

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 242

Once Natalie opened the door, she brought Stanley to one of the bedrooms.

“Stanley, we’re here.” She lightly shook her shoulders to remind him.

He gave no reaction.

Natalie turned her head to look at him only to realize that his eyes were closed.

Under the impression that he was asleep, she attempted to bend down so she could toss him onto the bed.

All of a sudden, Stanley held onto her waist and they fell onto the bed together.

She lay there stiff in his warm embrace. After a long while, she mustered the courage to push him away and said embarrassedly, “Stanley, let go of me.”

“Stop moving, I’m feeling giddy.” Not only did Stanley not release her, but he also tightened his grasp.

Natalie’s brows furrowed. She was not used to being so intimate with him. Sorry for this, Stanley. Employing all the strength she had, she pried his hand away from her waist and effectively got out of his clutches.

“Have a good rest,” mumbled Natalie as the back of her hand gently grazed his forehead. She leaned over to remove his shoes before tucking him into the blanket. Then, she quietly left the room.

The moment the door closed, Stanley’s eyes flew open. He cautiously lifted his head and glanced at the door for a while before lying back onto the pillow and shutting his eyes.

Natalie had barely just settled down in the suite’s living room before the doorbell rang.

As she strode over to answer the door, she massaged her sore arms. On the other side of the door stood the hotel manager and a cleaning lady.

The manager greeted Natalie with a wide grin and a deep bow. "Hello Miss, how are you today?"

Natalie held onto the door handle as she gave him a polite smile and answered, "Hello, is there any issue?"

"I'm afraid there's been a minor issue with the functionality of the facilities in one of the bedrooms of this suite. We're afraid it will cause you and your friend inconvenience. Hence, the hotel is upgrading you or your friend to move a special suite," replied the manager.

Natalie blankly stared back at him before questioning, "There's a problem in one of the bedrooms? Which one is it?"

"I'm not too sure about that as well. The cleaning lady over here will know once she inspects the room," the manager said as he gestured the cleaning lady to move forward.

Natalie released the door handle and gestured for them to come in. "Come on in."

The cleaning lady nodded and followed behind her. She then pointed to the bedroom that had its door wide open and declared, "That's the one."

Natalie raised an eyebrow quizzically.

It turned out to be the room she wanted to move in to.

At the side, the manager had been studying Natalie closely. Her expression told him that the cleaning lady got the right room.

Thankfully, the hotel had a policy where guests were to leave their bedroom door open when there were no guests around. Otherwise, their plan may have fallen through.

“Miss, we’ll send someone to fix the room as soon as possible. But for now, I’m afraid it’s uninhabitable. Would you or your friend be moving to the other suite?” The manager inquired with a polite tone.

Natalie grabbed her bags and said, “I’ll go. My friend’s still suffering from motion sickness and he’s already resting. I don’t want to wake him up.”

“Alright, please come with me.” The manager led the way and signaled for her to follow.

Natalie hemmed before tailing along.

When they entered the new suite, Natalie recognized that it was significantly larger than their original suite. It was definitely comparable to a presidential suite.

“Miss, we’ll leave you alone to settle down. We shall take our leave now,” the manager remarked after noticing that she was occupied with assessing the room. He beckoned to the cleaning lady to vacate the room before Natalie was left alone in the magnificent suite.

Natalie was about to ask if they made a mistake with the arrangements when the door closed shut. Left with no choice, she decided to take a bath leisurely. After she was done, she promptly fell asleep.

By the time Stanley’s phone call woke her up, the sky was already pitch dark. His anxious voice was the first thing that greeted her, “Nat, where did you go?”

Still drowsy from her slumber, she gently rubbed her eyes as she mumbled, “I’m in the hotel room.”

“But I don’t see you,” uttered Stanley as he clenched his phone harder.

That was when Natalie recalled the incident with the room. Giving herself a gentle smack on the forehead, she hurriedly recounted the encounter with the manager to him.

The distress he felt slowly dissipated after her explanation, but his brows wrinkled as he questioned, "There was something wrong with the room facilities?"