

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 269

When she saw who was calling, a complicated mix of emotions appeared on her face.

Shane managed to sneak a peek at the caller ID, too. His eyes narrowed dangerously when he realized who it was. All of a sudden, he had the urge to snatch Natalie's phone away from her and reject the call on her behalf.

Before he could do that, however, Natalie had picked up the call. "Hey, Stanley. Are you awake now?"

Shane stared icily at her phone, trying to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Natalie sensed his curious gaze. However, she didn't particularly care—he could listen in if he really wanted to.

"I just woke up, but I didn't see you around. The caretaker told me you went back home." On the other end of the line, Stanley was lying on the hospital bed, his face pale and pallid with illness.

Natalie admitted it. "I left yesterday night, and my plane only arrived this morning."

Stanley coughed twice. His gaze darkening a little, he asked, "Did you leave because of me?"

Natalie pursed her lips. "Not entirely. I had to come back for an important meeting."

"I'm sorry, Nat. I must have scared you, didn't I? I was drunk then! I didn't know what I was doing! I only realized how oafishly I must have behaved in front of you when I woke up. I'm really sorry, Nat. Please forgive me!" Stanley pleaded over the phone.

However, there was no hint of apology in his eyes. Instead, the expression in his eyes turned even darker.

Of course, Natalie didn't see that. She immediately believed his apology, and the uneasy feeling she had been harboring towards him disappeared. Even the smile on her face became more natural. "Alright, I forgive you."

Hearing this, Shane pressed his lips into a thin line.

Although he couldn't hear what Stanley was saying, he could develop a hunch about the content based on Natalie's words. That made him feel very annoyed.

On the other end of the line, Stanley said joyfully, "Do you really mean that? Thank you so much, Nat."

"Yes, I do. In the future, however, you should..."

"I know, Stanley interrupted her. He pushed his glasses up his nose bridge slightly, a steely glint flashing in his eyes. "I will never drink so much and try to do those awful things to you again. But Nat, I was serious about my confession. I've liked you for five years. I fell in love with you the first time I met you."

Natalie hadn't expected him to confess to her again over the phone. Her heart skipped a beat as she snuck a rather guilty look at Shane.

The look of guilt on her face made Shane feel a little perturbed. He couldn't help but raise his eyebrows a little.

Why did she look so guilty?

"Stanley, please don't say that anymore." Natalie clamped a hand over the speakers of her cell phone and spoke even more quietly. "You know I don't like you that way."

Although she was speaking as softly as she could, Shane heard her anyway. His lips twitched a little.

“I know. I don’t have any intentions towards you. All I wanted to do was to confess to you while I’m in the right state of mind. After all, I’ve liked you for five years. If I don’t let you know, I’ll never be able to forgive myself.” Stanley bowed his head and laughed helplessly.

Natalie bit her lip. “I’m really sorry, Stanley...”

“Please don’t apologize. I should be the one saying sorry to you. My feelings towards you have only caused you trouble. Don’t worry. Since you’ve already rejected me, I won’t try my luck with you ever again. Why don’t we go back to how we used to be?” Stanley asked gently, gazing unblinkingly at the white fabric of his blanket.

However, there wasn’t a shred of gentleness on his face at all. Instead, his expression was so grim that it would have given anyone a scare.

Natalie couldn’t see his face over the phone, and thus, she wouldn’t know of his expression. Happily, she replied, “Alright!”

She had been worrying about how her interactions with Stanley were going to be like going forward.

Since he had suggested this by himself, she thought she might as well go along with him.

Stanley pushed his glasses up again and shot a glance at the nurse who had just entered his room. “That’s all good, then. Nat, I have to go. I have another medical check-up I have to get to.”

Natalie said goodbye and hung up the phone.

Shane folded his arms across his chest and looked at her with consternation. "You're going to forgive him just like that?"

"Why not?" Natalie retorted as she put her phone away. "He only did that to me because he was drunk."

Shane burst into incredulous laughter. "Are you so sure about that?"

"What other reason could there be?" Natalie asked, meeting his eyes defiantly. Her expression was very serious. "I understand Stanley's character, after all. I've known him for five years. I know what sort of person he's like. He has never done something like this to me before. That was a complete accident on his part."