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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1188

Chapter 1188 Was It Joyce

"What's up, Nat?" Joyce asked with her head down. Her voice carried a hint of guilt as she spoke.

"It's nothing. I just need the inventory sheet for last season's designs," Natalie replied.

Joyce nodded. "Okay, I'll e-mail it to you later."

"Okay."

Joyce asked again, "Is there anything else? If not, I'll head back to my office now."

She was aching too much, and her legs didn't really have much energy left. She had to rush to her office and get some rest or she might fall.

"No, that's it." Natalie shook her head.

Joyce let out a sigh after hearing that. "Okay, then I'll be heading over now. Bye."

With that, she pinched her arm to remind herself to walk naturally as she returned to her office.

Her effort, however, was futile.

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"The way she walks..." Natalie mused to herself.

As an experienced woman, she could tell that there was something off with the way Joyce walked. She didn't look as though she had injured her leg. She was walking like someone who had just lost her virginity.

Wait, that means she was with a man last night! I wonder who that is...

Natalie didn't think that Joyce was with Stanley because there was still a misunderstanding between them.

Stanley still hates her, so there is no way he'd sleep with her. That means she has slept with someone else last night.

The only question is, did Joyce sleep with him willingly, or was she forced to sleep with him? She didn't look angry or sad just now though, so it is likely that she has consented to it.

Does that mean she has truly let go of Stanley and is with someone else?

Natalie's eyes widened in surprise. It took her a while before she calmed herself down.

If that's really the case, I don't think it's a bad thing. Joyce has been in love with Stanley for over a decade, and who knows how much pain she has endured this whole time? I feel so sorry for her...

Besides, even if the misunderstanding between Stanley and Joyce is resolved, there is still no saying whether they'd end up together. He doesn't love her, after all, so at most, they will become friends and not lovers. I really wish for her to find someone else who would truly love her. I just want her to be happy.

Natalie went back to her own office as those thoughts filled her mind.

In the office next door, Joyce put her weight on her desk and sat down. She heaved a long sigh, feeling alive again.

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She could still feel the burning sensation in her nether region, and it was rather uncomfortable.

I need to drop by at the pharmacy to buy some medicine later.

Just then, her phone rang.

Joyce frowned and picked up her phone, almost tossing it away after looking at the caller ID. "S-Stanley!"

Why is he calling? Did he find out that I was the woman he was with yesterday? Is that why he's calling me now? What do I do? Should I pick up and say that it was me?

The phone kept ringing, but Joyce was stuck in a dilemma.

It didn't take long before the phone stopped ringing entirely.

While Joyce was disappointed to see that, she was relieved at the same time.

However, that relief didn't last long because her phone rang again.

Joyce checked her phone and saw that it was a message from Stanley. She bit her lip and tapped on the screen. Was it you last night?

One short sentence was all it took to get Joyce to gasp.

I knew it! He knew it was me and has come to demand an answer from me.

Joyce's fingers trembled. She didn't know how to respond.

What will he do if I reply to him? Will he take responsibility for his actions and marry me or will he mock me and say that he won't love me even after we have slept together?

Thinking about how Stanley had been indifferent toward her, Joyce thought that the latter was more likely going to happen.

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Gah, forget about it. He made the first move last night, but I didn't push him away, so I am partially responsible for what happened. We'll just let it be.

After much deliberation, Joyce took a deep breath and replied: Yeah, it was me. The manager of Sapphire Bar called me last night and told me that you were drunk. I went to pick you up and sent you to a hotel and left after that.

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