

## Sweet love 1191

### Chapter 1191

Joyce took a few sharp breaths and didn't say a word.

"Don't shake your hand, come on, hold the gun steady. Your marksmanship, isn't it the world's best? Don't miss the shot." Charlotte's eyes almost popped out.

The thrill of watching the two of them, killing each other, was too intense.

Joyce froze in place as she slowly raised the gun and finally pointed it straight at Luther's heart.

Love and family.

Her parents and Luther. She would have to choose one or the other.

When the gun was pointed at his heart, her brow twitched violently, like a fire blown by the wind.

The sky outside the rotten building, from just now, had turned gloomy, and it began to snow.

With no windows above the rotten building, snowflakes drifted in unrestrainedly.

at Joyce in shock, his breathing

day, her gun would

what?" Without warning, raging tears welled up, and Joyce

knife, "I hate you! I hate you! You think you know everything? In fact, you don't know anything! Falling off a cliff into the sea, my daughter! She ... she was dead!

all you, it's all your fault. You're the culprit!" She yelled, tears pouring out, she raised her left hand and wiped

the pistol steady, was

shocked, his black eyes full of endless

that he had such deep

never willing to

Anderson, Iris.

Only Anderson survived.

ago, she was pregnant with two children and fell off a cliff into

he could imagine how desperate she

why she hadn't

originally just his

body trembled violently, and his handsome face turned snow-white in a

## **Chapter 1192**

The bullets were almost silent when they were fired.

When the "bang" sounded, Luther's long body slowly fell backwards.

The swirling flawless snowflakes were dancing like beautiful butterflies suddenly gathered and scattered.

He fell heavily to the ground in the light and streaking snowflakes.

In the chest, a shot was fired right where the heart was, and the burnt fabric of the coat formed a black hole.

He was motionless, lying on the ground, his handsome face pale, his eyes closed.

After the gun went off, at first Charlotte couldn't believe it. She cautiously walked up, crouched down, reached out, went to probe for breath, and felt nothing at all ...

were so

and then, she laughed uncontrollably. The laughter was

is dead,

you love so much. You are much more ruthless than

the gun,

me,

can save her alone? For Cecelia's sake, I'll tell you, she's in a secret hospital on Hill 372. Hahaha. Without the coordinates, you'll never find it. The military has a dozen secret hospitals, all with

Hill 372.

she

family is gone, the power has been taken away by Otis, just you? You can't turn it around!

## **Chapter 1193**

"Snap!"

Suddenly a hard slap landed on Charlotte's cheek.

Charlotte had not yet approached Joyce, but was directly swept by Joyce to the ground.

Joyce used all her strength with this slap, and her hands were numb.

Charlotte's hair was all messed up, and half of her face was blocked by her hair. Five bright red fingerprints were left on her face, and blood was gushing from the corner of her mouth.

Joyce raised her wrist and pointed her pistol straight at Charlotte.

"Shut up, you sinned devil! !"

"I want you to die too!" Charlotte, already in a frenzy, yelled, pulled herself up and lunged at Joyce again.

"Bang."

A shot rang out.

Joyce shot Charlotte right through her knee.

and she fell

wind and snow gradually smaller, but everything around seemed to have  
shot, is for Luther's grandmother.

"Bang."

Another shot rang out.

shot hit Charlotte in

grandfather Rodney.

knees, she was in so much pain

"Bang! Bang!"

two

left and right

you up yet you have done nothing

last shot, for Cecelia, who treated you with love, who loved you like her own daughter, and you  
turned directly Charlotte into

no strength

by the wind and snow and

which ran down the corners of her

looked

## **Chapter 1194**

Joyce slowly walked up to Charlotte, her voice calm and soft.

She looked down at Charlotte from above, a quiet smile blossoming on her lips.

"Do you have any wet wipes?" She reached out, asking Luther.

She knew Luther had a serious cleanliness problem now and could not stand other women touching him.

She's seen a few times where office personnel have accidentally touched him and he's had to wipe up with a wet paper towel for a long time afterwards.

She also knew in her heart that he made an exception for her. Or maybe it had something to do with her that he had developed such a serious cleanliness problem.

So, he usually carried it with him.

Sure enough, Luther took the wet wipes he carried from inside his coat pocket and handed them to Joyce.

Joyce took it and removed the wet wipes.

In front of Charlotte, she slowly and methodically wiped her beloved pistol, carefully, inside and out.

pistol, which was touched

pinned

discarded the wet paper towel on

was so extreme that she could no longer feel the

hanging with her last breath, her face twisted like a

been you who's been lying. Why can't we lie to you? What? How does it feel to be lied to? Isn't it

Charlotte, and he dreamed

wanted to leave

rotten building, he never made a

of blood from her mouth and looked at

hit his heart, and to this day, his coat still had the

How was that possible?

could he

a ghost standing in front of her? She was scared! How could she not be afraid of a ghost knocking on her door after all the bad things she had done? She showed a frightened and horrified expression,

Luther laughed softly.

front of her, he opened the buttons of his coat to reveal

**Wrong marriage and sweet love (Joyce and Luther)**

**Chapter 1195**

The lapel of the suit exposed inside the coat showed that it was the same piece of clothing.

The pin was also pinned in the same position and had not been moved.

Even so, he must thank Joyce.

She shot blindly, and hit the bullseye. Sure enough, she was a natural marksman.

In fact, when Joyce pointed her pistol at his heart.

He had a vague premonition.

He didn't have any worry, didn't move at all, trusted her completely.

Besides, even if Joyce really wanted him dead, he would be willing to do so.

When the bullet entered, the impact was so powerful that he fell to the ground and had a brief dizzy fainting spell. But soon he regained consciousness. He was unharmed except for the impact on his chest, which was a little stuffy.

At the moment.

kneeling on the ground in an embarrassing position, blood gushing

reluctant, her stormy eyes staring straight

Charlotte's ear, in a voice that only Charlotte could hear,

one or the other? I'm sorry, I want

last bit of light in her eyes

she lost

was surprised that they had teamed up to deceive her. Yes, Joyce

had a sharpshooter shoot

was the one

Luther's miserable demeanor, and she

one who got

slowly stood up, straightened up little by

you killed Ms. Armstrong, you have blood on your hands, and you deserve to die. You deserve to die

invalid, unable to take care of yourself, suffering from illness and pain, worse than death, to pay for the grave sins you have

## **Chapter 1196**

The Capital.

The wind and snow continued, and the pale earth was covered with a heavy white snow.

Several black House of Inspection special vehicles sped along.

They then arrived at Club Pascaylia.

Karl darted out of the car and broke straight into the rotten building.

He was followed by several SWAT officers, all of whom he called on a temporary emergency basis.

Before he even entered the building, he could already hear the sound of silenced gunfire coming from inside. His heart then pounded violently, almost uncontrollably, leaping to his throat.

He rushed wildly into the rotten building, a SWAT officer rushed to Tommy who fell in a pool of blood and probed his nose, "He's alive."

Karl nodded his head and signaled the SWAT team to notify emergency assistance.

The SWAT officer nodded and pressed the call button pinned to his lapel to notify the ambulance to come quickly to take away the injured.

at the screen, full alert, distinguished the movement upstairs. He could not  
as dangerous as

was already on the floor in a

was clearly Joyce who shot the

who was standing not far behind Joyce, heard a movement behind him and he  
wasn't surprised

Karl before he rushed there and told him the

The surprised was Joyce.

time for her to

face shifted from tense to relaxed and

put away his gun and pinned it

raised his hand to indicate that the SWAT officers behind him did

deep gaze at Joyce, whose mask had been removed from her face, revealing her otherwise stunning and  
stood by her

she is Joyce and is no longer

rushing here in

she would inform him of any action, no matter what. She would never act alone. She had broken her

face was as gloomy as it

**Wrong marriage and sweet love (Joyce and Luther)**

## **Chapter 1197**

But in the end, she chose to "abandon" Karl again because she really didn't want to let anyone get hurt because of her, especially when he already had Juanita.

She could not let herself to the detriment of Juanita's life.

"And no ... I really ... sent you a timed email." Joyce defended feebly.

At that very moment, Karl's cell phone rang.

He glanced at Joyce, took his phone out of his pocket and it was a timed email.

Everything was explained in the email.

Joyce came up to him and pointed at his phone, "Look, I'm not lying to you, am I?"

Karl glared at Joyce, who rarely used profanity, but couldn't help but blurt out, "There's no fucking use. In case something happens to you, is this a notice for me to collect the body? I'm sorry!"

Joyce lowered her head in defeat, fooling Karl was out of the question.

"I didn't inform him either. It was Charlotte who instructed Tommy to grab my

as if she had made a mistake, "I'm really sure that it will be

Karl gave her a blank look. Her explanation did make

that Joyce cared so much about what Karl thought and

scene and the coat with

on the ground at the moment,

He roughly guessed something.

call button and ordered, "Suspect is upstairs, unconscious, come and

coat off and draped it over Joyce's body. He saw her jacket thrown on the

acid discarded on the ground, he had already guessed that Charlotte must

it on. I see you're

his coat tightly, she did feel a little cold. She did not feel cold before since she was nervous, but now that coldness was more and more obvious. She was wearing a sweater, the wind and snow filled in,

my car and go back to House of Inspection

his own car

## **Chapter 1198**

Inside the special vehicle.

Karl drove the car himself, with Luther and Joyce in the back seat.

There was a momentary freeze.

Luther did not dare to speak easily. Before Joyce mentioned Iris, their daughter who was not breathing before she was born and he was also in pain at the moment.

Although Joyce did not mention it now, but he knows that this knot in her heart will not pass easily.

He carefully watched her face, from her calm expression, he could not see any happiness or sadness.

The more calm, often the more buried under the waves, the more people feel afraid.

He couldn't help but feel anxious.

He thought that when she took off her mask and met him honestly, they could go back to the old days.

However, he did not know the bad news about Iris until today.

still forgive

determined words before

just acting but

down his spine and his whole

a grasp. He also felt that he was not qualified to ask for her

at the moment, he feels that things

that moment, as if Joyce suddenly remembered something, she leaned forward and approached the

Does

stared back at Joyce and said, "Miss Charlotte, you

Joyce, "..."

bit relieved. When she shot Ricky, theoretically, her own life was threatened, and killing

time was different, Charlotte does not pose a

Instead, she crippled Charlotte.

held her forehead and had some headache, "What should

her with amusement. She was so worried about this that she underestimated his ability. What can't be bought

it, eliminate the traces, clear the relationship with you. I can do this. I'm not

shrugged and leaned back

look relaxed and something haunted

**Chapter 1199**



"When did you regain your memory?"

Suddenly, Joyce asked.

Today, if Charlotte hadn't said it herself, she wouldn't have known that Luther had recovered his memory. She also did not know that Luther's memory loss was a result of Charlotte and Ricky'd doing. They gave him special drugs and then worked it out as a car accident.

Seaview's was mentioned in their conversation.

She could still vaguely recall that day. When he left that afternoon, he was unusually gentle with her, kissing her goodbye, and perhaps he already suspected Charlotte at the time.

Later in the evening, knowing he had bought Eden Apartment, she called him, but Charlotte answered. It turned out that they were having dinner together at Seaview's at the time.

It was that day that Luther had completely figured out everything about Charlotte.

Unexpectedly, she was framed by Charlotte and Ricky.

No wonder, she didn't wait for Luther to come to Eden Apartment.

So that was what happened that night.

When Luther heard Joyce's question, he turned his head gently and looked at her with eyes full of pain and vicissitudes.

by word in a painful voice, "You fell off the cliff when I

sounded calm on the surface, actually

drew a cold

has

say

car, it

was the crux of all the problems between them,

all victims of this conspiracy, and

her body softly against the

get some sleep. Wake me up when we get to the Special

looked aghast and clutched the

location of Cecelia,

and swept her into his

his long fingers gently

with Charlotte today and being informed of Cecelia's exact location  
at the downstairs of the Special Investigation

sure Joyce had fallen into a deep sleep, and he asked Karl in

"Is there a sedative?"

what Luther meant. He raised an eyebrow,

## **Chapter 1200**

The secret hospital.

Night had fallen, and the windows were dark at night in the mountains.

The wind and snow continued. They were flurrying, hitting the windows now and then, and snapping.

Intensive Care Unit.

Frank stayed by Cecelia's side.

Miss Scott had just given Cecelia a full body massage. Cecelia seemed to be asleep, her face was flushed, and her breathing was evenly undulating.

Dr. Price came over, checked again, and said to himself, "Strange, the edema has subsided, so she should be awake."

Frank gave Dr. Price a hard look, "I've been hearing you say that for three days! You're a quack, aren't you? You're the wrong person to keep in the first place."

quackery?" Dr. Price, always mild-tempered, was not at all

he kidding? A quack? He was the top surgery specialist. The brain was the most sophisticated part of

to be in a coma for an appropriate amount of time. Once she wakes up, her brain recovers more quickly and there are no after-effects." Dr. Price reassured,

a hurry!" Frank was going crazy with anxiety right

had reached the bottom, and they

they used heavy weapons to attack, they wouldn't be able to hold up even if they were

he didn't have time to wait any

there! We're running out of food! We can't hold out any longer! Please! If Ms. Cecelia doesn't wake up today and the people outside attack, we're all

Dr. Price thought about it, "Then there's only one last way

was

Ms. Cecelia right away,"

didn't you say something earlier if  
ask either." Dr. Price looked innocent, "It's not  
Frank, "..."