

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 245

After learning that they were in the lounge on the tenth floor, Stanley brought Natalie upstairs.

In the lounge, the head of the Hill family, Andre Hill, was having a business meeting with Shane. The butler went to his side to inform him of their arrival. He frowned slightly and instructed, "Have them wait for me in the room next to ours. I'm in the middle of..."

"You have guests?" Shane interrupted with a grim expression.

Andre sheepishly smiled and replied, "He was my son's doctor."

"Oh, I see. Since he was your son's doctor, he can be considered a benefactor of sorts. Let him in," Shane nonchalantly said as he raised his wine glass.

Andre found it difficult to go against his request, so he gave orders to his butler to invite them in. "Since Mr. Shane is fine with it, you can go ahead and call them in."

"Yes sir," replied the butler before heading out.

Soon after, Stanley and Natalie walked into the lounge.

The first thing that caught her eye was Shane's unexpected presence. "Mr. Shane, you're here too?" Natalie asked with surprise evident on her face.

She tried to remove her hand from Stanley's grasp, but he would not budge.

Stanley had expected that would happen and left her no chance to escape.

Their exchange seemed like a couple's banter to Shane, and that had him riled up. His grasp on the wine glass tightened, and it looked as though he was going to crush the wine glass.

Shane's silence left Natalie feeling dejected and she lowered her head slightly.

Sensing the shift in her mood, Stanley's lips curled up in a smile and released her hand. Reaching out to shake Andre's hand, he greeted, "Hello, Mr. Hill."

Andre gave him a firm handshake and said, "Hi Dr. Quinn, welcome aboard. This is...?"

He trailed as his gaze landed on Natalie.

"Her name is Natalie. She's my..." Stanley shot Shane a contemptuous look before he slowly uttered the word "...girlfriend."

Crack!

The crisp sound of broken glass reverberated the whole room. Everyone in the room went still for a moment. Then they curiously sought the origin of the sound.

It was Shane's wine glass. The remains of the broken glass were all over the floor while his hand was bleeding profusely. Clearly, the wine glass was crushed by his own hand.

"Mr. Shane! Your hand..." cried Natalie, wincing as she attempted to go over to have a look.

Stanley held her back, forbidding her to do so.

Natalie scowled at him with displeasure.

He gave her a disdainful look and muttered, "Nat, don't forget that you're my girlfriend right now!"

Pursing her lips, Natalie resisted the urge to dart over and check on Shane.

It took her a great deal of effort before she let out a heavy sigh and stayed in her position.

Sigh, I guess we did agree that I would attend the wedding as his girlfriend. If I rush over to show Shane concern, it would be disregarding Stanley. I can't let his reputation go down in flames...

When he got the impression that Natalie had relented, he released his grasp and walked over to Shane. "Mr. Shane, may I have a look at your injury?"

Andre wasted no time in making space for Stanley as he hurriedly replied, "I'll leave it to you to take care of him."

"No problem," Stanley grinned at Andre before he turned to look at Shane. "Mr. Shane, could you please give me your hand?"

Instead of obeying, Shane stood up with his fists clenched and bellowed, "Save it!"

With that, he stalked out.

Natalie stared at his departing figure with the urge to call out to him.

After a momentary pause, she realized she had no right to force him to listen.

"Sorry about that Dr. Quinn and Ms. Natalie. Mr. Shane was just..." Andre flashed them an apologetic smile.

Stanley dismissed his apology and mused, "It's fine. I know Mr. Shane. I'm used to him being like this."

"Right..."