

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 256

Natalie looked dazzling in her bridesmaid gown. Her white dress draped her figure delicately as the train of her gown swished with elegance. It looked almost exactly like an actual wedding gown, save for the fact that it was missing a bridal veil.

Shane could imagine just how perfect and gorgeous she would be when she dons a wedding gown.

Natalie could feel a scorching gaze boring holes into her. She cocked her head and looked up cautiously towards the crowd, only to meet Shane's unwavering set of eyes.

Under his intent gaze, a hint of embarrassment made its way to her face. She hastily shot a brief smile at him and turned away her head, avoiding his gaze.

The whole wedding proceeded smoothly, and it was finally time to toss the bouquet.

Young ladies at the wedding swarmed forward in no time, each eager to catch the bouquet from the bride.

Natalie sat at her place, looking at the exhilarated guests with a composed smile on her face.

"Not interested?" Stanley came over.

"Nah, I'll pass. I don't think I'll get it anyway," Natalie replied, shaking her head slightly.

Stanley looked at the mass of girls encircling the bride and shook his head in resignation. "I'd definitely go over if men were allowed to participate, then you'll be the next lucky girl to get married," he paused, giving her a once-over as he adjusted the frame of the spectacles sitting atop his nose bridge. His eyes sparkled as he continued, "Speaking of which, you really do look like a bride today."

“Really?” Natalie raised her brows, looking down at her dress.

“Yeah, you do.” Stanley nodded and smiled warmly.

Natalie chuckled softly at his compliment. Before she could begin to thank him, however, the crowd roared in excitement, and the pair shifted their gaze to scan the scene. The bride had just thrown the bouquet, and everyone was scrambling to reach for it.

But to all the ladies’ disappointment, the bouquet flew past them and dropped right into one of the men’s arms.

Shane was totally shocked when the bouquet landed on him unexpectedly.

The ladies were shocked by the scene that had just unfolded before their eyes.

Never would they have expected that the bouquet would land in the arms of a man.

Natalie had been stunned into silence as well. However, as she looked at how stoned Shane appeared, she couldn’t help but burst into laughter. She tried her best to keep it in, but she couldn’t hide her glee even with one hand covering her mouth.

Natalie’s sudden laughter echoed out loud and broke the awkward silence within the hall.

Just as everyone was thinking if the bride should toss the bouquet again, Shane strode towards the ladies as he waded through the crowd confidently.

Everyone made way and naturally created a pathway for him as he walked towards Natalie with an arrogant aura.

Thus, faced with no hindrance whatsoever, Shane came right up to her, ignored her look of confusion, and pushed the flowers toward her. "This is for you."

Natalie's smile froze on her lips as she looked at him with her eyes wide open. "This... this is for me?"

Beside her, Stanley eyed Shane like a vexed hawk.

Shane disregarded his glare and stuffed the bouquet into Natalie's hands. "I don't know any of the ladies here, so I'll just give it to you."

With that, he turned around and left without waiting for a reply.

Natalie finally came back to her senses and called out from behind, "Thank you, Mr. Shane!"

A subtle smile played on Shane's lips as he walked away without looking back.

Natalie never expected things to turn out like this. Somehow, the bouquet still came to her, although she did not want it. She fondled the delicate flowers in her hands as a satisfied smile spread across her lips.

But Stanley did not seem happy at all. He gripped his fists in frustration as he looked at Natalie cradling the flowers in her hands.

He wanted so badly to snatch the bouquet away from her and trample it under his feet over and over again.

However, his rationality came to him at the last moment, and he managed to stop himself from engaging in that act.

With the tossing of the bouquet, the wedding ended, and guests started moving out of the venue.

After getting changed, Natalie went to the restroom.

Just as she was heading out, she bumped into Stanley around the corner and almost jumped out of her skin.

“Stanley! Were you waiting for me?” Natalie asked, trying to catch her breath.

Instead of answering her, Stanley glowered at the flowers in her arms. Anger smoldered in his eyes as he drilled his gaze into the bouquet.

I can't believe she went to the restroom with the flowers! Does she like them so much that she can't even bear to leave them for a second?

Natalie sensed his odd behavior and cocked her head aside as she stared at him curiously. “Stanley, what's wrong?”

Stanley went closer to her and cornered her, slamming his hand on the wall fiercely. “Nat, do you really like Shane Thompson that much?”