

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 312

“Sure.” Joyce agreed, laughing.

Thereafter, Natalie and Connor followed Joyce to the communal kitchen next door. It was a kitchen solely used by patient’s family members to cook.

The trio left, leaving Stanley alone in the ward. He reached for his phone next to the pillow, his face somber as he made a call.

The call connected in one ring. A woman’s gentle yet gloating voice sounded. “You’re awake?”

“Was it you?”

The woman pretended as if she didn’t understand and said, “What are you talking about, Dr. Quinn? What was me?”

“You were the one who did something to the brakes of the car!” Stanley clutched onto the phone tightly, his voice cold.

The woman sighed. “I can’t hide anything from you.” She paused and let out a giggle. “But it was for your own good. Didn’t you say you wanted Natalie to feel guilty? If you hurt yourself, you’ll be able to be with her. However, a slight injury wouldn’t suffice. That’s why I thought the more severe the injury, the better!”

“Hmph! Do you think I’ll believe your nonsense?” he interrupted in a fierce voice. “You’re the one who wants my life because I have the evidence of you harming Nat.”

The woman immediately quietened down.

Stanley knew he had gotten it right. His hands were shaking with how tight he was clutching the phone as if he was about to snap it in half. "I suggest you best forget about it. Do you think you'll be fine as long as you end my life? Shall we bet? Once I'm dead, the evidence will immediately turn up on the internet. Not only those about Nat, but I'll reveal the ones about Shane Thompson's parents too!" Stanley grinned evilly and hung up the call right after saying his piece.

At that moment, Natalie pushed the door open and entered the room.

Stanley immediately put down the phone in his hand and composed himself. "Nat, is the soup ready?"

"Not yet. I'm only here to grab my bag," Natalie said, heading toward the couch.

Watching as she placed the bag on her shoulder, Stanley pursed his lips. "Are you leaving?"

"Yeah. I received a call from the supervisor of the textile mill studio. He said something went wrong while manufacturing the clothes, so I'm going to take a look."

"Be careful on the road." Stanley waved a hand at her.

"I got it. I'll come back later." Having said that, Natalie took Connor's hand and left the hospital.

She was busy in the days that followed. In the afternoon, she had to help draw and edit blueprints for the other designers. Thereafter, she had to go to the textile mill to supervise clothing production. In the evening, she had to make a trip to the hospital after fetching the kids.

Some days, she even had to go to the Design Association to watch the previous elimination rounds. With all that workload, she had lost a significant amount of weight.

When the textile mill finally made its first batch of clothing, something cropped up in the warehouse. Natalie hadn't even had the chance to take a breather.

She and Niall Plumlee were discussing purchasing accessories for the catwalk's outfits when it happened. Natalie was so shocked when she received the warehouse manager's phone call that she jumped up from her seat. "What did you say? A fire?"

"Yes, Ms. Smith! What do we do now?" The warehouse manager was flustered, his mind turning blank. He was at a complete loss of his next actions.

Natalie's body shuddered. "Call the fire department, of course! What else is there to do?"

"Oh, oh! Right, right..." The manager returned to his senses.

Natalie hung up the phone, speedily packing up the documents on the table while she explained to Niall, "I'm sorry, Mr. Plumlee. Something urgent happened. I can't stay any longer. About the accessories, let's arrange for another time to resume our discussion."

Seeing her hands trembling in anxiousness, he asked, "What happened? Perhaps I can help?"