

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 322

In fact, Stanley's words had struck her cold.

At that moment, a nurse suddenly rapped on the door and peered in. "Ms. Rivers, it's 9 p.m. It's time for me to take Dr. Quinn's temperature."

"It's 9 p.m. already?" Joyce blurted, taking a glance at the clock. Mildly reproofing, she mumbled half to herself, "Time passes so quickly! I didn't realize that it had gotten so late. Come in, please."

The nurse smiled and nodded, pushing her cart into the room.

Natalie watched as the nurse drew out a thermometer and deftly took Stanley's temperature. Seeing her chance, Natalie grabbed her bag from where it lay at the head of Stanley's bed. "Stanley, Joyce, it's time for the kids and me to head back too."

"I'll walk you out," Joyce said, rising from her seat.

With the thermometer in his mouth, Stanley could only wave at them.

Modestly, Natalie said, "Please don't trouble yourself! Stay here and take care of Stanley. We'll see ourselves out."

Natalie then turned to her two children, who had been drinking what was left of the chicken soup and watching cartoons. "Connor, Sharon, let's go," she called.

"OK!" Connor replied eagerly. He immediately put down his phone and leaped off the sofa with Sharon in tow.

Natalie had them bid their farewells to Stanley and Joyce. They then left the room and walked towards the lift together.

As Natalie drew near the lift doors, Shane suddenly appeared within view. He was leaning casually against the wall nearby.

Sharon flung Natalie's hand aside in excitement and dashed towards him. "Mr. Shane!"

Shane's mouth cracked into a smile. He bent down and scooped her up in his arms.

Sharon was a small, squirmy mess and still bore the faint milk smell. Shane's heart softened as he held her in his arms.

Natalie frowned. She walked towards Shane and Sharon while pulling Connor along. She said blandly, "Mr. Shane, please put Sharon down. We're on our way home."

Shane ignored her. He playfully braided Sharon's hair and asked, "Why did you come out only after so long?"

Natalie's eyes narrowed. "Mr. Shane, are you implying that you were waiting here just for me?"

Shane raised his chin defiantly but did not reply.

So it is true!

Natalie gawped at him. "Mr. Shane, is there anything you need me for?"

"I'd like to apologize on behalf of Jacqueline for what happened in front of the Ophthalmology Department just now," Shane said as he placed Sharon down.

The moment Sharon's feet touched the floor, Connor snatched her over.

Natalie looked at her son approvingly. Then, she turned towards Shane and asked, "Mr. Shane, so you are apologizing on behalf of Ms. Graham?"

"Yes," Shane said readily.

Natalie smiled faintly. "You don't have to do that, Mr. Shane. Ms. Smith already apologized just now."

"Jacqueline's apology wasn't sincere. I could tell that you weren't entirely pleased with it," Shane replied, meeting Natalie's gaze levelly.

Natalie hesitated. "It wasn't ideal, but it was good enough. We'll take our leave then, Mr. Shane."

"Wait," the urgency in Shane's voice stopped Natalie in her tracks.

Natalie groaned inwardly. "Is there anything else, Mr. Shane?"

"I overheard everything you said in the room just now," Shane said deliberately.

Natalie inhaled sharply, her entire body stiffened.

Shane perceived her anxiety at once. He smirked. "Don't worry. Jacqueline isn't eyeing your corneas."

I won't permit her to either!

“Mr. Shane, what are corneas?” Sharon suddenly asked inquisitively.

Shane looked at her, pondering. How do I explain something like this to a child? Fortunately, he was saved by Connor. The latter dragged Sharon aside and said sternly, “This is between the adults! Stop asking so many questions.”

“Oh,” Sharon pouted. She retreated, sulking.

Natalie was not overly concerned with her children’s antics. She was still turning Shane’s words over in her mind.

Natalie felt a tremendous wave of relief wash over her. So Jacqueline wasn’t after her corneas as she had previously feared. However, that hardly assuaged the terror that still lingered in Natalie’s mind. The memory of Jacqueline’s frenzied look rose unbidden before her. “Mr. Shane, how can you be so sure that Ms. Graham has no such intentions?” Natalie asked.