

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 30

“Mr. Shane, are you okay?” asked Natalie with a pale face and a forehead covered with cold sweat.

Shane moved his lips and said, “I’m okay.”

“That’s good,” she said, heaving a sigh of reprieve.

Looking at her grimly with a conflicted expression, he asked, “Why did you save me?”

He saw firsthand how she rushed to rescue him without any hesitation the moment the beam fell down.

She seemed overly concerned about him getting hurt.

“Isn’t it normal to save others?” Natalie weakly replied while smiling to shrug it off.

After all, he was only here to help. If he had been the one injured, she would feel really bad.

“Mommy, are you okay?” Connor asked anxiously as he raced over with Sharon tagging behind.

Sharon was in tears. “Mommy, you’re bleeding. Boohoo...”

Watching the two young ones getting all nervous and concerned about her, Natalie felt the warmth in her heart. Biting her lips to endure the pain, she comforted them, “All right. You two don’t worry. Mommy is totally fine.”

“How can it be fine? Look, even the skin has been punctured,” said Connor. Clenching his little fists, he glared at Shane and accused, “This is all on you. Mommy tried to save you and got herself injured in the process. It’s all your fault!”

“Connor!” Natalie frowned deeply, scowling her face as she scolded, “How can you talk to Mr. Shane in this manner? Saving him is Mommy’s decision. It has nothing to do with him.”

“But...” Connor’s eyes turned red as he wanted to say more.

Lowering his head to look at Connor, Shane admitted, “You are right. Your Mommy injures herself trying to save me. I shall take full responsibility on this matter.”

Connor raised his head and stared at Shane for a few seconds. Snorting coldly, he turned away, deciding to accept Shane’s words.

Seeing his reaction, Shane raised his eyebrows as he was very surprised.

Is this child really a four-year-old?

He seems too smart and too mature for his age.

At least the little girl seems more normal for her age.

After glancing at Sharon whose face was flushed from crying, Shane turned to Natalie. His voice, devoid of the cold tone previously, had warmed up considerably as he asked with concern, “Can you walk?”

Natalie gingerly tried moving her injured ankle before concluding bitterly, “Maybe not.”

Her reply was well within Shane’s expectation.

Bending down, he picked her up princess-style in one swift move.

Natalie was totally caught off-guard and was startled. Staring at Shane with her eyes wide open, she questioned, "Mr. Shane, what are you doing? Put me down quickly."

Shane turned a deaf ear to her. He continued carrying her and headed straight to the row of sofas nearby.

Connor took Sharon's hand and trailed behind.

When he got to the sofa, Shane gently lowered Natalie down. After that he took out his mobile phone and sent out a text message.

Right about this time, the middle-aged man came back. Having discovered the cause for the falling of the beam, he bowed and apologized profusely to both Natalie and Shane then tried to explain the reason.

Hearing the justification, Shane could not help but pressed his lips tightly, his eyes flashing with eminent anger. "So this is an accident?"

"Yes, it is. Our staff did not see the loosening screw. That is the cause of the accident. Whatever it is, I'm really sorry!" As he spoke, the middle-aged man held a handkerchief to keep wiping the sweat from his head. His mind was a bundle of nerves.

Who exactly is this Mr. Shane?

The aura emanating from this man is incredibly imposing!

"This is such a prestigious restaurant and yet you have such irresponsible staff! What a joke!" Shane sternly stared at the middle-aged man with his piercing glare.

The middle-aged man dared not to look at his eyes. Swallowing his saliva with a gulp, he replied, "Yes, yes. This is our restaurant's fault. We will bear full responsibility. As a show of our sincerity, we will waive the payment for your order. In addition, we will grant this lady a lifetime membership card as compensation for her injury. What do you think?"

"What do you think?" With the emphasis on the word "you", Shane did not agree on Natalie's behalf but rather redirected the middle-aged man's question to her to gauge her thoughts.

Natalie knew that it was a genuine accident yet decided to hold onto the matter. She nodded her head and agreed, "So be it."

"Okay. I'll go and prepare the necessary things and call for a doctor as well." The middle-aged man was overjoyed when he heard Natalie's acceptance of this apology.

After all, their restaurant was a prestigious one. Diners who came here for their meals are all either wealthy or powerful.

If the compensation were not up to par and the customer decided to pursue the issue, not only his position as the manager would be jeopardized, but the restaurant might also even have to face a lawsuit filed against them.