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# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1189

Chapter 1189 Natalie Learned The Truth

At the end of the day, Joyce couldn't bring herself to admit that she had sex with him last night.

She was still scared of his insults, afraid that it would hurt too much.

Stanley narrowed his eyes when he read Joyce's reply. He wrote back: You left right away? Are you sure you didn't stay?

Joyce bit her lip. Her fingers were trembling a little when she replied: "No. Why would I stay when you hate me so much? Why are you asking all these questions? Did someone slip into your room last night and sleep with you?

Stanley wondered if Joyce was deliberately lying or if she was being honest.

After a while, he massaged his temple and replied: No, it's nothing. Bye.

He turned off his phone after that and drove to the hospital.

Joyce didn't know what he meant when she read those words.

What the hell does that mean? What is nothing? Also, is he going to drop the topic just like this?

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Although that was what Joyce had prayed for, she still felt terrible. She felt a lump in her throat, and she couldn't help getting teary.

Natalie had been waiting for a while, but Joyce still hadn't sent her the inventory sheet, so she decided to head over to check up on her.

Natalie had just reached the door to Joyce's office when she heard her sobs.

She opened the door quickly and asked, "Joyce, what happened to you?"

Joyce didn't expect Natalie to show up all of a sudden. She jumped in surprise and hurried to wipe her tears away before answering, "I'm fine. What's up?"

"I need the inventory sheet, but you haven't sent it over, so I came to check up on you," said Natalie as she closed the door.

"Sorry, it slipped my mind. I'll send it over to you right away." Joyce forced a smile.

"Joyce, what happened? You can tell me. Maybe I can help," Natalie offered, concerned.

"I'm fine. Really." Joyce's eyes gleamed.

"I don't buy it." Natalie stopped right in front of her desk and stared at her sternly. "Joyce, did the man who slept with you last night hurt you?"

Natalie had guessed that Joyce had consented, but seeing her tears got Natalie to question her earlier deductions.

Joyce was shocked. "How did you know that I-"

"I was in your shoes, and I knew what happened the second I saw how you were walking weirdly," Natalie answered and sat down.

"Oh. I did such a good job of hiding it, though." Joyce lowered her head, and Natalie probed further, "Just tell me the truth. What happened? Did he force you to do anything or—"

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"It was an accident, and I consented," Joyce said, covering her face.

"Really? Who is he?"

"It's Stanley."

Cough! Cough! Natalie choked on her own saliva and had a wild coughing fit, her face burning.

I have got to be an idiot. I can't believe my theory is dismissed that quickly. Just moments ago, I was certain that it wasn't Stanley, and that Joyce has her eyes on someone else. And now... Okay, it looks like I have underestimated how Joyce feels about Stanley. It kind of makes sense, though. She has been in love with him for over a decade, so it's impossible and difficult for her to let go just like that.

"Nat, are you okay?" Joyce was surprised to see Natalie coughing like that. She hurried over to pat Natalie's back.

Natalie waved her hand and replied, "I'm fine. I was just surprised. So you and Stanley... You..."

Joyce sighed and summarized what had happened the night before.

Upon hearing that, Natalie raised her brows and teased, "So that's what happened. You really surprised me this time, Joyce."

Joyce bowed her head and did not respond.

"What are you going to do now?" Natalie continued.

"What do you mean?" Joyce asked in confusion.

"What are you going to do about your relationship with Stanley? The two of you have already slept together. Aren't you going to take this to another level?"

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