

# You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

## Chapter 7

St. Maria Hospital was one of the best hospitals in Khebury, with all the cutting-edge facilities.

Joyce ran around for two days and finally arranged for Justin to be hospitalized.

They finally settled down in a single-room intensive care unit. Although it was expensive, she knew Justin didn't like crowds.

Everything went well and the surgery would take place next week.

She finally breathed a sigh of relief, "Justin, how about you rest in your room while I go get you dinner and eat the grouper rice from the place around the corner? There are still some details I need to check with the bedside doctor."

"Hmm," Justin responded as he pushed his wheelchair to the floor-to-ceiling window.

The feeling he had was complicated, contradictory, and chaotic. Naturally, he wanted to stand up.

But once his legs were cured and she finally put down her responsibilities, would there ... be no more involvement between him and her ...

At least now, because of his legs, he was able to keep her around.

Thinking about it, his mind was in turmoil again.

He suddenly felt overwhelmed by his fear. For two years, both before and after the injury, no matter how hard he tried, he just could not get her heart.

"Then I'll go and you just wait for me here."

Joyce gently closed the door and walked out of the room.

Not far from the hospital room, Joyce received a call from the hospital billing center.

She frowned and had a bad feeling in her heart.

She lowered her voice and picked up the phone. Trying not to be heard by Justin.

"Hello, how can I help you?"

“Hello Ms. Joe, you need to pay an additional \$300,000 for inpatient surgery prepayment.”

“What?!” Joyce was surprised, “The patient just checked in at the ward today, didn’t I pay enough for the deposit?”

“Here’s the thing, after Doctor Channing looked into the condition of the patient, it was decided that we would have to ask Doctor Smith who is a Muftron specialist to come over for this operation and that we might need to use the latest technology for bone nailing. This is the only way to maximize the effectiveness of the surgery. That’s why you will need to pay another \$300,000.”

300,000 ...

Where would she get so much money? When she knew Justin’s surgery would cost her about \$1 million, it took her two years to raise the \$500,000, and she asked Luther for another \$500,000 for the fake marriage. Now she’s asking for another 300,000?

“Miss, if you have any problem with that, you can check out of the hospital first and come back when you have raised enough money.”

“No, the patient can’t be discharged.” Joyce immediately refused, she had waited too long for this day and Justin could no longer afford the blow, “I will find a way.”

“Okay, Miss, please come to the billing center for the payment before the end of the day, goodbye.”

Joyce hung up the phone and felt a sense of powerlessness running through her body.

It was naturally good to have a Muftron specialist to operate with. Only, immediately she had to come up with 300,000 ...

How could it be possible?

Joyce’s mind was swollen, and she walked forward in a daze, unable to see the road.

When she reached the corner of the corridor, she collided head-on with the man coming around the corner because she was distracted.

She let out a low cry, and because of the other party’s strong muscles, she felt pain in her forehead.

The pain cleared her mind for a few moments.

The moment she looked up, she froze, “It’s you!”

Luther frowned and pushed away the woman who bumped into him, he has never liked people touching him, especially women.

He reached up and dusted his chest with a disgusted look.

When he heard the familiar voice, he realized that the person who hit him was Joyce.

“Why are you here!” Joyce looked amazed.

“That should be my question to you, what are you doing here?” Luther’s expression shaded down.

“It’s none of your business.” Joyce was already in a stifled and irritated mood and felt even angrier when she bumped into him.

Luther caught a glimpse of Joyce with a visitation tag on her chest and smiled coldly.

He understood what happened.

“Joyce, I really underestimated you. Grandma is here for regular treatment and you were able to find out about this place. Is this how you win Grandma’s trust? You want to climb the ladder up to the upper society so much?”