

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 421 - 425

"Yes, Mommy." The two kids nodded their heads.

Natalie gave them a kiss on each of their cheeks, put on a pair of shoes, and left.

After she reached the bar, she was guided by the waiter to the booth that Joyce had reserved.

At the sight of her, Joyce waved her hands. "Nat. You're finally here. We've been waiting."

"Sorry, the traffic was bad." Natalie put her bag down and put her palms together as she muttered her apology.

"As your punishment, you have to finish one drink right now!" Joyce said as she passed her friend a drink.

Natalie smiled and was about to take the glass before she was stopped by Stanley. "What's the matter with your hand?"

Stanley who was usually amiable looked stern as he noticed the cooling pad wrapped around Natalie's hand.

Joyce noticed the cooling pad as well, and her smile faltered. "Yeah, what's wrong with your hand, Nat?"

Natalie merely shrugged and replied nonchalantly, "It's nothing. I got scalded from spilling hot tea."

"Let me have a look." Stanley took her hand and examined it. He had only let her go after making sure that she was being truthful. Sighing, he said, "Why are you so careless!"

Natalie gave him an awkward smile.

“Okay, let’s not talk about this anymore. Let’s toast to this big day, the day that Jasmine gets locked behind the bars!” Joyce held her glass high and exclaimed.

Natalie and Stanley got up and clinked glasses with her.

The three of them sat back down after finishing their drinks.

Joyce took the bottle and poured another glass for herself and Natalie respectively.

She did not pour a glass for Stanley since he was just having juice.

He sat right there and watched Natalie and Joyce downed one glass after another. An enigmatic glint fled across his face.

After what seemed like an eternity, Joyce burped and slumped against the booth as she lost her consciousness.

Noticing her friend’s odd demeanor, Natalie put down her drink and checked on her. “Joyce.”

“Don’t worry, she’s just drunk.” Stanley swirled the glass of juice in his hands and said.

Natalie turned Joyce over and realized that Stanley was right. Relieved, she said, “Stanley, since Joyce is already drunk, let’s call it a night and go home.”

Stanley finished his juice and stood up. “There is no rush.”

“What’s the matter?” Natalie was puzzled as she looked at him.

Unknowingly, he had already removed his glasses, revealing his pair of deep-set foxy eyes.

Suddenly, Natalie felt her vision going fuzzy as she looked into his eyes, her brains in turmoil.

The woman thought she might have been drunk as well. She closed her eyes and massaged her temples in an attempt to clear her head.

However, after she opened her eyes, Stanley was nowhere to be seen. To her surprise, Shane was standing right in front of her.

"Mr. Shane, why are you here?" Natalie widened her eyes in disbelief.

"I'm here to fetch you home." Stanley's eyes glinted as he replied her.

"You're going to send me home?" Natalie shook her head, trying to sober up. "How do you know I'm here?"

Stanley did not reply as he raised his hands in the air and clapped.

Clap!

Natalie felt her brain going jelly with the sound. With a turn, she stumbled back onto her seat in the booth.

Stanley edged closer to her and steadied her. "Let's go."

"What about Joyce?" Natalie turned around and looked at Joyce who was motionless back in her seat.

Stanley replied impassively, "Don't worry. Stanley went to the bathroom. He'll send her home when he's back."

Natalie was relieved after listening to him and nodded her head. "Alright, then."

Stanley steadied her as he made their way over to the cashier.

Natalie felt her head spinning on the way, and she couldn't even see the road ahead of her clearly, much less walking in a straight line.

She was puzzled as to why she was this drunk all of a sudden. I was alright just moments ago.

The liquor wasn't that strong either.

After they reached the cash register, Stanley handed over his bank card and a note that had Joyce's address to the cashier.

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The cashier locked gaze with Stanley and understood what the latter meant. He nodded at Stanley and mentioned that he would ask someone to send Joyce home.

Stanley mumbled a response, took his bank card back, and steadied Natalie out of the bar.

Upon reaching her car, Stanley asked, "Nat, where's your car keys?"

Natalie was stumped and narrowed her eyes at the man before her. "Mr. Shane, what did you call me?"

Stanley realized that he made a blunder right then. Instead of panicking, the man's lips curled into the ghost of a smile as he calmly replied, "I called you Nat. Don't you like it?"

The woman gazed into his deep-set gaze and felt herself zoning out. Her alluring red lips nudged as she intuitively replied, "I... like it."

"As long as you like it." Stanley's eyes glinted as he fumbled for her car keys in her bag.

After unlocking the car, Stanley helped her into the car. She had lost all coordination of her movements as she let Stanley control her every move like she was a puppet.

Stanley brushed his hand against her cheeks after he secured the seatbelt on her.

In a daze, Natalie did not try to resist throughout the whole exchange as if she had lost all sensation.

He relished at the sight of her being all meek and submissive as a sick smile crept up his face.

He lowered his head to peck her on her forehead as he mumbled to himself, "Nat, how I wish you'd always be this meek."

That way, he would not have to resort to hypnotizing her into thinking that he was Shane.

She would never resist Shane Thompson's touch. If she was sober right now, she would have retreated away if I kissed and touched her like that.

Stanley's lips twitched momentarily in dismay at the thought.

Then, he closed the door on the passenger side and got into the driver's seat. He stepped on the pedal in the direction of her apartment.

He had his mind set on possessing her that night, even if she thought he was Shane Thompson. In fact, the man was planning to tell her that she was drunk and had mistaken him for Shane the following day.

Stanley could no longer sit idly by as the scales were starting to tip in his disfavor. The twins had started to address Shane as their father and were even trying to matchmake the two. I cannot let that happen. Nat is mine!

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel as his face distorted with pure hatred. Slamming on the accelerator, it took him only less than twenty minutes to get back to her apartment.

"Nat, we're here. Let's get off the car." Stanley parked the car, and he looked his usual amiable self again as he unbuckled her seatbelt.

The woman absentmindedly nodded her head and got off the car.

Stanley took her hand and led her into the apartment building.

A black Bentley stopped by the building right after they entered it.

Silas wound down the car window and looked at the entrance of the building. He turned around to the back seat and said, "Mr. Shane, I think I spotted Ms. Smith and Dr. Quinn."

"Are you sure?" Shane furrowed his brows.

"I'm positive," Silas reported.

I'll never mistake Ms. Smith for another person.

Shane pursed his lips into a hard line. He got off the car, his gaze darkened as he looked at the entrance of the building.

Why is she bringing him back at such an ungodly hour?

His face sank as he strode toward the entrance.

After a few minutes, he headed out of the elevator and reached Natalie's apartment.

Her door was closed, and he could not see what was happening inside. However, a sound could be heard coming from inside. "Nat, who am I?"

It's Stanley!

Shane narrowed his eyes as he stared right at the door before him.

Natalie's voice could be heard the next moment. However, she sounded odd and robotic as there were no inflections in her tone. "You... are Mr. Shane."

"Bingo!" Stanley looked at the woman underneath him and snickered.

Even though he loathed being mistaken for Shane, his desire to possess the woman overpowered him.

It doesn't matter now, does it?

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Stanley pressed Natalie against her shoe cabinet and hooked her chin up as he lowered his head to kiss her.

Just when he was about to touch her lips, the apartment door was kicked down with a loud thud.

Stanley was taken back and turned to look in the direction of the door.

Noticing that Shane was standing outside the door, Stanley grimaced. "It's you again! Why do you always ruin things for me?"

Shane paid no heed to Stanley. He retracted his legs slowly and entered the house with a grim face. The man pulled Natalie over to his side and examined her from head to toe to make sure that she was alright.

Noticing that her clothes were still intact, the man finally heaved a sigh of relief.

However, he soon noticed that something was off with her.

Expressionless, the hollow-eyed woman looked like a soulless puppet, saying nothing.

“What did you do to her?” Shane shot Stanley a murderous gaze with a frigid tone.

The latter seemed unfazed and broke into a cackle. “Why don’t you take a guess, genius?”

Shane’s temples tensed as his frosty gaze shot daggers at the man. He dashed over and strangled Stanley’s neck. Tightening his grip, Shane bellowed, “I don’t have the mood to play games with you! What the hell did you do to her?”

Stumped, Stanley had not expected the man to attack him right away, much less threatening to take his life.

However, he soon regained his composure and cast a glance at Natalie who was behind Shane. The man laughed hysterically and sniggered, “You can ask a million times if you want to. I’m not gonna answer you. Just kill me.”

The crease in Shane’s brows deepened as he gauged the psycho before him. He’s a lunatic!

These lunatics are fearless. My death threat is not going to work on him.

With the thought in mind, Shane let go of the man disdainfully.

Choking, Stanley slumped to the floor as he clenched his neck and coughed violently. His veins were popping as a result, with his face flushed beetroot from choking. The man’s glasses hung on his nose wobbly as if it was about to fall, but not quite.

Shane led Natalie who was still in a daze before Stanley and threatened, “I will not kill you, but you will wish that you were dead instead!”

Afterward, he took out his cell phone and called Jackson.

He was on call that night. Hence, it did not take him long to answer Shane’s call. “What’s the matter?”

Shane glanced at Natalie and tried his best to describe her condition to him.

Jackson's poker face turned serious after hearing him. "From the way you describe her condition, I think Natalie's been hypnotized."

"Hypnotized?" Shane narrowed his eyes.

"Correct. I can't think of any other possible explanation for her condition."

Shane tightened his grip on the phone and shot daggers at Stanley who was getting up by steadying him against the shoe cabinet. "How do I get her to regain her consciousness?"

Jackson adjusted his glasses. "That's easy. You just have to ask the person who hypnotized her to snap her out of it."

"Noted." Shane put down his phone and grabbed on Shane's collar, dragging him before Natalie and ordered, "Wake her up!"

Stanley grinned wickedly. "What if I say no? Look at her being all obedient and meek, at the mercy of my every beck and call. This is what I've been dreaming of for the longest time!"

Shane tightened his grip around the man's collar and spat, "So your dream is to watch her turn into a puppet?"

"What's wrong about that? She's only going to have eyes for me then!" Stanley reached out and looked at Natalie longingly, trying to touch her.

Shane's eyes burned with fury at the sight as he pushed Stanley to one side, dragging Natalie behind himself to protect her.

Stanley winced in frustration and raged, "What the hell are you doing? Who gave you the permission to touch her? She's mine! Mine!"

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"Yours?" Shane narrowed his eyes at Stanley's deranged look and his lips curled into a sneer. "If she was truly yours, did you have to hypnotize her into thinking that you were me? Who gave you the right to claim that she's yours?"



Stanley lowered his head after listening to him, his thoughts unbeknownst to anyone but himself.

However, after some time, the man lifted his head and wore a spine-chilling smile as he cackled, his shoulders bobbing up and down from the motion. "Yes, it's all because of you. Your appearance has influenced Nat. If it weren't for you, Nat would have been mine sooner or later. So, Shane Thompson, I just need you to disappear!"

Stanley reached into his pocket and fished out a small scalpel that shone with a cold glint.

Shane's iris constricted at the sight of the scalpel and he instinctively pushed Natalie further away from himself.

"Shane Thompson, go to hell! When you're good as dead, I will erase her memories, and Nat will not have a clue of who you are, and you won't be able to influence her anymore!"

Stanley broke into a cackle right after and aimed for Shane's heart.

"You're crazy!" Shane's face sank as he retracted a step back, just in time to dodge the scalpel.

Seeing that his first attempt had failed, Stanley adjusted his stance and aimed for Shane again.

The latter was afraid that Stanley's manic episode would accidentally hurt Natalie. Hence, he dodged the man carefully. After putting some distance in between himself and the man, Shane clenched his fist tight, crouched down, and punched the man hard.

The blow landed on Stanley's abdomen, sending him back a few steps as he slumped to the ground, knees first. The man winced in pain and vomited before fainting.

The scalpel in his hands fell to the ground with a clang, its sharp edge ruby with blood.

Shane retracted his fist as he flinched in pain. He held his left arm with sweat beading on his forehead as he cursed, "Damn it!"

Stanley's scalpel cut him when he threw the punch at the man just now.

The sharp scalpel slit open his sleeve like it was cutting tofu, and managed to cut his arm.

It cut deep as blood gushed out non-stop, oozing out of his fingers, and dripped onto the floor, staining the floor mat red.

However, Shane seemed to pay no heed to his pain as he rushed to Natalie's side, checking if she had been hurt anywhere.

The man finally heaved a sigh of relief after making sure that she was alright. He took out his phone and dialed Silas's number, asking him to bring a doctor over.

Silas brought a doctor over in under forty minutes.

He noticed Stanley who was at the foyer when he entered and was bewildered. "What the hell happened?"

Shane was in the living room and heard Silas. He pursed his thin lips into a hard line and said exasperatedly, "What are you doing over there? Where's the doctor?"

"Yes, they're here!" Silas replied immediately, and walked over to Stanley and made his way to the living room with two doctors.

After entering, Silas noticed Shane sitting in the living room. The man's face was ghastly pale with not a hint of color in his cheeks like he was sick.

Moreover, on the coffee table before the man was a pile of bloodied tissues.

What on earth happened here?

Silas walked over to Shane's side in a brisk pace and noticed the man clutching his left arm. "Mr. Shane, are you hurt?"

Removing his hands clutching his left arm, the man replied, "Just a small wound."

Silas noticed the wound underneath Shane's torn sleeve and gasped. "This is not a small wound, any deeper and I'll be able to see your bones! Doctor, please tend to Mr. Shane's wound!"

"Yes," replied the younger doctor among the two doctors. After putting down the first-aid kit slung over his shoulders, he stepped forward and wrapped a bandage over Shane's wound.

The other slightly older doctor, was still awaiting instruction.

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“Mr. Shane, what’s the matter? How did you get hurt?” Silas asked as he helped Dr. Morrison to wrap the bandage around his arm.

The man did not reply. After his bandage was done, he cast a glance at the older doctor and asked, “You’re a psychiatrist?”

“Yes, Mr. Shane. I’m Dr. Zeplin.”

“Do you know hypnosis?” Shane stood up.

“Yes,” Dr. Zeplin nodded his head.

“Great. Follow me.” Shane walked over to the sofa and brought him into the master bedroom.

Curious, Silas trailed behind the two.

In the bedroom, Natalie widened her unblinking eyes at the ceiling like a soulless puppet.

Gulping, Silas said, “Mr. Shane, Ms. Smith...”

“She’s been hypnotized. Can you snap her out of it?” Shane looked at Dr. Zeplin.

The psychiatrist did not reply and checked on Natalie before saying, “Sure. Her condition is not so serious. I can snap her out of it.”

Shane heaved a sigh of relief and eased his tense expression. “I’ll leave it to you then.”

Dr. Zeplin smiled. “Don’t worry, Mr. Shane.”

Shane retracted a few steps, giving way for the psychiatrist to do his job.

After a few minutes, Dr. Zeplin kept his watch and bent down to clap by Natalie’s ears. With a snap, she shut her eyes immediately.

"That's it?" Silas asked as he pointed at her.

Dr. Zeplin wiped the sweat off his forehead and said, "It's done. She will wake up in a bit."

"That's... amazing." Silas tilted his brow in wonder.

"Okay, since she's alright now, let's get out of here first," Shane said and headed out the door while Silas and Dr. Zeplin trailed behind him.

The three of them headed toward the foyer.

Shane looked at Stanley who was still on the floor. "Would you please look at him and see how he's doing mentally?"

"Sure," Dr. Zeplin replied and crouched down to examine Stanley's mental state while Shane, Silas, and Dr. Morrison stood and watched.

After half an hour, Dr. Zeplin stood up with a grim expression.

"So, how is he doing?" Shane pursed his lips.

Dr. Zeplin shook his head. "It's not looking good. I just entered his deepest consciousness, and he's on the verge of a mental breakdown as he's overcome with negative sentiments. He has to undergo therapy immediately. Otherwise, he's going to be uncontrollable."

Silas gasped again at the revelation. "Uncontrollable... Do you mean he's going to go mad?"

"He's going to be worse than a madman. A madman wouldn't necessarily become a psychopath, but I can say that he's definitely becoming one. He's going to go out of hand if left unchecked."

"That's terrifying." Silas shuddered.

Shane pursed his thin lips, saying nothing. However, he had made a decision to send Stanley away.

This kind of person should no longer stay by Natalie's side.

"Take him to the hospital, and ask Jackson to confine him. I'll think of what to do with him after Natalie regains her consciousness." Shane looked impassively at Stanley and ordered.

"Understood." Silas nodded.

Then, he led the two doctors and Stanley who was sprawled on the floor away.

After they had left, Shane closed the door behind them and went to the master bedroom.

He was greeted by the sight of the woman who was laying down just moments ago, sitting on the edge of the bed. She rubbed her temples and looked ghastly pale.

"You're awake?" Shane leaned against the doorframe and asked.

She stopped rubbing on her temples as she noticed his voice and turned around. "Mr. Shane."

The man mumbled a response and strode toward the side of her bed. "Feeling dizzy?"

Natalie nodded her head weakly. "Yeah. Maybe I had one too many drinks at the bar. Thanks for sending me home, Mr. Shane."