

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1187

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)
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.

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?

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.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1188

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)
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.

"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.

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.

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.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1189

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)

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?

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—"

"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?”

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1190

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)
Chapter 1190 Honeymoon

Joyce chuckled bitterly. “Things aren’t as simple as you think, Nat. He hates me, so he wouldn’t be with me even if he learned that I was the one he was with last night.”

“That...” Natalie’s words soon got stuck in her throat. She couldn’t deny that what Joyce said was highly possible.

"But what about you? Are you going to let it go just like that?" asked Natalie with a broken heart as she looked at Joyce.

Joyce massaged her bloating and aching temple. "Yeah, I am. I will regard last night as an accident. Stanley doesn't owe me anything, and I don't need him to take any responsibility. We'll just pretend that nothing has ever happened and continue to treat each other as enemies."

Natalie comforted her best friend and gave her a warm hug when she saw how sad she was.

Joyce knew that Natalie was worried about her, so she returned her hug, patted her back, and said, "It's fine, Nat. I'm all better now. You should return to work."

"Are you sure?" Natalie asked. She kept her eyes on Joyce and still seemed worried.

Joyce replied with a smile, "Yeah, I'm sure."

"Okay, then I'll go back to work now, but promise me you'll come to me if you're not okay," Natalie said while caressing Joyce's head.

Joyce wasn't sure if she should protest or laugh aloud when she saw how Natalie was treating her like a child. "I promise."

Only then did Natalie leave the office.

At noon, Shane showed up with the kids to have lunch with Natalie.

And at the table, he suddenly handed Natalie a tablet. "Take a look at this and see where you would like to go."

"What do you mean?" asked Natalie in confusion as she accepted the tablet.

Connor quickly raised his hand and answered, "Daddy wants to go on a honeymoon with you, Mommy. That is why he is asking you where you want to go."

"Yeah, that is what Daddy said earlier," Sharon chimed in as she munched on her lunch.

Natalie looked at her man strangely and asked, "You want to go on a honeymoon?"

"That's how it should be, right? We were busy with work when we first got our marriage certificate. We didn't get to have a reception or go on a honeymoon. Now that the reception is done, it is only natural that we go on a honeymoon. I will make sure that you get everything that all other women have," Shane said as he looked deeply into her eyes.

Natalie was touched, and her face blushed. "It's truly fatal when an emotionally distant man blurts something romantic."

Shane smirked. "I'll take that as a compliment."

"It is a compliment." Natalie rolled her eyes at him.

Shane's smile grew wider. "Check the websites and decide where you'd like to visit. I'll have Silas book a hotel in advance."

"Okay." Natalie beamed and started researching on the tablet.

The two kids inched over. They sat on each side and looked at the photos with her, helping her to decide.

In the end, the three of them chose four countries and stopped their research.

Shane and Natalie could only take a month off to go on their honeymoon, and traveling to four countries would be more than enough to fill up the month.

Natalie had her job, and similarly, Shane must get back to work after some time. That was why they couldn't go overboard.

"All done, Darling." Natalie handed the tablet over.

"Are you sure?" Shane asked with his brows raised after retrieving the tablet.

"Yep. Our first stop is Irushea. The magazine company gave me some concert tickets when I participated in the international competition. The concert will take place at Irushea, so we can drop by there."

Sharon quickly chimed in, "I want to see snow in Sumanthova."

"You don't get to go," Connor said coolly, putting out the flames of desire in his baby sister's eyes.

"Why not?"

Connor grinned mischievously. "Because it's Mommy and Daddy's honeymoon. It's a vacation for the two of them only, and we can't tag along."

"What?" Sharon was dumbstruck.

Shane and Natalie looked at each other and smiled.

Looking at her parents' smiles, Sharon came back to her senses and pursed her lips. "Why didn't you tell me earlier, Connor? You're so mean for making me look at the pictures for so long!" she sobbed.

