with you,' Shelly said affectionately.

"Okay, you get some rest.' Luther nodded.

"Then I'll go too, bye." Juanita obviously felt the atmosphere awkward. Apparently, his boss, Joyce, and Charlotte were in some sort of triangle relationship. She better leave before it was too late.

Then, Luther and Joyce also left the 704th Army Hospital.

Charlotte then called the military service and had them arrange a car to pick her up at six.

On the car.

Joyce didn't say a word, looking at the lights flashing backward outside the window.

Luther's face didn't look good either.

When the car passed by a large supermarket, Joyce suddenly said, "Stop, I want to go in and buy something. Will you wait for me in the car for a while?"

Luther slammed on the brakes and looked at her in disbelief.

"I want to cook a meal for Grandma." Joyce smiled blandly at him, "I'm afraid I won't have the chance later."

Stephanie had been very kind to her and really gave her a family. She knew very well that after this incident, Luther and Charlotte's marriage would definitely be brought to the table for negotiation, and she would inevitably have to show her hand to Stephanie.

And, as Luther had just said, he would take his responsibility for Charlotte.

Luther could somehow feel the sadness in her words, and his mood went down with it.

"I'll go with you."

When he said that, he parked the car in the open parking lot.

The two got out of the car. Joyce pushed a shopping trolley from the front, and the two walked into the supermarket together.

This was a membership-only supermarket, and the whole building was painted blue. Inside were rows of shelves that seemed to have no end, clean and neatly arranged. People came here for fresh and premium ingredients.

Luther had never set foot in a supermarket, and his superiority did not require him to think about the trivialities of life.

He watched Joyce pick up those ingredients carefully as she pushed the cart through.

This was what life should be like, it suddenly came to him, ordinary yet warm.

It felt just so good, he thought.

"Do you eat sea fish?" Joyce turned her head and asked him.

The high and mighty president, seemed somehow out of place in this supermarket, with his premium suit and amazing good look.

Luther nodded gently, "Hmm."

In the end, they simply strolled around and did not spend too much time there.

Still, Joyce got what she wanted. Antarctic silver cod, black pork chops, thick-cut beef, green pepper, lemon, and some vegetables.

Then they walked up to the checkout.

Luther habitually took out his gold card and was ready to pay.

Joyce gently pushed his hand back, and took out her phone to pay, "I'll do it, | want to treat Grandma to a meal."

Luther didn't insist anymore, and the atmosphere was a bit strange.

He was uncomfortable with what she said. It was as if they were going to become strangers after this meal.

Finally, Joyce took the receipt and the two drove home.

His grandma was still sleeping. These days she had slept more and more in the afternoon and had less time awake.

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Luther quietly stayed by his grandmother's side, holding her hand tightly. They did not have much time left together and the thought that his grandmother would leave him made him feel more and more uncomfortable.

Joyce put on her apron, went into the kitchen, and began to prepare her ingredients like a real chef.

After about an hour or so.

The meal was ready.

She set the table and placed all kinds of different dishes on it. Baked silver cod with lemon juice and cheese, thick-cut steak, mushroom soup with French cream, sweet and sour pork, stir-fried asparagus, miso tofu, and stone-pot bibimbap.

Just when Grandma woke up from her nap, Luther helped her to the dining room, where she sat down at the head of the table.

The appealing aroma of the meal hit everyone's nose and gave the house a homey feeling.

Stephanie looked over the dishes on the table one by one and complimented, "Joyce, did you make all this yourself?"

Joyce sat down next to Stephanie, "Grandma, it's been so long since I've been here. I haven't cooked a meal for you yet, so I prepared something really special today.' After that, she gave Stephanie a piece of fish, "Try it."

Luther sat down opposite Joyce, his eyes flashing slightly, a little surprised. Dishes from all around the whole world. He tried some and it tasted just good.

Stephanie ate them one by one, and was full of praise, "Joyce, I can't believe you're even such a good chef. Where did you learn these?"

Joyce raised a smile, "When I was much younger, I did not know how to cook, and I could burn my pan with just fried eggs and fried rice. Then I met a friend with a really picky appetite. Just to take care of him, I had to learn to cook dishes from various countries ... so it was really not like I wanted to learn.'

She said as she cut a steak for Stephanie.

"Oh yeah, well, it's nice and good, and the steak is delicious. Medium rare, crispy on the outside and tender on the inside, very classy!" Stephanie couldn't stop talking with joy.

When Luther heard Joyce's words, he paused in his hand that was holding the food and put it down stiffly.

"I'm full. You guys take your time.'

Luther gently wiped his lips with a wet wipe and stood up.

“Dont you want more? You are wasting such a delicious dish.’ Stephanie sighed, and then had a laugh with Joyce.

A look of joy and happiness.

Only, such happiness could not last long.

A beautiful illusion that would eventually be shattered.

After dinner and a shower, Joyce sat down on the living room couch to relax.

She looked at her phone for a while, looked at it, and found herself out of place.

She seemed to be sick. Her head was foggy and she felt cold.

When Luther came downstairs, he saw her lying on the sofa, her eyes slightly closed, her cheeks scarlet and unnaturally red.

He approached her and reached out and touched her forehead.

It’s hot!

“You’ve got a fever.’ He frowned and hurriedly dialed Jamie, the family doctor, and asked Jamie to come over immediately.

Then, he picked Joyce up from the couch and carried her to the master bedroom.

“Let go, | can still walk on my own.” Joyce felt herself burning up but knew enough to keep her distance and said in a daze.

“Shut up.’ Luther couldn’t allow her to refuse.

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He carried her to his soft giant bed, gently laid her down, rested her white slender legs on his knees, took off the slippers on her feet for her, then helped her lie down and covered her with the quilt.

Not long after, Jamie soon arrived.

He brought the medical kit and after taking Joyce's temperature and listening carefully to her lungs, he frowned, "The fever can be quite serious. Her breath sounds in her lungs are heavy with rales and there must be an infection in the lungs. What did she do today?"

Luther returned, "She jumped into a canal today and saved a man from drowning.'

Then she went with him to the 704th Army Hospital, caught a cold, and did not change her clothes in time.

Finally, she went to the supermarket and made dinner when they came back. It had been a really long day.

He blamed himself for he failed to notice just how exhausted she must have been and let her do all the things.

Jamie removed the stethoscope from his ear, "No wonder, it's choking pneumonia.

"Is it something serious?" Luther's face changed.

"Not really. Only a small amount of water, and the water is relatively clean. The human respiratory tract has some ability to heal itself and is able to expel and absorb water. I give her an antibacterial and a fever-reducing injection. She should get better in a week or so. If she still has a persistent high fever of over 40 degrees in the morning, she will need to go to the hospital for oxygen therapy."

Jamie finished, took the injection from the medical kit, and lifted the sleeve of Joyce's left arm.

Joyce had fallen asleep in a daze and felt a tingling in her arm as she drifted off. She frowned gently and fell back to sleep.

After the injection, Jamie packed up the medical kit, explained to Luther how she should take her medication, and finally asked, "Mister, do you have any ice packs at home?"

Luther nodded, "Yes."

"Put ice packs on her forehead repeatedly, and rotate them a little more diligently. Physical cooling is more

effective.” Jamie handed the medicine to Luther, “I’ll go first, call me if things are not right, also call me if her temperature gets over 42 degrees or she would have trouble breathing.’

After Jamie left.

Luther took some ice packs out of the freezer and took a small portable refrigerator to the head of the bed.

He placed the ice packs on Joyce’s forehead and placed the rest of the ice packs in the portable mini-fridge.

Joyce, who had been sleeping hard and wriggling around all the time, felt the cool and refreshing sensation and quiet down instantly.

Luther sat on the edge of the bed, looking at this usually cold and arrogant girl, who now showed all her delicateness to him. Her lips were a bit pale, her cheeks abnormally scarlet, and her long eyelashes left a fan-shaped shadow, like a fragile porcelain doll.

He reached out and smoothed out her lightly furrowed brow, and couldn’t help but stroke across her flawless cheek, which felt just so soft, smooth, and delicate.

It was hard to imagine, how the hero in the day who could jump into the river without hesitation would end up like this at night.

It was chaotic in the morning and he was in a hurry, and now he had the chance to think about it.

That scene deeply shocked his mind.

| never knew a woman could have such a powerful personality.

Joyce suddenly felt the warmth close to her, and she instinctively leaned toward the source of warmth. At first, she just hugged his arm and then curled up in his arms.

He felt extremely relieved to see her sleeping.

Luther could not bear to push her away and simply lay down beside her, letting her rest in his arms.

In the light, he could see her slightly open collar, and her glowing snow-white yet at the same time pinky skin.

She felt soft, yet his breath was a little tight. There was a surge of heat that came up and rubbed off, and the temperature of his body went up.

Taking a deep breath and holding himself together, he turned on his side and took out a new ice pack from the bed for her to replace the old ones.

She was still burning hot.

The instant coolness didn't sit well with Joyce, and she dazedly moved her leg, hung onto his lap, and went back to sleep.

Luther grunted and hurriedly took hold of her other foot that had been in some weird position.

She's really too good at finding places to put her leg...

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He felt like he was going crazy with the torture. It was like a catalyst that had started a fire that went way out of control.

He looked helplessly at her in her sleep.

Was it that he had confined himself for too long. Except for the night he was drugged, he had always abided by his own rules. He had been indifferent and cold all these years. Was it that the long restraint, the delayed impulse that was about to eat him up ferociously, that was swallowing his reason bit by bit.

He tried desperately to remain calm, and when he drew his arm out, he found it was so sore and stiff from her long pressure that he could hardly move it. It took a while before he could feel better. He put her feet back on the bed and tucked her back in the quilt.

Walking into the bathroom and turning on the cold water, he stood under the faucet and looked down at himself, shaking his head helplessly.

He closed his eyes and slowly controlled the strange feelings inside his body. One minute, two minutes, three minutes ... ten minutes ...

Until the phone rang

He came out of the cold water. His body was still wet and he picked up a bath towel and wrapped his body with it casually. Afraid of disturbing Joyce's sleep, he hurried to pick up the phone.

On the other end of the line was Jacqueline's shrill, surprised voice.

"Luther, Shelly told me Charlotte is pregnant with your child? Is it true?"

Luther frowned deeply and held the phone away from his ear. It was too croaky.

"Yes"

He didn't deny it.

At this moment, the fire that could not be doused by cold water just now was abruptly extinguished. What was he thinking? He had always been a responsible man, with his own principles. Charlotte saved his life, sacrificed her virginity, and now she was pregnant with his child. How could he let her bear the burden and face the whole world alone?

That night felt so good that he looked back on it over and over again and would never forget it.

But for some reason, facing Charlotte, he could never find that feeling.

It's hard to imagine he had such a sweet and intimate night with Charlotte.

He didn't even feel the same impulse when he faced Charlotte either.

And regardless of Joyce's purpose for approaching him, and regardless of whether Joyce intended to seduce him, he was ultimately responsible for Charlotte. How could he be involved with Joyce again?

He kept putting it off, even if he did not know what that could be for.

It was time to sort out this mess.

He was silent for a long time, and Jacqueline was afraid to break the silence. Only after a while did she try to say something.

“Luther, the Warner family had already arranged a marriage for you and Charlotte, and it’s a good thing she’s pregnant. You should hurry up and get rid of this Joyce. You won’t have anything to do with that woman after you finished your divorce procedures. We can’t just wait until the Heath family knows that you and Joyce once

received a license. People will talk.”

He listened impatiently and interrupted, “In a week, I will explain clearly to my grandmother. This marriage will end as soon as possible.” Right now Joyce was sick, and he wanted her to get better first.

“Good, good.” Still a week to wait? Jacqueline didn’t dare to push too hard for fear of backlash, “When the time comes, we’ll sit down together and talk about it. There’s nothing we can’t solve, your grandmother is also a

reasonable person. The Warner family has a descendant, she must be so happy to see that.’

“Got it.

Luther coldly hung up the phone, put the phone to silent mode, and tossed it to the side.

He put on his pajamas and went up to feel Joyce’s forehead, which was still very hot.

He reached into the back of her neck and there was no sweat.

After he left her, she seemed cold, and her whole body shrank into a ball again, shivering every now and then, like a high fever convulsion.

He then gave her another antipyretic ice pack.

Finally, he could not bear to leave her like that. He crossed the bed and took the shivering Joyce into his arms.

Feeling the warmth, Joyce stopped shivering and she curled up in his arms like a soft cat. It felt so comfortable and she had an indescribable sense of safety.

Yes, safety it was.

She fell into a deep sleep.

Luther sighed. What could he do with her?