

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 258

Shane pulled her along towards the elevator without saying a word.

When he saw a few other people in the elevator, he shot them a threatening glare and commanded, "Get out."

The people exchanged timid looks and moved out of the elevator without further ado.

Shane dragged Natalie in as the people dispersed. He thrust her into the elevator and pressed the close button on the panel.

The door closed silently and Shane turned towards her furiously, closing in on her in the small space. "Stanley is not who you imagine him to be. I've told you this a long time ago, but you chose not to listen to me!"

Natalie lowered her head quietly. She could not justify herself. But she was not ready for another confrontational conversation.

She pushed Shane away gently, trying to maintain a distance between them. However, Shane clutched her hands tightly. He leaned in closer to her, and his gaze sunk into her frightened eyes. His other hand reached for her lips and caressed them, rubbing across the bite mark Stanley left on her lips.

The skin on Natalie's lips had peeled off from Stanley's aggressive advances earlier on, and she winced in pain from Shane's rough treatment.

"Mr. Shane, what are you doing?" She bit his hand unreservedly.

Shane stopped and stared at her lips. "They're dirty!"

Natalie's heart skipped a bit, and her jaw relaxed. Her face turned pale as she looked at Shane guiltily.

Does he think I'm dirty?

Is that what he's trying to say?

Shane caught a fleeting bout of dejection in her eyes and thought Natalie must have misunderstood him. He pursed his lips, tilted her chin, and pressed his lips against hers without a second thought.

Natalie's lips parted in shock, and Shane took the chance to swirl his tongue passionately in her mouth.

A pink shade of heat grew across her fair cheeks, and her body became tense at the touch of his lips. When Natalie finally came back to her senses, she opened her eyes in surprise. But all she could see was Shane's cleanly cut sideburns and his defined jaw moving in a slow but sure rhythm.

Ding! The mellow ring of the elevator rang through the stiff air. "Mr. Shane..." Natalie mumbled as Shane finally moved away from her.

"I've cleaned them up," Shane said, wiping the corner of his wet lips with his fingers.

Natalie frowned at him, confused.

Huh? What? He has cleaned them up?

Natalie finally understood what Shane meant. He did not mean to say she was dirty. He wanted to get rid of Stanley's filthy marks on her lips.

Does this mean he's jealous?

A sweet smile curved on the corners of her mouth as she pinched her lips nervously. "Why did you kiss me?"

Shane cleared his throat and evaded her question as he walked out of the elevator, feigning nonchalance.

Natalie puckered her mouth and followed after him unwillingly. "Mr. Shane, do you usually go about kissing people randomly? I've heard Mr. Campbell saying that you're a clean freak, and yet you kissed me. Does this mean you like me?"

Natalie had a gut feeling Shane liked her when they were on the plane a few days ago. She dismissed the possibility back then, thinking she was overreading things.

But from Shane's reaction towards Stanley and the kiss just now, she could not help but wonder if her sixth sense was correct.

Upon hearing her question, Shane finally stopped and spoke. "No, I don't like you."

The glow on Natalie's face dissipated instantly, and she looked at him blankly.

Then why did you kiss me?

Were you just toying me?

Natalie took a deep breath, trying to fight off the tears welling up in her eyes.

A rigid smile showed on her face, and she replied composedly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane. I must have misunderstood. I really shouldn't have said that."

A sharp pang of pain wrenched her heart, and Natalie knew she could not stand it any longer. "Anyway, thanks for helping me out back there, Mr. Shane. I'll treat you to a good meal next time. Please excuse me." Natalie waved him goodbye rigidly and waited briefly for a reply.

But Shane did not say a single word. Natalie's head dropped in disappointment as she tried to hide her expression from him. She finally turned around and dashed off in a hurry.

What was I thinking? Was I expecting him to say he liked me? Jacqueline is the woman he loves! Come on, Natalie Smith, you're so full of yourself!

I really need to wake up from this wishful dream. I should stop coveting someone who is not meant for me.