

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 315

“What just happened?” Joyce’s mouth fell open as she gaped at the couple.

Why did he abruptly carry her?

Shane had caught Natalie off-guard when he lifted her. She had no time to react and had instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck to keep her balance. But when she came back to her senses, she immediately released her arms and yelled with her face flushed, “Mr. Shane, what are you doing? Let me down!”

Shane remained unmoved, carrying her expressionlessly as he walked. Anxious, Natalie began to struggle, but he merely gritted his teeth and held on tightly, refusing to let go.

He lowered his head slightly, staring darkly at the woman who was on tenterhooks in his embrace. “Keep moving and I’ll throw you down!” he warned.

“You—” Natalie froze, twisting her head to gauge the height to the ground. Though it wasn’t too high, there were stones and debris everywhere. She decided it wasn’t worth it.

Natalie compromised and stopped moving, biting her lip as she stared at the man. “What are you trying to do?”

Shane didn’t answer. He placed her in the backseat before retrieving a plastic bag from the glove compartment.

Natalie recognized it at once. It was the same plastic bag from several days ago when he had bandaged her hand in the hospital. It contained bandages and disinfectants.

Didn’t he hand it to Silas then? So Silas had kept it in the car all along? Is he planning to treat my wound?

As she wondered, she felt a sudden coldness on her ankle. When she blinked back to reality, she discovered that her sprained ankle had been raised without her notice and rested on his lap with her shoes off.

Realizing that Shane was about to treat her ankle, she tolerated the pain as she quickly took back her leg before his hand could touch her skin.

Shane's hand froze in the air, glowering at the empty spot above his lap. He commanded in a deep voice, "Put it back!"

Natalie pretended not to hear him, bending over to pick up her shoes so she could exit the vehicle.

Shane immediately kicked her heels further away from her reach. "I'll say it again. Put your leg back up!" he ordered, staring coldly at her.

She bit her bottom lip. "Mr. Shane, I can handle myself. I don't wish to trouble you."

She attempted to reach for the plastic bag beside him, only for Shane to grab her leg forcefully and place it on his thigh.

Natalie widened her eyes in surprise. "Mr. Shane—"

"Shut up," he chastised, pursing his lip.

She subconsciously pressed her mouth shut.

Shane took out the things from the plastic bag and cleaned up her wounds. He then threw out the cotton swab and held onto her ankle with one hand, his free hand holding her foot in an attempt to help her ease the pain in her ankle.

To his dismay, Natalie shrunk back abruptly and giggled. He glanced at her with his brows knotted and asked, "What's so funny?"

"It's ticklish," she admitted softly, trying not to laugh.

He smirked, having discovered she was ticklish. He resumed working her ankle without another word.

Her sprain was mild, unlike the last two times when it had swelled up severely. She had probably froze not because of the pain but shock.

After lightly twisting her ankle, Shane wrapped the bandage around her foot.

She looked at him in confusion. "Mr. Shane, why are you being so nice to me?"

Shane's hand paused for a split second but quickly resumed working.

Natalie inhaled a deep breath as if she'd made up her mind on something and squeezed her palms as she said, "Mr. Shane, I like you!"

His pupils shrank. Without warning, he raised his head to meet her gaze. Despite the lack of expression on his face, his heart was secretly bursting with joy. He had known her feelings for him for some time. However, she had never confessed. He hadn't expected her to let it out there and then.