

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 321

Shane didn't stop her this time. He merely watched mutely as Natalie hobbled away.

Jacqueline gazed after her. She then turned to Shane and said thoughtfully, "Shane, I think Ms. Smith hurt her leg too."

Shane looked away. "I know. Let's go," he said smoothly.

He then helped Jacqueline back into the Ophthalmology Department.

Natalie returned to Stanley's room. When she entered, the savory aroma of chicken soup immediately filled her nostrils. Natalie could feel her mouth water.

"Joyce, your cooking has really improved by leaps and bounds!" Natalie exclaimed, shutting the door behind her.

Joyce was sitting by Stanley's bedside, feeding Stanley the soup patiently. She was about to say something, but Stanley beat her to it. "Nat, what took you so long?" he exclaimed.

The expression on Joyce's face froze. She lowered her head and stirred the soup intently without speaking.

Natalie felt slightly discomfited. She walked over and patted Joyce on the shoulder, then offered by way of explanation, "I bumped into someone I knew on the way back. I was held up there for a while."

"Who was it?" Stanley demanded, completely ignoring Natalie's subtle gesture. He continued beaming.

Natalie was frank. She pointed above her, mouthing, "Ms. Graham."

"Jacqueline?" Stanley's eyes narrowed behind his glasses. "What did the two of you talk about?"

“Nothing much. She was very concerned about why I wasn’t taking good care of my eyes,” Natalie said, shrugging.

Stanley furrowed his brow, considering this.

Joyce brought another spoonful of soup to Stanley’s mouth.

Stanley shrank slightly from it. He nudged the spoon away, indicating that he had had enough.

Joyce looked down at the bowl of soup in her hands, which was still half full. She knew, however, that Stanley was impervious to any coaxing from her. She might even risk infuriating him by doing so. With that, Joyce put the bowl aside, resigned.

“Nat, why was she so insistent about you protecting your eyes?” Stanley was utterly unconcerned about Joyce’s feelings, choosing to focus wholly on Natalie instead.

Natalie shook her head and replied, “I don’t know either. Jacqueline was admiring my eyes and last month, she told me to take good care of them. When she heard that they were infected just now, she flew into an absolute rage as if I had personally offended her.”

Natalie recalled Jacqueline’s look of unbridled fury with a shudder.

Jacqueline had been evidently on the verge of insanity back there.

“I knew it!” Stanley yelled. He’d squeezed his hand into a fist, and his eyes grew dark.

That woman, Jacqueline, is actually eyeing Natalie’s corneas!

“Stanley, what do you know?” Joyce asked earnestly.

Natalie nodded, equally curious.

Stanley looked past Joyce, addressed his reply to Natalie. "Your corneas!" he announced triumphantly.

"My corneas?" Natalie was confounded. A second later, her eyes widened with comprehension.

"Stanley, are you saying that she wants my corneas? Is that why she was so obsessed with ensuring that I took good care of them?"

"That's right. Besides this, I can see no other reason why she would be so emotionally invested in your eye infection." Stanley concluded.

Joyce gulped. "That can't be! How can that woman Jacqueline even think of acquiring corneas from someone who is alive? That's illegal!"

"I don't think so, either," Natalie said, after giving it a second thought. "Dr. Baker said they'd already placed a request for Ms. Graham's corneas. Why does she still want mine?"

Stanley had already anticipated these doubts. It was, after all, a most preposterous thought. He decided that it was not worth the effort to persuade either of them. Stanley pushed his glasses up his nose and said solemnly, "Well, it doesn't matter if Jacqueline is after your corneas or not, be sure to stay away from her."

"That's right, Nat! You have to stay away from anyone who has anything to do with Mr. Shane," Joyce chipped in sternly.

Natalie pinched herself fretfully. Then, as if she had made up her mind, she agreed vehemently. "Got it."

Her heart was still racing from everything that was racing through her mind.