

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 9

Hit on him? Really?

Joyce was too lazy to argue, and she simply put her hands out, "Sorry, I was just having a crush, trying to win your trust, trying to seduce you. I wanted to climb the ladder to the upper class. I'm sorry, I'm sober now, I know what I am worthy of, I'm leaving."

"..."

Her quick admission left him speechless for an answer.

To win his trust and climb the ladder to the upper class were all his sarcastic words just now, and now she was using them to drive him away?

Joyce straightened up and turned to leave.

She was so annoyed that she really didn't have the energy to tangle with him.

Luther tugged on Joyce's arm, "Wait a minute, I was just looking for you. Grandma is suspicious, and she wants you to move in with her today. I need your help."

Joyce almost broke down. She had enough chaos here already, and he just had to find her more trouble.

"I can pay you, as much as you want." Luther looked slightly disdainful. Since she was a gold-digger, of course, he could use his money to solve the problem?

Pay?

When she heard the word pay, Joyce suddenly remembered that she still needed \$300,000.

She had to admit that she found the deal pretty good.

This was the fastest and most effective way.

She already asked him for \$500,000, and it would not be much to ask for \$300,000 more.

There was no need to worry about the debt, so let's solve the immediate difficulties first.

“Three hundred thousand.” She heard herself say it.

“You give me \$300,000 now, and I’ll go tonight.” Justin’s surgery couldn’t wait any longer, right now, as long as the deposit was paid in full. The part-time online job she did, and her internship would also pay enough for his recovery.

Although she did not want to have too much involvement with the man in front of her.

She had no choice if she wanted to get Justin operated on as soon as possible.

As for the money, she would find a way to pay it back later.

She didn’t want to owe Luther either.

To be precise, she didn’t want to owe anyone anymore.

Luther raised his eyebrows and looked at her almost sarcastically, “What, I just gave you \$500,000 and you’ve spent it so quickly? Woman, you don’t have a small appetite.”

“Cut the crap, do you need me to come and stay at your house?” Joyce wrapped her arms around her chest.

“You ...”

How could she still be so righteous when she was asking him for money.

Luther held his fire and spat out the word, “Deal.”

“I’ll have my driver pick you up tonight, from your school?” He asked.

She picked up his phone and looked down to enter her number, “No need, send me the address. I’ll go myself.”

Then she handed the phone back to him, “Transfer me now. The money to this account and I’ll be there tonight.”

Luther stared at her incredulously, “And you’re afraid I’ll regret it?”

Joyce shrugged, “Are you transferring or not?”

“You!”

Luther gasped, his long fingers pinching the phone hard.

A few seconds later, Joyce’s cell phone rang and she glanced at it; the money was in the account.

“Let’s go, see you tonight.”

Joyce pushed open the emergency door and left without looking back.

She had to go get grouper rice and then come back to see what Justin had just asked her to do.

She was relieved that the \$300,000 matter was resolved and that the surgery went ahead as scheduled.

This woman! She took the money without even a word of gratitude and walked away without looking back.

She really had the ability to make him instantly so mad.

After Joyce left, Luther was indignant.

“Bang”, a fist slammed into the emergency door.

Hell, what the hell was wrong with him? She opened her mouth and asked him for money, proving that she was a gold digger, and he should be satisfied since he was right. But she took his money, and he was even more upset. He didn’t even know what he was angry about.

And the kiss, which annoyed him to no end.

His eyes slightly narrowed. He glanced at the door. Just now clearly someone passed by.

What was she trying to cover up with her sudden kiss? What the hell was she doing here?

Obviously, the person who saved him that night was Charlotte.

But why did her kiss, on the contrary, give him a familiar feeling? For a moment it was as if he was back to the night he was rescued