

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 296 - 300

"Oh, I see. That's great. We don't have to take a taxi then." Yulia chuckled.

Stanley opened the car door and gestured her toward the car. "Please enter."

"Okay." Yulia nodded and pulled Natalie into the car.

After closing the door, Stanley put the luggage into the trunk, then got into the driver's seat. Then, he drove off to the airport.

They arrived at their destination after an hour.

Shortly after Yulia received her boarding pass, the PA system announced that the passengers could check in and board the plane.

Natalie sent her mother to the gate. "Mom, give me a call when you arrive."

"Okay. No worries. I will come back once your brother recovers," Yulia replied as she took her luggage from Stanley.

"Do you have any unfinished business here?" Stanley stood beside Natalie and asked.

Yulia flashed a grin. "It's nothing important. My initial plan was to go back to my hometown to repair my old house. But who would have thought that Connor and Nat would get into trouble one after another? Hence, I have no time to go back for now. I guess I can only do so next time."

"My apologies, Mom." Natalie's lips twitched awkwardly.

Seeing that, Yulia immediately released her luggage and caressed Natalie's cheeks. "What are you apologizing for, my dear? I'm leaving now. Nat, be sure to take care of the two little ones."

"Okay." Natalie nodded.

Having said that, she pulled the luggage and went to queue up for ticket inspection.

Soon, her silhouette disappeared as the queue cleared up.

“She must be on the plane by now. Let’s go, Nat.” Stanley gave her a sidelong glance.

After nodding, Natalie followed him out of the airport.

“Where should we go next?” Upon entering the car, Stanley buckled his seat belt while watching Natalie did the same.

After fastening her safety belt, Natalie glanced at her watch to check the time. “I want to go back to the apartment. The kids are still at home.”

“Alright.” Stanley started the engine and sped off.

During the journey, a thought crossed Natalie’s mind, so she turned to Stanley. “By the way, when did you return?”

“The night before yesterday,” Stanley answered with a smile.

“Are you feeling better now?”

“Yeah. I’m in good shape now, so don’t worry,” Stanley said as he shifted the gear.

Natalie nodded and heaved a sigh of relief.

Neither of them spoke for the remaining journey.

Natalie finally broke the silence when they arrived at her apartment. “Stanley, thanks for the ride. Drive safe.”

Standing outside the car, she waved him goodbye.

Stanley’s lips curled up into a smile at that sight. Then he rolled up the window and drove off.

After seeing him off, Natalie turned around and walked toward her apartment.

But just after a few steps, a loud bang came from behind her. It was the sound of cars colliding with each other.

Natalie's eyes widened in surprise. Instantly, she stopped in her tracks and turned back, only to realize that Stanley's car crashed into the flower bed after being rammed by another black vehicle. Her blood ran cold upon witnessing that terrifying scene.

"Stanley!" Natalie regained her senses after a while and shouted. With a pale face, she dashed toward the crash site to check on Stanley.

However, while she was halfway there, the black vehicle suddenly reversed to get out of the flower bed and fled from the scene in the blink of an eye.

Natalie was furious, but she couldn't afford to bother about that vehicle at that moment. Once she got close to Stanley's car, she hit the window hard and asked in desperation, "Stanley, are you okay? Can you hear me? Please answer me!"

However, there was no response from the car.

Looking at the severely dented hood of the car, Natalie felt disheartened.

The crash looks pretty bad! Could it be that...

Without further delay, Natalie took out her cell phone with her shaky hands and called the emergency number.

After that, she clenched her fists and yelled, "Help! Someone, please help!"

Soon, people in the vicinity of the apartment heard her shouting and gathered. Then, amidst her crying, they helped smash the car window on the driver's side.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 297

Natalie shoved the person who broke the window aside to come forward. Her body froze on the spot as she gaped at the man, who leaned against the seat with his head tilted to one side and bled profusely.

"Stanley!" She stretched out her hand to push him gently.

But he gave no reaction.

Natalie's heart skipped a few beats as her face turned ashen.

"Stanley, please don't scare me!" She lifted a trembling finger and put it under his nose to test if he was still alive.

Fortunately, she could feel his breathing. Although it was faint, she felt relieved nonetheless.

"Thank god you're alive!" Natalie squeezed her hands and shed tears of joy.

At that moment, the ambulance arrived.

Jackson got out of the ambulance wearing a white coat. "Where's the casualty?"

"Here!" Natalie raised her hand high.

When Jackson saw her, he was taken aback, rushing over in hasty steps. "Are you hurt?"

"No, it's not me! It's Stanley. He met with an accident! Please save him!" Natalie grabbed his arm with one hand and pointed toward Stanley with another.

Jackson followed the direction of her finger and saw the fatally injured Stanley. The former instantly drew a deep breath and summoned the paramedics. "Stretcher!"

Soon, Stanley was carried out of the car by two male nurses and put on a stretcher.

Meanwhile, Jackson kneeled on the ground and performed first aid on him to stop the bleeding.

Natalie was on her knees, clenching her fists as she looked at Stanley worriedly. "Dr. Baker, he will be fine, right?"

"Without proper equipment, I can't give you a definite answer. However, please rest assured that I will give my best to rescue him. After all, he is Jacqueline's doctor-in-charge." Jackson raised a gentle smile in an attempt to comfort her.

But how could she not be worried? Besides feeling anxious, she was conscience-stricken.

Stanley only got into an accident because he sent me back! This wouldn't have happened if it weren't for that!

Stanley stood up to give the paramedics instructions, then helped push Stanley into the ambulance. After that, he turned around and asked, "Okay. I've stopped the bleeding. Now we're going to bring him to the hospital. Are you following?"

Natalie nodded firmly. "Yes. I have to make sure that he is all right."

"Okay. Get in then." Jackson gestured at her.

Natalie murmured in response and entered the ambulance.

At the hospital, Stanley was sent straight to the emergency ward while Natalie stood outside and waited anxiously.

While she was waiting, she gave Joyce a call.

Joyce was instructing the staff to move the fabrics into the warehouse when she answered the call. Her mind went blank for a while after hearing that Stanley met with an accident. Before hanging up the call, she said, "I'll be there soon!"

Joyce arrived after half an hour. The moment she reached, she glanced at the red light above the emergency ward entrance. Then she grabbed Natalie's hand and asked with reddened eyes, "Nat, how did the car accident happen?"

Natalie's lips quivered. Then she explained the unfolding of the happening as it was.

After listening, Joyce released her feeble hands from Natalie's, then slumped against the chair at the side and wept silently.

Natalie was filled with uneasiness upon seeing that, so she walked over to Joyce and squatted down. "I'm sorry, Joyce."

After all, she knew that Joyce loved him.

Naturally, the one who suffered the most to know that Stanley got into an accident after sending Natalie back home would be Joyce.

However, she merely sniffled and remained silent.

At that sight, Natalie was guilt-ridden and held her hands. "Joyce..."

"I'm fine." Joyce shook her hand off and turned toward the emergency ward.

Natalie knew Joyce was only putting up a brave front. The former wanted to say something to console the latter, but no words could escape from her mouth.

Suddenly, footsteps could be heard closing in.

Natalie got to her feet and stared in the sound's direction, only to see Shane and Silas together. She was flabbergasted after seeing them.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 298

Lifting the back of her hand, she wiped her tears away before asking in confusion, "Mr. Shane, why are you here?"

Meanwhile, Joyce turned back to the doors of the emergency ward right after shooting a glance at Shane as she was in no mood to greet anyone.

It came as no surprise since her mind was occupied with thoughts of Stanley right then.

Shane paid Joyce no heed as well. After seeing Natalie's reddened eyes and the closed doors of the emergency ward, he pursed his lips. "I heard from Jackson that Stanley got into an accident, so I came over to have a look since I happened to be at the hospital too. Are you okay?"

While he was speaking, his eyes were scrutinizing her.

When Jackson informed him about Stanley's accident, he was told that Natalie was at the crash site too. Therefore, it was hard to rule out whether she was harmed.

Natalie shook her head and waved her hand dismissively. "I'm fine. I was not in the car when it happened."

"That's good to hear." Shane nodded in relief as her words took a load off his mind.

However, he narrowed his eyes the next moment when he noticed that there was blood on her hand. "Did you hurt your hand?"

After taking a look at her palm, Natalie let out a casual laugh. "I must have cut myself when I touched the shattered car window."

"Silas!" Shane tilted his head and shouted.

"Yes!" Silas responded and left.

A few minutes later, he came back, carrying a bag filled with things like iodine solution, gauze, and bandages, and handed it to Shane.

After taking it, Shane walked over to the row of chairs and sat down. Then he looked at Natalie and tapped on the seat behind him. "Come here!"

Natalie knew he was going to tend to her injuries, so she shook her head and put her injured hand behind her back. "It's alright, Mr. Shane. It's just a small cut, nothing serious."

"Nothing serious?" Shane's eyes narrowed. In a swift movement, he grabbed her hand and turned it over.

Her palm had become a bloody mess. It was a horrifying sight, and even Silas gasped when he saw it.

"Are you telling me that this is not serious?" Shane's expression darkened as he stared at her.

Joyce, who was a seat away from Shane, stopped staring at the emergency ward when she heard him. Turning her head, she took a glance at Natalie's palm.

Staring at Natalie's palm that was covered with glass shards piercing her flesh, Joyce pursed her lips. "Nat, listen to Mr. Shane and get your wound disinfected. You are a designer. You can't afford to have your hand injured."

Upon hearing the word designer, Natalie finally gave in and nodded. Then, she sat in the chair Shane showed her earlier.

At that, Shane's tightened brows relaxed a little. He opened the bag and took out the items to disinfect her wound.

Silas and Joyce did not sit idle either. One of them passed the cotton swabs, and the other cut the bandages. It ended up with Natalie being the only person who did nothing.

After dressing the wound, Shane let go of Natalie's hand. "It's done. Do not let it touch water for some time, or you might get an infection."

Natalie touched the back of her hand and nodded. "Got it."

She could still feel the faint warmth of his palm on the back of her hand.

"Carry out an investigation on Stanley's accident and see if it was really an accident. Also, head to the police station and get the necessary procedures done for his car," Shane ordered as he handed Silas the bag.

Silas was about to respond after taking the bag, only to have Joyce pushed him aside to stand in front of Shane and bow in gratitude. "Thank you, Mr. Shane."

After seeing Joyce's overreaction, Shane arched his brows.

Does she like Stanley?

Natalie seemed to have read Shane's mind and nodded.

A gleam flashed across Shane's eyes. The next moment, he replied, "No need to thank me."

Joyce then headed back to her seat and continue waiting.

After a long while, the light indicator at the entrance of the emergency ward finally switched off.

Joyce was the first to notice it. Immediately, she felt energized and stood in front of the doors with her gaze fixated on the gap between them.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 299

After the doors were opened, Jackson was the first to come out.

Joyce rushed toward him and grabbed his hand. "Doctor, how is Stanley?"

Jackson was taken aback by her impassioned reaction. Just as he was about to ask who she was, he saw Shane and Natalie behind her. Immediately, he understood that she was Natalie's friend, so he gently removed his hand from her grip and replied, "Don't worry. He's fine. All he has is a few broken ribs and a concussion. He will recover with one or two months of recuperation."

"I see!" Joyce placed her hands on her chest and smiled.

Natalie came up to her and patted her shoulder. "That's wonderful, Joyce. It seems that Stanley is doing fine."

"Yeah." Joyce rested her head on Natalie's chest and shed tears of joy.

Natalie gently patted her back to comfort her.

Meanwhile, Shane witnessed the scene expressionlessly. His gaze darkened the moment he saw the spot Joyce buried her face in. An invisible storm brewed in the atmosphere.

When Jackson noticed that, he raised a smirk and had a strong urge to tease that man.

“Shane, I can’t believe that you would get jealous over a woman,” Jackson murmured into his ear.

Without a word, Shane elbowed him in the ribcage.

Jackson groaned and bent down from the pain while covering the sore spot.

Hearing his cries of agony, Natalie and Joyce turned to him.

“Dr. Baker, what happened?” Natalie asked curiously.

Noticing Shane’s grim expression, Jackson put on a forced smile. “It’s nothing. I have a stomach ache, so I’ll take my leave now. Dr. Quinn will be transferred to a normal ward soon. You can visit him in no time.”

“Okay. Thanks for the heads up, Dr. Baker.” Joyce nodded in gratitude.

Jackson waved his hand. Then he shot Shane a provocative glance before he left.

Just like what Jackson said, around ten minutes later, Stanley was pushed out and transferred to a normal ward.

After entering the ward, Joyce stayed by Stanley’s bed, holding his hand without moving an inch. Her gaze, as she looked at him, was full of affection and concern.

Meanwhile, Natalie stood at the side to give them some privacy.

At that moment, Shane was leaning against the doorframe of the ward. He squinted his eyes to look at Natalie in the distance. After seeing her remorseful and helpless look, he pursed his lips and dismissed the thought of leaving.

Never mind. I'll stay with her for a while until her mood becomes better. Then I'll go to Jacqueline.

As none of them spoke in the ward, there was no audible sound except the beeping of electronic equipment.

A while later, Natalie's phone rang, breaking the silence of the ward.

Seeing Natalie hastily take out her phone from her handbag, Shane lowered his eyes to peek at the phone screen, which displayed the caller ID as 'home.'

It should be either Connor or Yulia.

As expected, Natalie called out to the other end of the line after answering the phone, "Connor?"

"Mommy, I'm Sharon. Where are you? Why are you not back yet? Connor and I are famished." Sharon's sweet voice that could melt anyone's heart sounded from the phone.

Natalie felt incredibly guilty. "I'm sorry, Darling. Mommy had something going on earlier and had totally forgotten about it."

Shane looked at her in surprise.

Is she not planning to tell her kids about Stanley?

"I see. Okay, I'll forgive you, Mommy. But when are you coming back, though?" Sharon pouted and asked.

Next to her, Connor's ear was glued to the back of the receiver.

After checking the time on her watch, Natalie realized that it was already one in the afternoon. No wonder her children called to complain to her that they were hungry.

Just as Natalie was about to answer that she would be back after a while, Joyce urged, "Nat, you should go now."

"But what about Stanley..." Natalie looked at the hospital bed.

Seeing that, Shane narrowed his eyes.

Why? Is she preparing to stay here to take care of him?

“Don’t worry. I’m looking after Stanley. You have two children at home. How can you leave them alone for so long without feeling worried?” Joyce let out a smile.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 300

She was spot on regarding Natalie’s concern, leaving the latter’s mouth agape without saying another word.

It was true that she felt insecure with the little ones staying at home by themselves.

“Okay. I will come over later.” Natalie’s lips twitched.

Joyce mumbled a response and turned back to Stanley.

Natalie pulled the sling of her handbag up onto her shoulder, then lifted her head to look at Shane. “Mr. Shane, shall we leave together?”

Shane gave a nod. “Sure.”

He did not want to see Stanley, nor was he close with Joyce, so there was no point for him to stay.

The only reason he was there for so long was because of Natalie.

After exiting the ward, they closed the doors gently.

In the elevator, Shane offered to send her home, but she rejected his offer determinedly.

She was still traumatized by Stanley’s accident which happened after he sent her home. Because of that, she did not dare to let Shane do the same.

What if something befalls him after he sends me back?

Shane was left with no option as she would not relent. Eventually, he watched solemnly as she took a taxi and left.

A while later, Silas came back after he finished the task he was given.

“How did it go? Did you find anything?” Shane queried while walking toward Jacqueline’s ward.

Silas followed behind him and furrowed his brows. “Yes. I’ve looked into this matter. This accident is factitious.”

At his words, Shane came to a halt and turned around. “Factitious?”

“That’s right.” Silas nodded.

A dark shadow flashed across Shane’s eyes as his expression turned gloomy. “Natalie was there when Stanley met with the accident. Could it be the same culprit who tried to harm her the previous two times?”

“Mr. Shane, I’m afraid your prediction is wrong this time. It’s not.” Silas pushed his glasses up with a grin.

Shane instantly shot a glare at him. “Talk!”

Silas rubbed his nose. Initially, he thought that he could keep his boss in suspense. But after seeing Shane’s expression, he yielded instantaneously. After clearing his throat, he replied in a serious tone, “This accident was set up by Dr. Quinn himself.”

“What did you say?” Shane was dumbfounded with his brows knitted together. “He set himself up?”

“That’s right. I found out the identity of the hit-and-run driver through the security footage. According to the driver, he was paid by Dr. Quinn to do so,” Silas answered.

Shane narrowed his eyes. “What’s the reason behind this?”

“To woo Ms. Smith.” Silas lowered his voice. “As you know, Dr. Quinn harbors special feelings toward her. But they were not reciprocated because she loves you. Therefore, he

began to panic. To make her feel guilty, he planned this accident just to let something terrible befall him in front of her very eyes. So that he could—”

“I got it.” Shane lifted his hand to interrupt.

Stanley deliberately got himself involved in the accident, leading Natalie to think that she was the cause of it.

With that, she would be guilt-stricken. Stanley could then compel her to get into a relationship with him. It is a good move indeed.

“Was he not afraid of losing control and ending up dead on the spot?” Shane narrowed his eyes and mocked.

Silas’s expression turned serious. “Speaking of which, Dr. Quinn’s injury was pretty fatal. I think things spiraled out of control.”

“Hmm?” Shane turned to stare at him.

Silas frowned. “That driver said that Dr. Quinn only asked him to bang into the car lightly so that the latter would have a minor injury. However, when it actually happened, the brakes went out on him suddenly, resulting in the fatal injury.”

“His brakes failed?” Shane looked a little perplexed. “Was that an accident?”

After pondering for a while, Silas responded, “Probably. I asked someone to check the braking system. It didn’t seem like it was tampered with. I guess it was Dr. Quinn’s misfortune that the accident turned out this serious.”

A subtle smile played on Shane’s lips. “He should count himself lucky to have escaped death by a whisker.”

“Indeed.” Silas nodded and followed with a question, “Should I tell Ms. Smith and Ms. Rivers about this?”

A glint flashed across Shane’s eyes. “No. Natalie would not buy into it anyway. To her, Stanley is a gentle and respectable doctor, someone who would never do something despicable like this. Even the confession of the driver in question would be pointless. She would most likely think that we coerced him into doing it, let alone Joyce.”

