

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.