

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1183

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)
Chapter 1183 Send Her Back To The Village

The team leader had more to say, but Silas cut her short, "Enough!"

The team leader flinched and instantly shut up.

A triumphant glint flashed through Lucy's eyes when she saw that, and Silas noticed that glow in her eyes.

"You did this on purpose, didn't you?" he questioned her.

"W-What?" Lucy was startled.

Silas scoffed, "You must feel terrible to see Mr. and Mrs. Thompson get married. That is why when your team leader tried to drag you away, you deliberately shouted aloud. You wanted to get everyone's attention and disrupt the wedding. That is your true objective, isn't it?"

"That is not true. I-I just..." Lucy felt so guilty that she couldn't speak.

Seeing that, the team leader got so angry that she wanted to slap the living daylights out of Lucy.

"Enough!" Silas started. "Today is Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's big day, so it's unbecoming to scold or attack anyone. You are the team leader, and they are your subordinates. None of them would be here if it weren't for you, so I will be putting this on you."

As Silas spoke, he pointed at the team leader.

"I am so sorry. I honestly didn't know that she'd make a mess like this."

"What's the point of regretting your decisions now? Take her away already. I will deal with this at the end of the ceremony." Silas gave his order impatiently as he massaged his temple.

The team leader quickly replied, "Understood. I will do that right away."

With that, the team leader went to grab Lucy in person.

Lucy wanted to flee, but Silas saw through her. He warned, "Try running away and I swear I'll make you disappear from J City."

Lucy turned pale as cold horror settled in her guts.

What did I just see? Were his eyes glowing with murderous intent? Is he actually planning to kill me?

Immense fear engulfed Lucy and stunned her. She no longer dared to flee as she stood there obediently until her team leader took her away.

Finally, Silas heaved a sigh of relief.

I guess I can't be nice or political with a shameless woman like Lucy. I have to be harsh. Only then will she be scared, and only then can I keep her in line. Otherwise, everything will be for naught.

Silas readjusted his suit before he went back in.

The guests stared at him curiously. Everyone wanted to know what had happened out there.

Naturally, Silas wasn't going to tell them anything. He walked right up to Shane and whispered, "It's Lucy, Mr. Thompson."

After that, Silas shared what had happened outside.

Natalie was standing right beside Shane, so she learned about everything as well. A hint of disgust flashed past her eyes.

Shane, however, didn't bother to conceal his hatred. He instructed cruelly, "Give her some money once the ceremony is over and send her back to the village."

He would not let Lucy stay any longer, no matter what.

Natalie heard what Shane said and didn't protest.

Perhaps it was a mistake to let Lucy stay in the first place. It's best to send her back now.

Joyce was standing rather close to Natalie, so she had overheard bits and pieces of the story. "Nat, it's that Lucy girl, isn't it?"

"Yeah." Natalie nodded.

Joyce pouted and complained, "That b*tch... I can't believe she came all the way here."

"Actually, I rather admire her determination," Natalie sneered.

Joyce rolled her eyes. "That is not determination. It's called being a f*cking b*tch. All right, let's not talk about her anymore. Hurry up and throw your bouquet already. You'll be late if you don't throw it soon."

Joyce didn't keep her voice down when she said that last sentence. If anything, she had deliberately raised her voice.

Natalie knew that Joyce was trying to get everyone in the mood again.

Indeed, the guests focused on the bride and groom again upon hearing Joyce's words. The place became lively once more as everyone urged Natalie to throw the bouquet.

Natalie smiled at Shane.

"Go on," the man said.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1184

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)
Chapter 1184 Throw The Bouquet

Natalie hummed in response and turned around.

Everyone stood up upon seeing that, the girls gathering at the center and had their hands up to catch the bouquet.

"Ready?" Natalie looked back. "I'm throwing it now. Three... Two... One!"

She tossed the bouquet in the air as soon as she finished speaking.

Everyone raised their heads and stared at the bouquet, trying to get their hands on it.

Joyce, Sally, and Lina had their eyes on the bouquet as well.

Connor took Sharon to Natalie's side, but Sharon's eyes were fixed on the pretty flowers. "Connor, I want that too."

"Nope, no way," replied Connor firmly. "Those flowers are meant for the next bride. That is why everyone who is trying to catch the bouquet is in Aunt Joyce's age group. You're too young; you're not allowed to be a bride yet."

Shane heard that and agreed wholeheartedly. He said, "Your brother is right. That bouquet is not for you. Don't even think about it. You're not allowed to have it even after you get older."

Shane had put on a straight face when he spoke to his daughter, and that got Natalie to grin in exasperation.

She knew exactly what the father and son duo were doing. They simply didn't want Sharon to get married or leave the house.

It took some time before the bouquet finally found its new owner, Joyce.

The truth was that Joyce didn't think she'd actually catch the bouquet. Still, she calmed down upon seeing everyone else's envious gaze. She smiled happily and waved at Natalie with the bouquet.

Natalie smiled back and said, "Congratulations on becoming the next bride."

"Thank you." Joyce smiled.

Stanley was in his seat when he heard Natalie and Joyce talking to each other. He couldn't help frowning when he saw how happily Joyce was smiling.

Why is she so eager to be the next bride? Does she already have a boyfriend?

For some unknown reason, Stanley felt annoyed when he thought about the possibility that Joyce had a boyfriend.

However, he didn't really pay attention to that annoyance and suppressed it rather quickly. He then stood up and snuck away.

As there weren't many guests there and the newlyweds were standing on the stage, they both saw Stanley leaving.

Staring at his back and watching him leave, Natalie sighed inwardly.

She honestly didn't know what to say about Stanley.

All she could do was pray that he would recover soon and give his heart to someone else.

Shane, on the other hand, was quick to look away. He didn't respond because he thought it was good for the man to leave.

Truth be told, Shane would never have invited Stanley to the wedding if he hadn't helped Natalie and the kids five years ago.

Therefore, he wouldn't stop Stanley from leaving.

Like the newlyweds, Joyce, too, noticed that Stanley had left.

He was the man she loved, after all, so it was only natural for her to pay attention to him.

She looked at his regal and lonely figure, her mind abuzz with chaos.

But it didn't take long before she got distracted and shifted her gaze away. She stopped thinking about Stanley and went to take some photos instead.

The wedding ceremony ended soon after.

Shane and Natalie waved goodbye to their guests, got in their car, and returned to the Thompson villa.

Meanwhile, Silas returned to the office to deal with the issue involving Lucy.

As for Joyce, Sally, and Lina, they bade each other goodbye and left as well.

While Sally went to Silas' place, Lina headed to the hotel that Natalie had arranged for her.

Joyce, however, went to look for Stanley.

That was the second time she had gone to look for him since she found the badge.

Earlier, she had seen him walking away on his own, and that worried her, so she wanted to see how he was doing.

She had searched for him at his hospital and his house but to no avail and that made her feel all the more anxious.

She was truly worried that Natalie and Shane's marriage would trigger him to do something extreme, such as committing suicide, or worse, hurting others if his mental illness relapsed.

That was why she had to find him.

Yet the hours, minutes, and seconds went by, and the man was still nowhere to be found. She tried calling him, but he had turned off his phone.

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Chapter 1185

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)

Chapter 1185 Do Not Get A Boyfriend

Not knowing what to do, Joyce had thought about calling Natalie and Shane to ask for their help, but she was quick to dismiss that thought.

Tonight is their wedding night, so it's not right to call them at a time like this.

Joyce was sitting in front of Stanley's apartment and was hugging her legs helplessly when the phone she placed on the floor suddenly rang.

She looked at the screen and energy surged through her body when she saw Stanley's name on it.

Did he call me after he turned on his phone and saw my messages?

Joyce was so happy that she almost jumped to her feet. After all, the man had never responded to her messages in the past.

So how could she not be happy now that the man was calling her?

Joyce grabbed her phone and took a deep breath before answering the call. "Stanley?"

"Is this Ms. Joyce Rivers?" asked an unfamiliar voice from the other end of the line.

The smile on Joyce's face froze. She nodded and replied, "This is her. May I know who is this? Why do you have my friend's phone?"

Did Stanley drop his phone and some random guy pick it up? Or did he get into some accident and the hospital is calling?

Natalie started panicking, and her grip on her phone tightened.

The stranger's voice sounded once more. "I am the manager at Sapphire Bar, and your friend is drunk. He is barely conscious, so I got his phone from his pocket and turned it on. Please drop by to pay his bill and take him home."

Joyce was momentarily stunned. "Okay, I'll be there soon."

She put her phone away and sighed in relief after hanging up.

Thank Heavens that Stanley is fine. He's just drunk.

That being said, Joyce was a little upset to hear that Stanley had gone out to drink.

Stanley was a doctor. He rarely drank, much less get himself drunk because he knew it would affect his performance at the operation table.

Yet, he had made an exception today.

Did he do that because he couldn't accept Nat marrying Mr. Shane?

Joyce's eyes turned teary as jealousy washed over her.

Despite that, she stood up and made her way to Sapphire Bar to pick him up.

It took Joyce about thirty minutes to reach the bar. Led by the server, she soon found Stanley who had passed out on the couch.

His clothes were wrinkled, and his collar was unbuttoned. The tie around his neck was tilted to the side. Even his hair was messy. At that moment, he looked like a drunkard.

Joyce sighed.

That was her first time seeing Stanley in such a disheveled state.

"Here, please put the tab on this card," said Joyce as she got her credit card from her bag and handed it to the server.

The server accepted the card and went to the cash register to get the check.

Joyce bent down to help Stanley up. She was going to drag him out of the place when he murmured, "Don't... Don't get a boyfriend!"

Joyce was taken aback. She turned to him and saw that his eyes were closed. It was obvious that he was dreaming when he uttered those words.

I wonder what he means, though...

"Who shouldn't get a boyfriend?" Joyce asked softly and carefully as she scanned Stanley. There was a flicker of expectation in her eyes.

However, the man did not respond.

Joyce bit her lip in disappointment and dragged him to the cashier.

At that moment, the server was heading back to return her card. When he saw her walking over, he handed the card to her, then helped her carry Stanley to the car and settle him in the passenger seat.

"Thank you." Joyce smiled at the server.

"Anytime." The server waved his hand and returned to the bar.

Joyce closed the door and circled around to get into the driver's seat. She then turned around and put on the seatbelt for Stanley.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1186

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)
Chapter 1186 Substitute

Just as Joyce was about to move away, Stanley suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Joyce froze.

The next second, Stanley pulled her over, and she fell right into his arms, knocking into his firm chest.

That hurt her a little, but before she could even complain, a shadow hovered over her and a kiss landed on her lips.

Joyce was completely stunned. She felt as though a bomb had exploded in her head, and her entire body stiffened.

Stanley is kissing me... The man I love is actually kissing me!

Coming back to her senses, she looked up at Stanley and saw that the man still had his eyes closed and was never awake.

He probably doesn't know what he's doing now.

Joyce thought about how Stanley had got drunk because he had to watch Natalie marry Shane. That means he wasn't trying to kiss me. In his mind, he was kissing Nat. He is dreaming about her and mistook me for Nat!

Joyce felt terrible after she had made sense of everything. Her eyes turned watery once more, and her chest tightened.

She pushed Stanley away, not wanting to stay close to him. After all, it didn't feel nice to be treated as a substitute.

However, just as she moved away, Stanley came after her again.

This time, he was much stronger than before as he locked her in his arms. She couldn't budge at all.

Stanley pinched Joyce's chin and planted another kiss on her lips.

The second kiss was more aggressive than the first one.

"Mmm..." Her lips and tongue hurt and she even had trouble breathing at that moment.

She kept slapping his chest with her hands to get him to let her go, but he simply freed out one hand to confine both her hands. That further restricted her movement and made it impossible for her to move her hands.

Joyce was completely stuck, and she couldn't move at all as Stanley continued to kiss her.

As time passed, Joyce slowly got accustomed to Stanley's strength, and her body softened.

Stanley seemed to have sensed that as well, as his kiss became less aggressive and more gentle.

The temperature in the car instantly rose and all that could be heard within was the hushed breathing between two adults as well as the moans that could get anyone to think dirty.

When she felt Stanley reaching under her clothes, she jumped and instantly regained her composure.

She tried to stop him, but clearly, the man didn't want to let go and he had already reached for her undergarments.

Joyce's heart was beating fast.

In the end, she bit the man's lips, causing him to moan in pain and let her go.

Joyce returned to the driver's seat right away and said, "Sorry to disappoint you, Stanley, but I am not Natalie. I'm Joyce."

She had completely lost her mind when they kissed earlier, but she could not allow the man to get to second base.

Stanley remained silent. His eyes were wide open, and he was looking straight at Joyce.

Joyce flinched. "Are you up?"

Stanley did not reply as he continued to stare at her.

Thinking that he was definitely sober, Joyce looked down and said, "Sorry, I—"

Stanley grabbed her wrist and kissed her before she could finish that sentence. He pulled her in once more and bit her neck, earning himself a scream from the woman.

That scream seemed to only get him more excited as he kept kissing and caressing her until he reached her clavicle.

Joyce demanded that he stop when she saw how he was moving further down, but it was obvious that he couldn't hear her as he buried his head in her chest.

That was when Joyce realized that he was never sober. He was still drunk and his lust had taken over him.

He wants to do it with Natalie and has mistaken me for her.