

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 423

Stanley pressed Natalie against her shoe cabinet and hooked her chin up as he lowered his head to kiss her.

Just when he was about to touch her lips, the apartment door was kicked down with a loud thud.

Stanley was taken back and turned to look in the direction of the door.

Noticing that Shane was standing outside the door, Stanley grimaced. "It's you again! Why do you always ruin things for me?"

Shane paid no heed to Stanley. He retracted his legs slowly and entered the house with a grim face. The man pulled Natalie over to his side and examined her from head to toe to make sure that she was alright.

Noticing that her clothes were still intact, the man finally heaved a sigh of relief.

However, he soon noticed that something was off with her.

Expressionless, the hollow-eyed woman looked like a soulless puppet, saying nothing.

"What did you do to her?" Shane shot Stanley a murderous gaze with a frigid tone.

The latter seemed unfazed and broke into a cackle. "Why don't you take a guess, genius?"

Shane's temples tensed as his frosty gaze shot daggers at the man. He dashed over and strangled Stanley's neck. Tightening his grip, Shane bellowed, "I don't have the mood to play games with you! What the hell did you do to her?"

Stumped, Stanley had not expected the man to attack him right away, much less threatening to take his life.

However, he soon regained his composure and cast a glance at Natalie who was behind Shane. The man laughed hysterically and sniggered, "You can ask a million times if you want to. I'm not gonna answer you. Just kill me."

The crease in Shane's brows deepened as he gauged the psycho before him. He's a lunatic!

These lunatics are fearless. My death threat is not going to work on him.

With the thought in mind, Shane let go of the man disdainfully.

Choking, Stanley slumped to the floor as he clenched his neck and coughed violently. His veins were popping as a result, with his face flushed beetroot from choking. The man's glasses hung on his nose wobbly as if it was about to fall, but not quite.

Shane led Natalie who was still in a daze before Stanley and threatened, "I will not kill you, but you will wish that you were dead instead!"

Afterward, he took out his cell phone and called Jackson.

He was on call that night. Hence, it did not take him long to answer Shane's call. "What's the matter?"

Shane glanced at Natalie and tried his best to describe her condition to him.

Jackson's poker face turned serious after hearing him. "From the way you describe her condition, I think Natalie's been hypnotized."

"Hypnotized?" Shane narrowed his eyes.

"Correct. I can't think of any other possible explanation for her condition."

Shane tightened his grip on the phone and shot daggers at Stanley who was getting up by steadying him against the shoe cabinet. "How do I get her to regain her consciousness?"

Jackson adjusted his glasses. "That's easy. You just have to ask the person who hypnotized her to snap her out of it."

"Noted." Shane put down his phone and grabbed on Stanley's collar, dragging him before Natalie and ordered, "Wake her up!"

Stanley grinned wickedly. "What if I say no? Look at her being all obedient and meek, at the mercy of my every beck and call. This is what I've been dreaming of for the longest time!"

Shane tightened his grip around the man's collar and spat, "So your dream is to watch her turn into a puppet?"

"What's wrong about that? She's only going to have eyes for me then!" Stanley reached out and looked at Natalie longingly, trying to touch her.

Shane's eyes burned with fury at the sight as he pushed Stanley to one side, dragging Natalie behind himself to protect her.

Stanley winced in frustration and raged, "What the hell are you doing? Who gave you the permission to touch her? She's mine! Mine!"