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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1319

Chapter 1319 The Unexpected Visitor

"I'm sorry, Mom. I really am!" Joyce lowered her face once again and covered it with her hands before starting to bawl.

Realizing that she had been too harsh on her daughter, Caitlin immediately felt guilty. "I'm sorry too, Joyce. I know I shouldn't have yelled at you like that. I'm just worried about you, Joyce. Did you get into some sort of trouble? Is that why you suddenly quit your job?"

Joyce responded to that by shaking her head. "No, I didn't get into any trouble. It's just that... I'm sorry, Mom. I can't tell you, okay? Please just stop asking!"

Even if Joyce was allowed to tell Caitlin the truth, she would rather not, for she knew that her mother would not be able to handle it.

Caitlin was upset with Joyce's stubbornness, yet there was nothing she could do about it.

After all, she knew better than to keep pushing her daughter at that point.

She would not be able to forgive herself if anything were to happen to Joyce because of her actions.

"Fine. If you don't want to tell me, I won't force you. But I hope that you won't do anything to hurt me or your father, or we'll never forgive you. We've been through too much to be hurt again. We're getting too old for grief, you understand?" warned Caitlin sternly while staring at Joyce, who froze for a while before nodding in agreement.

Just when Caitlin was about to leave the room, she heard the doorbell ring. "Who might that be? It can't be your father, can it?"

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"Dad went out to play chess. He should have his keys with him," answered Joyce after shaking her head.

"I guess I'll just have to go see who it is," informed Caitlin making her way out of the room.

Joyce knitted her eyebrows when she was left alone once again, seemingly troubled by her mother's words. They'll never forgive me, huh? I don't want to disappoint them either, but I have to do something about the Quinns. Otherwise, Stanley will never stop pouring his hate on my family. Like me, my parents have suffered for decades because of the Quinns, and I don't want that to go on. I know what I must do to end this once and for all. Dad, Mom, I'm sorry that I'm such a terrible daughter. I don't think I can keep my promise because I have to do what I can to end this hatred between us and the Quinns.

Joyce was still absorbed in thought when she suddenly hear a familiar voice coming from outside her room.

The voice, deep and gentle, belonged to a man. Joyce thought it was pleasant but could not seem to put a face to it.

As much as Joyce wanted to remember who the voice belonged to, she failed to do so.

All of a sudden, Caitlin popped her head around the door with a bright smile hanging on her face. "Hey, come say hello to Justin, Joyce. It's been twenty years since you two last saw each other, right? You probably don't even remember him anymore."

"Justin?" Joyce's face was instantly filled with puzzlement.

Just like what Caitlin said, she had forgotten all about the man.

Still, the name still sound somewhat familiar to her.

"Who is this Justin you're talking about, Mom?" inquired Joyce as she stood up from the edge of her bed.

"It's me," said a man behind Caitlin as soon as Joyce finished her sentence.

The man was so much taller than Caitlin that it was impossible for him to hide behind her. Joyce gasped when she got a good look at his face.

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"It's you!" exclaimed Joyce in surprise while pointing her finger at the man, who happened to be the same one she met when she walked out of Stanford Hospital.

Back then, the man gave her his handkerchief and even comforted her because he saw her crying. Not only that, but he also escorted her to her ride with his umbrella.

Joyce thought it was only by chance that she and Justin met, so she never expected to see him again.

Naturally, she was beyond surprised when the man appeared at her house.

"Are you surprised to see me, Joyce?" asked Justin while smiling gently at the woman.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1320

Chapter 1320 Your Girlfriend Must Be A Lucky Woman

"I am. Can't say it's a pleasant surprise, though," answered Joyce.

Immediately after hearing the witty reply, Justin broke into laughter. It took him a while to settle down. "You are just adorable, aren't you, Joyce?"

In response to that, Joyce smiled awkwardly. "So why exactly are you here at my house, Mr. Sutter?"

Joyce wondered why the man kept calling her by her first name as though they were close. I've only met him once. The guy's basically a stranger to me.

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"Mr. Sutter?" Caitlin glared at Joyce discontentedly before Justin could say anything. "This is Justin! Have you really forgotten all about him?"

"I know what his name is, but what is it about him that you keep insisting that I've forgotten?" Joyce was baffled by her mother's words.

Caitlin could not help but sigh when she saw how confused her daughter was. "You really do have poor memory, don't you?"

"You can't blame Joyce, Mrs. Rivers. After all, we've been apart for twenty years. She was so young then; it's only natural that she can't recall who I am." Justin remained smiling as he walked over to Joyce and extended his hand to her. "We finally meet again after two decades, Joyce, so please allow me to introduce myself. I'm Justin Sutter, your neighbor twenty years ago. Back then, you would always call me Justin."

"You were my neighbor twenty years ago? Justin?" murmured Joyce as her memories slowly began to return to her.

Then, she gasped once again before pointing her finger straight at the man. "Oh, you're... you're Justin!"

"So you remember me now?" Justin's eyes immediately sparkled with joy.

Joyce responded by nodding her head fervently. "Yes, I remember now. We used to be the best of friends when we were little. I would always follow you around no matter where you go. However, you and your family moved away when you were ten years old. How did you become so tall and handsome, Justin? I remember that you used to be a chubby little boy."

Grabbing Justin tightly by the arms, Joyce was so excited that she could not stop staring at the man.

"Come on. Is that all you remember about me? That I was a chubby little boy?" asked Justin jokingly with an awkward smile.

Joyce chuckled embarrassedly. "Sorry, Justin. Please don't be mad. I just got a little too excited when I finally remember who you are."

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"I'm not mad. In fact, I don't even think it's possible for me to be angry at you." Justin patted Joyce on the head.

The woman then shyly touched the spot where the man had patted her. "Justin, did you know who I was already when we met the last time?"

"I did," admitted Justin openly with a nod.

Seeing how the two young ones had finally hit it off, Caitlin smiled contentedly and decided to make tea in the kitchen so that they could catch up in private.

"Then, why did you pretend to be a stranger when you comforted me? You are too much!" Joyce pouted at Justin, pretending to be upset with him.

"Sorry. I just wanted to see if you could tell who I was. Unfortunately, you didn't recognize me at all," explained Justin with an apologetic smile.

"Well, you could've just told me! That's a pretty lame excuse." Joyce continued to pout at the man.

Justin then shrugged helplessly in response. "Fine. I admit that it was my fault for not telling you then. I got you something, so what do you say we just call it even?"

The man took an exquisitely wrapped gift box out of his pocket and handed it to Joyce, who accepted the kindness without a second thought.

Joyce did not see why she should not take the present. On the contrary, rejecting the gift would make her seem rude.

"I didn't get you anything, though. Let me make it up to you next time, Justin," promised Joyce embarrassedly.

"It's all right. I'm more than glad to see that you finally remember who I am. That's better than anything you can give me," responded Justin while shaking his head.

"You sure are a sweet-talker, Justin. Your girlfriend's a lucky woman," teased Joyce.

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When Justin heard that, his smile faded for a brief moment before quickly returning. "I don't have one yet."