

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1174

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To be more specific, the figure was blocking Shane's path.

It was Lucy.

Shane furrowed his brows the second he saw her.

Silas was frowning just as much. However, he was still aware of what his job scope was, so he stepped forward and shielded Shane behind him. The former seemed a little impatient when he looked at Lucy and asked, "Ms. Rivers, it's past your working hours. Why are you still here?"

"I'm here for Mr. Shane," replied Lucy. She took a step closer to them, and her eyes shone with love when she stared at Shane.

All that only served to make Shane's frown tighten even more. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Mr. Shane, I..." Lucy fiddled with her fingers, mustering her courage. "You don't love Ms. Smith, so you don't need to throw a wedding or marry her. You don't need to sacrifice yourself like that."

"What?" Silas was utterly confused.

What the hell is this woman talking about? What does she mean when she said that he doesn't love his wife? Heck, that man is so in love that he is bordering on lunacy!

Shane was taken aback as well. He regained his composure soon after, and distaste painted his face when he demanded, "Who the f*ck told you that I don't love my wife?"

Lucy saw the distaste in his eyes. A sharp pain stung her heart, and she felt wronged.

She had waited for hours for him to show up. All she wanted was to tell him that he didn't need to sacrifice himself, yet he was looking at her with a gaze like that.

Lucy bit her lip. She sounded a little hurt when she replied, "No one told me anything. I simply guessed it."

Silas rolled his eyes at her.

Seriously? Her take on the matter is that Mr. Thompson doesn't love his wife? Yeah, she definitely has some sort of brain damage or something.

Shane was getting impatient. Still frowning, he challenged, "Why would I marry my wife if I don't love her?"

That question stumped Lucy.

He's right. Why would he marry her if he didn't love her? D-Does that mean... Is he really marrying her because he loves her? No, that is not possible. If he truly loved her, he would've had the wedding reception ages ago. There is no need to wait for so long. He must be lying to me. Yes, that has to be it!

Those thoughts got Lucy to take a deep breath to calm herself down. She shifted her gaze back to Shane and replied, "Are you marrying her because it's a political move?"

That's how it plays out on TV. Rich people always get married because of political issues.

Shane's eye twitched.

Silas, however, couldn't hold it in and burst out laughing. He pointed out, "Ms. Rivers, it's true that many rich families join forces by arranging their marriage, but Mr. Thompson doesn't need to do that. He is powerful enough on his own. Mr. Thompson is with his wife because he loves her, understand? You should stop saying bullsh*t about how Mr. Thompson doesn't love his wife. That is ridiculous. Who does he love if not his wife? You?"

"I..." Lucy blushed. Her first instinct was to nod, but she was knocked back to her senses when she looked into Shane's distant eyes, which were glowing with zero warmth. "That is not what I meant."

Silas scoffed, "I hope that is true. Let me give you a kind-hearted warning. It doesn't matter if Mr. Thompson loves his wife. An outsider like you has no right to butt in on the matter."

"I-I am not an outsider," Lucy quickly said.

Confusion and curiosity filled Silas' mind right away.

Not an outsider? Does she think of herself as someone inside the loop?

"I-I was the one who rescued Mr. Thompson," Lucy replied meekly while tossing a glance at Shane.

Shane massaged his temple and replied, "If it is at all possible, I truly wish that you weren't the one who rescued me."

“What?” Lucy’s expression instantly stiffened, and she stared at him in disbelief. “Y-You wish that I didn’t rescue you?”

How can he say that? Does he realize how much he’s hurting me?

“You rescuing me made it so that my men spent days and still couldn’t find me. Your so-called rescue also made it so that Thompson Group almost fell prey to our enemy. My wife was also triggered after learning how I was missing and that forced her to go through a premature delivery, and my youngest son is still lying in an incubator because of it! This is what your rescue did to me.”

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Shane glared at Lucy. His words had got her to stumble backward, and her face turned pale.

Silas saw how she reacted, so he delivered the final blow by adding, “Now, Ms. Rivers, do you still think it was purely a good deed that you rescued Mr. Thompson?”

“I didn’t know that rescuing you would result in so much trouble. I was trying to be nice. If it wasn’t for me, you—”

“If it wasn’t for you, I would’ve returned to my family ages ago. My men were already looking for me when you showed up, and I would’ve been fine even if you weren’t there. They would’ve found me sooner, and my wife wouldn’t be triggered after hearing how I was missing!” interrupted Shane cruelly and sternly.

Lucy’s legs gave way, and she fell onto the floor, looking stunned.

How did things turn out this way? I rescued him out of the kindness of my heart, but he is blaming me for it. He’s even claiming that my help was unnecessary!

Silas seemed to have seen through what Lucy was thinking. “Ms. Rivers, please don’t blame us for being so straightforward. That is just the truth. Your so-called rescue ended up getting us in a lot of trouble, and we’re already being nice in recognizing your effort. You understand that, right?”

Lucy’s eyelashes fluttered.

Understand? How can I possibly understand? Why should I? All I know is that you guys are twisting the facts and disapproving my efforts!

Lucy trembled a little. She simply couldn't accept something like that.

Silas pushed his glasses up and added, "Truth was, we wouldn't have behaved this way if you had called the police immediately after you found Mr. Thompson. There is no point in saying any of that now. Ms. Rivers, please allow me to give you some kind advice. Keep your unpleasant thoughts at bay and to yourself. You finally have a job, so focus on that. If you don't, you'll end up losing your job and embarrassing yourself."

Lucy's heart skipped a beat when she heard that. She quickly shifted her gaze to Shane.

Unfortunately, Shane wasn't looking at her. He checked the watch on his wrist and was nonchalant when he ordered, "Let's go, Silas."

"Understood," Silas replied and left with Shane.

The two men were gone, just like that.

Lucy, however, stood there and remained stunned.

After some time, she suddenly curled into a ball, put her head between her knees, and cried out loud.

This is too much. Shane is too harsh. I rescued him and waited for so long to give him some kind advice. I did it all for his sake. In the end, he didn't thank me for it and treated me so cruelly instead. If possible, I truly wish that I didn't love him, but it's too late. I am utterly in love with him.

In the car, Shane, leaning against the backrest, massaged his temple in exhaustion and instructed, "Call the janitorial department and have them assign more tasks to Lucy. Make sure she is so busy that she won't have the time to run around and pull a stunt like that again. If she fails to complete all of her tasks, just fire her."

"Understood," replied Silas with a smile. "But I think Lucy will finish all the tasks assigned to her, even if she is unhappy with it. She will do anything to stay here, knowing that she won't see you again if she leaves. She—"

"Shut up!" Shane growled.

Silas chuckled and stopped talking.

A hint of hatred flashed across Shane's eyes.

If I had known how troublesome Lucy would be, I would have asked my men to keep her trapped in that village for the rest of her life.

Unfortunately, things are set in stone now. I just wish that she would realize who she is and stop behaving like this. If she doesn't, I will not show her any mercy.

Soon, they arrived at the Thompson villa.

The living room was empty. Upon asking the housekeeper, Shane learned that the two kids were playing in their room. Natalie, on the other hand, was working in her studio.

Shane handed his briefcase to the housekeeper before he walked up the stairs to the studio on the second floor.

He didn't knock and went in directly instead.

Natalie had her back to him and was sitting in front of a sewing machine. She was so focused on her job that she didn't notice anyone entering the room.