# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 424

"Yours?" Shane narrowed his eyes at Stanley's deranged look and his lips curled into a sneer. "If she was truly yours, did you have to hypnotize her into thinking that you were me? Who gave you the right to claim that she's yours?"

Stanley lowered his head after listening to him, his thoughts unbeknownst to anyone but himself.

However, after some time, the man lifted his head and wore a spine-chilling smile as he cackled, his shoulders bobbing up and down from the motion. "Yes, it's all because of you. Your appearance has influenced Nat. If it weren't for you, Nat would have been mine sooner or later. So, Shane Thompson, I just need you to disappear!"

Stanley reached into his pocket and fished out a small scalpel that shone with a cold glint.

Shane's iris constricted at the sight of the scalpel and he instinctively pushed Natalie further away from himself.

"Shane Thompson, go to hell! When you're good as dead, I will erase her memories, and Nat will not have a clue of who you are, and you won't be able to influence her anymore!"

Stanley broke into a cackle right after and aimed for Shane's heart.

"You're crazy!" Shane's face sank as he retracted a step back, just in time to dodge the scalpel.

Seeing that his first attempt had failed, Stanley adjusted his stance and aimed for Shane again.

The latter was afraid that Stanley's manic episode would accidentally hurt Natalie. Hence, he dodged the man carefully. After putting some distance in between himself and the man, Shane clenched his fist tight, crouched down, and punched the man hard.

The blow landed on Stanley's abdomen, sending him back a few steps as he slumped to the ground, knees first. The man winced in pain and vomited before fainting.

The scalpel in his hands fell to the ground with a clang, its sharp edge ruby with blood.

Shane retracted his fist as he flinched in pain. He held his left arm with sweat beading on his forehead as he cursed, "Damn it!"

Stanley's scalpel cut him when he threw the punch at the man just now.

The sharp scalpel slit open his sleeve like it was cutting tofu, and managed to cut his arm.

It cut deep as blood gushed out non-stop, oozing out of his fingers, and dripped onto the floor, staining the floor mat red.

However, Shane seemed to pay no heed to his pain as he rushed to Natalie's side, checking if she had been hurt anywhere.

The man finally heaved a sigh of relief after making sure that she was alright. He took out his phone and dialed Silas's number, asking him to bring a doctor over.

Silas brought a doctor over in under forty minutes.

He noticed Stanley who was at the foyer when he entered and was bewildered. "What the hell happened?"

Shane was in the living room and heard Silas. He pursed his thin lips into a hard line and said exasperatedly, "What are you doing over there? Where's the doctor?"

"Yes, they're here!" Silas replied immediately, and walked over to Stanley and made his way to the living room with two doctors.

After entering, Silas noticed Shane sitting in the living room. The man's face was ghastly pale with not a hint of color in his cheeks like he was sick.

Moreover, on the coffee table before the man was a pile of bloodied tissues.

What on earth happened here?

Silas walked over to Shane's side in a brisk pace and noticed the man clutching his left arm. "Mr. Shane, are you hurt?"

Removing his hands clutching his left arm, the man replied, "Just a small wound."

Silas noticed the wound underneath Shane's torn sleeve and gasped. "This is not a small wound, any deeper and I'll be able to see your bones! Doctor, please tend to Mr. Shane's wound!"

"Yes," replied the younger doctor among the two doctors. After putting down the first-aid kit slung over his shoulders, he stepped forward and wrapped a bandage over Shane's wound.

The other slightly older doctor, was still awaiting instruction.