

Sweet love 91

Chapter 91

Just as the atmosphere was getting cold and stagnant, the phone rang.

Luther took his cell phone out of his suit pocket.

This was Joyce's cell phone. Last night Joyce's cell phone was kicked away by that masked thug, and it was Aaron who picked it up. The screen was broken, but it could still do the job.

When he saw that it was Charlotte calling, he wrinkled his nose and answered, "Yes?"

"Luther? Joy, where's Joyce ..." On the other end of the line, Charlotte clearly froze a bit. How come the person who answered the phone was Luther?

Luther put the phone to Joyce's ear, "Charlotte's calling."

Joyce glanced suspiciously. What was Charlotte doing calling her so early in the morning?

The two of them hardly ever called each other. Even if it was about work, they usually talked about everything clearly in the project team.

"What's the matter? Anything wrong?" Joyce asked.

"Oh yes, my mother wants to meet you. When would you be free to come to my house for afternoon tea?" On the other end of the phone, Charlotte asked through clenched teeth. She tried her best not to let her tension show through, and she was holding back very hard.

Joyce was really with Luther. Thomas missed last night and called her later.

so she finally

was really Luther who saved Joyce, and what she feared

was Joyce so lucky to be drugged! Wouldn't the

so angry that she wanted to

Useless Thomas!

bargain

Joyce was stunned at first. She hesitated, frowned lightly, and refused, "It's not appropriate for me to go to

met at Riveria Haze's party, had actually left a very deep impression on her. She was a woman of elegance and nobility

and she was afraid it would be because of Charlotte's

suddenly overwhelmed by

Cecelia's opinion, she must be

was actually overwhelmed by the thought of
all had a sense
between Luther and Charlotte, who had not just a marriage contract and
could not have a
literally did not know what
reluctant to let Cecelia
Then don't let me keep

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And no matter how things would end.

Right now, there were more important things for him to do.

"Do you remember what you drank last night and who you had contact with?" Luther inquired.

Joyce thought carefully, "I didn't dare to drink last night. In the end, Lauren insisted that I make a toast to her, and then I had a glass of champagne. Then it didn't take long before everyone began to leave and go home."

"Lauren?" Luther propped his chin up with one hand and he frowned.

He remembered how Lauren had targeted Joyce the last time. He was afraid there was something wrong with Lauren. He should not be hesitant, and he should have dealt with it earlier.

"Lauren still dares to give you a hard time in the project team?" He asked unhappily.

"It's actually okay, I can handle it." She was reluctant to judge others, not to mention that Lauren was never so tough as she might seem to be.

anything else? Think about

count, and all night long, she'd had quite a few other juices, "Juice with dinner, and really only one glass in a cold voice. It was just way too bold for anyone just to drug

would you just happen to call me right after I just ran into that man in

man who sprayed her with ether sprays several times. The phone happened to be ringing, and she had a vague impression that it was him

was wrong with you and called Aaron to try

grateful that Juanita truly considered her

and don't go out for two days. Stay at home and don't cause me any trouble." Luther's eyes flashed with a touch of

for you. If something like this happens again, I will never let you get away

To his surprise,
What's that bullshit? There was only one thing he did not do last night! He had
just smelt like a bottle of alcohol." He said
glass of wine last night, "There's no weird smell at
needed to take a

Chapter 93

The Heath family.

After Charlotte smashed her phone, she couldn't calm down.

She felt like she was going crazy, sitting on the floor feeling exhausted, anxious, and helpless.

She had got one important thing to do yet – she needed to take care of the aftermath.

Since Luther knew that Joyce was drugged and attacked, he would not let the whole thing go easily.

If they had a thorough investigation, and if they got Thomas and followed the trail to her, everything
would be over.

What was the best way to do it? How could she hide everything up perfectly? She couldn't think it
straight for a while.

It's her fault for being too hasty and reckless.

At that moment, there was a sound from the door. "Knock, Knock, Knock."

"Missy, are you there?" The person knocking on the door was Charlotte's newly promoted guard officer,
Ensign Ricky, "Missy, I heard some noise inside, are you okay."

who took her to and from work, it

pieces of the phone all over the

there was no

"Missy, I'm coming in!"

see Charlotte sitting on the floor with her back to him, unharmed. Her safety, for him, was the
was a mess and the atmosphere was not quite

the door and walked gently into the

in the ears, the tears in her bright eyes, and the slightly

He cared

peeking back at her every now and then. Apparently, he felt worried, "Missy, what's

eyebrows and stern features. Wearing the green uniform of the second lieutenant,

love, it was more like

had with him, she had long been well aware of

were just the same type of person, and they just had to get whatever they wanted. They were ambitious, but also ruthless enough. Most importantly, they

if they could

his arms, choking and sobbing as if she needed his comfort, "I've made a mess, and I need to

soft embrace, Ricky's heart was swirled open. Her hair smelled really good, just like rosemary, and her body was really soft. He could only try

most beautiful woman he had ever seen, the most beautiful to his liking. At the moment her delicate face was pressed against

Chapter 94

Charlotte waited for him for a long time and was inevitably anxious. When she saw him back, she was finally relieved.

If she took one step wrong, she would lose it all. At this point, she was worried she might make more mistakes if she did all the things alone.

Ricky first handed her a new phone, "This is your new phone, I took your phone card from the broken phone and installed it. Just now, I have asked my comrades in the national security to eliminate all the communication records between you and Thomas. Also, in order to facilitate my protection of you in the future, I have installed a location monitoring system in your new cell phone, is that okay? Normally, I won't turn it on, unless it's an emergency."

"Well, yes." Charlotte nodded gently. Something seemed to flash across her almond eyes. Now it seemed like she just gave him the opportunity to tie her down securely from then on.

Ricky took out another phone, and a few disposable recharge cards, and put them into Charlotte's hands.

He instructed, "You tell Thomas to leave Khebury and go hide in another city for a while and come back at least a month later. From now on, when you contact him, you must use a disposable rechargeable phone card and throw it away every time you use it, leaving no trace. This is the most basic anti-surveillance tool. And I will teach you more later."

"Good." Charlotte felt much more settled in her heart after hearing what he said. A professional, indeed, was different.

"Thank you." She slowly lifted her eyes and looked at him with open eyes.

There seemed to be tears in her eyes which might fall just any minute and she spoke quietly, "Ricky, will you dislike me, think I'm not a good girl..."

looked was just too

in, kissing her and stopping what she was about
that she must have to marry into another powerful family, which was inevitable,
would be satisfied just to have her. It was not unusual
on, he could clear all obstacles for
first, but she didn't struggle. She just let him kiss
let go of him, panting raggedly and guiltily, "I'm sorry
shy blush rising on her
Ricky and made
Ricky had
first. I'll go out and stand right in front of the room. If there's anything
Inside the room.
a temporary phone number
leave Khebury as far away as possible, and come back in a month. Don't contact me during
I will need quite a lot of money to go out

Chapter 95

On Saturday Joyce stayed at home and spent the day with Stephanie.
She could see that Stephanie's condition was getting worse and worse. She had lost more than ten pounds again. There was chest fluid in her lungs and she kept coughing all day long.
Jamie came every morning to give Stephanie nutritional fluids and the pain killer.
Joyce also learned from Jamie how to give injections.
Because Stephanie now needed pain relief on a regular basis and she would have to be very careful with the injection.
She learned that she could help more or less. In the evenings, it was she who gave Grandma her shots.
Every time when she looked at Stephanie's increasingly pale face, Joyce also understood that her grandmother would not have much time with her now.
The bond that had been built over these days made them almost a real family, and she could understand why Luther cared so much about Stephanie.
so that she could spend more time
Late afternoon on Sunday.
came back from

fallen asleep, a sleep that usually lasts well into the night, and now her waking
living room couch, covered with a wool blanket.
up, opened her eyes, glanced at
her later." She closed her eyes and
up, I've brought you something." Luther stepped forward and lifted
scratched her hair, apparently annoyed, "Where's your manner? How do
it, it's for you." Luther's thin lips slightly
talk about that all day?" She was exasperated, but there was nothing she could do
wooden box he tossed over, she asked, "What
on the other sofa and
wooden box

Chapter 96

"Heh, seems like the gun has got to a good hand." Luther's eyes revealed appreciation.
She looked just so happy. Her bright eyes blossomed with crystal light, her red lips swirled into a
beautiful arc, and her infectious laughter seemed to have also made him as happy.
Other women, he was afraid, would only be so surprised when they saw luxury jewelry.
She was really special. She never loved fancy clothes or jewelry, unlike ordinary women.
It seemed that he had got the right gift for her.
"It's really, for me?" Joyce looked to Luther with some uncertainty, "Is it really okay? A collector edition
pistol like this must be very expensive. You may not be able to buy it even if you have the money."
"It's for you." Luther looked at her with amusement. Of course, you could not buy something like this
with money. He kind of "stole" it from Khebury's gun museum.
Joyce carefully stroked the pistol, smooth and polished, and she just could never get her hands off the
gun again.
"Light and small. I can keep it in
more damage with almost no recoil. Great gun!" She turned it upside down in
said, and he looked quite serious. She clearly knew how to protect herself but she just did not have the
right tool with
wouldn't need to carry the boomerang darts around in the future. The darts were not convenient to
keep around, to begin
arm, the pink pistol twirling nimbly in her

Suddenly, the pistol stopped.

was aimed right at

raised and she asked with a smile, "Luther, you gave me a pistol. And

of what?" Luther asked with amusement as he sat gracefully upright with

casual movements of his could exude a deadly and

the gun and pointed it

you in the heart?" She narrowed one eye, and a word came out of her seductive

and suddenly stood up, walking straight

the muzzle of the

Chapter 97

An indoor target practice range on the outskirts of the city.

Felix and Mathew had been there long ago when Joyce and Luther just arrived.

Felix wore a set of casual white hoodie today and he looked sunny handsome, and full of energy. Felix always just looked like a playboy, with his beautiful almond eyes and high nose, just the way most girls would fancy.

Mathew wore a set of dark blue casual clothes, lying backwards on the swivel chair with a game console in his hand. A typical gentleman he was, his hair combed meticulously above his square face and chiseled features. Today he wore a pair of glasses, slightly old-fashioned.

Felix, Mathew, and Luther seemed to have very different personalities, and nobody could figure out why the three of them could just get along.

Joyce followed Luther onto the indoor practice range.

familiar at the

displays everywhere, and the

practice range stirred

spent six wonderful years at the

are still open?" Joyce asked in surprise as she

Saunders family. The Saunders family is a real estate tycoon, and the range also belongs to the Saunders family." Luther dusted off the back of his hand and said in a leisurely manner, "Whenever Felix calls them

head. The wealthy men

game console and greeted with

around and greeted, "Mrs. Warner! The rules here for this target shooting test is somewhat strict. The requirements are a bit high. Although you throw darts very well, pistols are

the staff

Wrong marriage and sweet love (Joyce and Luther)

Chapter 98

Luther heard him and he eyed Felix seriously, "It was both of you who shot off the target, and I was just short of an 8 ring. Don't talk about me like I was incompetent as you guys. Besides, it was all because you two kept interfering with me!"

Joyce just burst out laughing, "Got it, I'll do my best."

"Don't worry, she should get through." Luther pushed Felix out of the way like he was disgusted with him, "Get out of the way."

Luther had seen Joyce shoot at the four cars trailing them, and she never missed a single shot back then.

Although the full target for the 50m pistol test was small, she should be fine.

"Mrs. Warner, this way please." The staff reached out and respectfully led Joyce to the shooting table, introducing her one by one, "These are the goggles, these are the headphones, and this is"

"I used them before. You don't have to introduce these, thank you." Joyce smiled faintly at the staff.

That confident smile, as if it had some sort of infectious power, charmed the crowd.

The staff nodded and hurriedly stepped back to the side and pressed a button, "You may begin."

Instantly, all the display screens in the range lit up, and the azure screen showed ten blank frames, waiting for the announcement of each targeting score.

her goggles and headphones,

long time since she last shot

She thought.

shot to

"Bang," there was

immediately displayed on

his manners, "Amazing, amazing, 9.7 rings. Luther, I remember the best you got

screen, seemingly unsurprised as he muttered

you say?" Felix didn't

anything, you guys go on and watch the

radio, 9.7, and she shook her head straight away, looking extremely dissatisfied. Her hand had got really rusty these

herself up. Once again, she aimed seriously and fired another

Screencast: 10.5.

and he

his long eyes, watching the back

handsome, and it was like she was

Wrong marriage and sweet love (Joyce and Luther)

Chapter 99

"Pop!" In the range, even the staff was stunned by the result, and her folder fell to the ground.

Other staff members also stopped and gazed at the big screen in extreme shock.

Felix's jaw dropped in shock.

He couldn't come back to his senses for a long time. He pushed Luther hard, pointed at the screen, and shouted, "Does it make sense to you? Is she a human being? Ah, is she a human being?"

Felix looked around in astonishment and pinched his cheek again, "Is this a firing range? Are you sure? Is this some sort of World Shooting Championships? Ahhhhh? Is it? Is this a score that a human being can have?"

He just could not believe what he saw, and finally, he yelled at the staff, "You, is the counter broken? How can the last five shots be fixed at 10.9? Is it broken?"

The staff was terrified, "Mr. Saunders, it's impossible. You have used it just before Mrs. Warner."

Another staff member, rushing forward, fired a shot at the board next to Joyce's, and the result was 5.7.

not broken, Mr. Saunders. It's working just fine." The staff wiped his

Luther hard, "What is this? Five

heard what Felix said, he was also

she could shoot, he didn't think it would be so

one of the top shooters

You do not see the screen? Aren't you surprised?" Felix stepped forward and grabbed

Mathew finally looked up from

quite calm, "Not surprised, she was a

from his swivel chair, "When did you

find out about

she was the 50m

her round and took off her goggles and

upright. She turned and smiled, and at that moment, she was enchanting, beautiful, sexy, and dazzling!
He just

Joyce didn't hear the conversation they just

Wrong marriage and sweet love (Joyce and Luther)

Chapter 100

Mathew shrugged helplessly, "I wanted to tell you and I called you one morning and our Mrs. Warner answered and said you were in the shower. Then you never return my call, so I assumed you didn't need to know."

"You are..." Luther swung his fist, really wanting to punch him in the face.

Joyce vaguely recalled that she seemed to have received a phone call from Mathew when she had pneumonia.

"Besides, you can't ask your wife yourself?" Mathew bumped Luther with his arm, with a wicked smile, "You sleep in the same bed, what else can't you ask each other?"

Luther gasped and turned to glare at Joyce, questioning, "How come you never mentioned that."

Joyce laughed lightly, her smile bright and beautiful, "Come on, you didn't ask either, huh? What? Did you ever suspect me of being a killer?"

"You!" Luther was defeated by the retort, yes he damn well did suspect her of being an assassin, "So all the six years you had your history erased and went to some shooting training?"

"You could say that. What else could it be? Could I go to some killer training camp?" Joyce graciously admitted everything since she thought there was no need to hide it.

"..." Luther felt helpless when he heard her retorts.

the middle of the World Shooting Championships?" Mathew went back to the original question, a doubt that had plagued

The question touched the deepest and most painful wound in

she thought about it suddenly, she just found

the blood was still flowing inside, not healing

final was also the day Justin broke

on what she went

suddenly felt pain in her chest and pressed

had lost her manners, she hurriedly turned her face to
have something she didn't want to talk about.

stood still, his mind

felt like everything was converging into

was

years ago Joyce skipped a grade

years ago

the same, everything happened two years