

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 307

Natalie hit Sean more than a dozen times in a row. Finally, the pent-up tension in her whole being was spent and she felt relieved. She put down her bag, pointed at the woman facing her, and asked Sean with a cold icy tone, "Go ahead and tell me who she is!"

Before Sean could open his mouth, the woman banged on the table and stood up. "I would like to know who you are! The moment you entered, you started to beat my blind date. Isn't that going too far?"

"Blind date?" Natalie's face turned pale as if she had been traumatized and her body shook. She took two steps back, held her chest, and looked at Sean sadly. "Sean Thompson, you ba*tard! We have been married for so long and our child is so grown up. How dare you go on a blind date! You...I will kill you!"

At that, Natalie took up her bag and started to beat him again.

Not expecting her second attack, Sean picked up the menu from the table and tried to block off her blows.

Connor remembered his part, too. He glanced around and started crying, "Boo hoo hoo, bad Daddy, you don't love Mommy or me anymore. Boo hoo hoo..."

Instantly, the private room was filled with the sound of beatings, cries for mercy, and a child crying. That was complete pandemonium.

Unable to tolerate the noise anymore, the woman stood up and stamped her foot. "Are you done?"

At this, Natalie stopped beating Sean who put down the menu and Connor stopped bawling.

There were no tears on the Connor's face. He only made the sound of crying.

The two adults and the child looked at the woman.

The woman's chest was heaving violently and she trembled as she pointed at Sean. "Are you married?"

Sean pushed back his lopsided glasses. "I'm sorry I lied. I got married five years ago. This is my wife and that is my kid."

He put one arm around Natalie and the other one on Connor's head.

Natalie shuddered at the way he called her 'his wife'. Her skin crawled and she wanted to push him away.

Then, she remembered that she was acting a part and stopped herself.

"You have married five years ago? So why haven't I heard about it? Why would Mr. Sam Thompson ask me to have a blind date with you?" The woman looked at Natalie and then at Connor as her voice rose to a higher pitch.

Natalie was so sad that she lowered her head to wipe away her tears. "That is because we are not accepted, so we got married secretly. I thought that if I persevered for a few years, our marriage would be recognized. I have never expected this crook to listen to his dad and go on a blind date."

Sean's lips twitched. Deep inside, he saluted Natalie.

She can lie without pausing to make up a story and she does not even blush or feel guilty.

Seeing Sean keeping quiet and looking guilty, the woman believed Natalie completely. She was hopping mad. "You are already married and you still go on a blind date with me. What do you think I am? You are so shameless!"

As the woman finished speaking, she picked up the glass of red wine amidst Natalie's surprised yelling and splashed it on his face. Then she banged the glass on the table and turned around to leave.

Hearing the door being slammed shut, Natalie and Connor both shuddered.

Natalie swallowed and looked at Sean shyly. "Mr. Sean, are you alright?"

Sean's face was black as thunder while brushing away the red wine from his face and hair. He put on a fake smile and replied, "What do you think? How can I be fine when I'm covered in red wine. It's all your fault!"

Natalie avoided his eyes and played with her own fingers, instead. "What's the matter? Didn't you ask me to mess up your blind date? If I did not do something drastic, the woman would not believe us. Did you see how decisive she was? I did a great job, didn't I?"

"It's pretty good, but we only agreed that you pretend to be my wife. You were not supposed to beat me. So, can I presume that you were using the opportunity to exact revenge, my dear wife?" Sean stood up, smirking and leaning close to Scarlett.

Natalie took a step backwards leading Connor by his hand. "Do not call me your wife. When did we get married?"