

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 651

Stanley gazed upon the couple standing across from him. With an ominous glint across his eyes, he commented, "Natalie, I'm relieved to see how well you and Shane are doing."

"Thank you." Natalie beamed. "Stanley," she added. "What are you doing here?"

"Here's what happened. 'I've accepted a request to perform surgery on a member of the royal family. I am here tonight at this party as his guest,'" Stanley explained, with a smile that displayed his teeth. "It's such a coincidence running into you here, Nat."

Natalie's mouth hung open in amazement. "Surgery? Stanley, does that mean that your treatment has finished?"

"Hey, what treatment? Dr. Quinn isn't even sick! That wasn't an illness!" Annie retorted coldly, apparently displeased at Natalie's remark.

Shane gazed at Annie with his eyes narrowed into slits. "If mental disorders are not classified as being illnesses, pray tell me what is it that you would consider an illness?"

"I..." Annie stammered. It was not only Shane's status that had frightened her, but his assertiveness as well.

Not daring to attempt to refute a statement as bold as that, she lapsed into a sulky silence.

"That's enough, Annie." Shane pulled Annie's arm as she trotted back to his side obediently. "Mr. Thompson is right. I am indeed ill."

Natalie did the same. She squeezed Shane arm to hush him.

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However, she was secretly delighted that Shane had leaped to her rescue at Annie's attempt to belittle her.

Stanley waited for everybody to settle down before speaking again. "My treatment had ended half a month ago. I've been declared fit to return to my work."

"I see." Natalie nodded. "As it had been concluded some time ago, why have you not returned to J City sooner?"

"It's because of this particular surgery," Stanley answered. "I will only return after I'm done with that."

Shane pursed his lips at that news.

Stanley noticed his expression. "Mr. Thompson, are you not looking forward to my return?" he queried with a polite smile.

"Yes," Shane replied bluntly.

"And why is that?" Stanley asked, his smile unfaltering. "Could you be worried that I may have plans to woo Natalie again?"

Shane's scowl darkened. The atmosphere between the four was thick with tension. "Even so," he sneered. "There's nothing you can do. She is my wife."

As he said that, he asserted his dominance by wrapping an arm around Natalie's waist.

She did not struggle. Instead, she leaned against him.

Even if she were not his wife yet, she was not going to embarrass him.

"Of course, I know that Nat is your wife, I've never denied it," Stanley reasoned. "Why would you treat me with such hostility, Mr. Thompson? I've changed, and I'm not who I used to be. And please, believe me, I've moved on from my feelings toward Nat."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" Shane snorted.

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Feelings were not as easy to let go as Stanley claimed they were.

Stanley shrugged helplessly. "There's not much else I can do to convince you if you choose not to believe me. If you'll excuse me, Mr. Thompson. I have an appointment with my employer."

He turned to Natalie with a smile that was much more genuine and warmer than the one toward Shane. "Nat, I've got to get going. See you back at J City."

"Hmm." Natalie nodded.

At that, Stanley led Annie away.

Natalie's smile dampened slightly. "I could be imagining things," she remarked softly. "But it seems to me like Stanley had changed a lot."

"Hasn't he always been a weirdo?" Shane replied with disgust.

Natalie shook her head. "Though his character is similar to how it used to be, something about him felt different."

However, she could not quite put her finger on it.

Shane wrapped his arm around Natalie's waist as they walked toward the direction that Stanley had gone in. "Let's go inside. It's cold out here."

Natalie grunted in assent.

Once they were indoors, Shane spoke up. "It doesn't matter if he seems different. You be wary of that man, do you hear me? My instinct tells me that something is off with him, and it's usually never wrong."

"I know." Natalie nodded solemnly. With a sweeping glance, she had located Lina and Joyce in a corner.

"Darling, I'll check on Joyce. You..."

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“I’ll look for Wilhelm.” Shane understood what she needed to do and spared her the trouble by cutting across her.

Wilhelm was the elder brother of the princess and the original owner of the diamond mine that Shane had bought.

Natalie knew that he had just given her leave to speak to Joyce privately by picking that moment to have a conversation with Wilhelm. Her heart burst with gratitude for Shane. “Thank you darling. I’ll make it up to you tonight.”

A sliver of excitement flashed across Shane’s eyes at Natalie’s promise as he nodded eagerly.

Natalie waved at him as he disappeared into the crowd before turning away to the corner where her friends were.

“Joyce,” Natalie called.

Joyce jumped and looked up at the sound of her name but quickly returned to assume her defeated posture.

“She has been like this since I’ve found her.” Lina rubbed her temples in consternation. “Nothing I said made any difference.”

“Thank you, Lina.” Natalie gave her a grateful smile.

Lina waved her hand as if to say that it was no trouble. “Don’t worry about it. She’s too hung up on Stanley, that’s all. I couldn’t understand why she would let one man cause her so

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much pain and misery. It's a good thing you're here, Nat. I need a drink. You have a go at talking some sense into her."

"Go on, Lina."

Natalie took her spot at the vacated seat next to Joyce.

Turning to Joyce, she said, "Joyce, did Stanley say something to you?"

Joyce nodded mournfully.

"What did he say?" Natalie raised her eyebrows curiously.

"I went up to him earlier when I first spotted him with Annie. He told me that I had nothing to do with him and that I had no business asking about his affairs. And then he told me to get lost." Joyce gave a self-pitying laugh.

So that was what happened. No wonder she cried.

When Joyce had visited Stanley abroad, she had already met Annie as one of his acquaintances. Even that did not make her as upset as running into them at the party.

Being told to get lost and not wanting to have anything to do with her would hurt the heart of any woman.

Natalie pulled Joyce over tenderly to lean her against her shoulders. "Stop thinking about it. We need to change how Stanley treats you, but if you feel sad about it now, how will you be able to handle it in the future?"

"Nat, I'm not just upset with how he had treated me," Joyce said as she sobbed softly. "It hurt watching how he treats Annie. When I met her the last time I went abroad to visit Stanley, he treated her very coldly which was what gave me the confidence to allow her to care for him, because I didn't think that anything would happen between them. But this time..."

What happened this time around had really frightened Joyce.

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It was obvious that Stanley's attitude towards Annie had warmed up considerably since Joyce had last met either of them. Stanley even went to the point of passing that remark that he would consider going out with Annie.

Something like that would definitely have caused her worry and anxiety.

Natalie fell silent, being at a loss for words.

If truth be told, the way in which Stanley had treated Annie surprised her too.

What has happened between the two of them?

"Nat, what do you think I should do?" Joyce looked up to gaze at Natalie with bloodshot eyes. "He has loved you before, not to mention treating Annie differently than how he does with other women. But I am the one who has been with him the longest. Why wouldn't he even consider me?"

Natalie parted Joyce's hair, she could feel the sorrow of her heartbroken friend. "Because there are still some misunderstandings between the two of you."

"Misunderstandings!" Joyce choked as she sniffled. "Yes, those d*mn misunderstandings! I have explained it to him so many times but he refuses to believe me! Why?" Joyce buried her head as fresh tears overwhelmed her once more.

Natalie stroked her hair, as she did not know what else to say.

Stanley had blamed the death of his parents on Joyce and her family. Since then, he had held a grudge against the Rivers. Under no circumstances would he be compelled to believe the word of his sworn enemy.

Joyce had a long way to go if she was determined to earn Stanley's trust and resolve the misunderstandings between them.

Unless fresh evidence was unearthed to prove conclusively that the Rivers had nothing to do with the death of his parents, Stanley would be living under the belief that Joyce and her family were involved for the rest of his life.

Natalie had decided to ask Connor to investigate the matter. There was a chance, however slim it may be, that such evidence could be discovered.

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