

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 319

She had already owed Shane four hundred thousand originally—all of which she'd spent on purchasing fabrics. Coupled with eight hundred thousand in compensation for the warehouse, another four hundred thousand to purchase new fabrics, and other miscellaneous expenses—it totaled up to nearly two million.

Other than owing Shane money, she also had a notarized IOU with Joyce. Should they not pay up before the deadline, they'd have to be prepared to be sued in court.

"Two million is quite a hefty sum indeed. I have about one and a half million in savings. I can lend it to you first," Stanley offered, adjusting his spectacles on his nose bridge.

Natalie plated the apples neatly along with a small fork before handing them to him. "It's all right, Stanley. Joyce and I will figure it on our own. Don't worry," she assured.

Seeing that she'd turned him down, Stanley knitted his brows. A fleeting trace of displeasure flashed in his eyes behind his lenses.

Natalie failed to notice his abnormality and wiped her hands as she stood up. "Eat the apples, Stanley. I'll go to the Ophthalmology Department to get my eyes checked."

"What's wrong with your eyes?" Stanley tightened his grip on the plate, staring at her eyes in concern.

She lowered her head and rubbed her eyes. "They're dry and itchy. It's most likely irritated by the smoke earlier."

After the beam incident where the smoke blinded her eyes, they hadn't felt very comfortable since. But as she had a lot on her plate previously, she chose to bear with the discomfort.

"Let me see." Stanley reached out a hand.

Recalling that he was a doctor, Natalie obliged. She leaned her head toward him.

Stanley pried open her eye to take a look and said in a deep voice, “The sclera is slightly yellow and bloodshot on the bottom. It should be inflamed from the smoke. It’s imperative to get it checked. Otherwise, it could easily turn into refractory keratitis if left untreated.”

“That serious?” She was taken aback by his words, having underestimated the severity.

Stanley released her and urged, “Go. Come back soon.”

“All right. I’ll leave Connor and Sharon with you.” Natalie nodded. She informed the children before heading to the Ophthalmology Department.

As it was nighttime, there weren’t many patients. She managed to get a consultation right away.

After a thorough check-up, the doctor had the same diagnosis as Stanley did. Her eyes were inflamed by the smoke and required several different eye drops to treat it.

Having dripped the eye drops, she carried the bag of medication and made her way back to the ward. The last thing she could expect was to bump into Shane and Jacqueline at the entrance of the Ophthalmology Department.

Shane was holding onto Jacqueline as they walked in her direction. When they noticed her, the couple seemed slightly shocked as well.

“What a coincidence, Ms. Smith.” Jacqueline halted her steps and smiled at Natalie.

Although Shane kept quiet, his gaze was permanently fixed on Natalie—especially at her wet, reddened eyes and the plastic bag she was holding. He frowned, feeling an unknown heaviness in his heart.

What happened to her eyes?

Had it not been for Jacqueline, Natalie would pretend she didn't see them and leave without a word. She paused, returning a brief smile at Jacqueline. "Indeed. Good evening, Ms. Graham and Mr. Shane."

That's strange. During Shane's phone call in the day, didn't he say something happened to Jacqueline? However, seeing her complexion, nothing seems amiss.

"Good evening." Jacqueline had no idea what Natalie was thinking of. She nodded and asked curiously, "What are you doing in the hospital this late at night? Are you here to visit Dr. Quinn?"

"That's right. I'm here to visit Stanley." Natalie smiled, forcing herself to only look at the woman instead of the man next to her.

But her deliberate aversion didn't go unnoticed by Shane. His face turned glum as his aura became increasingly heavy.

Jacqueline's eyes turned cold when she felt the change, but the smile on her face managed to remain gentle and tactful. "The friendship between Ms. Smith and Dr. Quinn is truly enviable. Don't you think so, Shane?" She glanced at the man beside her.

To her dismay, Shane paid no attention to her and was watching Natalie like a hawk instead. He asked, "What happened to your eyes?"

Natalie pretended not to hear him. She looked at Jacqueline and said, "It's late, Ms. Graham. I better get going."s.