

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 500

"Ah, I see. Alright then." Natalie nodded.

Joyce took the design drafts and said, "I'm going to scan these and shoot an email over to him. That way you'll have time to make any amendments if it's not to his liking."

"Sure."

After Joyce had left, Natalie breathed a sigh of relief and started to work.

However, the phone rang just moments after she started working.

She picked up the phone and peered at the caller ID. Initially, she was surprised, then she appeared to be in a conflict as she did not pick up even after the phone had been ringing for ages.

Only after the line went dead itself that she put her phone back to where it was.

However, before she could relax, her phone rang yet again. It seemed like the caller was a tenacious one who would not give up unless Natalie picked up the call.

In the end, she bit down on her lip and answered the call.

"Hello?" Natalie tried her best to sound impassive.

The caller was silent for a few seconds before muttering, "Nat..."

"Why are you looking for me, Stanley?" Natalie clutched her phone tightly and asked.

It was a call from Stanley Quinn.

They had not met each other ever since the night Stanley injured Shane and revealed his true nature.

Natalie did not know how to face him. He did scare her out of her wits that night.

Stanley was dressed in a white and blue patient's uniform as he stood before a wide French window. He gazed out the window and looked peaceful as ever. "I am calling to apologize."

"Apologize?" Natalie was stumped.

Stanley mumbled a yes. He lifted his hand and touched the water droplets by the sides of the window. "Yes, I am apologizing for my uncalled behavior and ill intention toward you. I did not know why or how I've brought myself to do that to you. I have to say... that it wasn't exactly my intention to put you through that."

Natalie sighed, and her lips curled into a wry smile. "I know. I heard it all from Joyce. She said that you've been diagnosed with mental illness when you were just a teen."

He does not wish for this to happen either.

"So she told you that." Stanley lowered his gaze.

Natalie nodded. "Yes, she told me all that because she did not want me to blame you entirely."

"Really?" Stanley put down his hands. "Then, will you forgive me, Nat?"

Natalie leaned back in her chair. "I forgive you. But I have one condition, which is you have to promise me to cooperate and receive all the treatments best for you. You have to get a grip of yourself and don't let your mind run wild ever again."

"Okay." The glasses Stanley was wearing bounced off the light. "I will make sure to follow up with all my treatments. Well, I actually have made good progress."

"Really?" Natalie felt her back stiffened.

Stanley smiled, and it was the familiar gentle chuckle that Natalie once knew. "Yes. I heard from Joyce that you've gotten together with Mr. Shane. My emotions are not running wild even after I heard that news, so you can imagine how well I'm doing."

Natalie smiled.

It seems like he really is doing well.

Otherwise, he's going to flip out after knowing that I've gotten together with Shane, just like he did that night.

"That's great." Natalie face split into a wide grin. "It seems like my old friend, Stanley Quinn is going to be back soon."

"Right." Stanley adjusted his glasses.

Then, he noticed something with the corner of his eyes and his eyes dimmed for a brief moment. The man smiled amicably and said, "Alright, Nat. My psychiatrist is here. I'm going to go now. We'll talk next time. Do let Mr. Shane know that I'm terribly sorry for what I've done to him. I hope he understands that I have no true intention of hurting him in any way."

"Okay, I'll let him know."

Stanley muttered thanks before hanging up on the phone.

Natalie smiled after the line went dead. She put her phone down and got back to work.