

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 298

Lifting the back of her hand, she wiped her tears away before asking in confusion, “Mr. Shane, why are you here?”

Meanwhile, Joyce turned back to the doors of the emergency ward right after shooting a glance at Shane as she was in no mood to greet anyone.

It came as no surprise since her mind was occupied with thoughts of Stanley right then.

Shane paid Joyce no heed as well. After seeing Natalie’s reddened eyes and the closed doors of the emergency ward, he pursed his lips. “I heard from Jackson that Stanley got into an accident, so I came over to have a look since I happened to be at the hospital too. Are you okay?”

While he was speaking, his eyes were scrutinizing her.

When Jackson informed him about Stanley’s accident, he was told that Natalie was at the crash site too. Therefore, it was hard to rule out whether she was harmed.

Natalie shook her head and waved her hand dismissively. “I’m fine. I was not in the car when it happened.”

“That’s good to hear.” Shane nodded in relief as her words took a load off his mind.

However, he narrowed his eyes the next moment when he noticed that there was blood on her hand. “Did you hurt your hand?”

After taking a look at her palm, Natalie let out a casual laugh. “I must have cut myself when I touched the shattered car window.”

“Silas!” Shane tilted his head and shouted.

“Yes!” Silas responded and left.

A few minutes later, he came back, carrying a bag filled with things like iodine solution, gauze, and bandages, and handed it to Shane.

After taking it, Shane walked over to the row of chairs and sat down. Then he looked at Natalie and tapped on the seat behind him. “Come here!”

Natalie knew he was going to tend to her injuries, so she shook her head and put her injured hand behind her back. “It’s alright, Mr. Shane. It’s just a small cut, nothing serious.”

“Nothing serious?” Shane’s eyes narrowed. In a swift movement, he grabbed her hand and turned it over.

Her palm had become a bloody mess. It was a horrifying sight, and even Silas gasped when he saw it.

“Are you telling me that this is not serious?” Shane’s expression darkened as he stared at her.

Joyce, who was a seat away from Shane, stopped staring at the emergency ward when she heard him. Turning her head, she took a glance at Natalie’s palm.

Staring at Natalie’s palm that was covered with glass shards piercing her flesh, Joyce pursed her lips. “Nat, listen to Mr. Shane and get your wound disinfected. You are a designer. You can’t afford to have your hand injured.”

Upon hearing the word designer, Natalie finally gave in and nodded. Then, she sat in the chair Shane showed her earlier.

At that, Shane's tightened brows relaxed a little. He opened the bag and took out the items to disinfect her wound.

Silas and Joyce did not sit idle either. One of them passed the cotton swabs, and the other cut the bandages. It ended up with Natalie being the only person who did nothing.

After dressing the wound, Shane let go of Natalie's hand. "It's done. Do not let it touch water for some time, or you might get an infection."

Natalie touched the back of her hand and nodded. "Got it."

She could still feel the faint warmth of his palm on the back of her hand.

"Carry out an investigation on Stanley's accident and see if it was really an accident. Also, head to the police station and get the necessary procedures done for his car," Shane ordered as he handed Silas the bag.

Silas was about to respond after taking the bag, only to have Joyce pushed him aside to stand in front of Shane and bow in gratitude. "Thank you, Mr. Shane."

After seeing Joyce's overreaction, Shane arched his brows.

Does she like Stanley?

Natalie seemed to have read Shane's mind and nodded.

A gleam flashed across Shane's eyes. The next moment, he replied, "No need to thank me."

Joyce then headed back to her seat and continue waiting.

After a long while, the light indicator at the entrance of the emergency ward finally switched off.

Joyce was the first to notice it. Immediately, she felt energized and stood in front of the doors with her gaze fixated on the gap between them.