

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 314

Joyce was standing too close and debris could fall and struck her. When Natalie came to Joyce's side and met with her reddened eyes, her heart clenched.

However, it wasn't the time for comforts. She tugged at Joyce's hand and urged, "Joyce, let's go first, shall we?"

Joyce whirled her teary face around to look at Natalie. Her voice was filled with grief and indignation as she asked, "Nat, why do you think this happened? Why do we always encounter such matters?"

"I—" Before Natalie could speak, a sudden creak sounded from above them. She raised her head only to see a section of crossbeam from the warehouse splitting in half, falling right in their direction.

"Be careful!" Natalie's pupils shrank as she shoved Joyce away without hesitation.

Joyce was shoved to the ground with a hiss. Ignoring her scraped arm, she stood up and searched for Natalie. When she saw the falling beam, she screamed, "Nat! Get away from there!"

Natalie wanted to get away too, but she had sprained her ankle when she shoved Joyce away earlier. It was too painful to even move a muscle, much less run. All she could do was watch as the burning beam get nearer and nearer to her—the raging heat and thick smoke approaching to swallow her whole.

Eventually, her eyes could no longer stay open in the suffocating smoke. Her tears fell like leaky tap water as she shut her eyes hopelessly. She was almost certain that was the end of her.

Unexpectedly, she felt a pair of arms circling her waist and took her down on a tumble on the ground. The beam crashed down mere seconds after they rolled away. A few sparks spattered, but the fire didn't go out and kept burning.

Natalie forced her eyes open when she felt herself being moved out of the way. Her focus wasn't on the beam but the man who shielded her with his body. She could never have imagined he would appear out of nowhere and save her life.

“You—” Natalie opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but Joyce ran over and shoved Shane off her, helping her up on her feet. She checked her in every direction, anxiously questioning, “Are you all right? Did you hurt yourself?”

Natalie had yet to come out of her frightened state. She shook her head. “I’m fine. Only my ankle is hurt. But Mr. Shane...” She looked at Shane as the man stood up, looking slightly wretched with his dirtied attire. Still, his appearance did nothing to affect his temperament. On the contrary, it gave him a touch of appeal despite the mess.

He stared sullenly at Natalie, his tone filled with rage as he reproached, “What were you doing? Why were you standing there like a statue? Do you have any idea what would’ve happened if it crashed on you? You would’ve either died on the spot or be burnt to your death!”

God only knows how terrified he was when he arrived only to see her in danger. He was certain his heart had stopped at that moment.

Hearing his description, Natalie couldn’t help but shudder in fear. She lowered her head and said nothing.

Joyce couldn’t bear to watch any longer and blocked Natalie with her own body. She raised her head to stare at Shane. “Mr. Shane, if you want to scold someone, let that be me! I was the one who couldn’t accept the fact that the fabrics were ruined, that’s why I ran over here on impulse. Nat only came to save me. She couldn’t move away after that because she has sprained her ankle.”

Hearing that, Shane immediately lowered his head and zeroed in on Natalie’s ankle. Indeed, it looked pretty swollen.

I’ve misunderstood her.

He pursed his thin lips and said in a milder tone, “Why didn’t you explain?”

Natalie's eyes flickered. "Mr. Shane, why do I have to explain myself to you? What I do has nothing to do with you. I'm very grateful to you for saving me, but—"

Before she could complete her sentence, Shane had already swept her up bridal style and strode toward the car.