

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 425

“Mr. Shane, what’s the matter? How did you get hurt?” Silas asked as he helped Dr. Morrison to wrap the bandage around his arm.

The man did not reply. After his bandage was done, he cast a glance at the older doctor and asked, “You’re a psychiatrist?”

“Yes, Mr. Shane. I’m Dr. Zeplin.”

“Do you know hypnosis?” Shane stood up.

“Yes,” Dr. Zeplin nodded his head.

“Great. Follow me.” Shane walked over to the sofa and brought him into the master bedroom.

Curious, Silas trailed behind the two.

In the bedroom, Natalie widened her unblinking eyes at the ceiling like a soulless puppet.

Gulping, Silas said, “Mr. Shane, Ms. Smith...”

“She’s been hypnotized. Can you snap her out of it?” Shane looked at Dr. Zeplin.

The psychiatrist did not reply and checked on Natalie before saying, “Sure. Her condition is not so serious. I can snap her out of it.”

Shane heaved a sigh of relief and eased his tense expression. “I’ll leave it to you then.”

Dr. Zeplin smiled. “Don’t worry, Mr. Shane.”

Shane retracted a few steps, giving way for the psychiatrist to do his job.

After a few minutes, Dr. Zeplin kept his watch and bent down to clap by Natalie's ears. With a snap, she shut her eyes immediately.

"That's it?" Silas asked as he pointed at her.

Dr. Zeplin wiped the sweat off his forehead and said, "It's done. She will wake up in a bit."

"That's... amazing." Silas tilted his brow in wonder.

"Okay, since she's alright now, let's get out of here first," Shane said and headed out the door while Silas and Dr. Zeplin trailed behind him.

The three of them headed toward the foyer.

Shane looked at Stanley who was still on the floor. "Would you please look at him and see how he's doing mentally?"

"Sure," Dr. Zeplin replied and crouched down to examine Stanley's mental state while Shane, Silas, and Dr. Morrison stood and watched.

After half an hour, Dr. Zeplin stood up with a grim expression.

"So, how is he doing?" Shane pursed his lips.

Dr. Zeplin shook his head. "It's not looking good. I just entered his deepest consciousness, and he's on the verge of a mental breakdown as he's overcome with negative sentiments. He has to undergo therapy immediately. Otherwise, he's going to be uncontrollable."

Silas gasped again at the revelation. "Uncontrollable... Do you mean he's going to go mad?"

"He's going to be worse than a madman. A madman wouldn't necessarily become a psychopath, but I can say that he's definitely becoming one. He's going to go out of hand if left unchecked."

"That's terrifying." Silas shuddered.

Shane pursed his thin lips, saying nothing. However, he had made a decision to send Stanley away.

This kind of person should no longer stay by Natalie's side.

"Take him to the hospital, and ask Jackson to confine him. I'll think of what to do with him after Natalie regains her consciousness." Shane looked impassively at Stanley and ordered.

"Understood." Silas nodded.

Then, he led the two doctors and Stanley who was sprawled on the floor away.

After they had left, Shane closed the door behind them and went to the master bedroom.

He was greeted by the sight of the woman who was laying down just moments ago, sitting on the edge of the bed. She rubbed her temples and looked ghastly pale.

“You’re awake?” Shane leaned against the doorframe and asked.

She stopped rubbing on her temples as she noticed his voice and turned around. “Mr. Shane.”

The man mumbled a response and strode toward the side of her bed. “Feeling dizzy?”

Natalie nodded her head weakly. “Yeah. Maybe I had one too many drinks at the bar. Thanks for sending me home, Mr. Shane.”