

## You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford Chapter 65

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Meanwhile.

Charlotte returned to the Heath family's mansion in Khebury in a military car.

The interior of the mansion was decorated in a modern minimalist style. It looked simple but still showed the wealth and taste of the family.

The overall tone was a premium gray with all sorts of different textures.

What Charlotte could never afford in her lifetime, she now had it all.

Charlotte walked up the revolving staircase to the lounge on the second floor.

Then she saw Cecelia, drinking her tea elegantly on the premium leather sofa.

The warm yellow light.

It fell dimly on her body. She looked like a peaceful and beautiful painting from afar.

Surprisingly, her father, General Ralph, and her grandfather, General Rodney, were also present.

They wore formal green uniforms, with golden olive branches around several shining stars on both shoulders and war medals on their chests.

Obviously, they were all waiting for her to return.

The 704 Military Hospital must have been the first to report her pregnancy to them.

Normally, Ralph did not live in Khebury and seemed to have come over from the Capital tonight.

Charlotte instantly tensed up.

Once the pregnancy came to light, although she was mentally prepared, there was a hard battle to be fought.

But still, she didn't expect that even Ralph was here.

Rodney was quite old now, and she could definitely coax him with some clever words.

Cecelia was so gentle and atmospheric, very nice to be around.

Only Ralph's natural majesty made her feel intimidated.

Charlotte walked up with her head down in small steps, before they could speak.

With a thud, she fell to both knees.

"I'm sorry that I embarrassed the Heath family.' She even managed those chokes and sobs.

It was the best way she could think of to lower her posture and gain sympathy.

"Child, what are you doing?" Cecelia was really heartbroken for her daughter and rushed forward to help.

Ralph blocked with one arm and a serious tone, "Let her talk, what's going on."

Pregnancy before marriage was more than a disgrace. It had never been such a thing in the history of the Heath family.

Charlotte lowered her eyebrows and said in a low voice, "About two months ago, I saved Luther and lost my virginity as a result. I didn't expect to get pregnant. I'm sorry, that's all I can say. It's all my fault, I'm sorry, Mom, Dad. You can do whatever you see fit to me. It's not his fault, really.'

She did not want to say too much. The more she said, the more details they would know, and the more troubles there would be.

With this, she showed herself to be protective of Luther, and they were not in a position to pursue the matter any further.

Cecelia came forward, leaned down, helped her up from the floor, wrapped her up, and sat on the couch with her, "If you don't want to talk more, we won't force you.'

Charlotte really felt moved by the tender motherly love of Cecelia.

Growing up in an orphanage, she was never taken care of like this.

Charlotte threw herself into Cecelia's arms, greedily taking in her mild scent, and choked out, "Mom, I'm sorry for making you so worried."

Cecelia's eyes were really red as she hugged Charlotte tightly, "I have worked so hard for 20 years to find my daughter, how can I bear to let you suffer again."

"Humph!" Rodney stomped his cane violently, his thick sword brows flew up, his white beard stood up in anger, and he commanded Ralph, "You, bring Luther to me immediately. How dare this young lad do such a thing to my granddaughter!"

That was their unique way to communicate as soldiers.

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Ralph immediately stood up and saluted, "Yes, Commander."

Charlotte instantly became anxious and hastily waved her hands to explain, "Grandpa, it's really not his fault, he had no choice." It would only backfire if they wanted to use their power against an equally powerful man like Luther. There would be no winner in the end.

Cecelia could not wait to hold Ralph back to the couch and then turned back to Rodney, "Dad, what's all this nonsense?"

She turned her head, looked softly at Charlotte, and asked, "You love him, don't you?"

Charlotte was the best actress, not to mention that she really loved Luther herself. She thought about Cecelia's love for her, and then Luther's ambiguous attitude towards Joyce. Two lines of tears slipped down her cheeks, "I'm sorry, I really love him."

She sobbed, "He said he would take responsibility."

"No crying!" Ralph got seriously irritated, and almost roared, "As a Heath, you must be strong and brave.

How can you cry for such a man."

Charlotte was so scared and she gave a shiver, and then she shrank straight into Cecelia's arms.

Cecelia gave Ralph a real hard look, "Don't scare the kid. Go away. I'll take care of things at home.'

Ralph, with all the love and respect he had for his wife, stopped talking. He knew that Cecelia blamed him.

After all, how would she lose her daughter if she hadn't followed him back then? All these twenty years, his daughter did not grow up around him. It's just that he really could not bear her delicate character. Though Cecelia looked mild and gentle, she could shoot just whatever she wanted from 800 meters. Back then, it was just her valiant and heroic personality that had made him fall for her.

Cecelia soothed Charlotte while asking solemnly, "Charlotte, does he love you?"

"I, |don't know ..," Charlotte replied in a whisper, not daring to look up at Ralph.

"Charlotte, you listen." Cecelia gently hold up Charlotte's chin, look into her teary eyes, and said seriously,

"Whether he loves you or not, this child must be born. If you two love each other, and he marries you, then it would all be fine. If he doesn't want to marry you, it would not be a big deal. The child will be a Heath then, and the Heath

family would raise him.'

"You remember that the Heath family is a prestigious family, and don't you give in at any time,' Ralph added.

He looked at Cecelia appreciatively. This was the way the head of the family should be.

"Yeah, | know,' Charlotte replied immediately, wiping her tears haphazardly.

"Cheap for that kid! Hmph! If | were a few years younger, | would have chopped him up!" Rodney was

indignant, blew his beard and glared, and stomped his cane again, "I'm going to my room to rest! You must take care of it, never let that kid go."

"You take care, Grandpa." Charlotte hurriedly got up and assisted Rodney to his room.

Cecelia said to Ralph, "Everyone is just learning about this now, and the Warner family must be discussing it. Give them a few days, I'll go talk to Jacqueline in detail and do what | have to do.'

“Well, with pleasure, madam.’

“You’ve had a long trip back, but you’ll have to go back tonight, right? I’m here, you can go back to the Capital without no worries.’

“Yes, | still have important business to attend to in the capital and cannot stay long.’

Charlotte was finally relieved to hear that Ralph was leaving tonight and that she didn’t have to deal with everything carefully.

Just now she had a cold sweat on her back, and now it’s cool.

“| have brought some people with me. Charlotte, you pick one as your guard.”

Ralph took out his cell phone, dialed, and ordered, “Tell them all to come in.’

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Having said that, Charlotte and Cecelia followed Ralph to the special living room on the first floor where outsiders were received.

Not long after, a line of young officers fishtailed in.

Standing straight in a line, they all wore their green military uniform with a beret. There was also a star on their shoulder. They must all be newly promoted to the rank of second lieutenant.

The young men all tightened up when they saw the family.

Ralph reached out and said to Charlotte, “You choose.’

Charlotte nodded, “Good:

She gently took a few steps forward. The hand-embroidered dress on her body fluttered gently as she walked. Her long, curly hair swayed along from side to side.

She looked just mild and sweet, to begin with. There seemed to be tears in her crystal clear almond eyes.

She looked just as pure as a fair.

These officers' eyes all flashed with amazement.

They all felt excited. What a fool they must be if they did not want such a chance to stay next to such a beautiful lady every day?

Charlotte looked over each one. She had been very good at it, but still, she had her own standards for her judgment.

Finally, she stopped in front of an extremely tall man with thick eyebrows and stern features.

He was not the most handsome of these people, nor was he the most experienced one. Certainly, he did not seem to be very smart. However, she saw in his eyes a naked desire, a desire for her, like a wild animal.

Although he hid it well, she still saw it. Maybe they were all of the same kind.

His greed, ambition, and viciousness all made him an easier tool for her to use. No one among them could be better.

"Just him." Charlotte flashed a lightly seductive smile at him.

"Thank you, Miss! My name is Ricky Middleton!" Ricky stood at attention and saluted, his voice slightly agitated.

Ralph frowned slightly but didn't say anything.

Among these people, Ricky was the last one he would choose. He could not see through him, but still, he was a good hand. Now since his daughter chose him, he better just let her be.

"Ricky stays, and the rest of you return with me."

With a flutter of his long sleeves, Ralph led a group of newly promoted officers and left in unison.

In front of the villa, Ralph got into the general's exclusive bulletproof military car.

The rest of the officers got into military trucks and the car drove away from the villa with a lot of noise.

For those who didn't know, they might think something was going on and military exercises might be taking place.

Cecelia arranged a guest room in the backyard for Ricky.

"Ricky, I'm counting on you for my daughter's safety from now on." Cecelia smiled, "Tell me directly what you need, you are welcome."

"Thank you, ma'am!" Ricky saluted respectfully and turned to Charlotte again, his dark eyes crystal clear, "Thank you for your appreciation, Miss."

Charlotte lightly lifted her jaw, revealing a seductive smile, the tips of her long, thin eyes slightly raised.

Ricky fell for her in no time.

"You go ahead and go down." Cecelia waved her hand and gestured for Ricky to back off.

"Yes, ma'am." Ricky retired respectfully, stealing glances at Charlotte from the corner of his eyes every now and then.

"Mom, let's go inside, and not catch a cold." Charlotte warmly came forward to hold Cecelia, and the two walked into the house together.

"Mmm." Her daughter's thoughtfulness was her greatest comfort. Having lost her daughter for 20 years, she owed her child so much.

When she arrived in the living room, Charlotte pressed Cecelia down on the sofa and said, "Mom, you must be tired after a long day, let me give your shoulders a massage." She is the best at pleasing people, and this worked everywhere.

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Charlotte gently massaged her shoulders. She was good at controlling the force she used and Cecelia felt good.

Cecelia held her hand tenderly and pulled her to sit with her, "Silly child, I am not tired. I heard from the hospital that you have signs of miscarriage. You need more rest.'

"Mom, I'm fine, don't listen to the doctor, I'm fine." Charlotte's hands didn't stop, she simply gave Cecelia a real pounding on the leg.

"Charlotte, you are really good at massage! Where did you learn it?" Cecelia asked with genuine curiosity.

"Oh, I used to give massages to the director of the orphanage. Charlotte pretended to make light of the situation, "There are so many children in the orphanage, but I am the only one who is close to the director.'

Cecelia's eyes are really red. Her poor daughter had to please others to earn a living when she was just so young.

In fact, right now, was her daughter pleasing herself? Because she was afraid she might have done something wrong? Afraid to upset her parents?

Since she returned, she could see that her daughter was careful when she was with them every day.

Every time she said anything her daughter opened her eyes wide, trembling as pathetic as a puppy, afraid of being abandoned again. She found the scene so heartbreaking.

Cecelia couldn't help but hug Charlotte and sobbed softly, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it's all mommy's fault. Mommy will try to help you get what you want.'

Charlotte snuggled into Cecelia's arms with a particularly contented soul.

"Charlotte, does Luther have something difficult to say?" Cecelia asked, her intuition telling her that things

were not simple.

"Well, Shelly told me privately that he got married to a girl named Joyce because he was deceived by that girl. I heard it was to make his grandmother happy. His grandmother has terminal-stage lung cancer and she could

not live much longer. When his grandmother passes away, they would divorce.’  
Charlotte sat up and said.

“Rather dutiful children.” Cecelia thought about it, “Are you afraid that they will fall in love with each other

over time?”

Charlotte nodded, “After all, it’s always bad to let them live under the same roof. Even if it’s nothing, for a long time, they might...”

“I know, I’ll have a talk with her sometime. There’s always a way to get rid of it.’ For her daughter’s happiness, Cecelia would certainly do whatever it took. If it were not for her own daughter, Cecelia would not have had the idea of sending Joyce away.

Everyone just had their own destiny. It’s just that she felt so sorry for her daughter.

Let her daughter grow up in an orphanage and have to beg for a living. Now that she finally met someone

she loved and got pregnant.

She could not let her daughter suffer the loneliness and pain of a single mother anymore.

And she could no longer let her daughter endure the world’s finger-pointing.

This was the only thing she could do for her daughter.

“Mom, I’m sorry for making you worry about me.’

Charlotte buried her head into Cecelia’s chest, pretending to cry, but in fact, she was just so happy deep in her heart.

A venomous smile curled up on her lips.

Joyce, you won’t believe it.

Your own mother would now turn against you. Just wait and see, how would she send you off?

She found it so good and so enjoyable to make the family fight each other.

Cecelia had no idea what was in her mind, wrapping her arms around Charlotte and just wallowing in heartache.

She wanted to make up for her daughter and did the best she could.

Even if it was something she was never willing to do, she would do it for her daughter.

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The following day.

The main residence of the Warner family.

It was dawn and the sun was going up slowly.

Joyce woke up in Luther's arms.

She slept so well last night that she couldn't remember exactly how many dreams she had, but they were all good anyway.

When she opened her eyes, she found her arms wrapped around a strong, warm body, and when she looked up, it was Luther, who was now lying against the back of the bed, deep in his sleep.

Looking down, she found her legs hanging off his body as well.

She was so frightened that she retracted her legs and drew her hands back.

Last night she felt a bout of coldness on her body when she was asleep, only to feel a little bit warmer later.

It turned out that she was actually holding him for the night.

Luther was awakened by Joyce's movement.

When he woke up and tried to move, he found that his whole body was stiff. And he could hardly move his neck could hardly.

Damn, he cursed.

Joyce took off the ice pack that was still on her forehead and saw a small refrigerator at the end of her bed with her medication neatly arranged.

It was instantly clear that he had been the one taking care of her last night.

She bit her lower lip lightly, "Thank you for taking care of me for the night.'

Luther moved his joints and reached up to brush her forehead. It was still a little hot, but not as hot as it had been last night.

"Good to know.' He gave her a blank look and lifted the covers to get up.

He handed the bedside ear temperature gun to Joyce, "Take your temperature. Jamie explained last night

that if it's still forty degrees in the morning, you have to go to the hospital for oxygen treatment."

Joyce took the ear temperature gun, placed it in her ear, and took her temperature, "38.2, | feel much better, | don't need to go to the hospital."

"The pills are at the bedside, take two of each, four times a day.' He pointed at the bottle of pills at the

bedside, "Don't go to work this week, I'll call Casey later about it.'

"A week?" Joyce whispered, "| can go to work tomorrow, there are still a lot of design details left to deal with."

"You have aspiration pneumonia, you think it's the common cold? Get some rest, unless you want to get

fired." Luther said coldly. This woman was too uncaring of her body.

Aspiration pneumonia, no wonder she was having such a hard time.

He had a hard look on his face.

She also stopped talking.

The atmosphere between the two always felt awkward.

Luther simply turned around and went into the bathroom. She slept on his arm all night, and he felt stiff and

sore now. He needed a good hot bath.

Not having to go to work, Joyce simply lay back in bed, took her medication according to the instruction,

and continued to catch up on her sleep.

Dazed and confused, she heard her phone vibrate and ring.

She closed her eyes fumbling around, and finally got her phone after a while. She did not look at it, and

crossed her fingers to answer the call.

"Hello, what can | do for you, please." Her voice was full of fatigue.

"Uh." On the other end of the line, Mathew thought he had dialed the wrong number. After confirming that it

was correct, he asked cautiously, "I'm looking for Luther.'

Joyce then realized that what she was holding was actually Luther's cell phone.

The room was quiet, so quiet that she could clearly hear the sound of water splashing in the bathroom.

So she replied, "He's in a shower, you can call again later.'

She yawned, hung up the phone, and went back to sleep.

On the other end of the phone, Mathew was so surprised that he couldn't keep his mouth shut. Such spicy

news so early in the morning? Joyce was too tired even to talk and the other was in the shower. The ascetic Luther

finally got the hang of it? Since the two had been so intimate now, what's the investigation? He did not even bother to say what he found out.

Joyce was dazed and didn't know how long she had slept.

Finally woken up by hunger, she got up and washed up and then changed into another pinky pajamas.

Because she was still having a fever and she still felt cold, she put on another camisole.

She opened the door to her room and went downstairs.

Downstairs, she could see Luther from afar, who was sitting in the dining room at the marble table. He was having breakfast and watching the news on his phone.

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He was wearing a white shirt and a pair of khaki slim casual pants. He was dressed rather casually, but still, he looked so charming, and no one could possibly fail to notice such a man.

Joyce withdrew her eyes.

She looked at the clock, and it was almost ten o'clock. Strange, he did not have to go to work?

She walked slowly to the table.

Luther put down his phone, got up, and helped her pull out her chair.

Another bowl of hot porridge was served from the thermos on the table and placed in front of her.

Spoons were there long ago.

There are a dozen of delicate dishes on the table, some Japanese, some Korean, and some Chinese, which are perfect to eat with the congee.

Joyce was a little surprised by the warm gesture of him personally serving her porridge. She felt a little

uncomfortable.

She almost had an illusion.

He's been waiting for her to have breakfast together?

He did not look very good, and his eyes were a bit red. Perhaps he did not sleep much last night just to take care of her.

The two of them, sitting quietly at the table, eating breakfast.

Joyce took out her phone as she ate, tapped on the app, and browsed Khebury news.

While she was browsing the news, her hand, which was holding the spoon, paused in mid-air and forgot to put it down.

On the screen, the first of the hottest news is “Heroic Student From Conard University Saving A Man.’

The bottom was a photo of her jumping into the canal, her beautiful bodyline captured in mid-air.

She opened her beautiful eyes wide. It was unbelievable, someone could take pictures of her on the spot, and it looked so professional.

The photo was posted on the Internet and it became a trending topic.

The various comments at the bottom came overwhelmingly, exposing everything about her – her life, school, her other photos at school, just everything.

“A beautiful girl with a good heart, worthy of being a Conard girl.’

“| go to the same university, and | testify that she’s a straight-A student at Conard.’

“There is an undercurrent at the bottom of the canal. It was said that the student who saved a life nearly couldn’t get up.”

“Give her 10,000 kudos.’

“| heard she works as an intern at R&S Group, that’s awesome.’

“Wow, super a, super cool, love it love it.’

“Does she have a boyfriend! ”

“Whoever marries her has been really lucky.”

Luckily, they were all complimentary comments and hardly any malicious ones.

Joyce had always kept a low profile and did not like to be famous.

She browsed on with a smile on her lips, amazingly beautiful.

Luther finished his breakfast and glanced at her phone as he got up and passed her.

He just saw the news, too. In fact, he had called Casey earlier to give Joyce a leave of absence, and Casey had already reported to him that there were many reporters gathered downstairs at R&S headquarters to interview Joyce.

Joyce was watching with great interest when, unexpectedly, Luther suddenly flipped her phone over and closed it on the table.

She looked up, disgruntled, "What for?"

"Eat first, eat before you use your phone! Only children eat with their phones in their hands." The domineering tone of voice made her unable to refuse.

Joyce could not say a word and held her breath.

He was also eating with his phone in his hand himself!

That's totally bullying.

However, why would she feel like he was worried about her with his domineering words?

Perhaps it was the awkwardness caused by the atmosphere.

Maybe it was the realization that she shouldn't be worried about like that.

Luther picked up his suit.

"I'm going to work now.'

He left in a hurry.

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Joyce's heroic dive was quickly festered throughout Khebury.

A girl saving a man was not something you could see every day!

Trending topics, headlines, and major network platforms were overwhelmed with news about her for several days.

Khebury was in full swing with the first "Khebury Shining Star" contest. It was not like some Khebury Lady

contest, and it was not about qualifications, but a real selection of the best image for the city of Khebury. It was a

truly public event and was absolutely fair.

There was no need for registration but votes from the citizens were required to be shortlisted. So there would be no forms to fill out and no propaganda to worry about.

You just needed absolute strength, charisma, and public recognition. The elected representatives would represent the Khebury government in various public service activities in the future.

Then there happened to be Joyce's heroic dive.

It's simply, a perfect match.

Although the selection was almost over, many people named Joyce at the same time, so Joyce is like a

black horse coming out from nowhere, quickly overtaking previous candidates.

A genuine scholar with unparalleled beauty who would even sacrifice herself for her fellow citizen, undoubtedly the best candidate for the ambassador of goodwill.

In just a few days, Joyce's ranking shot straight up to number one and then took a distant lead.

All of a sudden, the name of Joyce was known all over the Internet.

Because of the fever, however, Joyce did not pay too much attention to the news.

She had tried to keep a low profile most of the days, and when she saw her news, she skipped over it, and eventually simply blocked the topic.

Sure enough, recovery required a week of rest, and choking pneumonia was much more aggressive than she thought.

In addition to the fever, she also had a cough. Especially at night, she couldn't sleep well all night long.

It'd been a long time since the last time she could have a clear mind.

Jamie came in every day to give her an anti-inflammatory shot.

It was not until the fifth day that her fever was completely gone and her cough was much better.

Although she looked a little pale, she got a lot better.

The other side.

Jacqueline had been waiting for days before she could sit down and talk about Charlotte's pregnancy since she found out about it, but Luther never listened. She was anxious, fearing it might have taken too long and that upsetting Luther might backfire.

Finally, Jacqueline and Shelly couldn't sit still.

The intention was to strike directly head-on.

It was Saturday, and the two of them got up early in the morning to freshen up.

Then they drove to the old house, ready for all to sit down and show their cards.

In the living room, the atmosphere became eerie and serious because of their arrival. It was a bit muggy today, with not a hint of wind.

The living room was so quiet that even the sound of the pendulum swinging from side to side was clearly audible.

Such a family meeting had not been held for many years.

Stephanie walked out on crutches, assisted by Joyce.

Luther straightened his collar with one hand and came down the stairs, looking unsure of what to think.

During this time, except for that night when Luther took care of Joyce, the two hardly talked to each other.

Luther was busy with work and Joyce spent all day with his grandmother. Nothing really happened between them.

Joyce could sense that since they knew about Charlotte's pregnancy, Luther had deliberately avoided her, not wanting to have too much to do with her.

This was right. Both of them should have returned to their original position.

Luther and Charlotte had a child now. They must have a feeling for each other. And there was a marriage contract between them. They were just made for each other. Nothing could be better for them really.

Stephanie pulled Joyce to a seat on the main sofa, her hair meticulously combed despite her graying.

Wearing a red velvet tunic, the majestic dominance of her youth had not been lost.

She tossed her cane on the coffee table.

The “bang” scared Jacqueline and Shelly from speaking up.

“Hm, nothing good can come from you.’ A sharp and chilling light could be seen across Stephanie’s eyes.