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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1185

Chapter 1185 Do Not Get A Boyfriend

Not knowing what to do, Joyce had thought about calling Natalie and Shane to ask for their help, but she was quick to dismiss that thought.

Tonight is their wedding night, so it's not right to call them at a time like this.

Joyce was sitting in front of Stanley's apartment and was hugging her legs helplessly when the phone she placed on the floor suddenly rang.

She looked at the screen and energy surged through her body when she saw Stanley's name on it.

Did he call me after he turned on his phone and saw my messages?

Joyce was so happy that she almost jumped to her feet. After all, the man had never responded to her messages in the past.

So how could she not be happy now that the man was calling her?

Joyce grabbed her phone and took a deep breath before answering the call. "Stanley?"

"Is this Ms. Joyce Rivers?" asked an unfamiliar voice from the other end of the line.

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The smile on Joyce's face froze. She nodded and replied, "This is her. May I know who is this? Why do you have my friend's phone?"

Did Stanley drop his phone and some random guy pick it up? Or did he get into some accident and the hospital is calling?

Natalie started panicking, and her grip on her phone tightened.

The stranger's voice sounded once more. "I am the manager at Sapphire Bar, and your friend is drunk. He is barely conscious, so I got his phone from his pocket and turned it on. Please drop by to pay his bill and take him home."

Joyce was momentarily stunned. "Okay, I'll be there soon."

She put her phone away and sighed in relief after hanging up.

Thank Heavens that Stanley is fine. He's just drunk.

That being said, Joyce was a little upset to hear that Stanley had gone out to drink.

Stanley was a doctor. He rarely drank, much less get himself drunk because he knew it would affect his performance at the operation table.

Yet, he had made an exception today.

Did he do that because he couldn't accept Nat marrying Mr. Shane?

Joyce's eyes turned teary as jealousy washed over her.

Despite that, she stood up and made her way to Sapphire Bar to pick him up.

It took Joyce about thirty minutes to reach the bar. Led by the server, she soon found Stanley who had passed out on the couch.

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His clothes were wrinkled, and his collar was unbuttoned. The tie around his neck was tilted to the side. Even his hair was messy. At that moment, he looked like a drunkard.

Joyce sighed.

That was her first time seeing Stanley in such a disheveled state.

"Here, please put the tab on this card," said Joyce as she got her credit card from her bag and handed it to the server.

The server accepted the card and went to the cash register to get the check.

Joyce bent down to help Stanley up. She was going to drag him out of the place when he murmured, "Don't... Don't get a boyfriend!"

Joyce was taken aback. She turned to him and saw that his eyes were closed. It was obvious that he was dreaming when he uttered those words.

I wonder what he means, though...

"Who shouldn't get a boyfriend?" Joyce asked softly and carefully as she scanned Stanley. There was a flicker of expectation in her eyes.

However, the man did not respond.

Joyce bit her lip in disappointment and dragged him to the cashier.

At that moment, the server was heading back to return her card. When he saw her walking over, he handed the card to her, then helped her carry Stanley to the car and settle him in the passenger seat.

"Thank you." Joyce smiled at the server.

"Anytime." The server waved his hand and returned to the bar.

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Joyce closed the door and circled around to get into the driver's seat. She then turned around and put on the seatbelt for Stanley.

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