

## Sweet love 291

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

#### Chapter 291

A large number of police officers rushed up to search around. There were bodies everywhere. A dozen of the thugs had been killed.

"Captain, there's a female body here. Neck cut off." A police officer reported.

Karl was so shocked that his mind went blank. He shuddered and went over to confirm, turning the body over, and luckily it wasn't Joyce.

He breathed a sigh of relief and realized that he was covered in sweat.

He shone a flashlight on the female body, "This is Georgia, I've seen pictures of her. Killed with a slash to the throat, looks the same as the two bodies in the warehouse, and the two we met on the road. Both should have been silenced by one of their own."

"Captain, there are still a few bodies here. Although there are gunshots in the chest, they are not fatal, and they were all finally killed by someone slitting their throats!" The police officer went up to look over a few more bodies, "The bodies are still warmed, they were killed not long ago. It shouldn't take more than a quarter of an hour. The killer must be nearby. How about we start a search right away?"

Karl shook his head, "Too late, it seems that they were all killed by the same person, he should be the mastermind behind everything. The forest is so big, looking for him would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. The most important thing right now is to find Luther and Joyce, and since there are no bodies here, that means they are still alive."

time, he took out his

soon found Luther's satellite phone at the scene,

all hit by bullets in the right chest, all in the same spot, so perhaps it was Joyce's work." Karl analyzed. He remembered Joyce said that she was very accurate when she shot. As for how accurate, he was now kind of primed

find out where Joyce and Luther went," Karl

took a

how intense the fight was

no longer a road ahead, and

edge, however, were

or six people were

slope. It was not really a cliff. There was a slope, but it was very deep. At

police officer said beside him, "Could it be that the two of them jumped

almost stopped his

## **Chapter 292**

2-3 minutes

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Just midway down the steep slope.

Luther clinging to Joyce, they rolled down the slope along with all the debris, and branches and it seemed that they were not going to stop anywhere soon. And they could hear the wind whistling harshly over and over.

He used all his strength to hold on to her firmly, afraid to be separated from her.

He was afraid that once he let go he would lose her forever.

Joyce wrapped her arms around him hard and buried her head deep in his chest. The rough gravel was constantly rubbing against her exposed tender skin, and she knew that he had already blocked most of it with his own body for her.

They rolled all the way down, but fortunately, they hit a low bush midway and slowed down a lot.

They had no idea how long they rolled and slid, but they finally stopped when they hit another short bush.

The surroundings were instantly much quieter, and the only sounds heard were their loud gasping bit,

little dizzy.

Luther sat up nervously, held Joyce upright, cradled her in his arms, and checked her up and down. Neither her arms nor her legs

Joyce slowed down and spoke, "I'm fine, just a little dizzy. What about you, are you hurt? Is there any bleeding anywhere?" In the darkness, she groped for

really matters. Fortunately, before entering the mountain, I wore special hiking clothes. It's rain-resistant and weather-proof, and it uses special materials, so the scratches just now would not really damage it." Luther flinched with relief in his

been dangerous enough, but fortunately, he bet right.

"Great, it's finally okay. I watched you disappear in

She leaned quietly into his

it difficult to calm down. There were too many things she wanted to

up?" Luther turned on his flashlight and shone on the

could move them. She

## Chapter 293

2-3 minutes

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"What, now you think I'm handsome?" Luther hugged her smoothly and teased her amusingly.

Joyce bit her lip in shame. What was that joke even for?

She lowered her head, her cheeks faintly warm.

The moment she looked down, she suddenly realized something was wrong. Her clothes were cut by thorns at some point, all the way down to her abdomen, revealing a red light that seemed to have been flashing around her waist.

Luther's palm covered her cheek, trying to get her to look up at him squarely as he continued to tease her, "What, embarrassed?"

"Wait, something doesn't seem right. Take a look at my waist, what is this?" Joyce had no desire to joke anymore and let out a low cry.

She lifted the hem of her dress to reveal a black bandage.

and I'd forgotten that when I was caught by the masked man, he seemed to have tied something around my waist.

Luther was shocked. His handsome face instantly lost color, and he hurriedly shone his flashlight

black strap, about five fingers wide, and it seemed to be loaded with something. When he took a closer look, he found

looked up at Joyce, just as

met, each with an

There were shock, disbelief, pain, sorrow, and despair that they had tried so hard to

this moment, Luther's mind was blank, his thin lips could not

and death, and if it was just himself he could have dealt with it calmly. However, looking at the living Joyce in front of

Eventually, it was Joyce who spoke first, "The screen shows that there are 23 minutes

was pronounced, Luther only felt his head buzzing, his mind

not continue to chase us. It turns out that the masked man had already installed a time bomb on me.

Oh, really thoughtful!" In comparison, Joyce was much calmer, she smiled sarcastically and bit her

away, figure out how to ... to get a bomb

## Chapter 294

Just when Luther was at his wits' end.

Joyce suddenly spoke up, her voice sounding extraordinarily clear and pleasant in the silent mountain forest.

"Do you have scissors?" Compared to him, she looked much calmer.

"Yes." Luther hurriedly took out a multifunctional Swiss Army knife from his bag, with which they could have various knives, screwdrivers, tweezers, and scissors.

"I need your help. I'll shine the flashlight, and you do what I tell you." Joyce took the flashlight from him, took a deep breath, and instructed.

"You know how to remove a bomb?" Luther was shocked again, how much more could Joyce do that he didn't know about? It was so surprising.

"People who like to play with firearms are mostly good at getting rid of a bomb. Nothing strange." Joyce tried to stay calm. In fact, she wasn't so sure about that, but by no means should they just sit and wait for their death, "but this ultra-thin type time bomb looks quite sophisticated. I have never seen one myself, and it is not like the domestic."

"Can't the belt be unbuckled?" Luther asked anxiously.

kind of time bomb that is strapped to the body, and once activated, would be dependent on temperature control. As long as the belt is untied and body temperature is not sensed, the bomb will explode instantly. So you should never cut the belt. See here? First cut here, inside is

his hands were now full of sweat. He tried to keep it

The intricate wiring, and

Time ticked away

Joyce shone a flashlight, looked closely at the

Luther did as she said, his hands could not help but

his

Luther

cut went down and nothing

He breathed a sigh

to reveal the second layer of wiring,

## **Chapter 295**

"That's right." He replied.

"Cut the all-copper bare wire." She said calmly.

Luther did as he was told without hesitation.

The time bomb did not move and the monitor was still counting down.

His heart sank again as he waited for Joyce to open her mouth before he could continue with the steps.

However, Joyce did not speak again.

She was silent for a moment.

Until he prodded anxiously, "What's wrong? Eight minutes left, what do I need to do."

Under the dark night, Joyce slightly lowered her head, hiding her gloomy look, she took a deep breath, "Now, you listen to me. This bomb is extremely tricky, I probably know what type it is. Only foreign terrorists would use it. Even if a bomb disposal expert comes in person, there is no way to safely defuse it, you have to gamble this time and choose one from the lines."

heart went cold to the bottom. Just then he was sweating with nervous heat, but now he was sweating and felt cold. It was

"The person who designed this bomb ended up with a random line, and no one knows whether it's the red one or the blue one. Cut either one and it makes no difference. It all depends on fate, and you get a 50-50 chance. So, you give me the scissors. There are seven minutes left, you just hurry

Joyce finished calmly, she looked up slyly, her eyes

and he could not help but think

She smiled straight away and without

more, you and I are just a fake couple. Go now, it will be

With that, she grimaced and straightened

Luther did not move, but suddenly held Joyce's hand. Although his palm was cold and

"I'm not

you put your life on the line for me. I'm just an orphan

last words, pushed Luther away

"I'm

Luther suddenly took Joyce into his arms and held her tighter and tighter, "I will never let go. In the end, it's because of me

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

#### **Chapter 296**

"Come on, let's bet together, on the red one or the blue one? I'll count, three, two, one, and we'll say it together." His voice was soft and gentle.

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

"Blue!"

"Blue!"

Luther and Joyce chose the blue line in unison.

Luther smiled wickedly and pursed his thin lips, "Look, we must be able to feel each other. Then I'll cut it now."

He held the scissors out to the blue line.

Strange enough, when they were really facing a life and death moment, they were more calm than before.

At this moment, their hands had clasped firmly together.

They exchanged the most beautiful smiles with each

Live together, or

Their fates were

tightly, their hands still clasped together, but both closed their eyes, held their breath and waited

Live, or

second, two seconds, three

the same time and bent their heads to look at the

On the display, the original beating red numbers were now fixed at the number 7,

"Seems

Joyce said cautiously, as if in disbelief, she repeatedly looked again to confirm that, and indeed, the time safe!" Her voice was full

Before he finished the words,

Excitement, gratitude, happiness... There was just no one

he had held her so tight as if he wanted to pull her into his

mind was in turmoil, and her first mixed emotions were

She offered to kiss him

Eager, excited,

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

## **Chapter 297**

"I'm so uncomfortable." Joyce pulled her collar open hard, revealing a large area of skin, and finally the heat cooled down a bit. It did not really help put down the fire but it was better than nothing.

At this point, Luther recalled that Joyce was held by the masked man, and the masked man once said something like, "Luther, your woman shot and wounded so many of my brothers. I just drugged her, and I'll reward the brothers with some fun later. You just enjoy it on the side."

Then later, they fought the enemies all the way to, and finally jumped down the steep slope and defused the time bomb. Crisis after crisis, danger after danger, he almost forgot about it.

"Joyce, did the man in the mask feed you something?" Luther asked distractedly.

Joyce's brain was so foggy that it was turning into a mush.

She nodded laboriously, "Well, a small bottle of liquid, I don't know what it is."

She leaned into Luther's arms, feeling so comfortable on him that it seemed to ease her hard feelings. Subconsciously, she probably understood what was going on with her. This was not the first time she had been drugged, and the last time she had felt the same way. The heat was unbearable, and she felt like a million ants were gnawing at her heart.

Only this time, because she had previously been fighting the thugs, and then they fell down a steep slope and defused a bomb. The human brain gave a stress response when it encountered something critical, causing the senses to ignore the erosion of the drug.

time bomb was defused, her whole body

in her body recoiled wildly. It was what caused her

at this moment that she must have been

the way. I remember there is a small lake down there, and I will carry you there." Saying that, he hurriedly

In a short while, he carried

jagged rocks and many willow trees. It was night already, the

the sky, there was a sparse moon shadow falling

Joyce to the lake, "Joyce, how

that she felt like she was melting, and her throat was parched and thirsty. She tried to speak, but found she couldn't say a

the lake water to wash her face, the lake

Joyce," he called out to her several times, and she didn't answer him, just curled up and shivered with

He knew that she was close

no choice but to take off her clothes one by one. Then he took off his own clothes and walked into the lake with

The wind was still blowing, and the hair close to her neck was

**Chapter 298**

There was no choice.

He carried Joyce out of the lake and laid his jacket on the flat grass next to the boulders at the edge of lake.

Then, he carried Joyce there.

Earlier, he placed the flashlight on the boulder at the edge of the lake, and the light shooting out was ghostly shining on the sparkling lake.

And right now, Joyce was lying flat on the clean grass, nearly in a coma.

She was curled up like a newborn baby, but not peacefully, her body spasming every now and then.

Suddenly, as if she had reached the limit of endurance, she whimpered with difficulty, "So hot, hot ..."

Even the wind had stopped.

The faint light of the flashlight outlined the soft curves of her body. Her cheeks were tinged with hues, against the snow-white face. She looked stunningly beautiful.

he

She, on the other hand, was no longer responding. He knew he couldn't wait any longer, he had to possess her and help her

Even if she was not in her right mind now, he

extremely quiet, so quiet that he could only hear his own breathing, increasingly rapid, and his heartbeat was accelerating, slamming up and down in an uncontrollable and disorderly

her beneath himself as he gently stroked

kisses fell gently. He carefully filled her

And he had no idea how

the sky in the east had been tinged with the white of the fish belly, and the

And that wonderful

hands on the side of her neck, and it took so long before his violent heartbeat, and

him a feeling of unreality, as if

Even at this moment, looking at her flushed and faded face, he could not believe that cheeks, which were no longer hot.

She lay peacefully on the grass and suddenly her body

Dawn was just around

**Chapter 299**



Her brain paused for a moment as bits and pieces of memory came up.

Although incomplete, the fragments lingered in her mind. She remembered herself wrapping around him like a snake, and demanding constantly, with no manners at all.

She must be crazy, just crazy.

She finally knew why she had even lost her voice.

Her cheeks instantly burned up and she wanted to find a hole in the ground. Even if she was drugged, how could she lose her sanity and look like a slut, she was simply so embarrassed.

As he watched, he buttoned her dress and was about to help her put on her socks.

She hastily stopped it, "I'll wear it myself."

"I'll do it." Luther insisted in a cold voice.

His slender long fingers brushed her soft white toes. Her feet were beautiful, slender yet firm. He loved it.

Watching him gently put on her socks, her face turned even redder and she tried to pull her foot back, but he held it firmly and wouldn't budge.

After all the clothes were

"Wheel of Fortune" necklace out

put it on you." A magnetic voice rang in her

lit up abruptly with surprise, "This necklace, I hung it on a branch by the creek. I was hoping someone would know where I was going, and I'm surprised you

it on for her; maybe this really was their

Destined for him to find her,

The sky, finally, was

A golden sunrise enveloped their

The soft glow of the light and the Wheel of Fortune she wore around her neck were intertwined. At this moment, her face was more dazzling than the sun, and

He couldn't take his eyes off

was now once again ignited. He could not

shouting, and the commotion was getting louder and louder, and it seemed

"It should be Karl and the others." Luther stood up and reached out to pull Joyce up as

When Joyce stood up, she realized that her legs were sore and numb

with a large group of people, has finally found us. Come on, let's go and join them." Luther took Joyce's hand, but found

wrong?" He

### **Chapter 300**

Karl led a large group of people and searched all night.

At that time, because it was too dark, they went around to the bottom of the mountain, took the wrong direction, and encountered a cut-off road with nothing but thorns in front of them. Nobody would have gone this way so they just returned to the main road.

Fortunately, he had all the entrances and exits of Hill Benjamin blocked and guarded to ensure that no more killers would enter.

Moreover, on their way, they also accidentally found the masks and daggers discarded by the criminals.

According to this, Karl judged that in Hill Benjamin there should have been no criminals left that was able to threaten the lives of Joyce and Luther, and the leader of the thugs had chosen to withdraw, and from the traces left by the thugs, the thugs had left Hill Benjamin.

At least they were quite safe for now.

So, Karl ordered the special force team to rest in place and wait for daylight before looking for them.

Otherwise, it was just

was almost dawn, the surrounding area was finally barely visible, at which point Karl repositioned himself and used satellite

It was the lake at

they had no idea of all those with only

direction and followed the flat road, making their way to the woods by the

And now they would reach the small lake shown on the map

way, walking at the front of the

took a close look, and

in the morning and beams of golden light was

They were just like that, one carrying the other, holding each other tight, stepping on the

The love and attachment were

thin lips and hurried up, concerned, "Finally, I