

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 655

Shane's eyes flashed with excitement at the new offer.
Well, I can't be too unreasonable.
With a grunt, he hung up.
Natalie knew him well enough to know that he had agreed. With a chuckle, she turned her attention back to Joyce. "I'm sacrificing so much for you, Joyce. When we go back, you're going to work extra hard for me."
At those words, Natalie turned off the light and with an almighty yawn, shut her eyes and drifted off to sleep almost immediately.
It had been a long day for her, after the jet lag and the night of drinking. Her head began to feel heavy for wanting to get some sleep.
The following day, Joyce woke up feeling rejuvenated. She was dumbfounded at the sight of Natalie sleeping next to her.
"Nat, why are you in my bed?" Joyce gave Natalie a shove.
"What's going on?" Natalie mumbled as she opened her bleary eyes.
"You tell me! Why are you in my bed?" Joyce persisted.
Natalie massaged her head as she struggled to sit upright. "You have the nerve to ask me that!" she replied in a huff. "You were so drunk last night that after I'd dropped you off in your room, you cried and clung on to me, insisting that I kept you company."

"Was... was that what happened?" Joyce strained to recall the events of the night before through the haze of champagne and tears. Unfortunately, nothing came to her mind. Natalie yawned and threw off the quilt. "Go back to sleep if you're still feeling dizzy," she suggested. "You had a lot to drink last night. I have to console our friend. He wasn't happy that I didn't return to him last night."
Natalie slipped on her shoes and left Joyce alone in her room, who was sitting on the bed with a sluggish expression on her face.
Natalie opened the door cautiously and tiptoed toward the bed as she did not know if Shane was already up.
The quilt was thrown off but he was nowhere to be seen.
"Where did he go?" Natalie muttered to herself.

Just as she was about to search for him, a pair of arms shot out and wrapped tightly around her waist, rendering her immobile. She was distinctly aware of the heartbeat against her back and the frantic breathing on the top of her head. "You're finally back." came Shane's low voice from above her head. "Where did you go?" Natalie stuck her tongue out at him in response to his levity. Shane did not answer but spun her around to face him. After gazing at her for some moments, he lifted her chin to kiss her. Natalie's eyes widened in horror. "I have not brushed my teeth!" she protested as she shoved him away from her. Shane did not respond to that either but kissed her with renewed passion. It was more forceful than the first time, as though it carried a hint of a punishment of some sort as he nibbled and gnawed at her lips.

It soon became clear to Natalie that that was indeed a punishment. A punishment for her breaking her promise to him the night before. Natalie did not attempt to push him away after that realization. Instead, she wrapped her arms around his neck and responded to his enthusiasm. If he did not mind her stale morning breath, she would gladly reciprocate. Soon, Shane's appetite evolved beyond kissing. With a powerful heave, he threw Natalie onto the bed. Natalie was as eager as he was and began to undo her dress. The morning was spent in a frenzy of passion. It was already half-past eleven when the storm was over. Natalie's stomach growled like a starving lion, but she could not even open her eyes from the intensity of her earlier exertion. Shane, on the other hand stood over the bed to gaze at her with a satisfied smirk. Despite the numerous times they had been together, Natalie was still not used to him seeing her naked. She pulled the sheets over her as she blushed shyly. "What are you looking at?" Natalie rolled her eyes. Shane picked up the bathrobe from the floor and donned it. "Come on, I'll take you in for a shower." "I'll have a shower by myself," she replied as she rubbed her temples. Shane acted as though he did not hear her. Whipping off the sheets, he lifted her out of bed in his arms. "You..." Natalie's eyes widened in shock.

“Stop moving,” Shane chastised with a smack on her buttocks. “Don’t you want to have lunch soon?”

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Natalie was very conscious of the change in Shane. “Why are you...”

“What now?” Shane gazed down at her with amusement.

Natalie avoided his eyes, still red in the face. “Nothing. We should get a move on.”

Shane chuckled softly and made haste toward the bathroom. Placing her in the tub, he then

proceeded to turn on the faucets.

When the water level was satisfactory, he disrobed and climbed right in with Natalie.

It was a spacious tub. The couple could stretch out comfortably and still had ample space

left. Natalie did not kick him out, but allowed him to hold her in his arms as they soaked

placidly in the warm bath.

After almost half an hour, the water began to turn cold. It was then that the couple climbed

out to tidy up and got dressed.

Shane led Natalie to the hotel’s restaurant. As soon as they entered, Joyce was waving them

over. “Nat! Mr. Thompson! Over here!”

Natalie waved in response. “Darling, let’s sit with Joyce.”

Shane stood where he was, casting a cold glare at Joyce’s direction.

Joyce’s cheery smile froze on her face. Why is he staring at me like that? Did I do something

wrong?

Natalie had sensed Shane’s displeasure with Joyce too. In a split second, she had deduced

the cause of it. “Are you still jealous of Joyce from yesterday?” she laughed, shaking her

head.

“No, I’m not.” Shane looked away.

Natalie did not believe a word of that reply. “Fine, we can have our own table. We don’t have

to sit with Joyce.”

Shane grunted noncommittedly, as he strode off in search for one.

Natalie was in no hurry. In a couple of gestures, she had conveyed their intentions to Joyce

from afar before running off after Shane.

Joyce scratched her head, unable to comprehend why the couple opted to sit by themselves

instead of with her.

At that moment, Lina emerged with a glass of milk in her hand. "What's up?" she asked with a pat on Joyce's shoulder.

"I just saw Nat and Mr. Thompson," Joyce answered.

"Well, where are they?" Lina turned to the direction of Joyce's eyes.

"They are sitting someplace else. I couldn't understand why they wouldn't sit with me. Mr.

Thompson is behaving very strangely too. He looked as if he wasn't happy to see me."

Natalie was so deep in thought that her head was tilted to one side.

"You really don't understand why?" Lina pursed her lips in exasperation.

"No, I don't."

Lina stared at Joyce, speechless. "It's so obvious, and you still can't see it."

"Tell me, then," Joyce urged.

Lina sighed. "Mr. Thompson is jealous obviously. Didn't you tell me earlier today that Nat

spent the night in your room? Have you forgotten the fact that Nat and Mr.

Thompson are

husband and wife? Mr. Thompson had to spend the night alone when Nat was with you. You

have deprived him of his wife's company, and that is why he isn't happy to see you!"

Joyce listened to Lina with rapt attention and sighed heavily when she was done. "I did not

do it on purpose," she protested, near tears. "I did not even know that Nat would keep me

company last night. If I did, I wouldn't have been as drunk as I was. And now look what

happened! I'd gotten on Mr. Thompson's bad side! What am I supposed to do, Lina?"

"How would I know?" Lina retorted. "Mr. Thompson is so petty that he even gets jealous of

women." Lina stroked her chin as she tutted.

Joyce gave a sardonic laugh. "Hopefully Mr. Thompson does not kill me for it."

"How would that be possible? We live in a society governed by the law. Finish up your lunch,

Joyce. Mr. Thompson wouldn't do anything to you. You're a woman, anyway. The most he

could do is to give you the stink eye. If you were a man, that could go down very differently

for you."

Joyce cringed visibly. "That would be a cause for celebration, I suppose."

Natalie did not know that Shane had frightened Joyce. At the moment, they were enjoying

their lunch and each other's company in silence.

“When are we going back?” Natalie asked as she wiped her lips upon completion of her meal. “I miss Connor and Sharon.”