

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 520

“That’s right,” Shane laughed. “Go ahead and shower, then.”

He withdrew the hand that he had secured Natalie’s waist with and helped her up.

The moment Natalie got on her feet, she bolted toward the bathroom as if afraid that Shane would go back on his word if she gave him any time.

Shane watched Natalie’s hasty departure with a smirk on his face. He then drew down his towel from around his neck and continued drying his hair.

Inside the bathroom, Natalie had stripped herself down and entered the bathtub, leaning against its side.

Her presence automatically activated the massager, which began vigorously pressing on her tired muscles.

Letting out a rapturous sigh of relief, she stretched herself out and closed her eyes, enjoying her moment of relaxation.

After approximately half an hour, only when she felt the water starting to get cold around her did Natalie reluctantly climb out of the tub and head back out in her bathrobe.

Shane had turned off the lights in the bedroom, leaving only the soft yellow glow of the bedside lamp. Meanwhile, he was lying completely still on the bed.

Natalie tiptoed over to the side of the bed. She then bent down, peering to see if Shane had indeed fallen asleep.

Just as Natalie tentatively reached out a hand toward Shane, his eyes flew open. With lightning speed, Shane’s hand clutched Natalie’s outstretched one.

“Ah!” Natalie yelped in fright. Before she could comprehend what was happening, she had already been seized into a whirlwind of an embrace and was lying on the bed in Shane’s strong arms.

Natalie blinked and pouted. "You tricked me! Why haven't you slept?"

Tucking Natalie in, Shane replied affectionately, "I wanted to, but your footsteps woke me up."

"Impossible. I was tiptoeing!" Natalie retorted.

Shane pulled Natalie closer to him. "I have very sharp ears. All right, let's sleep now. I'm a little tired."

Shane's last statement succeeded in getting Natalie to concede.

As Natalie looked up at Shane's furrowed brows, dark eyes, and weary face, she felt a sudden wave of tenderness surge within her.

Natalie had been overwhelmed with establishing her business, but things hadn't been easy for Shane during this period either.

Not only was he occupied with running the group, but Shane also had to investigate the truth behind David and his parents' deaths. Furthermore, there was that matter of David's will. Between all these and having to visit Jacqueline in the hospital, it seemed to Natalie that Shane was laden with an impossible weight on his shoulders.

Natalie's heart ached at the thought, but there was nothing she could do for him. Letting out a sigh, Natalie gently caressed his face and burrowed a little deeper into his chest, hoping to return a little of the warmth that he gave her. When she finally found a comfortable spot, Natalie shut her eyes tightly.

"Goodnight," she murmured meekly.

There was no answer from Shane.

Natalie let him sleep in peace. Wrapping an arm around Shane's waist, she, too, fell asleep.

After a while, Shane abruptly woke up. He gazed down fondly at Natalie's peaceful sleeping face, then whispered, "Goodnight," before closing his eyes once again.

The next morning rolled around with Mercede's birthday.

With the aid of Natalie's navigation, Shane's car pulled up at the entrance of an old-fashioned residence.

The sprawling residence occupied over a few hundred square feet. It looked old but was complete with manicured gardens and facilities. It gave off the distinguished air of a battered but nonetheless dignified noble family.

Natalie and Shane both got out of the car, followed by Sharon and Connor.

Awed and excited at the sight of the enormous residence, the kids immediately sprinted toward the imposing gate.

Looking at their eager expressions, Natalie laughed and shook her head. "Slow down! Don't trip and fall," she called after them.

The two children, however, paid no heed to her. Their fingers were already on the doorbell, pressing it enthusiastically.

Shane straightened his shirt while he stood next to Natalie, watching Sharon and Connor amusedly. "Does Ms. Mackenzie live here, then?"

"That's right," Natalie affirmed, nodding her head.

Just as she spoke, the housekeeper, wearing a frumpy gown, emerged from the garden and wrenched open the elaborately wrought gate.

The moment the gate cracked open slightly, Sharon and Connor had already wormed their way in and were sprinting toward the house.