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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1187

Chapter 1187 One Night Stand

Joyce chuckled bitterly when she came to that conclusion. A single drop of tear rolled down her cheek before she unfastened Stanley's seatbelt, helped him out of the car, and dragged him to a hotel nearby.

Sapphire Bar was a famous drinking place. As many couldn't drive after drinking too much, they would usually go to the hotel nearby to stay the night there.

Joyce took Stanley to that hotel and got a room for him.

Inside, she tossed Stanley onto the bed and was going to get a warm towel to clean his face, wanting him to feel more comfortable when he pulled her onto the bed and pinned her down.

Joyce's eyes rounded.

Stanley lowered his head and kissed her again while his hand ventured under her clothes once more.

Surprisingly, Joyce didn't fight back as she allowed the man to take advantage of her.

She loved this man and had been in love with him since she was young. For more than a decade, her feelings for him had never changed.

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But the countless misunderstandings that surrounded them had made it impossible for her to get close to him.

And now, Stanley was taking the initiative to approach her and kiss her. Perhaps this was heaven's way of pitying her for loving him for over a decade. Perhaps this was her only chance to get close to him. In that case, she thought, why not just accept it? He probably thinks that he is with Nat, but he is kissing me...

Those thoughts prompted Joyce to close her eyes.

The next morning, Joyce woke up when the sun had just risen.

She ignored the ache all over her body and pulled her blanket away before picking up her clothes on the floor and rushing into the bathroom.

About ten minutes later, she came out of the bathroom with her clothes on. She tiptoed to the side of the bed and watched as the man slept soundly. She couldn't help reaching out and caressing his face before retracting her hand. Thereafter, she grabbed the bag she had left at the side and left the room.

She had consented to everything that had happened last night, and it was a night she had stolen.

More importantly, it was her way of putting an end to her love.

After a night with him, perhaps I can finally let go of this unrecruited love...

Stanley woke up a little after Joyce had left.

He saw how he was naked on the messy bed. The strange scent in the air made it impossible for him not to know what had happened the night before.

His expression darkened, and the atmosphere in the room got him on edge.

I can't believe I had a one-night stand with a stranger! Who was she?

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Stanley saw the clothes on the floor and bent down to pick them all up. After taking a shower, he ignored the thought of how dirty his clothes were and put them on before leaving the room.

Outside, he checked the room number, then went to the front desk to ask about the person who had paid for the room.

The receptionist told him everything.

"It's her!" Stanley's pupils constricted.

I can't believe it's Joyce.

For a moment, he didn't know what to say. When he thought that a stranger had taken advantage of him, he was so furious that he wanted to get back at that woman.

However, hearing that he had been with Joyce quelled his anger and what replaced it was an indescribable wave of mixed emotions.

He wasn't sure how he had ended up with Joyce the night before, so he took out his phone and dialed her number.

Meanwhile, Joyce had arrived at the office, looking a little pale and tired, and the way she walked seemed a little off.

"Morning," greeted a designer.

Joyce quickly replied, "Morning," and rushed to her own office.

But when she walked past Natalie's office, the owner of the room suddenly came out.

"Joyce, you're finally here. You're a little late today." The latter was happy to see her.

"Y-Yeah." Joyce didn't expect to run into Natalie so soon. Thinking about how Stanley had mistaken her for Natalie on the night before and slept with her, Joyce couldn't get herself to look Natalie in the eye.

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