

Natalie told Shane the bar's name and address.

He grunted and hang up the call.

She looked at the screen and put it in sleep mode. Just as she was about to put her phone into her bag, a man's voice suddenly sounded from behind her. "Oh, Nat?"

Sean? She sprang up quickly and turned her head around. Sean stared at her with a bewildered expression while his hand rested on a curvy woman's waist beside him.

A slow smile worked its way across Natalie's face. She looked surprised but pleased to see a familiar face.

"Mr. Sean, hello," she greeted him as she shoved her phone in the bag.

He then let go of his company and signaled for her to go. That woman pursed her lips in annoyance.

Sean narrowed his eyes and gave her a stern glare.

Shocked, she turned pale and left in a haste. But not before casting Natalie a vicious glare.

The latter was speechless. What did I do?

On the other hand, Sean seemed to be in a good mood as he chuckled.

"Mr. Sean, are you done laughing?"

He nodded and tried hard to keep a straight face. "Okay, okay. I'm just amused," he explained as he adjusted his glasses.

"No, thanks to you." She rolled her eyes helplessly.

He shrugged. "I didn't expect to see you here. I mean, you just got married. What are you doing at such a place? Aren't you worried about incurring Shane's wrath?"

"That's none of your business." Natalie hastily slung her mother's bag over her shoulder. She's not alone.

The dim lighting made it difficult for Sean to see the other woman's features. Besides, her head was buried in the crock of her arms.

"Nat, is she your friend?" He pointed to Yulia.

"She's my mom."

"Your mom?" Puzzled, Sean stepped forward to take a closer look. Then he asked, "By the way, your mother is my grandfather's goddaughter. Am I right?"

Natalie dumbfounded. "You knew?"

She didn't expect Sean to know. Shane had been clueless until Yulia told him.

"Grandpa told me he and your mother are very close friends and they often talk to each other," he said as light reflected on his glasses.

"I see."

His gaze shifted to Yulia. "Is she drunk?"

"Yes."

"Do you need a ride home?"

Before Natalie could answer, they heard a man's voice. "Don't bother." It was Shane.

She raised her head in anticipation and said, "You're here."

Shane simply nodded and fixed his icy-cold eyes on his cousin. "I will send my wife and mother-in-law home, so don't bother."

His appearance did not surprise Sean, who merely shrugged. "I'm just trying to help. You don't have to give me that death stare."

Shane gave a sarcastic snort and ignored his cousin. "Let's go," he said to Natalie. Then, he ran his arm around Yulia, and helped her exited the bar.

Natalie smiled at Sean and bid him farewell.

As he watched them left, he rubbed his chin in a deep thought.

Outside the bar, Natalie and Shane helped Yulia into the car. Natalie buckled her seatbelt in the front passenger seat. "I'm glad you're here. Otherwise, I couldn't have managed on my

own”

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Shane’s mouth twisted into a smile. “Sit tight. We’re leaving now.”

“Okay.” Natalie nodded happily.

She felt bad leaving her drunk mother alone in her apartment, so Shane took Yulia back to the villa. He even asked Martha to tidy up the guest room beforehand.

“Mommy, what’s wrong with Grandma?” Sharon asked while she hugged Shane around the neck.

Natalie ruffled her hair and replied, “Grandma is drunk.”

“I see.” Sharon nodded in acknowledgment. Then she tapped Shane on the shoulder. “Daddy, put me down.”

He immediately hunched over and did as told.

As soon as she set foot on the ground, Sharon dashed upstairs. “Mommy, I’m going to see Grandma. I’ll play with Connor later.”

“Alright, but don’t run. You might fall.”

“Okay.” The little girl didn’t bother to give her mother a backward glance.

“Silly girl.”

“Let her be.” Shane slid his hand around Natalie’s waist and guided her to the couch. “You know what? Connor did really well in school.” He changed the subject.

“Really?” Her eyes lit up.

He raised his chin like a proud peacock. “His teacher spoke with me the other day. She wants us to consider letting him skip some grades.”

“Skip grades?” There was surprise and worry in Natalie’s voice. “Connor is in middle school now. If we take his teacher’s recommendation, do you think he can cope with the high school curriculum?”

As they sat down on the couch, Shane kept his arms around her. “Of course. I’ve already asked Connor. He’s totally fine with it, so don’t worry.”

“I see. Okay, I’ll leave it to you.” She nodded and glanced up the stairs where Connor was having his gifted program.

As they were engaged in their conversation, Martha came down the stairs and said, “Sir, madam. I’ve settled Ms. Lawrence in.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Wilson,” Natalie thanked her with a smile.

“I’m just doing my job.” The housekeeper waved her hand dismissively and left to do her chores.

A moment later, Natalie yawned. Shane reached out to caress her cheek.

“Are you sleepy?”

“Yup,” she responded drowsily and rested her head on his shoulder.

Suddenly, he scooped her up. Startled, Natalie immediately wrapped her arms around his neck.

“What are you doing?”

“Bringing you to bed.” He glanced at her and continued up the stairs.

She didn’t want to alarm Martha, hence she whispered, “No, put me down. I can go on my own.”

Her words didn’t stop him at all.

Left with no choice, Natalie buried her head into the crook of his neck.

They arrived in the bedroom. Instead of putting her on the bed, Shane finally set her down in the bathroom.

She filled the bathtub with water for her shower. However, she cocked a brow at Shane when he stood rooted to his spot and loosened his tie. “Aren’t you leaving?”

“Let’s bathe together.” His eyes were burning with desire.

“Erm...” Natalie couldn’t believe her ears.

No way!

"I'll bathe after you're done." She put the towel back on the shelf and spun around to leave the bathroom.

Shane grabbed her wrist, pulled her closer to him, and hugged her tightly from behind as he rested his chin on her shoulder. "Why are you running?" he asked hoarsely.

"I don't want to bathe with you."

"Why?" He frowned.

"I know what you're trying to do." They exchanged glances.

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Shane could read his wife's mind.

Amused, he said, "Don't worry. I won't do anything. Let's just bath."

As he spoke, his hand slid beneath her blouse, up her waist.

His touch sent a wave of goosebumps covering her body. "Stop it. You're tickling me!" She squirmed within his grasp and giggled uncontrollably.

"You will feel better after we're in the tub." Shane picked her up and stepped into the bathtub. He even undressed her effortlessly!

Natalie blushed a bright red as she tried frantically to cover herself. She was soaked and her hair was dripping wet, but he found her alluring.

Lust intensified in Shane's eyes; his Adam's apple bobbed as he gulped. Then he lifted her chin tenderly and kissed her.

She shoved him away while panting. "You said you won't do anything to me."

"Yeah."

"Then, why..."

"I didn't state a date or time."

Shane cut Natalie off with a kiss as he imprisoned her head in his hands to prevent her from escaping.

Unable to resist, she squeezed her eyes shut as they locked lips.

D\*mn you! How could you go back on your word?

After a long soak in the tub, they finally got out and donned their robes.

Natalie was so exhausted that she could barely lift a finger. Shane voluntarily dried her hair and carried her to the bed.

"Sleep tight." He kissed her goodnight.

She grunted a reply after closing her eyes obediently and fell asleep immediately.

When Natalie was awake the next morning, Shane was already gone. Nevertheless, she was relieved that his spot still felt warm to her touch.

After a few stretches, she flipped the blanket aside to take care of her morning routine. Then she walked out of the room and headed downstairs.

Yulia was playing with her two grandchildren on the living room couch. Shane sat opposite them, reading some documents on his tablet.

Natalie watched them from the stairs wearing a contented smile. She felt blessed to have such a wonderful family.

Shane set his tablet aside when he caught her staring. "Why are you standing in a daze? Come here."

Yulia and the kids stopped whatever they were doing and followed his gaze.

"Mommy!" Connor and Sharon waved at her.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Natalie waved back at them and made her way down the stairs.

"Good morning, Mom, Shane," she greeted as she ruffled her children's hair.

Sharon pried her hand away and pouted. "Mommy, don't touch my hair! You will mess up my braids."

"It looks like she really likes her hairstyle." Yulia chuckled.

"Of course! Daddy braided it," she proudly boasted.

"Really?" Natalie glanced at Shane in disbelief. It was a side of him she didn't know.

A subtle smile played on his lips.

Yulia nodded and answered, "Yes, he did."

"Mommy, Daddy did it better than you. Don't I look pretty today?" Sharon showed off her braids smugly.

"Tsk, tsk!" Connor rolled his eyes at his sister.

Ignoring her twin, the girl came down from the couch and ran to his father. "Daddy, look! Mommy messed up my braids."