

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 259

Hearing her footsteps waning away, Shane finally turned around. His hands in his pockets tightened in a grip as he watched her walked away.

Silas, who had been watching them for quite some time, came over and sighed. "Mr. Shane, why don't you just be honest with Ms. Smith? It's obvious that she likes you as well. I don't see why you two can't get together. You've already broken off your engagement with Ms. Jasmine anyway."

Shane pursed his lips as he squinted his eyes. "It's not time yet. I won't get together with her until I find out who's the person who's trying to harm her. I'll only put her in danger if I act rashly now. I'll come clean with her after I catch that culprit."

Shane knew deep in his heart that he would do everything he could to win her heart.

It was just a matter of time before he took the final step towards Natalie.

Silas raised his brows and nodded in surprise. "I see. So you already have a plan in mind. But I bet Ms. Smith must be heartbroken now. You rejected her so blatantly."

Shane rustled his hair in vexation and gulped hard. "Gosh, I swear I'll make it up to her!"

Silas looked at him and smiled grimly. "I'll try my best to find the culprit behind this. Speaking of which, there's something I can't wrap my head around."

"What is it?" Shane asked in a vigilant tone.

Silas rubbed his chin as he spoke, "Do you remember how we thought it must be someone close to you who had been watching us since this person knew you're close to Ms. Smith? I've already run a check on everyone around us, but there's nothing suspicious. I wonder if we're working in the wrong direction. Could it be that there was actually no one monitoring our moves, to begin with?"

Shane rolled his eyes around as he chewed on what Silas said. "We'll test the waters after we go back."

"Sure," Silas replied with a definitive nod.

"Let's make a move first," Shane said, rubbing his temples as they walked towards his room.

The two boarded the plane and headed home that afternoon itself.

As for Natalie, she had to stay a little longer since Stanley was not awake yet.

Natalie paced back and forth outside his ward as she tried to muster the courage to go in and see him. She peered in through the glass door, trying to check if he was already awake. What Stanley did earlier on had really scared the wits out of her.

Just as she was contemplating if she should enter, a nurse came out of the room, and Natalie quickly stopped her.

"Is he okay?"

The nurse gave her an assuring smile. "He's got some seawater left in his body after he almost drowned yesterday. Besides, he's allergic to alcohol, so he'll need some time to rest. But he'll be okay. Don't worry."

"That's a relief. Thank you," Natalie said with a nod.

The nurse smiled back politely and walked off.

Natalie was relieved to know that Stanley was not ill because of Shane.

It seemed like Stanley would still be sick regardless of whether Shane punched him in the face or not.

Just when Natalie was about to push the door open and go in, her phone vibrated in her pocket.

It was Joyce. She took a culpable look at Stanley and turned around to pick up the call.

“Nat, are you back already?” Joyce’s crispy voice rang through the phone.

“Nah, still there,” Natalie replied.

“When will you be back?”

Natalie pursed her lips and sighed. “I’m not sure, actually. What’s the matter?”

“Ah, it’s no big deal, actually. The Design Association sent a notice inviting all the studios in J City to a meeting about a competition. I don’t have much detail yet, but I do need to know if you’re attending,” Joyce reported as she scrolled through the contents on her computer screen.

Natalie’s eyes lit up as she bit her lip, “They called for all studios in the city to participate? That sounds like a big event, though. When is it?”

“Tomorrow night.”

Natalie bit her lips as she ran through her schedule mentally. “Alright, I’ll get a ticket and be back before that.”