

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 427

Natalie noticed that her demeanor in the footage was off as well. She seemed blunt and robotic, not at all like her usual self. The only viable explanation would be that she was indeed hypnotized. There was no other way to explain the way she behaved.

She staggered a few steps back as if she had just suffered a blow. "Stanley... does know hypnosis!"

"Are you going to believe me now?" Shane asked as he pointed at the intercom.

Natalie's lips twitched, but there was no sound coming out of her lips.

Then, he touched the screen and continued, "He's not done yet. Look closer and believe me, you will see a whole new side of Stanley Quinn."

The woman clutched her hand tight and said nothing. However, her gaze was already transfixed on the screen of the intercom.

The playback continued.

At the sight of Stanley about to kiss her, her eyes widened as if it was about to pop out of her socket as her body stiffened in response.

Just when she thought the man was about to get his way, Shane appeared. The latter kicked down the door and stopped Stanley.

Natalie heaved a huge sigh of relief and finally relaxed herself.

"Luckily..." She mumbled softly, grateful for Shane's timely appearance.

Her relief did not go unnoticed. Noticing that the woman was beyond relieved at his own appearance, Shane's low spirit lightened up as his lips curled into a smile.

Meanwhile, Natalie had no idea that she had actually appeased the man with her little sigh to herself.

She stared right at the screen. Shane and Stanley were arguing, and moments after the latter fished out a scalpel and launched at Shane.

The woman was dumbfounded by the turn of events.

She shrieked and covered her mouth to muffle her scream. Then, she noticed that Stanley had cut Shane as the latter managed to beat him to the ground.

So that's why his arm is injured!

Natalie then cast a glance at Shane's arm.

The man turned off the intercom. "Now do you know what kind of man Stanley Quinn is?"

Natalie gulped as she was too stunned to speak.

She was at a loss for words. The thing that happened that night was way beyond her comprehension. It was still befuddling to think that the grimaced and psychotic man was the amiable and gentle Stanley Quinn whom she had known.

I really do not know the man at all.

Dismayed, Natalie crouched down and held her knees to herself.

At the sight of her dejected manner, Shane's thin lips formed a hard line. "I've warned you since over a month ago to stay away from that man, and that he's not as simple as you think, but you've paid no heed to my words. That's why he's able to harm you time and again. I couldn't imagine if I haven't coincidentally dropped by tonight, you would have been..."

Natalie shuddered as she listened to him.

I would have been catering to Stanley's every whim if Shane hadn't showed up!

The woman felt an overwhelming urge to vomit, retching at the thought.

Shane's face tensed at the sight of her being all nauseous. He went over to the kitchen and fetched a cup of water. "Drink this."

Tears brimmed in the woman's bloodshot eyes.

She reached out to take the glass. Her heart warmed at the sight of the lemon slice in the glass and finished almost half a glass in one gulp.

Despite being hit by the pang of sourness of the lemon, Natalie thought it was effective in inhibiting her urge to vomit.

As expected, her stomach was feeling much better after the glass of water. The urge to vomit slowly eased as colors gradually returned to her face.

"Thank you, Mr. Shane." Natalie muttered her thanks weakly.

The man took over the glass of water and put it on the shoe cabinet. "How do you plan to deal with Stanley?"

Natalie stood up, ignoring his question and asked, "Where is he right now?"

"At the hospital. He is suffering from a serious mental breakdown. I've asked Jackson to quarantine him," replied Shane as he leaned against the shoe cabinet.