

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 559

Hearing those words, Mrs. Wilson could not help but smile. She covered her mouth shyly and said, "Yeah, he should get some sleep indeed. Hehe."

Judging by Mrs. Wilson's expression, Natalie knew that the older woman had misunderstood and thought that they had gone at it too hard the previous night.

However, she merely forced a smile out and did not explain anything.

After all, there was no point in saying such a thing aloud. It was fine as long as she knew it in her heart.

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"Is there anything to eat?" Natalie asked, touching her stomach as she changed the topic. "I'm a little hungry."

"Of course." Mrs. Wilson nodded, leaving the rag behind and walking toward the kitchen. "I bought some mushrooms on the way back. They should be done by now. You can wait in the dining room."

"Okay," Natalie replied with a smile.

Within two minutes, Mrs. Wilson came in with a pot of mushroom soup and some other dishes.

Natalie could not help but close her eyes to savor the delicious smell.

Mrs. Wilson scooped out a bowl of soup and placed it in front of her. "Here. you go, Madam. Drink it while it's hot. It won't taste as good once it gets cold."

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"Thank you," Natalie replied before stirring the soup and taking a sip. Her eyes lit up instantly.

"How does it taste, Madam?" Mrs. Wilson asked.

Natalie swallowed then gave her a thumbs up. "It's delicious."

Mrs. Wilson replied happily, "That's good to hear. Drink more then. I made it especially for you. I've also made some rocky mountain oysters that'll help improve Sir's health."

As soon as she said that, Natalie instantly choked on her soup and coughed till her face turned red.

Startled, Mrs. Wilson patted her on the back to soothe her. "Are you okay, madam?"

Natalie waved her hand in reply to indicate that she was fine.

Mrs. Wilson poured her a glass of water. She then handed it over and said, "Here, drink some water."

Receiving the glass, Natalie drank a few sips before she finally stopped coughing and felt better.

"What did you make for Shane again?" she asked with a complicated expression.

Without any hesitation, Mrs. Wilson replied, "Rocky mountain oysters."

Natalie instantly pressed on her temples.

Should I tell her that nothing happened between us last night? He won't need such a thing.

"What's wrong, Madam?" asked Mrs. Wilson after seeing Natalie's change in expression.

However, Natalie simply waved her hand in reply. "It's nothing. Later, don't tell Shane what dish you made for him. Otherwise, he'll definitely get angry."

At her reminder, Mrs. Wilson clapped her hands in realization. "You're right, Madam."

"What's right?" Just as Mrs. Wilson finished speaking, Shane's voice rang out.

He headed to the dining table before he pulled out the chair opposite Natalie and sat down.

"Nothing, I was just chatting with Mrs. Wilson," Natalie hurriedly said, changing the topic. Noticing the fatigue on his face, she could not help but frown. "Why didn't you sleep a little longer?"

"It's fine," he replied, rubbing his temples. "There's an important meeting in the company later. I can't be late."

"I see," she nodded in understanding, although there was still an uncomfortable feeling in her heart.

Since you have such an important meeting, why did you still come back so late last night, then!

"What are you thinking about?" Shane asked, feeling somewhat nervous after noticing that Natalie was not in a good mood.

She shook her head. "Nothing. Mrs. Wilson, didn't you say you cooked something for him? Bring it over."

"Sure, I'll bring it over now," Mrs. Wilson replied, happily wiping her hands on her apron before heading to the kitchen.

With that, only Natalie and Shane were left in the dining room.

She stirred her soup gently with her spoon as she asked, "Is Ms. Graham okay?"

"She's out of danger," he said as he poured himself a glass of water.

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"That's good to hear," Natalie replied, nodding slightly before tightening her grip on the spoon. "So, when did you get back last night? Also, why was your phone turned off?"

"You called me?" Shane asked, slightly startled.

"Yeah, I called you early in the morning. You weren't back yet, so I wanted to ask when you'd be home. But your phone was turned off."

"Sorry, it was out of battery," he explained, putting down the glass. "I came home at two in the morning yesterday. It took four hours for Jacqueline to get out of danger."

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"That long?" Natalie asked, widening her eyes in surprise.

"She drank some hard liquor, which burned her internal organs and even caused bleeding in her stomach. That's why it took longer," he explained.

"I see." She nodded but did not say anything else.

Shane then handed her a black credit card.

She looked at him in surprise. "What's this for?"

Why's he giving me a card for no reason?

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"We just got married yesterday, but I wasn't home with you because of Jacqueline's situation. This is my way of compensating for it. You can buy anything you want," he said in a slightly apologetic tone.

He really was feeling sorry.

Natalie smiled and pushed the card back to him. "It's fine. I have money. Besides, I don't need anything. If you really want to make up for it, how about you find some time for me one of these days, and we'll go on a date. What do you think?"

As it happened, they had never gone on dates like normal couples before.

Looking at the anticipation in her eyes, Shane's gaze softened, and he nodded in agreement. "Okay, but you should keep this card anyway. You're my wife, so you should have it."

Since he said that, Natalie no longer refused him and kept the card away. "Okay, I'll help you keep it safe, then. You can let me know whenever you want it back."

He hummed in reply.

Just then, Mrs. Wilson came back with the food.

Looking at the plate, a flicker of slyness flashed across Natalie's eyes. She urged, "Hurry up and eat it. Mrs. Wilson made it for you specially. It's good for your health."

"That's right, Sir. Eat more," Mrs. Wilson chimed in as she handed him a fork.

In actuality, she did not know about Natalie's mischievous intentions. She honestly thought that the dish was nourishing.

Although Mrs. Wilson could not tell that there was a hint of playfulness in Natalie's gaze, Shane could. Instantly, he became wary.

"What is this?" he asked in a deep voice while looking at the plate.

Mrs. Wilson replied, "It's fried oysters."

"Fried oysters?" he asked while narrowing his eyes, clearly in disbelief. He picked one up and sniffed it. Instantly, an indescribable odor hit him, causing him to frown.

"What's that smell?" he asked, placing the supposed oyster back onto the plate. The disgust on his face was clear for all to see.

It's fishy and smells disgusting. What on earth is this?

"It doesn't smell good, but it's a good dish. Take a bite," Natalie urged again. Her hands were pressed together as she gave him an encouraging look.

Initially, Shane wanted to refuse. However, when he saw the anticipation in her eyes, he could not bear to disappoint Natalie. Enduring the unpleasant smell, he bit into it.

Once in his mouth, the weird smell was even more obvious. His expression changed, and he immediately spat it out into a napkin.

He then hurriedly gulped some water down, trying to wash away the weird taste in his mouth.

However, it was too overbearing. No matter what he did, the taste and smell remained in his mouth. As soon as he opened his mouth, he could smell it. It upset him, causing his expression to darken.

Natalie could not help but laugh out loud as she watched him. She laughed so hard that tears had formed in her eyes. The previous night's grievances at him going to see Jacqueline had also dissipated then.

He glanced at her but could not bear to scold her. Eventually, he turned to Mrs. Wilson and asked coldly, "What exactly did you cook for me?"