

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 310

Within half an hour, she arrived at the hospital.

Holding Connor, Natalie entered and called out, "Stanley!"

"Nat, you're here." Stanley was sipping water through a straw. When he heard her voice, he struggled to look up and gave her a weak smile.

Natalie hummed in reply, walked over to him, and put Connor down. Then, she observed Stanley with concern. "How are you feeling?"

Connor looked at him as well.

Stanley shook his head, smiling bitterly. "Not too good. Now, I finally understand how patients feel when they lie in bed unable to move an inch."

Joyce put the cup of water aside. "Stanley, don't move too much lest you put a strain on the wounds."

"No." Stanley replied faintly. His attitude towards her and the attitude towards Natalie were completely two extremes.

Joyce's countenance froze for a moment. The expression in her eyes sank and she kept quiet.

Observing this situation, Natalie felt apologetic. Her lips moved. "As a matter of fact..."

"I'm fine. You chat with him while I go out and buy something." After speaking, Joyce picked up her bag, lowered her head to hide the expression on her face and walked past Natalie.

Natalie stretched out her hand to stop her but was stopped by Stanley, "Nat, leave her alone. Let her go because it's better if she left."

“Why is this, Stanley?” Natalie pulled Connor aside and let him play by himself. She looked at Stanley oddly, “I don’t understand, why are you so inconsiderate to Joyce?”

Among the three of them, Joyce and Stanley had been friends the longest but she did not know how long they had known each other.

She had met them five years ago. At that time, Stanley’s attitude towards Joyce was not so cold. It only became like this three years ago. So what actually happened?

Natalie could not look into Stanley’s eyes as his glasses reflected light so she could not see his expression on hearing her question.

After a few moments, he smiled plainly. “Nat, this is between the Rivers and the Quinns, so it’s better you do not ask.”

Natalie’s eyes widened in surprise.

She had thought that it was just between Joyce and him.

Indeed, it was better for her not to pry as it involved their families which was quite unexpected.

“Yes, I understand.” Natalie nodded.

Stanley raised his hand to take off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, “By the way, Nat, I heard Joyce say that Mr. Shane handled the investigation to my car accident?”

“Yes.” Natalie was startled when she heard him mention Shane suddenly.

Stanley noticed it and he squinted. "Did Mr. Shane mention anything? Did he talk about the reason I met with the accident?"

"Yes, it was said that the driver was drunk and the brakes failed which caused the car accident. Didn't Joyce tell you this?" Natalie tilted her head in confusion.

Stanley saw that she really didn't know, and opened his eyes. "No, maybe Joyce has forgotten."

In fact, Joyce did tell him but he was not sure whether Shane had told Nat another story. Now it was proven that Shane said the same thing to both the ladies.

There was something he did not understand. Since the driver who caused the accident was arrested, Shane must know that he arranged the accident.

However, Shane did not tell Nat the truth. Why didn't he? Shouldn't Shane grab the opportunity to reveal the truth to Nat about me so that she will leave me?

"Stanley, what are you thinking about?" Seeing Stanley totally lost in thought, Natalie waved her hand in front of his face.

Stanley's eyes flickered and he smiled again. "It's okay, I'm just rejoicing that I actually survived the car accident."

"You are so chill. You scared me to death yesterday. I just turned around and you had met with an accident." Natalie glared at him.

Stanley sighed. "I'm sorry, Nat. I had no idea that would happen."

Natalie's expression relaxed, "I should say that I am sorry. If it weren't for you sending me back, this wouldn't have happened. Stanley, do you blame me?"

Stanley shook his head meaning to say that he did not.