

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 8

Joyce was stunned and there was annoyance in her eyes.

The familiar malevolent words, once again she heard them.

In this moment, her thought was rewound back to years ago.

The hidden aggression at the bottom of her heart rolled up in bursts, bottled up in her chest so she couldn't breathe.

Two years ago, the Henderson family.

"Joyce, I really underestimated you! Is this your way of gaining Justin's trust? You want to climb the ladder to the upper class? You want to be with him, and you think you are worthy of him even though you are nothing but an orphan?"

Luther sneered when Joyce didn't answer, "You admit it?"

Joyce was once again snapped back to her senses. Well, the past was all in the past.

"Sick." She gave a disdainful look, flung her long arms, and pushed him away with force.

She just wants to stay away from these so-called powerful, rich, upper-class people.

These consortia, all of them, had delusions of victimhood.

She was an orphan girl, and that made her a gold-digger to them.

But no one had asked her if she was willing to climb high?

Suddenly, Justin's call came faintly from not far away.

"Joyce."

With the opening of the door to the room, and the sound of wheels rolling as the wheelchair turned.

Joyce was startled to see that it was Justin who was pushing the wheelchair out.

He must have heard her phone call and came out to look for her.

Damn!

“Come on, what exactly is the purpose of your visit here?” Luther felt extremely irritated that he was being ignored.

“Joyce, are you still there?” Justin called out again, “I just heard your voice.”

Joyce was immediately anxious. She must not let Justin see Luther, especially under such a confusing situation. There was no way she could explain it clearly.

The most important thing right now was that Justin had to be at ease with his surgery. Nothing should be allowed to irritate Justin.

In a pinch.

She yanked Luther hard, pushed open the emergency access door beside her, and dragged him to the stairwell.

When the emergency access door closed, she just felt her heart pounding.

“Joyce?” said Justin, pushing his wheelchair and gradually approaching.

“The hell ... you are,” Luther had just opened his mouth when Joyce put a firm hand over her lips.

He shook off her hand covering his lips and was just about to lash out.

Suddenly, the thin lips were sealed by her firmly.

Joyce was probably so desperate that she thought of gagging him with her lips.

At that moment, she had no half-thoughts in her head, only praying that Justin would never find her.

Luther was completely stunned, their four lips pressed against each other, her lips warm and soft.

There was a touch of electricity that hit him right in the heart.

But why? Why would this kiss feel so familiar? It felt like he had experienced it somewhere before.

The sweetness of the taste made him gradually lost in thought, and finally he even took the initiative to deepen the kiss. He just could not help himself.

Joyce's face was on fire and so were her lips.

She heard Justin pushing his wheelchair away, and with a “snap” Justin seemed to close the door and return to the room. She breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, as if snapping back to her senses ... God, what had she done!

In front of her eyes, the scribbled handsome face zoomed in front of her own, his hot breath sprayed on her face.

As if she was scalded by his breaths, she pushed him away, “Enough!”

Joyce tried desperately to calm her rapid breathing and subconsciously raised her sleeve and repeatedly wiped her lips.

“You.” Luther’s handsome face suddenly darkened.

It was obviously her initiative, but now she was wiping her lips with a disgusted face! What was it?

No woman had ever been able to get close to him, except for the accident that happened the night he was rescued.

“Woman, are you hitting on me?”