

Sweet love 491

Wrong marriage and sweet love (Joyce and Luther)

Chapter 491

"Hmph." Rodney's eagle eyes were round and furious, "You've obviously known Joyce since she was a child, how could you not see that Joyce looks a lot like Mia?!"

Charlotte did not give up and still retorted stiffly, "Grandpa, I am not very sensitive to appearance by nature. Usually, I often can't recognize people. What's more this old photo is quite blurred, and I didn't look carefully just now. Now you say so, indeed, the person does look a little like Joyce, but in general, they give me different feelings, Grandpa."

"Lies. You clearly had a shocked look on your face when I first woke up." Rodney wasn't that easy to be fooled, "Do you know something? The other girl who was at the orphanage with you for the paternity test, who was she?"

Charlotte heard it, her heart turned completely cold, Rodney had suspected the paternity test result. The other girl? Wasn't it just Joyce? Now she had completely no idea what to say next.

"I, I, I ..." she stammered, not really knowing how to answer.

"What, mute? You don't know who it was?" Rodney sneered. Charlotte's expression already gave him the answer, she must know something. Otherwise she didn't need to panic or cover up.

was wrong with the original paternity

you really a child

no way to take it back. Once his suspicions were wrong, his abrupt approach could be very hurtful and could cause great

results of the new

just that just now he couldn't stand Charlotte's obsequious, weepy, exasperated

and cried out, "Grandpa, how can you say that? I am your own granddaughter! I am, and it's the result of a paternity test. How can you suspect that I am not the child of the Heath family just because of a blurry

tears, and if there were other people present, they would also be moved

subsided a

just now he was impulsive. Even if he felt suspicious, he should go first to seek confirmation, rather than say it out

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"No, I don't want to eat anything right now." Rodney refused in a cold voice. Just now he paid attention, the identification center would open till very late, and he still had time to send the samples there. In this matter, he was really anxious, and he did not want to wait until tomorrow.

He waved Charlotte away and walked towards the revolving staircase without her assistance.

"Grandpa, mom is really worried about you. You run outside all day, and she told me to make sure to talk to you. Your health is important. Just let me do it if you need anything."

Charlotte tried desperately to stop Rodney. She went up and wrapped her arms around Rodney and dragged him, not letting him go.

"Let go!" Rodney's anger flared up again, and he could have thrown Charlotte off with a bit of force, considering she was pregnant and a tender girl. He didn't want her to fall too hard.

But Charlotte wouldn't let go, and wrapped him in a deadly grip.

Just when the two were pulling.

Rodney's pocket and landed crisply on

her watery

inside. How strange, Rodney

She took another look.

What a familiar toothbrush!

own toothbrush, wasn't it? What did Rodney

suddenly flashed in her brain, and she figured it out almost

wanted the cellular tissue left on her toothbrush and wanted

God, it turned out that Rodney was completely suspicious of her. He was sure that she was not a Heath and decided that

chance

do? She was so

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The back of his head was smashed into the angle protruding from the stairs, bleeding immediately, and then his whole body tumbled downward, over and over, faster and faster. His cane, dropped on the cold stone steps, lay still.

Midway through, his head hit the hard marble wall again, but that didn't stop him from continuing to tumble downward.

"Bang, bang, bang."

"Knock, knock, knock."

Until he fell to the ground, "bang", his forehead hit the marble pillar at the end of the staircase, and then he completely stopped.

Rodney lay curled up on the ground, looking hunched over, old and lifeless, with a bowl-sized bloody hole in his forehead.

Charlotte stared dumbfounded, her lips trembling, at what she had created with her own hands.

out, spread

in all directions, just like a hideous bloody hand,

eyes. He struggled to open his eyes wide

still the way she used to be, wearing a summer pale yellow dress, the hem of her dress flying in the wind. She was coming towards him from under the dense and flourishing willow trees. Her soft hands, gently tracing over the low shrubs, gently

smile shallowly hung on her lips, forming an

his presence. The curvature of her lips

moment, and he did not want the good memories to

how he and she, in the military

everything about her, every curve, every strand of hair, every smile, and every

"Mia... Mia..."

was up and that Mia had come to take him away. This was what he had been waiting for, for such a

he was not willing to leave the world at

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Rodney's hand clutched the only photo of Mia, as if clutching the last straw. His eyes, once keen, were fading and unfocused. He was still able to see that the person in front of him was the vicious impostor granddaughter, Charlotte, and he squeezed the photo even tighter in his hand.

Charlotte smiled coldly and her face was disdainful.

Looking at the dying Rodney, she effortlessly pulled the photo out of his hands.

The blood-stained photos blurred Mia's formerly delicate features.

"Well ..." Rodney's face was just like a withered flower, and the only thing he loved was taken away by Charlotte. He could not say a word, and he could only make an "urgh" sound constantly.

"I heard that no one has seen Mia's picture, right?"

smugly, slowly approaching Rodney, and the otherwise soft and gentle face revealed a grim stuffed

mouth. The photo was hard for her mouth, but

stuck out her tongue to lick the remaining blood from her

slowly and deliberately, "The only picture, huh? From now on, no one

could not move at all, leaving only his eyes

consciousness was dissipating

Joyce is. By the way, Joyce not only inherited Mia's looks, but she also inherited the Heath family's military shooting talent. I remembered she was some kind of junior pistol shooting champion? Hah, you did not expect it. I actually used my own hair and nails

more she spoke, the more excited she became, and the speed

in my hands. I'm about to marry Luther, and I'm going to be even more powerful, and sooner or later I'm going to

not as good as Stephanie, and Stephanie knew to set me up before she died. Today, I will stand here and wait for you to completely stop breathing before I leave. None of you will try to

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"Since the phone is not answered, you should leave it alone and take the person to the hospital first." The passerby suggested.

"Or you can check the phone records to see who she recently contacted and call back and ask." Another person suggested.

The man who bumped into Charlotte thought it made sense.

So he opened Charlotte's phone's address book and called the first number he saw.

It was Cecelia's number, as the last received call on Charlotte's phone was from Cecelia.

"Hey, Charlotte, what's up?" On the other end of the line, Cecelia asked.

I ask who you are to the owner of this phone?" The

voice visibly froze and immediately responded, "I am her mother. What's wrong with her? What's wrong? And who are you? Why do you have

in quick succession, her voice dripping with

that's right. Sorry, I accidentally hit your daughter with my car just now. Now I'm rushing to take her to the hospital, the ambulance is

now?" Cecelia

road signs and

near the Heath residence. She quickly instructed, "Listen to me, when the ambulance arrives, you tell the ambulance to take my daughter to the nearby military hospital. If they have any objections, you tell them that

he bumped into? The military chief. If something went wrong with the person lying on the ground, or the child in her belly, would they want him dead? It was no longer a question of paying

the ambulance

to the phone, "Hello,

give him a hard time over the

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The second call was made to her personal assistant at the Capital Military District, who informed Ralph that she would not be able to make it to the Capital today, and briefly explained the follow-up to the assistant and made all the arrangements.

Cecelia then restarted the vehicle, exited the highway from the nearest junction and turned around and sped off in the direction of Khebury.

The location of Charlotte's accident, at the intersection of Rivercrepe Avenue and Oakland Avenue, was very close to the Heath residence.

She lifted her wrist to check the time; more than an hour had passed since she had previously called Charlotte.

It looked like Charlotte was taking the subway home after receiving her call. After all, it's rush hour and a taxi might not be as fast as the subway.

Charlotte must have been nervous about Rodney and was in a hurry to get home before she accidentally had a car accident on the road.

As Cecelia thought about it, she inevitably blamed herself. It was her fault. She was worried about Rodney and forgot that Charlotte was also a pregnant woman who needed care. It's not right!

Cecelia took a deep breath, put on her headset while driving, and started making a phone call.

the Heath

"Doo-doo-doo..."

that awaited her was always no

help but be anxious,

and could not calm down. She got a bad feeling and she had not had this feeling for a long

the roof single-handedly. The wind was blowing hard on the highway and she did it with some effort. And once she put the siren

she turned on the siren and at the same time

sirens were blaring, the yellow lights were flashing, and Cecelia stepped on the gas pedal and the car was immediately 200 mph. Usually she was very careful and rarely used her privilege, but today

an hour or so

the military hospital

calmly pressed the answer

"Hello."

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When Cecelia arrived at the military hospital, the sky was completely dark, and the infinite darkness was overwhelming.

She parked her car and darted into the hospital.

It took more than 20 years to find her own daughter, but she was not around when she needed her the most, and she was incredibly remorseful.

As soon as Cecelia entered the hospital, the director himself came out to greet her.

"Ms. Hurley, both your daughter and the fetus are fine. Your daughter has woken up and is currently resting in the VIP room." In military style, he got to the point so that Cecelia would not worry too much.

"Good, thank you." Cecelia breathed a sigh of relief. Luckily Charlotte was okay. Otherwise she would never forgive herself.

fainted from the great pain. Just in case, your daughter should stay in the hospital for two days for observation." The

you." Cecelia said

your daughter woke up, she insisted that she was not seriously hurt, that she was too anxious when she was walking before the scuffle happened, and that it was not the car owner's responsibility. So she let the car owner go straight away." The dean felt the need to tell Cecelia. He had no right to interfere with her decision and it was just alright for

The owner must have been pretty

an extraordinary family." Dean

dean all the way to

pushed

it was Cecelia. Her eyes misted up
voice made Cecelia's heart

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Cecelia gently stroked her long, silky hair.

She was moved by her mother's love.

"Ms. Hurley, your daughter is fine, she just needs to rest. If there is nothing else, I will go out first, call me again if there is anything, and I will be at your service." Seeing this, the doctor said politely as he turned and walked out of the room and closed the door behind him. He left the time alone to the mother and daughter in the room.

A few moments later, Charlotte looked up from the crook of Cecelia's arm and suddenly said, "By the way, Mom. I called home but no one answered the phone. I called twice after I woke up and before you came. Is it possible that Grandpa hasn't come home even now?"

"Yes, I called too but no one answered. I don't know what's going on." Cecelia was actually very anxious, but she couldn't show that she was in a hurry to leave. After all, it was her own child. At this time she also needed to take care of Charlotte.

Charlotte hurriedly said, "Mom, you should go home and check on Grandpa. I'm fine, you don't need to stay with me. Just go home. It's my fault. If not for the accident, I would have been home long ago, and there is no need for you to make a trip back." As she spoke, she looked pretty upset.

"Charlotte, you are really a good girl." Cecelia let out a long sigh and touched Charlotte's forehead, "You really don't mind being alone?"

me like a child, Mom. I'm almost a mother myself." Charlotte blushed and lowered her head, stroking her belly,

Cecelia gently patted the back of Charlotte's hand, "I'll go

a call when you

"Good."

left the VIP room quickly. In fact she wanted to

of Cecelia's hurried departure, Charlotte's lips curled in

sat up straight and adjusted the comfortable backrest, showing a cozy

began to leisurely play

going as she

stairs. Most likely she would just think that Rodney was just to answer the phone from the second floor to the first floor, and he was simply too anxious, and he slipped. It was just an

rooms to answer the phone. If he had to answer

to death

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Cecelia trotted out of the military hospital and drove back to the Heath family.

The distance was just 2 km, but it became extra long because of the traffic everywhere. After driving for nearly ten minutes, she was so impatient that she finally simply parked the car at the intersection and got out to walk home.

Jogging all the way, she finally reached the door, only to see that all the lights in the entire villa were turned off, and darkness shrouded the spire house, giving her a surprisingly gloomy and gruesome feeling.

Her heartbeat accelerated again for no reason, her heart thumping hard, and the inexplicable uneasiness rushed up again.

She kept reassuring herself that either the old man hadn't come home yet or he was sleeping, which was why the house was left unlit.

The moment she opened the door, Cecelia, with the acumen of a soldier, immediately detected an unusual scent.

It was ... the smell of blood!

It was very light and faint, but enough for her to distinguish.

possible? How could there be

intuition told her

fingers, she

lights lit up the whole house in turn. Shoes were neatly arranged in the entrance hall, and she glimpsed Rodney's

hurriedly shouted, "Dad,

only thing that answered her was the faint echo

out of the parlor, she glimpsed a shocking puddle of blood spreading over the floor. It

rushed into the living

front of her completely stunned

curled up on the ground, and his blood was

The

at this moment, was stunned and

accept the reality in front of her. Just how could something like this even happen? He was just fine in the morning! How could she explain this to Ralph? How could

long time, her numb body walked forward mechanically, until

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Cecelia had been in the military for many years and was used to life and death, but now, she was nearly in a state of emotional collapse. She tried to stand up, but unfortunately, her legs squatted for too long, and the numbness and tingling sensation made her fall to the ground instead.

She dropped to the floor in a heap.

Her mind went blank.

Then her cell phone rang shrilly, and she answered the call like a walking corpse. Her hands were covered in blood, and stained the phone and even her cheek when she put her phone to her cheek.

"Hello." She answered the phone with a sobbing voice.

On the other end of the line, Ralph was clearly stunned. It had been more than twenty years since he had heard Cecelia like that. The last time was when the child was lost. Since then, Cecelia had dried her tears and had never cried again. In his mind, she had always been incredibly strong, so strong that he admired her so much.

She could not have been so unless something big had happened.

"Cecelia, what's wrong? What happened? I heard you turned back to Khebury halfway," Ralph asked nervously.

away unexpectedly ... It's my fault, I didn't keep an eye on him. He fell down the stairs, lost a lot

so hard that he couldn't even

there

still in the hospital. It's not very serious though. I was in a hurry to get home, and I didn't expect that something had already happened to Dad." Cecelia sat on the floor, buried her head

blame you, I'll

responsible man, and Cecelia had sacrificed too much for the Heath family. He had always owed her. What else could he want to have a

your emotions, I'll take

at times like this,

awake now, she can't bear such

make

finished and hurriedly

around, he beckoned

also had important things to take care of, he
his adjutant, and then