

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 380

Natalie reached for Joyce's hands and patted them. She reassured Joyce that everything was okay and that she would resolve everything tomorrow.

"You have a plan?" Stanley's glasses glinted in the light.

Natalie nodded slightly. "That's right."

"What's the plan?" Joyce asked, sparkling with curiosity.

A secretive smile curved on Natalie's face. "You'll know tomorrow morning."

Seeing that she refused to spill it, Joyce shared a look with Stanley and didn't dwell on the topic anymore.

Time passed quickly. It was already noon.

Natalie invited the two to stay a bit longer. She planned to serve them lunch before letting them return to the hospital.

Joyce and Stanley had no objections to this, and they both nodded in agreement.

Afterward, Joyce accompanied Natalie to cook in the kitchen whilst Stanley stayed in the living room alone.

He looked at the bouquet of obnoxiously red roses on the coffee table before him. It was as if they scorched like sun rays into his eyes, blinding him. Feeling overwhelmed with a flashing pain, he swiped at the roses.

Kshhhhk!

In the kitchen, Natalie and Joyce heard a glass-shattering noise that sounded like it came from the living room. They immediately dropped the vegetables they were washing.

“What was that?” Joyce questioned as she stared at the kitchen door.

Natalie shook her head. “I don’t know, but it sounds like something broke.”

“We’d better go check,” Joyce stated. She wiped her wet hands on her apron before walking out of the kitchen.

Natalie followed suit and went out with her.

However, as soon as they left the kitchen, they saw Stanley lying on the ground. Around him were shards of various sizes that broke from their glass cups earlier.

The thing that had unfortunately suffered the most were the roses. The bouquet that Shane had given Natalie was currently squashed underneath Stanley’s body. The rosebuds were flattened, and their petals scattered all over the floor.

The bouquet was utterly destroyed.

“Stanley, are you okay?” Joyce’s expression changed to worry at the sight of him on the ground. She hurried over to help him get up.

Natalie also rushed to his aid.

Together, they moved him back onto the sofa.

Stanley, who had sat down now, looked at Natalie feeling embarrassed. "I'm sorry for causing you trouble, Nat. I've even broken your cups and ruined your flowers..."

Natalie glanced at the rumpled bouquet on the floor. She would be lying if she said it didn't upset her. After all, the roses were a gift from Shane.

But even so, she couldn't blame Stanley. She forced a gentle smile and brushed the accident off. "It's fine. What's done is done. They're just cups and some flowers. What matters is that you're safe. But Stanley, what exactly happened? How did you fall down?"

This caught the attention of Joyce, who was picking up the shards. She paused and looked up at Stanley, wanting to know his answer too.

Stanley chuckled bitterly and said, "I wanted to go to the bathroom but didn't have the strength to get up properly. When I fell, my arm must have accidentally swiped the flowers and cups off the table."

"Oh, I see." Natalie lifted her gaze off the floor and turned towards Joyce, who had cleaned up the shards. "Joyce, why don't you help Stanley to the bathroom while I take these out to the trash?"

"Alright." Joyce nodded and went to support Stanley's arm.

Although Stanley frowned at her touch, he didn't refuse. He allowed her to support him and guide him towards the bathroom.

After a few steps, he halted and turned to look at Natalie, who exited the door with the crushed-up flowers in her arms. His lips arched into a shallow smile after seeing that.

Joyce noticed this. Her eyes narrowed to slits as if she had discovered something awful.

She waited for Natalie to leave completely before staring at the man in disbelief. “Stanley, did you mess up Nat’s flowers on purpose?”

Stanley’s eyes flickered, pretending to be confused at her question. He glared at her indifferently before responding, “I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“You know what I mean.” Joyce’s hand retracted from supporting his arm. “Stanley! You did it on purpose, didn’t you? You were jealous that Nat accepted his flowers, so you ruined them. Nat may not know your true nature, but I grew up with you! I know that you’re capable of such despicable acts.”

“So what if I did?” Stanley rolled his shoulders back threateningly, withdrawing his arm that was still in midair. “You’re going to rat me out to Nat? You’ll tell her that I deliberately destroyed those flowers? That I’m actually a mentally unstable psychopath?”