

## **Sweet love 481**

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

#### **Chapter 481**

"Miss Meyer, Joyce has no reason to doubt. Although I had physical contact with Joyce at one point at Hill Benjamin. I was the one who planted the bomb around her waist. But it was impossible for her to tell. And I used voice processor, she shouldn't be able to recognize my voice." Ricky thought about it and felt he hadn't missed anything.

"That's good. We are now so close to success, and Joyce is so annoying. I really want to get rid of her for good."

Charlotte said indignantly.

"Yes, I'm dying to get rid of her! But not yet. As far as I know, Karl of Second Princt has been sending people to secretly observe Joyce, which is also a kind of protection. We must not make any rash moves." Ruthlessness and violence crossed Ricky's eyes, "Otherwise, I would have made a move on her."

Ricky both feared and hated Joyce so much. He had not been able to kill her, and then he had to silence Thomas. Joyce was also a good shot. He subconsciously touched his right arm. He previously went to the police station to inquire about it privately, and it turned out that his gunshot wound was all thanks to Joyce. His shooting accuracy would be affected even after his wound was healed. Joyce had ruined his ten years of hard work. It was said that Joyce used the second bullet to push the first bullet, in order to achieve ultra-long-range shooting. It was simply incredible.

He would never forget about that.

afraid she would

a feeling she might suspect the relationship between the two of us." Ricky frowned deeply. Although he couldn't be sure, he had this gut feeling that Joyce had just glanced at him in a

curse and squinted her eyes around a few times, "It doesn't matter. Even if she said anything, without any evidence, Luther wouldn't believe her at this point. Jacqueline and Shelly are even less likely to believe her. Just let's not meet

eyes lit up and suddenly a poisonous plan came to

shopping today. Here's the deal, you go to the Capital and don't come back for a while, just to be safe.

waved her hand and gestured for Ricky to return with her to the

decoration supplies and she was on her way back

I heard you

And I am now ready to come back. Need me buy you anything?" Joyce

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As per Juanita's request, she was told to go to Manager Foster in the lobby to pick up the venue supplies.

Joyce walked in. It was not the dining time, and inside the lobby were only a few people. From afar she could hear the voice of a woman talking. That woman was wearing a white work shirt and red work skirt, looking a bit like the lobby manager.

As Joyce approached, she glanced at the nameplate on the woman's chest, which read: Manager Foster.

Sure enough, it was the person she was looking for.

Manager Foster was talking to an old man, wearing a black suit, with his back towards Joyce. Although his hair had been completely white, the posture was extraordinarily upright. His back was straight, his shoulder was wide and rounded, and his waist was thick and strong. She knew he had a military background when she just saw him.

"Mister, I'm sorry, I really can't do what you're asking. I have explained to you many times that I really haven't found the girl you are talking about." Manager Foster helplessly explained repeatedly. The old man had come many times, and each time he asked the same question, looking for a girl he had met by chance in the hallway.

again carefully and take a look at all the surveillance of the day. I'm sure I'm not mistaken; she is about this tall." The old man gestured with his hand, "Very thin, very pretty, with dark

the hall, I have checked the surveillance several times. Today, I have checked it again. There is really

to cross any customer who could afford to come to Riveria Haze. In deed he was old, but maybe he had some unusual background. She didn't dare to offend him. However, she had tried her best but still, she couldn't find the person the old man was

really experts in looking for people." Manager Foster

work first,

hand politely and gestured to Manager Foster to take care of his own

is waiting for me to get something. Do you want me to call

need, I'll go back on

must have seen Mia that day. There was absolutely no mistake. However, the staff here had helped him look for her several times, but

was destined to be another

looked dejected, his face full of wrinkles, his eyebrows deeply furrowed, and he looked even older than when he

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Rodney excitedly rushed to Joyce, holding her arm firmly, fearing that she was an illusion, and that she would disappear.

Joyce did not expect the old man in front of her to suddenly come forward and grab her. His hand was very strong, and she felt pain already in her arms. However, she did not dare to break free, afraid that if she used too much force, the old man in front of her would fall.

What a familiar face! When the old man turned around, Joyce thought he looked familiar. Like she had seen him somewhere before.

But she couldn't remember that for a moment.

"Mia, Mia! I finally found you." Rodney grabbed Joyce tightly, his voice trembling with excitement.

"Mister, I'm sorry, you have the wrong person, my name is not Mia."

Joyce patiently, and with a smile, explained.

forward, "Mister, is this the girl you've been

in the hotel corridor that day. It's so similar, just so similar, Mia, I finally

to Riveria Haze before, have you

have an impression." Joyce's eyes shone brightly and seemed to think

meeting between the Heaths and the Warners at Riveria Haze. At that time, in addition to Luther, Charlotte, Cecelia, which she knew, there was also someone else, dressed

time, she guessed that perhaps it was

She remembered

into you in the corridor of the club, right?"

excitedly, his lips trembling. At this moment, he seemed to have traveled back in time, and back to his youth, forgetting that his hair had

commander-in-chief of the military district, Rodney

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"Hmm. You have just the same eyebrows as Mia's, but Mia's nose is flatter. You look sharper than Mia, who looked a bit milder. There are indeed some differences when you look closely." Rodney looked over carefully one place at a time.

Joyce let out a giggle.

"Grandpa Rodney, there are a lot of look-alikes under the sky. I just happen to be."

"May I ask your name?" Rodney continued to ask more undeterred.

Even if the similarity could be a coincident, how could they look just the same? Could there be some kind of connection between her and Mia? After all, he had been out of touch with the Cole family for a long time.

"My name is Joyce Knowles," Joyce replied.

"Miss Knowles," Rodney trailed off, a little disappointed that there were no Knowles among Mia's relatives as far as he could remember.

"Girl, are your parents still alive? Where do they live? Have you ever been in the Capital since you were a child? Do you have any relatives named Cole?" Rodney asked a long list of questions.

questions. Let me answer them all together, I grew up as an orphan, so I grew up in an orphanage, I don't know who my mom and dad are, and I have no

Rodney's eyes lit up, not expecting this girl, who looked so much like Mia, to

Joyce smiled, "By the way, I actually know you. You're

grew up in an orphanage too! Could it be

up in the

What's your name again?" Rodney was taken aback; he was a little slow to react as he got older,

told

a good impression of Rodney. Although she could still feel Rodney's majesty, he was not at

"Joyce ..."

over the

he had

going to bring Joyce the supplies that Joyce would need to bring back to the R&S Group in

## **Chapter 485**

Rodney stood in the hall as he thought about the details.

He remembered Cecelia found a clue in Khebury and she went to the orphanage. There were two girls who met their requirements, and they asked the director of the orphanage to get the DNA samples of the two girls for a paternity test, and in the end one of the samples matched that of Cecelia. It was Charlotte.

But what was the name of the other girl?

He personally went to the identification center to pick up the report, and Cecelia happened to be busy and did not go with him. At that time, he only scanned through the report of the other girl, but he could not remember the name of the other girl.

When he thought about it now, he was more and more sure it was Joyce.

So, he always felt that he had seen the name somewhere.

the more he

like the Heaths in terms of both her appearance and her personality. Especially her personality! She had been so weak and crying all

all, it was a blessing to have his granddaughter back after more than twenty years of separation. He knew

much of a coincidence. If Joyce was the orphan who underwent DNA testing with Charlotte, was it possible

too much like Mia, and it looked just

a mistake about their

that Joyce

felt his heart beating faster and faster, almost uncontrollable, and the blood vessels in his brain about was too old now to withstand such a cardiovascular shock, and his eyes were blurred and his body began trembling for

certainly could not make any mistakes by leaving him alone here, otherwise with the power of the Heath

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But hearing her name and seeing her name were two completely different things. When he saw the hot-stamped name on her business card, it gave him an instant sense of familiarity. The more he thought about it, the more he felt something was wrong.

"Yes. Mr. Heath, would you like something for an afternoon snack?"

"No need. Thank you for taking care of me. You can just do whatever you need to do, no need to stay with me." Rodney said kindly.

"Yes, Mr. Heath." Manager Foster gave a dry laugh.

She agreed, but she dared not leave. She could never make any mistake about Mr. Heath. She hastily ordered the other waiters to bring the exquisite afternoon tea snacks, all healthy and non-sweet pastries.

After Rodney sat down for a few moments, thanks to the foundation he build when he was much younger, he felt that his strength was mostly restored. He stood up and said to Manager Foster, "I'm leaving now, thank you for your hospitality."

Manager Foster hurriedly and solicitously asked, "Let me call a cab for you."

"I'll call it myself."

then slowly walked out of Riveria Haze

finally disappearing behind Riveria Haze's front door. It was a great relief to see him off, and she had been

breath, and ordered the others, "Just go back

then hurriedly busied herself with

cab and headed alone to the identification center

Soon, the cab arrived.

hadn't been long since, and he remembered the place he picked up his report and

of the identification center, went up and asked, "Is Tom in

smile, "He is off today, Mister, what do you want to see him? Or you can talk to me, just call me Ava, and see

sat down in a chair in the identification center, more or less exhausted from his severe rheumatism. It had been hard for him to walk and he happened to be out today

with that. Can you tell me what report you

## **Chapter 487**

He knew that the others were worried that he was too caught up in his grief.

The Heaths threw away all of Mia's belongings, burned all of her photos, and erased all traces of Mia's existence. They believed that this way he could forget about Mia and start over.

However, it still didn't stop him missing Mia any little bit.

They could burn the photos, and even Cecelia had never seen a photo of Mia.

However, the memory could not be erased. Decades of years passed, and Mia's face was still deep in his bones and blood, which could not be burned and destroyed, and could never be forgotten.

Moreover, none of them knew that he had actually been secretly hiding a photo.

He stood up and walked to the empty wall opposite the recliner.

he liked to stare at the wall, but in

the wall and opened the back cover of the clock, which hid an old yellowing photo. He took out his most precious treasure and held it in

This was Mia's photo.

empty wall, but the antique clock in the wall had

body sank into the recliner, his pale eyes staring straight at the

looked the

between her and Mia, the resemblance made it impossible for him to believe that there was no blood relationship

Mia. In this family,

in his hand as

much time later,

Charlotte and Ricky left Skymall, they did not return directly to the Heath residence, but discussed things in a cafe near the Heath residence,

answered the phone, her voice softened and she put one finger against

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"Bye, take care on the way." Charlotte replied.

After hanging up the phone, she couldn't help but ask Ricky, "Is there something going on with the Capital?"

Ricky said, "There's a problem in the military district. I heard that there was a traitor inside and the location of the weapons and ammunition depot was exposed. So recently the general is having a headache and is doing his best to move supplies and resources."

"Oh, no wonder. That's a legitimate reason for you to go back, then." Charlotte didn't care what was going on in the army, she didn't know anything about that. What she cared about was that these unforeseen events must not affect her status as the daughter of the powerful Heath family. She was about to marry into one of the richest family in the country.

"Well, I'll leave now. Is it okay if you go home by yourself?" Ricky secretly put his hand over the back of Charlotte's soft hand, somewhat fondly. In fact, he was more worried about whether she would still need him once she had achieved what she wanted.

"Sure. You hurry up and go."

Charlotte's watery eyes at that time shocked his heart once again.

After she sent Ricky away.

Charlotte walked home slowly and alone.

that Rodney's shoes were casually kicked around on the carpet, and

put the shoes neatly in the entrance. It was

pick up the shoes and

went to the kitchen and found that the

when Grandpa came home, he didn't eat

So what's he doing?

grandfather, he was quite nice to her. She grew up without a family, the warmth the Heath family gave her made her feel much

what Rodney was really doing

floor, and it

as she gently pushed

room was silent, and Rodney was lying alone in a rocking chair, as

on the wall seemed to have

out in

didn't move, and Charlotte thought

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God! Charlotte was like thunderstruck, standing there idly, and felt an electric current down her whole body, giving her sharp pain like pins and needles. It was as if someone had hit her head hard, and she felt dazed.

The old photo, which looked decades old, certainly could not have been taken now, and she understood that the person in the photo could never be Joyce.

She had also heard that Rodney was in love with his late wife, whose name was Mia Cole, who died of a hemorrhage in childbirth. No one had ever seen what Mia looked like, not even Cecelia. Because there was not a single photo of her preserved.

It turned out that Rodney had been hiding a photo privately.

He didn't just stare at the wall alone, but rather he was looking at the photo of Mia alone and thought about the past.

No one else had ever seen this photo before, and now she had seen it!

She suddenly thought about what happened last time in Riveria Haze. When Luther met with the Heath family, Rodney left first because he was angry, and then they heard Rodney shouting and rushing back to the hallway, when Rodney kept saying repeatedly that he had seen Mia and insisted on going to look for her.

of town very often lately, and she hadn't really paid attention to Rodney because she always cared about her engagement. She just thought that the old man was

Rodney was really out every day

almost instantly thought that the person Rodney saw that day must be

and

dreamed that Joyce would look like Mia. Was it because



find her sooner or later if he kept searching like this frantically.

and her heart was messed

not talk about something like this with Ricky, because she was not sure how would Ricky think of her once he knew she was not really the

really was, he would never help her again and would

the picture of Mia, how could Rodney easily give up a

thoughts of destruction, but even if the photo was destroyed, the old man's memory would not be

## **Chapter 490**

It just happened to be straight into Charlotte's eyes.

Charlotte did not expect such a sound would wake Rodney up. She was scared stiff, and all the hair on her body now stood up. She stood still and did not dare to move, still clutching the photo.

Rodney also saw that Charlotte was holding his most treasured photo and raised his eyebrows and shouted angrily, "Give it to me, who allows you to touch my things! Give it back to me!"

The reason he didn't go up and grab it was that he was afraid the photo would be damaged.

His angry voice was full of intimidation and magnetism, as if the whole house was shaking.

Charlotte shivered with fear. She had never seen Rodney angry, and now the situation was completely out of her control.

However, she still clutched the photo in her hand and did not return it. It's not that she doesn't want to return it, she could not return it.

She never dreamed that just when she was about to marry her beloved man and become the richest woman in the country, she might lose everything just because Joyce inherited Mia's face.

to let it happen, she would never

from his youth was still

questioned in a cold voice, "You've seen the person in the photo?"

shook her head desperately, like a

incoherently, "No, how is that possible. I haven't seen someone like her... I ... I just think, the person in the picture

in the same orphanage and she saw the same face every day, so how could

are you panicking about? Why are you shaking and

sensed something was wrong. Charlotte lied, so she must

with the DNA test? Was that why she was so nervous? For what other reasons would she be nervous? She could have said that she looked like someone she knew and there was absolutely no need to hide it. There

she was not one of the Heath family! She's a

he jerked up from the recliner and took a step closer to

loud cry, feigning pity, "It was Grandpa who was suddenly