

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 504

As she was walking back into the house, Mrs. Wilson came up to announce that dinner was ready.

Even though Shane had yet to come home, Natalie and the kids decided to go ahead and have their meal first.

However, it was their first time since moving to the villa that they were eating without Shane, so they couldn't help but feel that something was out of place.

After dinner, Connor's teacher arrived on time and held their lesson in the study.

Natalie tried to listen in on the lesson but gave up when she felt a headache setting in from the information overload.

After showering Sharon and preparing her for bed, they heard the sound of a car engine outside the villa.

"Mommy, is Daddy home?" Sharon asked as she climbed into bed.

"I think he is. Go to sleep now. I'll go take a look."

Sharon said nothing more as she nodded obediently.

After tucking Sharon in and giving her a goodnight's kiss, Natalie made her way down to look for Shane.

She had only just gotten to the living room when she saw Shane walk in without his suit jacket.

Though slightly taken aback, Natalie could guess that his suit jacket was probably with Jacqueline.

Well, it seems that he does lend his jacket to others too and not just me.

"What's wrong? Why are you standing there in a daze?" Shane asked when he saw Natalie spacing out at the foot of the stairs.

"It's nothing. Why are you back so late?"

"I kept Jacqueline company and asked her doctor about her condition," Shane replied as he sat on the sofa, rubbing his temples.

Natalie's heart ached when she saw how exhausted Shane was. She walked up behind him and started to give him a massage.

Shane was initially shocked by the sudden touch, but when he realized it was Natalie, he soon calmed down and relished the moment.

Natalie was pleased to know that her massage was working when she felt Shane finally relaxing. "How's Ms. Graham's condition?"

"Her recovery's going pretty well. The only problem is the eyes," Shane mumbled. "They don't think her eyes will last much longer."

Natalie's hand paused for a split second but quickly resumed massaging Shane.

"Is it because of the cornea?" she asked.

Shane merely grunted in acknowledgement.

It wasn't long ago when Stanley told her about Jacqueline's interest in her cornea. That memory made her heart sink, and she decided to probe Shane further. "When does Ms. Graham intend to have the operation? Has she found a cornea transplant?"

"Yes, the operation's next month."

Natalie's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. "Whose cornea is she getting?"

"I have no idea," Shane muttered with a shake of his head. "Donor's particulars are confidential, so I didn't ask Jackson either."

Natalie nodded and heaved a sigh of relief.

With the operation being next month and a donor already lined up, it seemed like she had been worrying for no reason.

However, she remembered Jackson saying Jacqueline wasn't happy with the pair of corneas the hospital had picked for her and had found another pair. Is she going with the pair she has picked?

"Are you spacing out again?" Shane asked when he realized Natalie had stopped the massage even though her hands were still on him.

It was the third time that night that Natalie's mind had wandered off.

There was a twinkle in her eye as she snapped back to reality. "No, no. I think I'm just tired."

"Are you sleepy?" Shane asked with a suggestive raising of his brow.

Natalie replied with a yawn, "Yes, a little."

"Let's head upstairs then."

With that, he pulled her up the stairs and into their room.

After yet another intense and raunchy night, Natalie went to work the next day feeling sore all over.

Naturally, Joyce couldn't pass up the opportunity to tease her best friend.

"Oh, stop laughing!" Natalie scolded while smacking Joyce in mock annoyance. "Come on. We still have to meet Mr. Plumlee at Blue Sky Restaurant."

"Alright, alright. I'll stop laughing," Joyce replied, still trying to stifle her laughter but to no avail.

Natalie ignored her and walked out of the studio with her design notes in hand.

Joyce followed behind, and before long, they had arrived at the restaurant.