

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 422

The cashier locked gaze with Stanley and understood what the latter meant. He nodded at Stanley and mentioned that he would ask someone to send Joyce home.

Stanley mumbled a response, took his bank card back, and steadied Natalie out of the bar.

Upon reaching her car, Stanley asked, "Nat, where's your car keys?"

Natalie was stumped and narrowed her eyes at the man before her. "Mr. Shane, what did you call me?"

Stanley realized that he made a blunder right then. Instead of panicking, the man's lips curled into the ghost of a smile as he calmly replied, "I called you Nat. Don't you like it?"

The woman gazed into his deep-set gaze and felt herself zoning out. Her alluring red lips nudged as she intuitively replied, "I... like it."

"As long as you like it." Stanley's eyes glinted as he fumbled for her car keys in her bag.

After unlocking the car, Stanley helped her into the car. She had lost all coordination of her movements as she let Stanley control her every move like she was a puppet.

Stanley brushed his hand against her cheeks after he secured the seatbelt on her.

In a daze, Natalie did not try to resist throughout the whole exchange as if she had lost all sensation.

He relished at the sight of her being all meek and submissive as a sick smile crept up his face.

He lowered his head to peck her on her forehead as he mumbled to himself, "Nat, how I wish you'd always be this meek."

That way, he would not have to resort to hypnotizing her into thinking that he was Shane.

She would never resist Shane Thompson's touch. If she was sober right now, she would have retreated away if I kissed and touched her like that.

Stanley's lips twitched momentarily in dismay at the thought.

Then, he closed the door on the passenger side and got into the driver's seat. He stepped on the pedal in the direction of her apartment.

He had his mind set on possessing her that night, even if she thought he was Shane Thompson. In fact, the man was planning to tell her that she was drunk and had mistaken him for Shane the following day.

Stanley could no longer sit idly by as the scales were starting to tip in his disfavor. The twins had started to address Shane as their father and were even trying to matchmake the two. I cannot let that happen. Nat is mine!

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel as his face distorted with pure hatred. Slamming on the accelerator, it took him only less than twenty minutes to get back to her apartment.

"Nat, we're here. Let's get off the car." Stanley parked the car, and he looked his usual amiable self again as he unbuckled her seatbelt.

The woman absentmindedly nodded her head and got off the car.

Stanley took her hand and led her into the apartment building.

A black Bentley stopped by the building right after they entered it.

Silas wound down the car window and looked at the entrance of the building. He turned around to the back seat and said, "Mr. Shane, I think I spotted Ms. Smith and Dr. Quinn."

"Are you sure?" Shane furrowed his brows.

"I'm positive," Silas reported.

I'll never mistake Ms. Smith for another person.

Shane pursed his lips into a hard line. He got off the car, his gaze darkened as he looked at the entrance of the building.

Why is she bringing him back at such an ungodly hour?

His face sank as he strode toward the entrance.

After a few minutes, he headed out of the elevator and reached Natalie's apartment.

Her door was closed, and he could not see what was happening inside. However, a sound could be heard coming from inside. "Nat, who am I?"

It's Stanley!

Shane narrowed his eyes as he stared right at the door before him.

Natalie's voice could be heard the next moment. However, she sounded odd and robotic as there were no inflections in her tone. "You... are Mr. Shane."

"Bingo!" Stanley looked at the woman underneath him and snickered.

Even though he loathed being mistaken for Shane, his desire to possess the woman overpowered him.

It doesn't matter now, does it?