

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 256

- 260

Natalie looked dazzling in her bridesmaid gown. Her white dress draped her figure delicately as the train of her gown swished with elegance. It looked almost exactly like an actual wedding gown, save for the fact that it was missing a bridal veil.

Shane could imagine just how perfect and gorgeous she would be when she dons a wedding gown.

Natalie could feel a scorching gaze boring holes into her. She cocked her head and looked up cautiously towards the crowd, only to meet Shane's unwavering set of eyes.

Under his intent gaze, a hint of embarrassment made its way to her face. She hastily shot a brief smile at him and turned away her head, avoiding his gaze.

The whole wedding proceeded smoothly, and it was finally time to toss the bouquet.

Young ladies at the wedding swarmed forward in no time, each eager to catch the bouquet from the bride.

Natalie sat at her place, looking at the exhilarated guests with a composed smile on her face.

"Not interested?" Stanley came over.

"Nah, I'll pass. I don't think I'll get it anyway," Natalie replied, shaking her head slightly.

Stanley looked at the mass of girls encircling the bride and shook his head in resignation. "I'd definitely go over if men were allowed to participate, then you'll be the next lucky girl to get married," he paused, giving her a once-over as he adjusted the frame of the spectacles sitting atop his nose bridge. His eyes sparkled as he continued, "Speaking of which, you really do look like a bride today."

"Really?" Natalie raised her brows, looking down at her dress.

"Yeah, you do." Stanley nodded and smiled warmly.

Natalie chuckled softly at his compliment. Before she could begin to thank him, however, the crowd roared in excitement, and the pair shifted their gaze to scan the scene. The bride had just thrown the bouquet, and everyone was scrambling to reach for it.

But to all the ladies' disappointment, the bouquet flew past them and dropped right into one of the men's arms.

Shane was totally shocked when the bouquet landed on him unexpectedly.

The ladies were shocked by the scene that had just unfolded before their eyes.

Never would they have expected that the bouquet would land in the arms of a man.

Natalie had been stunned into silence as well. However, as she looked at how stoned Shane appeared, she couldn't help but burst into laughter. She tried her best to keep it in, but she couldn't hide her glee even with one hand covering her mouth.

Natalie's sudden laughter echoed out loud and broke the awkward silence within the hall.

Just as everyone was thinking if the bride should toss the bouquet again, Shane strode towards the ladies as he waded through the crowd confidently.

Everyone made way and naturally created a pathway for him as he walked towards Natalie with an arrogant aura.

Thus, faced with no hindrance whatsoever, Shane came right up to her, ignored her look of confusion, and pushed the flowers toward her. "This is for you."

Natalie's smile froze on her lips as she looked at him with her eyes wide open. "This... this is for me?"

Beside her, Stanley eyed Shane like a vexed hawk.

Shane disregarded his glare and stuffed the bouquet into Natalie's hands. "I don't know any of the ladies here, so I'll just give it to you."

With that, he turned around and left without waiting for a reply.

Natalie finally came back to her senses and called out from behind, "Thank you, Mr. Shane!"

A subtle smile played on Shane's lips as he walked away without looking back.

Natalie never expected things to turn out like this. Somehow, the bouquet still came to her, although she did not want it. She fondled the delicate flowers in her hands as a satisfied smile spread across her lips.

But Stanley did not seem happy at all. He gripped his fists in frustration as he looked at Natalie cradling the flowers in her hands.

He wanted so badly to snatch the bouquet away from her and trample it under his feet over and over again.

However, his rationality came to him at the last moment, and he managed to stop himself from engaging in that act.

With the tossing of the bouquet, the wedding ended, and guests started moving out of the venue.

After getting changed, Natalie went to the restroom.

Just as she was heading out, she bumped into Stanley around the corner and almost jumped out of her skin.

"Stanley! Were you waiting for me?" Natalie asked, trying to catch her breath.

Instead of answering her, Stanley glowered at the flowers in her arms. Anger smoldered in his eyes as he drilled his gaze into the bouquet.

I can't believe she went to the restroom with the flowers! Does she like them so much that she can't even bear to leave them for a second?

Natalie sensed his odd behavior and cocked her head aside as she stared at him curiously. "Stanley, what's wrong?"

Stanley went closer to her and cornered her, slamming his hand on the wall fiercely. "Nat, do you really like Shane Thompson that much?"

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 257

Natalie jerked in shock at his severe tone and shied away from his interrogative glare. "What do you mean, Stanley?"

He raised her chin and forced her to look right into his eyes. "Don't play dumb, Nat. You know what I mean."

Natalie did not like how Stanley was treating her. An irritated frown spread across her brows, and she pushed him away.

However, Stanley wasn't going to give her a chance. He increased the pressure and pressed his fingers against her chin, preventing her from moving at all.

"What are you doing? You're hurting me!" Natalie cried out in pain.

But Stanley was relentless. He moved closer to her, and his exasperated breaths beat against her cheeks. "Why, Nat? Why? Why must it be Shane Thompson? Why can't it be me?"

Natalie looked up at him in complete shock. "Stanley..."

"I've waited for you for five years, Nat. I've always thought you'd fall for me one day. I was there by your side, waiting for you to realize how I feel. That's why I've never forced my feelings on you. But what did I get in return? You fell for him just two months after you got back..." Stanley buried his head into her shoulder as he vented.

Natalie's lips quivered at his confession. Her emotions were a mess, and she did not know how she should respond to Stanley. "I'm so sorry, Stanley. I really have no idea about how you feel towards me."

All Natalie could do was apologize. She had always taken Stanley as her best friend—nothing more than that.

Besides, she knew Joyce had feelings for Stanley. She would never trade their friendship for a man!

“How would you’ve known? I’ve never told you anything. I thought one day you’d come to realize that I have loved you all this while. I waited for five good years—and all for nothing. You end up falling for Shane. Nat, do you know how much this pains me?” Stanley finally lifted his head and looked at her in anger.

Natalie let out a gasp and bit her lips without another word. She had never seen Stanley like this before. The veins on his temples bulged and pulsated as his indignant glare bored through her.

For a moment, Natalie felt like the man standing before her was a complete stranger. Stanley had always been an elegant and well-mannered young man. She almost couldn’t recognize him in this manner.

“Are you afraid of me?” Stanley asked, toying with a lock of her hair. His tone had softened, yet it was coldly provocative.

A shudder went down Natalie’s spine as his chilly voice echoed in her ears. She forced a smile and replied, “Stanley, can you let me go? You’re drunk.”

But Stanley did not move an inch. “I’m not, Nat. I know exactly what I’m doing.”

His fingers rubbed across her lips as his gaze wandered and finally stopped on her lips.

“Nat, I’ve stayed by your side for so many years. And yet, you end up loving someone else. I’ll not give up now. I’ll make sure you taste my agony!”

Before Natalie could say anything, Stanley forced his lips on hers and kissed her crudely.

Natalie stopped dead in utter shock.

She struggled to free herself from Stanley when she finally came around. Yet, his grip only tightened around her as his kiss intensified.

He moved his tongue brutally between her lips, making his way into her mouth. But just as Natalie almost burst out in tears, a solid punch landed on Stanley’s jaw, sending him flying away from her. Losing his balance, Stanley faltered before he fell and passed out.

“Stanley!” Natalie quickly reacted and dashed towards him.

But Shane tugged her by the wrist and held her back. "Why do you still care for him after what he did to you?"

Natalie looked back at him and swallowed her words.

Shane's blood boiled when he saw her raw and reddened lips. His hand unconsciously tightened around her wrist as he raged. "Let's go!" he bellowed as he pulled her away.

The sound of Natalie's high heels echoed rapidly through the hallway as she hastened her steps, trying hard to keep up with Shane.

"Mr. Shane, we can't just leave Stanley back there," she said as she looked back anxiously.

Although Natalie was angry with Stanley for what he did, he was still the person who saved her whole family. She could not leave him there alone.

"Silas will take care of him," Shane replied apathetically with his gaze fixed ahead.

Just as Natalie was about to heave a sigh of relief, she suddenly realized that she was actually jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire. "Mr. Shane, may I know where are we heading?"

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 258

Shane pulled her along towards the elevator without saying a word.

When he saw a few other people in the elevator, he shot them a threatening glare and commanded, "Get out."

The people exchanged timid looks and moved out of the elevator without further ado.

Shane dragged Natalie in as the people dispersed. He thrust her into the elevator and pressed the close button on the panel.

The door closed silently and Shane turned towards her furiously, closing in on her in the small space. "Stanley is not who you imagine him to be. I've told you this a long time ago, but you chose not to listen to me!"

Natalie lowered her head quietly. She could not justify herself. But she was not ready for another confrontational conversation.

She pushed Shane away gently, trying to maintain a distance between them. However, Shane clutched her hands tightly. He leaned in closer to her, and his gaze sunk into her frightened eyes. His other hand reached for her lips and caressed them, rubbing across the bite mark Stanley left on her lips.

The skin on Natalie's lips had peeled off from Stanley's aggressive advances earlier on, and she winced in pain from Shane's rough treatment.

"Mr. Shane, what are you doing?" She bit his hand unreservedly.

Shane stopped and stared at her lips. "They're dirty!"

Natalie's heart skipped a bit, and her jaw relaxed. Her face turned pale as she looked at Shane guiltily.

Does he think I'm dirty?

Is that what he's trying to say?

Shane caught a fleeting bout of dejection in her eyes and thought Natalie must have misunderstood him. He pursed his lips, tilted her chin, and pressed his lips against hers without a second thought.

Natalie's lips parted in shock, and Shane took the chance to swirl his tongue passionately in her mouth.

A pink shade of heat grew across her fair cheeks, and her body became tense at the touch of his lips. When Natalie finally came back to her senses, she opened her eyes in surprise. But all she could see was Shane's cleanly cut sideburns and his defined jaw moving in a slow but sure rhythm.

Ding! The mellow ring of the elevator rang through the stiff air. "Mr. Shane..." Natalie mumbled as Shane finally moved away from her.

"I've cleaned them up," Shane said, wiping the corner of his wet lips with his fingers.

Natalie frowned at him, confused.

Huh? What? He has cleaned them up?

Natalie finally understood what Shane meant. He did not mean to say she was dirty. He wanted to get rid of Stanley's filthy marks on her lips.

Does this mean he's jealous?

A sweet smile curved on the corners of her mouth as she pinched her lips nervously. "Why did you kiss me?"

Shane cleared his throat and evaded her question as he walked out of the elevator, feigning nonchalance.

Natalie puckered her mouth and followed after him unwillingly. "Mr. Shane, do you usually go about kissing people randomly? I've heard Mr. Campbell saying that you're a clean freak, and yet you kissed me. Does this mean you like me?"

Natalie had a gut feeling Shane liked her when they were on the plane a few days ago. She dismissed the possibility back then, thinking she was overreading things.

But from Shane's reaction towards Stanley and the kiss just now, she could not help but wonder if her sixth sense was correct.

Upon hearing her question, Shane finally stopped and spoke. "No, I don't like you."

The glow on Natalie's face dissipated instantly, and she looked at him blankly.

Then why did you kiss me?

Were you just toying me?

Natalie took a deep breath, trying to fight off the tears welling up in her eyes.

A rigid smile showed on her face, and she replied composedly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane. I must have misunderstood. I really shouldn't have said that."

A sharp pang of pain wrenched her heart, and Natalie knew she could not stand it any longer. "Anyway, thanks for helping me out back there, Mr. Shane. I'll treat you to a good meal next time. Please excuse me." Natalie waved him goodbye rigidly and waited briefly for a reply.

But Shane did not say a single word. Natalie's head dropped in disappointment as she tried to hide her expression from him. She finally turned around and dashed off in a hurry.

What was I thinking? Was I expecting him to say he liked me? Jacqueline is the woman he loves! Come on, Natalie Smith, you're so full of yourself!

I really need to wake up from this wishful dream. I should stop coveting someone who is not meant for me.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 259

Hearing her footsteps waning away, Shane finally turned around. His hands in his pockets tightened in a grip as he watched her walked away.

Silas, who had been watching them for quite some time, came over and sighed. "Mr. Shane, why don't you just be honest with Ms. Smith? It's obvious that she likes you as well. I don't see why you two can't get together. You've already broken off your engagement with Ms. Jasmine anyway."

Shane pursed his lips as he squinted his eyes. "It's not time yet. I won't get together with her until I find out who's the person who's trying to harm her. I'll only put her in danger if I act rashly now. I'll come clean with her after I catch that culprit."

Shane knew deep in his heart that he would do everything he could to win her heart.

It was just a matter of time before he took the final step towards Natalie.

Silas raised his brows and nodded in surprise. "I see. So you already have a plan in mind. But I bet Ms. Smith must be heartbroken now. You rejected her so blatantly."

Shane rustled his hair in vexation and gulped hard. "Gosh, I swear I'll make it up to her!"

Silas looked at him and smiled grimly. "I'll try my best to find the culprit behind this. Speaking of which, there's something I can't wrap my head around."

"What is it?" Shane asked in a vigilant tone.

Silas rubbed his chin as he spoke, "Do you remember how we thought it must be someone close to you who had been watching us since this person knew you're close to Ms. Smith? I've already run a check on everyone around us, but there's nothing suspicious. I wonder if we're working in the wrong direction. Could it be that there was actually no one monitoring our moves, to begin with?"

Shane rolled his eyes around as he chewed on what Silas said. "We'll test the waters after we go back."

"Sure," Silas replied with a definitive nod.

"Let's make a move first," Shane said, rubbing his temples as they walked towards his room.

The two boarded the plane and headed home that afternoon itself.

As for Natalie, she had to stay a little longer since Stanley was not awake yet.

Natalie paced back and forth outside his ward as she tried to muster the courage to go in and see him. She peered in through the glass door, trying to check if he was already awake. What Stanley did earlier on had really scared the wits out of her.

Just as she was contemplating if she should enter, a nurse came out of the room, and Natalie quickly stopped her.

"Is he okay?"

The nurse gave her an assuring smile. "He's got some seawater left in his body after he almost drowned yesterday. Besides, he's allergic to alcohol, so he'll need some time to rest. But he'll be okay. Don't worry."

"That's a relief. Thank you," Natalie said with a nod.

The nurse smiled back politely and walked off.

Natalie was relieved to know that Stanley was not ill because of Shane.

It seemed like Stanley would still be sick regardless of whether Shane punched him in the face or not.

Just when Natalie was about to push the door open and go in, her phone vibrated in her pocket.

It was Joyce. She took a culpable look at Stanley and turned around to pick up the call.

“Nat, are you back already?” Joyce’s crispy voice rang through the phone.

“Nah, still there,” Natalie replied.

“When will you be back?”

Natalie pursed her lips and sighed. “I’m not sure, actually. What’s the matter?”

“Ah, it’s no big deal, actually. The Design Association sent a notice inviting all the studios in J City to a meeting about a competition. I don’t have much detail yet, but I do need to know if you’re attending,” Joyce reported as she scrolled through the contents on her computer screen.

Natalie’s eyes lit up as she bit her lip, “They called for all studios in the city to participate? That sounds like a big event, though. When is it?”

“Tomorrow night.”

Natalie bit her lips as she ran through her schedule mentally. “Alright, I’ll get a ticket and be back before that.”

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 260

“Sure, I’ll pick you up at the airport then,” Joyce offered.

Natalie agreed cheerfully and ended the call as she walked into the ward.

“Stanley, I’m so sorry,” she said under her breath after looking at him for some time. Before long, Natalie had turned and left the room.

She was still upset over what he had done that morning. To be honest, she did not know how she should face him after all that had happened.

That was why Natalie made up her mind to not see Stanley for the time being. She wanted to give both of them some time to relieve the awkwardness and let his feelings die down.

She went over to the counter and arranged for a caretaker for Stanley before letting Andre know she was leaving.

When Andre found out she was about to leave, he offered to ask his men to send her to the airport and even helped her book her tickets. He insisted that he had to return the favor of Natalie agreeing to be his bridesmaid. So Natalie agreed and went along with his proposal.

By the time she arrived, it was already 6 o’clock in the morning.

When Joyce saw Natalie at the airport, she shot her a bright smile and ran towards her, giving her a big warm hug. She looked around, searching for Stanley but to no avail.

“Cut it out. He’s not here,” Natalie teased and flicked Joyce’s forehead.

An apparent look of disappointment showed on Joyce’s face. “Why didn’t he come along? Is it because he knew I was coming?”

“Nah, something came up, and he had to stay back,” Natalie replied and looked at her friend anxiously.

She did not want Joyce to worry, so she decided to keep her in the dark about Stanley’s health.

She knew that Joyce would rush over if she found out about it. On top of that, Stanley would definitely give her a cold shoulder when he saw her. That would only hurt Joyce more.

“I see! I’m okay. It’s fine as long as he’s not trying to avoid me,” Joyce said cheekily as a glow of happiness resumed on her face.

Natalie felt an urge to ask Joyce what had happened between Stanley and her, but she brushed off the thought and decided it was best to just leave things be.

“Alright, Joyce, let’s go to the hospital first. I miss the children,” Natalie suggested, changing the topic.

Joyce nodded and helped her with her luggage as the two made their way over.

After sending Natalie to the hospital, Joyce went back to the studio because she still had a mountain of work to look into.

Natalie bid her goodbye and went into the hospital with all her luggage and bags.

By the time she went into the ward, only Connor was around. Yulia was out sending Sharon to the kindergarten, and the caretaker was away getting food.

Connor was reading a comic on his bed when he heard the door opened. He looked up in anticipation, and his eyes lit up in excitement when he saw Natalie.

“Mommy!” He flipped his blanket aside and leaped out of bed, running towards Natalie. He hugged her by her leg and jumped in thrill. “Mommy! You’re back!”

Natalie pushed her luggage aside and bent down to hug him. “Where are your shoes?”

She carried him to the bed and patted his head lovingly. “Don’t jump out of bed like that next time, okay? What if you hurt yourself?”

Connor stuck out his tongue with a naughty smile. “I’m sorry, Mommy. I’m just too happy to see you! I won’t do it again,” Connor said cheekily as he curved his cute pinky at her, signaling that he had made a pinky promise to her.

Natalie laughed and pinched his cheeks fondly.

“Ouch, Mommy! It hurts!” Connor cried out, pouted his lips.

Natalie burst out laughing and lowered her head to give him a sloppy kiss on both cheeks while Connor wriggled around, chuckling at the tickle on his face.

Just as the two were having a good time reuniting, the door opened. The caretaker was back with a thermal food jar in her hand.

“Ms. Smith! You’re back!” The caretaker was surprised to see Natalie with Connor.

“Yeah, I’m back. It’s good to see you again, Ms. Carter. Thanks for taking care of Connor,” Natalie greeted her with a smile on her face.

The caretaker waved her hand back. “Don’t mention it. Have you eaten, Ms. Smith?”