

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 301

If Joyce were to learn about Stanley's true colors, her love for him might die a tragic death, and that isn't what I want. Rather, I want to help her so that she'd take the initiative to pursue him, for only when that happens will he be too busy to pester Natalie!

Naturally, Silas had no inkling of Shane's thoughts. He rubbed his chin as a wave of resentment surged within him. "Are you planning to keep Ms. Smith in the dark?"

Shane stuck a hand into his pocket. "How's the investigation I asked you to do on Stanley?"

At this, Silas shook his head. "He's rather mysterious. All I can find is his rich resume and the superficial information that is meant for public consumption. There isn't much progress with the covert stuff. It's as though it has been buried."

"Really?" Turning back, Shane started walking forward again.

He'd thought that someone like Stanley, who was an expert in putting on a front and had psychological problems, would have certainly done despicable things covertly. Thus, he wanted to dig up dirt on him and hand the information to Natalie so that she'd see his true colors.

But from the look of things now, that wouldn't work. I can only wait until he makes a move again next time and ensure that Natalie witnesses it!

That night, Natalie went to the hospital once more with her two children.

The moment Connor and Sharon stepped into the hospital room, they both ran over to the hospital bed. Wailing, they begged Stanley to wake up.

Natalie didn't stop them either, allowing them to do as they pleased. She handed the thermal food jar in her hand to Joyce. "I made you some mushroom soup, so do have some."

However, Joyce shook her head and placed the mushroom soup aside. "I've got no appetite since Stanley hasn't yet regained consciousness."

Natalie stared at her. "Did the doctor say when he's going to regain consciousness?"

Upon hearing this, Joyce massaged her throbbing temples. "Yeah. It's either the middle of the night or the next morning."

"That's not too bad." Natalie then pulled a chair over and sat down.

Likewise, Joyce sat beside her. "Oh yes, Mr. Shane's assistant came over in the afternoon and told me that Stanley's accident was happenstance. The driver only hit Stanley because he was driving under the influence."

"I see." Natalie breathed a soft sigh of relief, her heart that had been in her throat finally settling back into her chest.

Phew! I'm glad it was an accident. She was afraid that it wasn't an accident but a deliberate act by the mastermind who had wanted to kill her previously.

If it were deliberately, then I would've dragged Stanley into my mess, and my culpability would have been unabsolvable. But while it's an accident this time, I still have to bear the responsibility since he was only hit because he drove me home.

"Stay for a bit, Nat. I want to go over to Stanley's house and pack him some necessities while he's hospitalized," Joyce blurted as she abruptly got to her feet.

At this, Natalie looked up at her. "You're planning to stay and look after him?"

Joyce murmured in assent. "I want to take care of him until he recovers. As you know, he usually ignores me, so it's only in such a situation will I be able to get close to him."

"Got it. Go on. I'll stay here and wait for you to come back." Natalie stood up as well.

Perhaps this is a golden opportunity to improve the relationship between Joyce and Stanley, she mused.

"Alright, I'll be going, then." After saying that, Joyce snagged her handbag and left the hospital room.

Natalie trailed behind her before stopping at the door of the hospital room. It was only when Joyce had disappeared around the corner of the corridor did she close the door and head back.

Meanwhile, the two children were still crying at this time.

Walking over, Natalie placed her hands on their shoulders. "Okay, stop crying, or you'll lose your voice later."

Connor's sobs halted. Then, he lifted his eyes that were shimmering with tears and gazed at her. "Mommy, Uncle Stanley will be fine, yes?"

Sharon likewise looked at her while sniffing.

Natalie ruffled their heads. "He'll be fine, so don't worry."

The two children believed her, so they both nodded their tiny heads profusely.

At this precise moment, a knock sounded on the door of the hospital room.

Removing her hands from the children's heads, Natalie pivoted and called out toward the door, "Who's there?"

"It's me." A gentle female voice drifted in from outside the door.

All at once, Natalie's eyes narrowed.

It's Jacqueline Graham! Why is she here?

Having no time to mull it over, Natalie took the children's hands, one on either side of her, and dragged them over to the bathroom while replying, "Hold on. I'll be there right away."