

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 76

## - 80

A couple?

Shane pursed his thin lips tightly. That particular phrase sounded extremely harsh in his ears.

Despite Natalie's rising anger, she steadied herself and rushed to explain, "Ms. Jasmine, you're mistaken. I am not familiar at all with Mr. Sean!"

As she spoke, she did not know what came over her, but she snuck a peek at Shane, somehow not wanting him to misconstrue whatever was going on between Sean and herself.

However, Shane's face had gone cold and void of expressions. She could not tell whether he truly believed in Jasmine's lie or not. For a moment, she felt a hint of disappointment.

"Nat, I know you're still mad at me." Sean's eyes suddenly dimmed, a wry smile hanging on his face.

This got Natalie stunned and confused. "What are you talking about? Mad about what?"

"I left you without a word back then. I've abandoned you, so..."

"Enough!" Shane bolted upright from where he was seated at the head of the table, his eyes brimming with anger.

Back then... So, Sean was the one who had eloped with Natalie back then. No wonder Connor resembles me so much. That's because I'm Sean's cousin. Of course, his son would look similar to me.

"Shane, what's the matter with you?" Jasmine asked, concerned while pretending not to know why he was overreacting.

Shane ignored her as his sharp, icy glare swept across Natalie and Sean. Void of emotion, he proclaimed, "This is the Thompson Group. Not a public platform for you to flirt around!"

He's definitely got the wrong idea!

Natalie bit her lower lip. "Mr. Shane, I'm not..."

"You're right. Nat and I should take it outside." Not waiting for Natalie to finish her sentence, Sean dragged her towards the door.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" Natalie shouted unwillingly as she attempted to free herself.

But Sean's grip on her wrist was so tight, so she could not shake it off.

And so, she was taken out of the conference room just like that.

Shane gazed gloomily at the direction they had set off to, sending death chills from his aura into the air.

Jasmine stood beside him, "Shane, there seems to be some misunderstanding between Sean and Ms. Natalie."

Shane said nothing. He lowered his eyes and left the meeting room. As soon as he did, he caught sight of Sean and Natalie entering the elevator.

In the elevator.

Sean finally released Natalie.

Natalie rubbed her sore wrist, all the while glowering at him. "Mr. Sean, why did you say those things in the conference room? They could lead to so many misunderstandings! We only just met yesterday, so why did you keep saying 'back then'? What's your angle?"

"Don't you get it? I like you," Sean replied, pushing up the gold-rimmed spectacles on the bridge of his nose.

Natalie scoffed, "Like me? Do you think I'll believe something that ridiculous?"

Sean shrugged. "I know you won't, but I stand by what I said. I fell in love with you at first sight. I brought up the past because I wanted them to think we go way back. That way, no other men would come near you."

Natalie's face instantly darkened. "Mr. Sean, you should be ashamed of yourself!"

What he did was shameless and crazy. I do not want to be associated with the likes of him!

Natalie took a deep breath as she strained to suppress the fury within her. Then, she stretched her hand out, ready to press the buttons in the elevator.

But Sean shifted sideways and inserted himself between her and the buttons. "Alright, I'll admit that I'm in the wrong here. So, how about I treat you to dinner as an apology?"

"Don't bother!" Natalie rejected him coldly.

However, Sean acted as though he did not hear it. When the elevator reached B1, he once again dragged her straight to his car and forcibly pushed her into it.

Having no choice in the matter, Natalie followed him to a restaurant, where they had a hasty meal. Sean suddenly received a call after lunch and left the place sulking.

Natalie took a taxi back to the Thompson Group. However, as soon as she stepped into the company building, she was greeted with nasty remarks.

"That's her! She's the one previously involved in a scandal with Mr. Shane, and now look! She's having an affair with Mr. Sean!"

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 77

"Yes, I heard she's already married with two kids. And yet, here she is hooking up with other men. How disgraceful!"

"What do you know? She's probably through with her penniless husband and is looking for a better one!"

Natalie frowned as these contemptuous statements rang in her ears, making her feel uncomfortable.

What's going on? She just got back from lunch, and now she's somehow become a hussy in their eyes?

With that thought, her expression hardened as she walked towards the crowd of gossip-mongers.

Not expecting she would approach them, they quickly dropped their conversations and looked at her awkwardly.

“Who told you I’m having an affair with Mr. Sean?” Natalie stopped in front of them and asked in a chilling tone.

They exchanged glances, and then one of them came forward and replied, “Someone from the design department talked about it in the group chat.”

“The design department?” Natalie pursed her lips. Suddenly, the whole thing made sense.

After that, she ignored the crowd and marched towards the elevator.

When Natalie got to the design department and entered the office, she unsurprisingly overheard the same discussion.

She did not seem angry about it. She strode to her workspace, picked up a magazine, rolled it up, and then hit it against her desk.

Slam! The loud noise shocked everyone.

Natalie glanced indifferently at the many faces across the room, and when she spoke, her voice was solemn, “Who among you were instructed by Jasmine to spread rumors about Mr. Sean and me in the group chat? Come forward at once!”

She was so certain Jasmine was the mastermind behind this because she knew that she and Sean only had two mutual acquaintances, namely Shane and Jasmine. Shane would definitely not pull something like this, which left Jasmine as the only suspect.

As for the reason, Jasmine probably did it to ruin Natalie’s reputation in the Thompson Group. What a dirty trick!

Most of the people in the office were shocked to hear her statement, whereas a handful had guilt written on their faces.

Natalie recognized them as Jasmine's posse. They had no talent in design, and their greatest skill was extolling Jasmine to the skies.

"So it's you guys!" Natalie glared at them.

Knowing it would not make much sense to cover up since they had been found out, they simply admitted, "So? What if it's us?"

"Apologize!" Natalie demanded in an icy tone.

They proceeded to confront her, "Why should we? You started the scandals, and yet we can't talk about it?"

Natalie scoffed, "Scandals? I don't even know when I had an affair with Mr. Sean, and yet, here you are adamant that I am guilty. How deceptive. I'll give you one more chance. Apologize, and clear my name in the group chat. Otherwise, I will not stop till I get my justice!"

However, the small gang took no regard for her. They had little intention to make reparations.

Natalie could surmise that they showed no fear because they had strong backing. She sneered.

These people are really stubborn. They thought they needn't be afraid of anything since they have Jasmine to back them up. How foolish. Never mind, I could take this opportunity to drive these people out of the Thompson Group and weaken Jasmine's power while I'm at it. Let's see who Jasmine can use to deal with me next.

With that, Natalie tossed aside the magazine she had in her hand, sat down, and turned on her computer.

The small group of people snickered when they saw her do so.

They had wondered how she would assert her power, but it seemed she was just a paper tiger who could only resort to trash talk.

For a while, Jasmine's posse did not take Natalie's warning to heart as they returned to their seats. They continued to spread rumors about Natalie and Sean, deliberately raising their voices while doing so.

Natalie knew that they were directing their aggression at her, but she paid them no mind.

The more they talked, the more items she printed.

Finally, she picked up the printed pile of materials, left the design department, and headed to Shane's office.

"Mr. Shane, I want to talk to you." Natalie knocked on the open door.

Shane paused his writing when he heard her voice and lifted his head to meet her, "What is it?"

"So the thing is..." Natalie explained the case about the rumors to him as she stepped into his office.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 78

Shane waited patiently for her to finish. His eyebrows furrowed together. "Who spread those rumors?"

"It's them," Natalie said while handing him a piece of paper from her folder.

Shane took a quick glance at the names, pushed the paper aside, and leaned back on his chair. "What's your suggestion?"

Natalie looked at him and answered seriously, "These people not only have been spreading rumors about Mr. Sean and me and damaging our reputations, but they also refuse to apologize. So my suggestion is to terminate their employment. Besides, there's one other thing."

Shane rested his hands on his crossed knees and asked, "What is it?"

Natalie handed him all her remaining documents. "Mr. Shane, please take a look at these designs. I don't understand how would such poor designs get through quality control and make their way into the market."

Shane leafed through the papers. His face darkened.

Shane was no designer, but anyone could tell these were just amateur designs. He took one look and knew these designs were far below the bar set by the company.

It was now clear as day why the products of his company, since its establishment a year ago, had become the least popular in the market. Truth be told, it would take more than a miracle for such second-rated designs to take the company to the next level.

Shane picked up his intercom and dialed for Silas. "Come to my office immediately!"

In no time, Silas had arrived at Shane's office. He was surprised to see Natalie but still nodded politely to her.

Natalie smiled back at him.

Shane passed the design papers to Silas and ordered coldly, "Notify the HR department that I want these people out of this company by today."

Natalie listened in with a satisfactory smile across her face.

She knew that Shane would not dismiss people just for gossiping in the office, hence she made copies of these designs as her extra ammunition.

The Shane that she knew would not tolerate workers who were not only incompetent but also enjoyed causing disruption in the workplace. Natalie was pleased with herself.

After Silas left the office to carry out Shane's order, Natalie thought she too, should leave.

As she was about to step out of his office, Shane called out, "Hang on."

Natalie turned around and looked at him, all confused. "Yes, Mr. Shane. Do you have more orders for me?"

"Take this." Shane opened his drawer, from which he retrieved a black invitation card and passed it to her.

Still perplexed, Natalie looked at the invitation card. "This is..."

"It's a gathering for international fashion critics. I want you to come with me," Shane explained succinctly and took a sip of coffee.

Natalie's eyes sparkled, but she had to double confirm with him. "Mr. Shane, are you planning to invite a few prominent critics from there for our Project Rebirth?"

"That's right." Shane confirmed.

"Got it! I'll be there." Natalie folded the invitation card carefully, making sure she did not crumple it.

"The flight is 8 in the morning the day after tomorrow. Don't be late," Shane reminded.

"I will be on time, Mr. Shane." Natalie nodded.

Suddenly, the office door swung open, and a figure walked past Natalie. The woman rested both her hands on Shane's table and questioned him with reddened eyes, "Shane, what's going on? I was told you dismissed my staff?"

Shane raised his eyebrows and replied dryly, "Since when are you allowed to come in without knocking?"

Natalie was amused by his response and chuckled.

Jasmine was irritated by her laugh. She turned around and looked at Natalie with disgust.

Natalie shrugged and stopped laughing.

Jasmine's focus was back at Shane. She tried to explain, "I'm sorry Shane, it's all because I care about my staff, that's why..."

"That's enough." Shane raised his hand to stop Jasmine from explaining away her mistake. "Let me ask you, for the past year or so, all the designs have to go through you for approval. Is that right?"



"Yes... That's correct," Jasmine muttered. Sensing she might be in trouble, she could not look at him in the eyes.

Shane continued to fix his eyes on her. "Then will you explain to me how did these garbage designs manage to get approval from your side?"

Jasmine was at a loss. She knew she did not have a strong ground on which to stand.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 79

**"I believe those designers are close friends with you, hence when it comes to reviewing their work, she would just approve them with eyes closed. Am I right, Ms. Jasmine?" Natalie said with a grin on her face.**

Jasmine shot her a sinister look, wishing hard that she would just disappear into thin air.

**The exchange of looks between the two did not escape Shane. He knew at once that Natalie was telling the truth. Pursing his thin lips, Shane looked at Natalie and said, "I want you to take over Jasmine's position for the time being. You'll oversee and approve everything in the design department."**

"Huh?" Natalie was puzzled.

**She came here hoping to dissolve Jasmine's power and did not expect Shane to replace Jasmine with her as the head of the design department.**

**This turn of events had taken Natalie by surprise.**

**Jasmine, on the other hand, was in a full-blown nervous breakdown. She looked at Shane in disbelief and yelled, "Shane, you can't do this!"**

**Letting Natalie take over her position was like a slap in the face.**

**She would never let that happen.**

**Shane stared at her. His voice was cold as ice as he said, "Why can't I? I let you take charge of our design department, but you've turned it into a pile of mess. Do you honestly think I will ever trust you again?"**

**“But...” Jasmine was still fumbling for the right words.**

**Shane had had enough. He massaged his temple. “That’s enough, just follow my order and get out of here, both of you.”**

**“Yes, Mr. Shane,” answered Natalie as she retreated from the office.**

**Jasmine still wanted to say something, but she did not want to add fuel to the fire. Instead, she stomped her feet and ran after Natalie.**

**“You stop right there!” Jasmine yelled after her.**

**Natalie stopped midstride and turned to her. “Can I help you, Ms. Jasmine?”**

**Jasmine walked up to her and gritted the words through her teeth. “You got Shane to dismiss my people and rob me of my job. Aren’t you pleased with yourself?”**

**Natalie shrugged. “Well, let’s just say I’m not displeased. I do actually have you to thank. If it weren’t for you and your people’s little act of spreading those rumors, they wouldn’t be thrown out, and your post wouldn’t have fallen into my lap.”**

**Jasmine knew Natalie was insinuating that her plan had backfired. The sarcasm in her tone was unbearable for Jasmine. Her body trembled with anger. “You son of a...”**

**“Shh!” Natalie gestured for her to keep quiet. “Ms. Jasmine, need I remind you that we are still standing outside of the CEO office. I’m sure you do not want to attract any more attention from Mr. Shane. Unless you don’t mind him seeing the nasty attitude that you have right now?”**

**Jasmine thought she had a point and lowered her voice. “Just so you wait. This is far from over!”**

**“Sure, I can’t wait,” Natalie replied aloofly, walked past her and headed for the elevator.**

**Back in the design department, the few designers were gone and their seats were empty. The way those who remained looked at Natalie was completely different than before. They now respected her, but they were also frightened of her at the same time.**

**How could they not?**

She managed to take down a few designers and seize Ms. Jasmine's position as head of their department single-handedly.

Natalie felt their alienated gazes upon herself. Already anticipating this, she smiled politely at them and picked up her pencil to resume her work.

In the afternoon, Natalie received a phone call and came to a café near Thompson Group.

Once she stepped inside, a man sitting by the window waved at her. "Ms. Smith, over here!"

Natalie walked over, pulled up a chair across the table and sat down. "Hello, Mr. Greene I believe you already have some results regarding the job that I asked you to investigate?"

"Of course, Ms. Smith. That's the reason I called you up," Ben said while reaching into his briefcase, in which he retrieved a folder and a photograph. Natalie recognized that photograph instantly; it was the same one she took herself at the hospital.

"Ms. Smith, you were right about their relationships. The man in the photo is Warren Litch. The child in his arms is his five-year-old son, Donald Litch. Here are their DNA tests. My staff have gone to great lengths to obtain their hair samples, so I'm absolutely positive of our findings," Ben said excitedly while sliding the folder toward Natalie.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 80

Natalie opened the folder and pulled out the DNA test report. As she perused the report, a smile crept across her face and she let out an ironic laugh.

Twenty-six years ago, Harrison had an affair with Susan. Consequently, Jasmine was born half a year before her. Seven years ago, he even kicked her mom and all three children out of the house because of Susan.

Now that Susan had an affair with another man, Harrison got to have a taste of his own medicine. Natalie could not wait to share this piece of news with her mother when she returned to the country.

She slipped the report back into the folder. "Thank you, Mr. Greene. This was helpful."

**"You're most welcome, Ms. Smith," Ben replied with a smile.**

**After she paid him the remaining balance, Natalie left the café and headed to the kindergarten to fetch Connor and Sharon.**

**Two hours later, Natalie and the kids were about to enter their home when they bumped into Silas who was just leaving Shane's apartment with a suitcase.**

**"Hi Mr. Campbell, what are you doing?" Natalie pointed at the suitcase he was carrying.**

**Silas did not expect to see Natalie here. He simply said, "I was just helping Mr. Shane pack."**

**The man could not help but stare at Connor who was standing next to Natalie.**

**This child is a miniature carbon copy of Mr. Shane.**

**How could they be Sean's?**

**"Packing?" Connor tilted his small head and asked, "Mr. Campbell, is Mr. Shane moving out?"**

**"Yes." Silas nodded.**

**Sharon was rattled. "But Mommy, I like Mr. Shane. Will you ask him to stay please?" She said while tugging at Natalie's shirt.**

**"Sharon, don't be rude!" Natalie pulled her little fingers away and said to Silas, "I'm sorry, Mr. Campbell, that was really embarrassing."**

**"It's alright. It's actually very sweet of them." Silas waved his hands.**

**Silas did not think much of Sean, but he had to admit these kids were pretty darn cute.**

**"It's rather late, so I'd better not keep Mr. Shane waiting. Excuse me." Silas looked at his watch and spoke.**

**“Sure, goodbye, Mr Campbell,” Natalie said while stepping back, making way for Silas and his luggage.**

**Silas bade goodbye with the three of them and stepped into the elevator.**

**Conner looked at Natalie and asked, “Mommy, why is Mr. Shane moving out all of a sudden?”**

**“Beats me too, Connor,” Natalie said, shaking her head. Gazing at Shane’s closed door, she felt a little empty inside.**

**Sharon rubbed her eyes, her voice choking with tears. “Mommy, am I not going to see Mr. Shane ever again?”**

**“What are you talking about, silly one?” Natalie rubbed her nose playfully. “Of course you will see him again. Haven’t you already met him before he moved in here? Come, let’s go home and I’ll cook your favorites!”**

**The thought of food quickly displaced Sharon’s grief in an instant. She raised her little hand and shouted, “Mommy, I want fish!”**

**“What about you, Connor?” Natalie pushed open the door.**

**Connor brushed his chin a little and replied, “I want chicken wings!”**

**“All right, fish and chicken wings coming right up!” Natalie said while stroking their heads lovingly.**

**The next day, Natalie came out from the dye room in her what was once a white coat which was now in rainbow colors. She was startled to see Sean standing by the door. ‘Mr. Sean, what are you doing here?’**

**“Good morning!” Sean smiled and waved at her. “I came here to talk to you.”**

**“Oh, is everything okay?” Natalie took off her coat and draped it over her arm, wondering what he was here for.**

**Sean walked toward her and said, “I’ve heard about what happened yesterday. I’m sorry you had to go through that.”**

Ah, he's here to apologize.

Natalie lowered her guard and replied, "It's all water under the bridge, Mr. Sean. Don't worry about it."

"No, no, I feel responsible for causing all the trouble. At least let me make it up to you..."