

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 561

"I-" Mrs. Wilson looked away sheepishly, not knowing how to answer.

Shane narrowed his eyes impatiently and barked, "Spit it out!"

Mrs. Wilson flinched and realized that she wasn't able to hide it any longer. She finally admitted, "T-They were rocky mountain oysters."

Rocky mountain oysters?

Shane's expression darkened immediately at those three words.

Why is she making that? Do I look like the kind of man who would need such supplements?

Natalie had stopped laughing, but at the sight of Shane's indignant face, a stifled giggle burst out.

Shane looked at her, his eyes flashing dangerously. "You knew all along?"

Natalie wiped away the tears she got from laughing too hard. "Not all along. Just recently."

"So you kept it from me and tricked me into eating them on purpose?" Shane's thin lips pressed into a firm line.

Natalie stuck out her tongue. "I just didn't want Mrs. Wilson's effort to go to waste."

“Go to waste?” Shane smirked ambiguously. “Don’t use that as an excuse. You probably wanted to make fun of me too, right?”

“N-No...” Natalie lowered her head sheepishly.

Shane stood up and placed one hand on the table as he reached out the other to grab Natalie’s chin.

He then tilted her head up and kissed Natalie under her confused gaze.

Her eyes immediately widened and she stiffened in shock.

Mrs. Wilson was taken aback by the sight and her face reddened instantly. She quickly placed a hand over her eyes and shuffled out of the room.

How could Sir and Madam be that bold? In broad daylight too! Well, at least that shows that they’re clearly in love. I shouldn’t interfere.

Natalie finally came to her senses and pushed at Shane lightly with a bright red face.

However, he held on to her chin even tighter and deepened the kiss until she was almost out of breath.

After he finally broke the kiss, she stared at him reproachfully as she gasped for air. “Why did you kiss me out of nowhere? Mrs. Wilson saw everything.”

Shane wiped his mouth slightly and said matter-of-factly, “So what? She should get used to it. She’ll be seeing it a lot more often.”

“You-” Natalie was dumbfounded by his logic and the corners of her mouth twitched.

He smirked. “Still find all of this funny?”

“Huh?” she asked in confusion.

He let go of her chin and stepped back. “You laughed at me for eating those disgusting oysters, but now we both taste the same. Still find it funny?”

She finally realized what he was talking about and glared at him, her eyes as round as saucers. She landed weak punches on his chest as she complained, "You're despicable, Shane Thompson!"

Shane's eyes glinted in good humor as he grabbed her hands and squeezed them tenderly. "Okay, let's continue eating. We can brush our teeth afterward."

"Obviously," Natalie said with a roll of her eyes. She pulled her hands away and sat back down to eat.

Shane finally stopped teasing her and continued eating as well.

After their meal, the two went back to their room and brushed their teeth to get rid of that disgusting taste. They only went back to their companies after making sure there was no trace of it left.

The moment Natalie arrived, Joyce started teasing her. "So, how was your wedding night, Nat?"

How was my wedding night?

Natalie's gaze darkened but it disappeared as quickly as it had come. She took out her keys to open her office door. "Can't you tell?"

"Nope." Joyce shook her head and circled Natalie like a shark as she observed out loud, "You don't look all flushed and energized like the last few times. Before this, it was so obvious that you had a great time, but now, you look almost like you didn't get any sleep. You're not even walking weirdly. What? Could it be that Mr. Shane can't get it up anymore?"

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“Screw off,” Natalie huffed, feeling both amused and slightly annoyed by Joyce’s comment. “You’re the one who can’t do it.”

“Do what? I’m not a guy, so it doesn’t matter. It’s different for Mr. Shane. Come on, answer me. How was it?” Joyce nudged Natalie’s shoulder with a devilish glint in her eyes.

Natalie walked into her office. “Nothing happened.”

“Nothing at all?” Joyce said in shock. “But you’re newlyweds! How could Mr. Shane bear it?”

Natalie sat down and started massaging her nose bridge as she replied, “He went to the hospital to visit Jacqueline last night.”

“What?” Joyce was clearly taken aback. “So he spent the night with Jacqueline?”

Natalie hummed in response.

“But why?” Joyce asked in confusion.

Natalie turned her computer on and started telling Joyce about everything that happened last night.

Joyce slammed her palm on the desk after hearing Natalie’s story. “What the hell? How can she be so shameless? She probably got herself sick on purpose to get Mr. Shane’s attention so she could separate the two of you!”

She knew Jacqueline's tricks well. When Stanley got hospitalized, Jacqueline found plenty of excuses to come and visit him, so Joyce naturally came to know Jacqueline. She was also well aware of the relationship between Jacqueline and Shane.

Joyce was already fully convinced that Jacqueline had done it on purpose.

"Whatever. I don't care if she did it on purpose or not. Let's just leave it behind us," Natalie said with a wave of her hand, clearly trying to change the topic.

Joyce pouted unhappily. "How can you just let it go so easily? She's clearly trying to mock you. She's trying to show you how important she is to Mr. Shane! I mean, she managed to get him to leave you to visit her on your wedding night! D\*mn! What was Mr. Shane thinking? It was your wedding night, for goodness sake!"

Natalie leaned against her chair with a sigh. "They've known each other since they were kids and are also god-siblings. It would be even weirder if he didn't visit Jacqueline when she was on the brink of death. So I could understand why he felt the need to visit her."

"You're understanding it but Jacqueline clearly isn't. Trust me, this won't be the last time. She definitely has more tricks up her sleeves to snatch Mr. Shane away from you," Joyce said definitively with her arms crossed.

Natalie's gaze darkened. "I know. That's why I warned him last night never to do that again, and he also agreed to it."

"Hopefully, he keeps that promise," Joyce said with a shrug. She clearly wasn't entirely convinced by Shane's promise.

Natalie could tell and simply pursed her lips, remaining silent.

After all, even she didn't fully trust Shane.

Would he really be willing to stay with me no matter what happened to Jacqueline next time?

Deep down, she knew the answer was no. If it came to a matter of Jacqueline's life and death, Shane would have no way of really leaving her to die alone. Of course, if she were in Shane's position, she would do the same. That was why she could understand him.

Just when she was in deep thought, her phone rang.

Joyce glanced at it and her mouth twitched. "Speak of the devil. Nat, it's Jacqueline."

At the mention of Jacqueline's name, Natalie hurriedly looked over. Indeed, Jacqueline's name was flashing on the screen.

"I don't even know why she's calling, but I bet it's not going to be anything good," Joyce huffed coldly.

Natalie smiled and picked up the call, putting Jacqueline on speakerphone. "Hey, Ms. Graham?"

"Ms. Smith, I'm not bothering you, am I?" Jacqueline's frail voice sounded through the speakers. She seemed even weaker than usual, as if she would pass out right after speaking. Joyce could feel goosebumps on her arms at Jacqueline's performance.

She hated nothing more than exaggerated weak and breathy voices. Look at you! Acting and trying to get people's attention on purpose! she thought with a scoff.

If there wasn't the possibility that Jacqueline could actually be weak right now, Joyce would have snatched over the phone and yelled at her to stop acting all delicate.

"No. What's wrong?" Natalie asked with a faint smile.