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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1317

Chapter 1317 You Cannot Help Me

Hearing Natalie's furious tone, Joyce looked down guiltily. "I'm sorry, Nat. I..."

"Don't apologize to me yet. Joyce, tell me why you did that. Are you going to resign? If you are, why didn't you tell me? Why did you distribute your work in secret?" Natalie's chest was heaving from agitation.

"I don't wish to resign." Joyce suddenly began to choke on her words. "I truly don't want to resign. I'm sorry, Nat. I have my reason for doing this. I didn't tell you because I knew you would disagree. That was why I left secretly. I'm truly sorry, Nat."

Natalie took a deep breath and tried to quell the fury in her chest before asking, "Reason? What reason prompted you to do that? We have agreed since the beginning to work together to grow the company. Why do you now abandon me? Joyce, how can you do this to me?"

Joyce opened her mouth to say something but could not speak. She could not stop crying from the guilt in her heart.

Natalie rubbed her temple and said, "It's all right, Joyce. Can you tell me what happened that you had to abandon the company we founded together? Perhaps, I can help you. That way, you might not have to suffer from it anymore."

Joyce shook her head. "No, you can't help me. No one can help me with this."

"How do you know I can't help if you don't tell me?" Natalie felt emotionally exhausted.

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Joyce wiped the corner of her eyes. "Nat, I know you mean well and want to do the best for me. However, I am certain that you can't help with this matter. Therefore, please stop asking me about it, okay? I beg you not to ask anymore. You will know what it is when the time comes."

Joyce hung up right after saying that.

"Hello? Hello?" Natalie shouted into the cell phone, but there was no response. She looked at the screen and saw that Joyce had hung up.

Natalie frowned as she was very worried and frustrated at the same time.

She was furious with Joyce for hanging up without explaining the matter and for her lack of responsibility toward their company.

At the same time, it concerned Natalie that she did not know what was wrong with Joyce. Oh no, something must have happened to her.

"That won't do. I need to find out what happened." Natalie took up her cell phone again.

Although Joyce refused to say anything, Natalie could hear the despair in her tone.

While Natalie could not understand what happened, she knew it must be something very serious to make Joyce fall into despair.

Therefore, Natalie needed to find out what happened, or she would regret it.

Thus, Natalie called Joyce's mother.

Soon, Joyce's mother's kind voice sounded from the other end. "Hello, is this Nat?"

"Mrs. Rivers, it's me." Natalie suppressed her worries and continued, "Mrs. Rivers, how are you?"

"Good, I am well," Caitlin replied with a chuckle.

Natalie nodded. "That's good to hear. Mrs. Rivers, has Joyce returned to your place?"

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Caitlin glanced at her daughter's room and replied, "Yes, she came home two days ago, saying she missed home and wanted to spend time with us. What's wrong, Nat? Do you need Joyce to return to work?"

"No, no, that's not it. Joyce finally managed to take a break, so she should spend more time with you and Mr. Rivers. May I ask, how is the situation at home?" Natalie asked solemnly.

Caitlin became serious when she heard Natalie's solemn tone. "Nat, why do you ask that?"

"Mrs. Rivers, I would like to know whether there is anything unusual about Joyce recently," Natalie replied.

"Anything unusual about Joyce?" Caitlin looked puzzled. "Nat, I didn't find anything strange. Joyce seems like her usual self. Why do you ask?"

Natalie sighed. "Something happened to Joyce at work recently. That's why I asked."

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1318

Chapter 1318 What Is It That You Cannot Tell Me

"So that's what happened." Caitlin nodded in response before adding, "I didn't notice anything strange about Joyce recently, though."

"Are you sure? She sounded somewhat troubled when I last contacted her. Please try to recall as many details as you can, Mrs. Rivers. I'm really worried about Joyce," pleaded Natalie earnestly.

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Caitlin then responded to the woman with another nod before trying to remember if her daughter behaved oddly in the past two days. "I remember now!" exclaimed Caitlin suddenly with her eyes wide open.

Natalie immediately straightened her back when she heard the woman. "What is it, Mrs. Rivers?"

"It's nothing alarming, but I have noticed how Joyce tends to stare into space when she sits on the couch in the living room. She does that too when she's in her room. And when she's not doing that, she'd buy a bunch of supplements and clothes for me and her father. I mean, she used to do that too whenever she came home, but I've never seen her buy this much stuff in a single visit before," explained Caitlin.

Natalie furrowed her eyebrows tightly. "That does sound like something's wrong. Has something happened to you guys, Mrs. Rivers? Maybe that's why Joyce is acting that way."

"No, nothing happened at all," replied Caitlin while shaking her head.

"That's strange," murmured Natalie.

After glancing at the door to Joyce's room, Caitlin suggested, "How about I ask Joyce myself and see if there's anything bothering her. I'll call you if there really is something wrong. How does that sound?"

Natalie thought that was a good idea. Joyce didn't want to talk to me because she thought I couldn't do anything to help her. But if Mrs. River were to speak with her, maybe she'll open up.

"Okay, Mrs. Rivers. Just promise me that you'll get to the bottom of it because I truly am worried about Joyce," reminded Natalie.

With one final nod, Caitlin promised, "Don't worry. I will. If there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up now."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Rivers."

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After putting down the phone, Caitlin headed to her daughter's room and knocked on the door. "Joyce, are you still awake?"

"Yep," answered Joyce from the other side of the door.

"Then, can I come in?"

"Just give me a second." Joyce then hurriedly pulled two pieces of tissue to wipe her tears before letting her mother in.

"What are you doing, Joyce?" inquired Caitlin after stepping into the room.

"Nothing. Just killing some time on my phone." Joyce shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly and smiled at her mother.

However, as Joyce's mother, Caitlin could immediately tell that the young woman was lying to her. Joyce's bloodshot eyes and damp eyelashes convinced Caitlin that her daughter was crying before she walked in.

"Please be honest with me, Joyce. Did something happen?" Caitlin walked over and sat down on her daughter's bed.

Joyce shook her head. "No, nothing happened. Why would you ask me something like that?"

"You're asking me why?" Caitlin hardened her face as she continued, "You might think I haven't noticed, but I've seen how you stared blankly into space in the past two days. You'd either hide in your room or go shopping for a bunch of stuff for me and your father. Is that supposed to be normal? I don't think it is. Nat called me just now and asked if anything happened to you. She told me that you have even handed over all your work. What's going on, Joyce?"

The young woman simply lowered her head and squeezed her hands in silence.

Seeing how Joyce shut herself in worried Caitlin even more. She then anxiously grabbed her daughter by the shoulders and begged, "You have to tell me what's going on, Joyce. I'm worried sick!"

After slowly lifting her head, Joyce gazed at her mother with her bloodshot eyes. "I..."

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"What is it? Tell me!" urged Caitlin.

Joyce opened her mouth but could not seem to get the words out.

At that point, Caitlin got so anxious that her eyes began to turn red as well. "What is it that you can't tell me, Joyce? Do you know how worried I am to see you like this?"