

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 311

Yet, Natalie felt really apologetic.

For a while, there was silence, then someone knocked on the door of the ward. Jackson brought a few doctors in and was surprised when he saw Natalie. “Natalie, are you here to see Dr. Quinn again?”

“Yes, you’re right.” Natalie grunted and nodded.

A frown appeared on Jackson’s adorable face. “That’s not good.”

“Why is that so?” Natalie blinked.

“If you come too frequently, someone will be displeased naturally.” There was a pun in Jackson’s words Natalie frowned, feeling puzzled. “Who could that be?”

“Of course, it is...”

“Dr. Baker, you’re here on your rounds but you neglect me— your patient. Instead, you started chatting with my friend. That’s not quite professional, is it?” Stanley pouted and interrupted him.

Though he wore a smile, it was only skin deep. Behind the smile was a cold face.

Jackson felt like he was being threatened by a serpent. He could not help but shudder. In no time, he waved his hand and smiled. “Will you please excuse us? I’m going to examine Dr. Quinn.”

“Okay.” Natalie nodded, feeling that the two men were behaving rather strangely like they were playing some dumb guessing game. She glanced at them meaningfully and left the room.

After the mother and son left, Stanley finally attacked Jackson verbally, putting away his pretense and looked at him sullenly, “You want to tell Nat what Shane thinks of her?”

Jackson whistled with a guilty conscience. "I can't help it because Shane is my friend and he likes Natalie, so naturally I want to help him pursue her."

"What about Jacqueline? If you do this, aren't you afraid that Jacqueline will hate you?" Stanley looked up at him.

Jackson looked stunned and then there was a complicated expression on his face. "You need not worry about that. Please lie down properly so I can examine your wound!"

With that, he deliberately pressed on Stanley's wound.

Stanley immediately snorted in pain, and broke out in cold sweat on his forehead.

Jackson lifted his hospital gown and examined the wound.

After examining and changing the dressing, Jackson left with the group of doctors.

Seeing them coming out, Natalie got up from her seat hurriedly. "Dr. Baker, are you done with the examination?"

"Yes, I am. You may go in now," Jackson replied, smiling broadly.

Natalie did not move. "Dr. Baker, what were you talking about with Stanley inside the ward just now?"

Jackson averted his eyes and smiled. "What do you think we can hide from you? Okay, I'm going to check the next ward, goodbye!"

With that, he gestured to the group behind him and walked past her.

As Natalie watched him enter the next ward, she pursed her lips but did not remain at the same spot for long. Taking Connor with her, she went into Stanley's ward again.

Since he was unwilling to talk, she'd better let it be.

In the ward, Stanley was talking to someone on the phone. As Natalie entered, Stanley said to the person on the other end of the line, "Alright, I understand" and hung up.

"Who's that?" Natalie asked curiously when she saw the upset expression on his face.

Stanley put down the cell phone, perked up his expression and replied with a smile, "It was from the auto repair shop saying that my car had been damaged too badly and it was not feasible to repair, so I have been advised to buy a new one."

Hearing that, Natalie recalled the situation of his car at that time. The whole front part of the car was squashed. It was really serious.

"Buy a new one, then, since it was damaged so badly. Even if it is repaired, the safety features would have been compromised." After that, Natalie sat down.

Stanley grunted as a reply. "That's the only thing we can do."

Suddenly, the sound of the door opening was heard.

Natalie and Stanley both looked towards the direction.

The door opened and Joyce came in carrying a big bag full of things.

Seeing that, Natalie quickly hurried over to help her. "It's really heavy. Joyce, what have you bought?"

"I bought some cooking utensils and some chicken. I'm going to make chicken soup for Stanley." Joyce glanced at Stanley.

Stanley's eyes fluttered and then he looked away.

Seeing the atmosphere turning awkward again, Natalie sighed and then hurriedly changed the atmosphere by clapping her hands, saying, "I'm good at making soup! Please let me help you!"