

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 241

- 245

As he was unwilling to reveal what happened, Natalie was feeling helpless. She gave up on finding out the truth and passed the egg to him.

Confused, Silas stared at the egg in his hand. "Why did you give this to me?"

"It's for Mr. Shane, not you. I was massaging his bruise with it earlier, but only for a short while. You should continue doing it later. Otherwise, his bruise will become more severe tomorrow." Natalie explained with a smile.

Still in a daze, Silas nodded. "Alright. I'll take my leave now."

With that, he waved his hand and headed back to the first-class cabin with the egg.

After he left, Natalie lowered her head and gazed at Stanley.

Only then did she realize that he needed the egg for his bruises too. However, she no longer had it with her.

"Sorry, Stanley. When we reach the hotel, I'll get some ice for your bruises," said Natalie apologetically as she fiddled with her fingers.

Perhaps because he could not hear anything, he gave no response.

The plane steadily landed three hours later.

After Stanley was woken up by Natalie, he felt extremely dizzy and almost vomited.

Luckily, due to his strong self-control, he gritted his teeth and suppressed the nauseous feeling so he would not vomit.

However, the moment he alighted the plane, he could not stand it anymore and vomited into the dustbin.

Natalie hurriedly opened a bottle of water. After he finished vomiting, she passed the bottle and some tissue paper over.

Stanley's face was pale as he took them from her hands and thanked her weakly.

Slightly amused, Natalie gazed at him and remarked, "Why is your air sickness so severe? You weren't so badly affected in the past."

Stanley rinsed his mouth. "I used to take motion sickness pills, but I forgot this time."

"I see. I'll buy some later for your flight back." When Natalie heard that, she quickly made a decision.

Stanley laughed. "Sure, but I might need you to hold onto me later. I don't have much strength now."

"Okay." Natalie placed the bag over her shoulder, grabbed his arm and helped him walk through the passageway.

After leaving the airport, Natalie slowed down. She glanced around as if she was searching for something.

When Stanley noticed it, a hostile look crept into his downcast gaze. However, he asked gently, "What are you looking for, Nat?"

Natalie averted her eyes. "Nothing."

Shane has probably left already.

Since he's in the first-class cabin, he can use the VIP channel instead of queuing up. So, he probably left before us.

Since Natalie did not respond to his question, Stanley stopped asking. However, the hostile look in his eyes intensified instead of fading away.

Natalie hailed a cab outside the airport. She quickly told the driver the hotel's address before helping Stanley into the cab.

Soon after the cab drove off, a long limousine parked on the road started following it.

When they reached the hotel, Natalie checked into the rooms and discovered that Stanley had only booked one room.

“There are two bedrooms in the executive suite. Since we’re only staying for one night and will be heading to the cruise ship tomorrow, I only booked one room,” explained Stanley with a smile.

Natalie was fine with that too.

Since they would be staying in the cruise ship tomorrow, there was no need to book two rooms in the hotel.

“Let’s go. You should rest first. Your motion sickness is so serious that your face is still pale.” After taking the room card from the concierge, Natalie held onto Stanley’s arm and walked towards the lift.

His head was almost resting against her shoulder. Rubbing his head against her, he chuckled softly. “Yeah, I didn’t expect it to be so serious this time. But it’s worth it.”

He did not forget to bring his motion sickness pills in vain.

“Huh?” Natalie did not understand his last sentence.

He did not explain either. After entering the lift, he started to look very sleepy.

Soon, they arrived at the floor where their room was located.

Holding the room card with one hand, Natalie held onto Stanley with her other. With much difficulty, they walked across the corridor in search of their room. When they reached the end of the corridor, they finally found it.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 242

Once Natalie opened the door, she brought Stanley to one of the bedrooms.

“Stanley, we’re here.” She lightly shook her shoulders to remind him.

He gave no reaction.

Natalie turned her head to look at him only to realize that his eyes were closed.

Under the impression that he was asleep, she attempted to bend down so she could toss him onto the bed.

All of a sudden, Stanley held onto her waist and they fell onto the bed together.

She lay there stiff in his warm embrace. After a long while, she mustered the courage to push him away and said embarrassedly, "Stanley, let go of me."

"Stop moving, I'm feeling giddy." Not only did Stanley not release her, but he also tightened his grasp.

Natalie's brows furrowed. She was not used to being so intimate with him. Sorry for this, Stanley. Employing all the strength she had, she pried his hand away from her waist and effectively got out of his clutches.

"Have a good rest," mumbled Natalie as the back of her hand gently grazed his forehead. She leaned over to remove his shoes before tucking him into the blanket. Then, she quietly left the room.

The moment the door closed, Stanley's eyes flew open. He cautiously lifted his head and glanced at the door for a while before lying back onto the pillow and shutting his eyes.

Natalie had barely just settled down in the suite's living room before the doorbell rang.

As she strode over to answer the door, she massaged her sore arms. On the other side of the door stood the hotel manager and a cleaning lady.

The manager greeted Natalie with a wide grin and a deep bow. "Hello Miss, how are you today?"

Natalie held onto the door handle as she gave him a polite smile and answered, "Hello, is there any issue?"

"I'm afraid there's been a minor issue with the functionality of the facilities in one of the bedrooms of this suite. We're afraid it will cause you and your friend inconvenience. Hence, the hotel is upgrading you or your friend to move a special suite," replied the manager.

Natalie blankly stared back at him before questioning, "There's a problem in one of the bedrooms? Which one is it?"

"I'm not too sure about that as well. The cleaning lady over here will know once she inspects the room," the manager said as he gestured the cleaning lady to move forward.

Natalie released the door handle and gestured for them to come in. "Come on in."

The cleaning lady nodded and followed behind her. She then pointed to the bedroom that had its door wide open and declared, "That's the one."

Natalie raised an eyebrow quizzically.

It turned out to be the room she wanted to move in to.

At the side, the manager had been studying Natalie closely. Her expression told him that the cleaning lady got the right room.

Thankfully, the hotel had a policy where guests were to leave their bedroom door open when there were no guests around. Otherwise, their plan may fall through.

"Miss, we'll send someone to fix the room as soon as possible. But for now, I'm afraid it's inhabitable. Would you or your friend be moving to the other suite?" The manager inquired with a polite tone.

Natalie grabbed her bags and said, "I'll go. My friend's still suffering from motion sickness and he's already resting. I don't want to wake him up."

"Alright, please come with me." The manager led the way and signaled for her to follow.

Natalie hemmed before tailing along.

When they entered the new suite, Natalie recognized that it was significantly larger than their original suite. It was definitely comparable to a presidential suite.

"Miss, we'll leave you alone to settle down. We shall take our leave now," the manager remarked after noticing that she was occupied with assessing the room. He beckoned to the cleaning lady to vacate the room before Natalie was left alone in the magnificent suite.

Natalie was about to ask if they made a mistake with the arrangements when the door closed shut. Left with no choice, she decided to take a bath leisurely. After she was done, she promptly fell asleep.

By the time Stanley's phone call woke her up, the sky was already pitch dark. His anxious voice was the first thing that greeted her, "Nat, where did you go?"

Still drowsy from her slumber, she gently rubbed her eyes as she mumbled, "I'm in the hotel room."

"But I don't see you," uttered Stanley as he clenched his phone harder.

That was when Natalie recalled the incident with the room. Giving herself a gentle smack on the forehead, she hurriedly recounted the encounter with the manager to him.

The distress he felt slowly dissipated after her explanation, but his brows wrinkled as he questioned, "There was something wrong with the room facilities?"

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 243

"Yeah, that's what the manager said."

"Hmm," his reply was half-hearted as he made his way to the room to inspect it.

When he realized that the room was completely fine, it dawned on him that this was someone else's doing. Someone deliberately separated him and Natalie, prohibiting them to stay together.

"Stanley, why have you gone quiet?" Noting the silence on the other side, Natalie ruffled her messy hair as she enquired.

Enraged, the grasp on Stanley's phone grew tighter, to the point it looked as though it was about to be crushed. However, his smile barely faltered as he responded to Natalie. "Nothing much, I was just taking a look at the room."

"What's there to see?" Natalie asked before letting out a yawn and got down from her bed.

Stanley's eyelids flickered as he attempted to divert the conversation away, "Nothing, hence I stopped looking. You hungry yet?"

She touched her tummy and said, "A little."

"Then let's go to the restaurant for dinner. I'll wait for you at the lobby." With that, he hung up.

Setting her phone aside, Natalie walked over to her luggage to retrieve a set of clothes. Then she slipped into her clothes before putting on some light makeup and leaving the room.

"Hi, Stanley," Natalie called out upon reaching the elevator.

"You're right on time, the elevator's here. Let's go," said Stanley as he motioned for her to enter.

She nodded in response and followed behind him.

Inside the elevator, Stanley's gaze was fixed on the floor, seemingly lost in thoughts.

Despite being unable to decipher his mood, Natalie could tell that he was feeling down. She was about to probe into it when the elevator door opened.

Shane was standing right outside. He was shocked to see Natalie and Stanley in the elevator.

What a coincidence. I sure didn't expect to run into them.

"Mr. Shane...?" Natalie was pleasantly surprised by his appearance. I didn't know he was staying here too. Even though she was thrilled to see him, her countenance gave little away.

He gave a slight nod in response before stepping into the elevator.

The moment he entered, Natalie subconsciously took a step away from Stanley.

Shane caught sight of her seemingly insignificant step and let out a tiny smirk.

Only the hand that Stanley kept in his pocket clenched into a fist. A spark of anger flared within him as he asked, "Mr. Shane, it was you, wasn't it?"

Unperturbed by his sudden interrogation, Shane gave him the side-eye and replied, "That's right."

"Well, well, well. I didn't expect that from you, Mr. Shane. Who knew the Mr. Shane would resort to such petty tricks," Stanley scorned with contempt as he pushed up his glasses.

Shane kept his face impassive as he responded, "I'm no match for you and your devious schemes."

As she was listening to their conversation, Natalie felt bewildered. Gently massaging her temples to ease the tension in her head, she asked the two men, "What are you guys talking about?"

Both men fell silent, with no intentions of answering her.

Natalie bit her tongue as she tried to keep a poker face, "Fine. Don't say anything then."

I'll just stop asking questions! These two people are so weird. When they first met, they were still civil with each other. How did the tables turn so quickly? What dispute do they have?

Before she could deduce what was going on, the elevator reached the first level.

Stanley tugged onto Natalie's hand and dragged her out of the lift, leaving Shane inside alone.

He was the last to leave the lift. Standing there glowering at Stanley's hand on Natalie's, Shane had half a mind to storm over and break the pair up.

A cold glint flickered in his eyes as he registered that Natalie did not seem to care less about the contact, with no intention to push Stanley's hand away at all.

As though he could hear Shane's thoughts, Stanley turned around at this instant to flash him a deriding smile.

Fury fumed within Shane as he saw Stanley's mocking expression, his face darkening in anger.

"Mr. Shane." Silas' voice dispelled his thoughts.

Shane turned to him with a stern expression and asked, "Yes?"

"Ms. Graham is looking for you. She said she couldn't reach you, so she called me instead," informed Silas as he passed him the cell phone.

Accepting the cell phone, he instructed Silas, "Alright. Go and inform the Hill family that I'll visit later."

"Alright." Silas nodded.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 244

Shane placed the phone to his ear and conversed with Jacqueline Graham.

After he hung up, he headed to a private room.

When he walked past the resting area in the lobby, he caught a glimpse of Natalie and Stanley sitting beside each other on the couch.

She was holding a bag filled with ice and holding it on Stanley's face. The latter seemed to be enjoying himself.

That sight revolted Shane.

On the plane, she was helping me to ice my face. Now she's doing another man that favor? Wow. She sure is busy.

Shane made no attempt to hide his glare. Natalie felt as though someone was scrutinizing her and turned around.

Her gaze was met with Shane's menacing glare, and that sent chills down her spine.

Apart from the hostility, there was this indescribable look in his eyes that she could not seem to fathom.

"Mr. Shane!" Natalie called as she waved to him.

Her greeting prompted Stanley to open one eye to glance at Shane.

However, Shane responded with a deadpan expression and walked away without a word.

Natalie's hand was left hanging in the air before she awkwardly kept it. "I think Mr. Shane is peeved by me."

"Really? I don't think so. Isn't he always like this?" retorted Stanley as he sneered.

She shook her head dejectedly. For a moment, she looked as though she wanted to say something. But she just heaved a huge sigh and carried on with applying the cold compress to Stanley's face.

When she was almost done, they headed for dinner.

The next day, the Hill family sent someone over to pick them up.

The wedding of the Hill family's successor was set to be on a cruise ship. Even though the ceremony was in the afternoon the next day, there was a ball that night, so all the guests boarded the ship a day earlier.

Upon arriving at the pier, the first sight that Natalie caught was the gargantuan cruise ship that was docked at the harbor. It was an impressive sight.

"It's huge!" Natalie exclaimed as she marveled in awe.

Nearby, Shane had just gotten off his sedan. Her words stopped him in his tracks.

It reminded him of the night where she had moaned and cried under him relentlessly. She had said the same thing.

"Mr. Shane, are you alright?" asked Silas, who was following closely behind when Shane abruptly stopped.

Regaining his composure, Shane offhandedly replied, "I'm alright. Let's go," before faking a light cough.

He gave Natalie, who was still occupied with gaping at the ship, a meaningful glance before he boarded the ship.

Silas tailed behind.

From her peripheral vision, Natalie spotted the two men. Her lips twitched ever so slightly as though she intended to greet them. However, Stanley stood right in front of her, instantly blocking her view.

"What are you looking at?" he asked as he grinned at her.

Natalie averted her gaze and shook her head. "Nothing much. When are we heading in?"

"Right after we register," Stanley stated, gesturing to the registration counter up ahead. Then he held out his hand.

Natalie tilted her head, puzzled.

Stanley's eyes twinkled as he began to explain, "You're attending as my girlfriend. We have to look like a couple, else others may be suspicious of us."

"Oh, alright." Natalie gave him a tiny smile and placed her hand in his.

Stanley quickly took the opportunity to hold her hand tight and guided her to the registration area.

After they were done, staff members brought them to board the ship.

Upon stepping foot onto the ship, Natalie realized that the interior was much more breathtaking than its exterior.

The cruise ship was at least ten stories tall, housing a myriad of amenities. Not only was there a playground, but there were also a shopping complex and even a casino. Calling it a tiny city would not be exaggerating.

Stanley found the awestruck look on Natalie's face cute. The immense adoration was apparent in his eyes. "Hey, let's go say hi to the hosts. Then I'll accompany you for some sightseeing. How does that sound?"

His words snapped her out of her reverie. "Sure."

"Let's go," with her hand in his, Stanley brought her to the front desk to find out where the Hill family was.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 245

After learning that they were in the lounge on the tenth floor, Stanley brought Natalie upstairs.

In the lounge, the head of the Hill family, Andre Hill, was having a business meeting with Shane. The butler went to his side to inform him of their arrival. He frowned slightly and instructed, "Have them wait for me in the room next to ours. I'm in the middle of..."

"You have guests?" Shane interrupted with a grim expression.

Andre sheepishly smiled and replied, "He was my son's doctor."

"Oh, I see. Since he was your son's doctor, he can be considered a benefactor of sorts. Let him in," Shane nonchalantly said as he raised his wine glass.

Andre found it difficult to go against his request, so he gave orders to his butler to invite them in. "Since Mr. Shane is fine with it, you can go ahead and call them in."

"Yes sir," replied the butler before heading out.

Soon after, Stanley and Natalie walked into the lounge.

The first thing that caught her eye was Shane's unexpected presence. "Mr. Shane, you're here too?" Natalie asked with surprise evident on her face.

She tried to remove her hand from Stanley's grasp, but he would not budge.

Stanley had expected that would happen and left her no chance to escape.

Their exchange seemed like a couple's banter to Shane, and that had him riled up. His grasp on the wine glass tightened, and it looked as though he was going to crush the wine glass.

Shane's silence left Natalie feeling dejected and she lowered her head slightly.

Sensing the shift in her mood, Stanley's lips curled up in a smile and released her hand. Reaching out to shake Andre's hand, he greeted, "Hello, Mr. Hill."

Andre gave him a firm handshake and said, "Hi Dr. Quinn, welcome aboard. This is...?"

He trailed as his gaze landed on Natalie.

"Her name is Natalie. She's my..." Stanley shot Shane a contemptuous look before he slowly uttered the word "...girlfriend."

Crack!

The crisp sound of broken glass reverberated the whole room. Everyone in the room went still for a moment. Then they curiously sought the origin of the sound.

It was Shane's wine glass. The remains of the broken glass were all over the floor while his hand was bleeding profusely. Clearly, the wine glass was crushed by his own hand.

"Mr. Shane! Your hand..." cried Natalie, wincing as she attempted to go over to have a look.

Stanley held her back, forbidding her to do so.

Natalie scowled at him with displeasure.

He gave her a disdainful look and muttered, "Nat, don't forget that you're my girlfriend right now!"

Pursing her lips, Natalie resisted the urge to dart over and check on Shane.

It took her a great deal of effort before she let out a heavy sigh and stayed in her position.

Sigh, I guess we did agree that I would attend the wedding as his girlfriend. If I rush over to show Shane concern, it would be disregarding Stanley. I can't let his reputation go down in flames...

When he got the impression that Natalie had relented, he released his grasp and walked over to Shane. "Mr. Shane, may I have a look at your injury?"

Andre wasted no time in making space for Stanley as he hurriedly replied, "I'll leave it to you to take care of him."

"No problem," Stanley grinned at Andre before he turned to look at Shane. "Mr. Shane, could you please give me your hand?"

Instead of obeying, Shane stood up with his fists clenched and bellowed, "Save it!"

With that, he stalked out.

Natalie stared at his departing figure with the urge to call out to him.

After a momentary pause, she realized she had no right to force him to listen.

"Sorry about that Dr. Quinn and Ms. Natalie. Mr. Shane was just..." Andre flashed them an apologetic smile.

Stanley dismissed his apology and mused, "It's fine. I know Mr. Shane. I'm used to him being like this."

"Right..."