

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 81 - 85

"Forget it." Natalie already knew what he was going to say.

Disappointed by her rejection, Sean stared at her for a moment before saying, "Alright then. I was looking for an excuse to get you to go out with me but you wouldn't even give me the time of day."

Natalie chuckled half-heartedly without saying a word.

"Well... In my opinion, Shane is also in the wrong. As a CEO, he couldn't even keep his subordinates in check. This kind of incident would definitely not happen on my watch." There was a glint in his eyes when Sean said that.

His words seemed to prick Natalie in the heart as she furrowed her brows. "Mr. Sean, this is where you are mistaken. The Thompson Group is one of the largest firm in the industry with a vast amount of employees. There is only so much a human is capable of handling. We cannot expect the CEO to know every employee like the back of his palm, can we?"

"You sure are taking his side in this matter. Could it be that you have fallen for him?" Sean asked with an intent look.

Natalie shook her head as she quickly denied Sean's claims. "Mr. Sean, are you kidding? That's impossible!"

"Oh really? Because it seems to me that you are very protective of him," Sean continued while staring daggers at her.

"I'm only defending him because he is a great superior to me." Natalie tilted her head to one side anxiously.

"Is that so..." Sean shot her a questioning look, seeming to doubt her answer.

"Anyway, you'd be looking for trouble if you fall for him. There is another woman who is more troublesome than Jasmine by his side," Sean said with a smile after a brief pause.

More troublesome than Jasmine?

"Who do you mean?" Natalie blurted out.

Without responding to her question, Sean merely shrugged his shoulders with a smile on his face.

It was only then did she realize that she had subconsciously expressed her interest in Shane. She lowered her head in embarrassment as she hurriedly changed the topic. "I have other matters to attend to, Mr. Sean. If there is nothing else, I will be taking my leave."

"Don't leave in such a hurry. Stay and chat with me for a little longer," Sean said while holding her back.

Somewhere down the corridor, Shane was witnessing their interaction with a grim expression and clenched fists.

After a few moments, he spun around and walked towards the lift lobby.

"Mr. Shane, aren't we going over?" inquired Silas.

"No. We wouldn't want to interrupt them," Shane replied coldly while struggling hard to suppress the jealousy within him.

Upon hearing the sarcasm in his voice, Silas turned to look at Natalie who was being pinned against the wall by Sean at that moment. "Mr. Shane, should we remove Ms. Smith from Project Rebirth?"

"What do you mean?" Shane said as he halted in his tracks.

"Well, considering Ms. Smith's close relationship with Sean, I'm afraid she would sabotage Project Rebirth in order to further Sean's ambitions in taking over the Thompson Group. If that were to happen..."

Before Silas could finish his speech, Shane bellowed in a deep voice, "Natalie would never do that!"

"How could you be so sure?" Silas questioned him with a puzzled look.

“If she really did follow Sean’s orders and sabotage Project Rebirth, there would be hell to pay. Not only would Natalie’s mentor cut all ties with her publicly, but she would also be condemned in the fashion industry. The repercussions are unfathomable.”

Shane could tell that Natalie was a career-minded woman. She would not sacrifice her career for love.

“I see.” Silas nodded in response.

“Ask someone to send this over to her later. Let her know to submit this after she has selected a model,” Shane said as he passed a report over to Silas.

“Understood!” Silas answered while fumbling over the report that was sliding down his body.

Silas was still confused over Shane’s decision to bring the report here personally instead of ordering someone else to do it. What’s more, after coming all this way, he refused to see Ms. Smith.

As he thought about the CEO’s actions, he let out a sigh. He finally concluded that he will ask his assistant to pass on the report to Natalie after heading back.

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Natalie had just shaken off Sean when she received the report.

Now that she thought of it, Sean was indeed a lunatic. Not only did he profess his love for her, but he was also acting too close for comfort. The man even went as far as to say he didn’t mind that Natalie had two kids—which she very much doubted.

I’m not blind you know. I can tell that you have underlying motives for getting close to me.

Even though Natalie had no idea what was Sean’s exact motives but she knew that she had to stay away from him.

With a pout on her lips, Natalie headed to the Design Department to submit the report. As she walked past Jasmine’s office, Natalie overheard the latter’s conversation. “Just relax, Dad. Shane doesn’t know anything about it yet. He only said that to help Natalie out of an awkward situation. Mom was probably just stunned into believing his words.”

Hmm, is Jasmine talking about me?

Natalie halted in her steps.

“Yeah, her two kids are ticking time bombs. Shane will find out eventually. We can’t hide it forever.” Jasmine’s voice could be heard coming from her office once again.

Hearing this, Natalie felt a jolt travel through her body and she lost her grip on the report in her hand. The report fell to the ground with a thud.

“Who’s there?” Jasmine asked anxiously upon hearing the sound of the report falling.

In a haste, Natalie picked up the report and dashed into the office next to Jasmine’s. The thumping sound of her keyboard typing could be heard as Natalie pretended to be busy at work.

“Did anyone leave the office just a moment ago?” Jasmine asked the room with her phone in hand.

“No one has left their seats for a while,” someone among the crowd blurted out.

Obviously, Jasmine would not just take them at their word. She scanned everyone’s faces thoroughly and finally deduced that they were telling the truth.

Everyone in the office wore a look of puzzlement at Jasmine’s sudden questioning.

Did I imagine that sound? Jasmine stood there for a moment before returning to her office.

Natalie let out a sigh of relief after Jasmine left.

Fortunately, the question raised by Jasmine was if anyone had left the office. If she had asked the opposite—if anyone had entered the office—chances were Natalie would be busted.

I wonder what did Jasmine mean by her words? Why did she say that both my kids are ticking time bombs? Why would she even bring them up and make mention of Shane? Is Shane actually their biological father? Impossible!

As the questions swirled inside Natalie's head, she suddenly stood up with her hands curled into fists on the table. Her thoughts were running wild and she could not keep calm. Her thoughts was disrupted by the sound of her phone ringing.

"Hey Stanley," Natalie answered.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" Stanley asked in concern as he could hear Natalie's voice trembling.

"Everything's fine. Why did you call me all of a sudden?" Natalie responded as she tried her best to remain calm.

"I'm just calling you to tell you I'm going back home in a few days—for good this time," Stanley replied.

"That's great! Joyce would be thrilled to find out," Natalie exclaimed with a smile on her face.

Stanley suddenly went silent.

Natalie slapped her forehead after she realized that she had hit a nerve. "Stanley, I..."

"It's fine. Don't you want to ask why I'm going back for good this time?" Stanley interrupted her.

"You are hired by the Bakers to work in the hospital so you're coming back to assume the position. Am I right?" Natalie stated while falling back into the chair.

"How did you know?" Stanley was shocked to learn that Natalie was in the know.

"Remember when Connor was sick? I met Dr. Baker at the hospital and heard the news from him. The word is that he has already scheduled a surgery for you to perform," Natalie explained.

Natalie seemed to recall that it was some girl named Jacqueline.

"Well, I guess the cat is out of the bag," Stanley said with disappointment.

"So when are you coming back? Let me know so I can arrange to pick you up."

“Well, that would depend on when the visa gets approved. I’ll let you know once everything is in order.”

“Deal!”

Natalie and Stanley continued with a brief chat before ending their conversation.

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“Ms. Smith, the production department says that the measurement of the shirt seems to be off. Could you go fix it?” A co-worker said as she was walking towards Natalie.

“Sure, I’ll be right over,” Natalie replied. She then packed up her bag and left the design department.

In the afternoon, Natalie sent a text to Joyce to ask her to pick up the kids. Meanwhile, Natalie took a cab to the hotel where she lost her virginity five years ago.

The thought of Jasmine’s phone conversation earlier was eating away at Natalie.

She had to make sure who exactly it was that she spent that night with five years ago or her mind would never be at ease.

“Hello. Can I speak to the manager please?” Natalie inquired at the reception.

“Hi! Let me get him for you. Please give me a moment,” replied the receptionist politely with a smile. The receptionist then picked up the intercom and asked for the manager.

The manager paused to evaluate Natalie for a moment before asking politely, “Can I help you, Miss?”

“I would like to take a look at the CCTV recordings. Is that alright?” Natalie said after taking a deep breath.

The manager was taken aback by her request. “I’m sorry, Miss. Our hotel values the privacy of our guests and I’m afraid we cannot let just anyone look at our recordings unless there are extraordinary circumstances.”

Extraordinary circumstances huh...

“So if I were to claim that I was violated in this very hotel five years ago and I want to find out who is the perpetrator— can I view the recordings?” Natalie said while lowering her eyes.

Those words came as a bombshell to the manager as he swiftly replied, “In that case, of course you can take a look at the recordings. We would be more than happy to oblige.”

The manager knew that if a crime were supposedly committed, he would have to cooperate.

If this lady were to make a police report and the police showed up themselves, the reputation of our hotel would be tarnished!

“This way, Miss.” The manager signaled for Natalie to follow her.

Natalie thanked him and followed him to the security room.

Finding the CCTV recordings from five years ago was no easy task and it took the security personnel quite some time before Natalie finally got her hands on what she wanted and put it into the player.

Natalie stood before the largest screen in the room with her hands clasped together like she was in prayer.

Soon enough, the monitor showed Jasmine leading Natalie down the hallway of the hotel before shoving her into a room.

“Wait a moment!” the manager exclaimed suddenly.

“What’s wrong?”

“Ms. Smith, you were in room 3606 five years ago?” the manager asked.

“That is correct,” Natalie replied with a shade of guilt on her face.

This was because Natalie had lied to the manager. Natalie told him that her sister had booked a room for her to rest in but someone barged into the room and violated her.

Only in this way could she dispel the notion that she was offering her body to some stranger in the room.

The manager had no reason to doubt Natalie's words. He quickly pointed at the screen saying, "Ms. Smith, you said you were in room 3606. But from the footage we're looking at, you entered room 3609."

"What did you just say?" Natalie's eyes were wide with shock upon hearing from the manager.

"Sorry, this was our fault," said the manager with an apologetic look. "The letters on the signage was hanging loose and eventually it turned upside down, appearing as six. We only found out about it when we were doing the cleaning."

Natalie felt her body go limp and her vision was clouded by darkness.

So I went into the wrong room and spent the night with the wrong person?

"Who was in room 3609 then?" Natalie asked with a trembling voice.

"This is the guy!" The manager pointed at the screen just as he was about to go look up the records.

Natalie's gaze returned to the monitor. All she could see was a figure stumbling his way into room 3609. Panic consumed her as she tried to make out the person's face.

It wasn't until the man had opened the door to enter the room that he showed a side profile of his face.

The side profile was one she was familiar with. Even though he didn't look as matured five years ago, Natalie could recognize him immediately.

Shane Thompson!

It's no wonder Connor bears a striking resemblance to Shane. They are indeed father and son!

Natalie could only hold her hands to her lips as tears began to well up in her eyes.

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Although she had already guessed it before arriving, she could not help being shocked after confirming it. I can't believe that such a massive mix-up exists in this world.

"Ma'am, are you alright?" When the manager saw her crying, he could not help but ask worriedly.

Natalie shook her head. "I'm fine. Can I make a copy of the CCTV recordings?"

The manager agreed.

She took out her thumb drive and saved a copy of the footage.

Then, she stumbled out of the hotel with her mind in an utter mess.

That night, Natalie did not sleep a wink. She went to the airport the next day, looking exhausted.

When Shane saw her dark circles, he raised his eyebrows.

Is this woman that excited to attend the gathering with the critics?

"Have you gotten your boarding pass?" asked Shane indifferently as he walked toward her.

However, she merely sat on the chair in a daze, giving him no response.

Shane could not help but frown and waved his hand in front of her.

Only then did Natalie return to her senses. After raising her head and glancing at him, she quickly lowered her head and mumbled softly, "You're here, Mr. Shane..."

"What's the matter with you?" He narrowed his eyes as he scrutinized her.

It looks like she's trying to avoid me.

"N-Nothing..." Natalie placed her hands on her lap and clutched her dress tightly. It was evident that she was extremely anxious.

After learning that Shane was her children's biological father, she could not treat him the same like before anymore.

Shane could tell that Natalie was lying. Pursing his lips, he was about to probe further when an announcement sounded in the airport, interrupting his words.

A grim expression crossed his face as he said, "Let's go. It's time to board the plane."

"Okay." Natalie nodded hurriedly.

After boarding the plane, she noticed that only she and Shane were in the first-class cabin. Finally realizing that something was amiss, she asked Shane, "Mr. Shane, are there just the two of us here?"

He was flipping through a magazine. When he heard her, he grunted in acknowledgement. "Silas will leave tomorrow."

"I see." Natalie bit her lips.

Does this mean that I have to be alone with him for the next few hours?

When Shane glanced to the side and noticed the troubled look on Natalie's face, a cold gleam appeared in his eyes.

What does she mean by that?

Is she reluctant to be with me?

"Mr. Shane, can I ask you a question?" Natalie, who was oblivious to Shane's thoughts, suddenly asked after taking a deep breath.

He curtly replied, "Ask away."

Mustering her courage and gritting her teeth, Natalie asked, "If you discover that you have kids, what would you do?"

When he heard that, he quickly closed the magazine, spun around and looked at her. His brooding eyes cut into hers, as if he were looking into the depths of her soul. "Why are you asking this?"

Afraid that he would notice something, Natalie quickly cast her gaze downward to conceal the panic and guilt in her eyes. She tried her best to sound calm. "I'm just curious. I was watching a television show yesterday. The male lead discovered that he has a child, but doesn't know what he should do. I just want to hear your opinion."

Shane averted his gaze and replied coldly, "I'll bring them back to me. My children mustn't be deserted outside."

When Natalie heard him, she felt like she had been plunged into despair. Even her body started to tremble lightly.

She could tell that he was being serious. If he discovered that her children were his, he might really snatch them away while she watched on helplessly, unable to stop him.

No way! I must not let this happen. Being Jasmine's fiancé, he will marry her in the future.

Jasmine already thinks that the children are obstacles to her. I don't even dare to imagine how she'll treat them in the future. Hence, the best solution is to prevent Shane from finding out.

With that thought in mind, Natalie glanced at Shane, determined to keep this a secret.

"You're right. How can you let your children be deserted outside?" She stiffly agreed with what he said earlier.

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Then, she closed her eyes, sunk back into the chair and slept.

When Shane heard her steady breathing beside him, he was momentarily stunned.

Has she fallen asleep?

He glanced at Natalie, who was hugging her arms and curling up into a ball on the chair. Massaging his temples, he pressed the in-flight call button.

An air stewardess walked over and asked, "Hello, sir. How may I help you?"

"Please bring me a blanket," said Shane softly.

"Okay." She replied with a gentle smile before bringing a blanket to him.

Shane unbuckled his seatbelt, stood up and walked over to Natalie. After lowering his head and gazing at her for a few seconds, he suddenly squatted down and reclined her chair.

Initially curled up into a ball, she gradually straightened her body as she lay flat on the chair.

Shane then unfolded the blanket and placed it over her. He gently tucked aside the stray strands of hair falling onto her face.

Staring at her fair and exquisite face, his lips twitched as his eyes gleamed.

A short moment later, he suddenly stretched his hand out to touch her face.

The feeling of her smooth skin against his palm jolted him back to his senses. After realizing what he had done, a grim expression crossed his face as he quickly withdrew his hand. He stood up and returned to his seat, his brows furrowed.

I must be crazy!

Not only did I do all these excessive things, but I even touched her face.

Clenching his fists, Shane stared at the clouds outside the window solemnly.

After a few hours, Natalie yawned and sat up, stretching her body. When she saw the blanket on her body fall onto the ground, she was stunned. It was then that she realized something and glanced over at Shane.

There was a laptop placed on the folding table. With his head lowered as he typed on the keyboard, he looked extremely serious.

Blushing, Natalie picked up the blanket and asked, "Mr. Shane, were you the one who gave me the blanket?"

Shane's fingers instinctively paused for a brief moment. However, he regained his composure in the next second and replied indifferently, "No. The air stewardess did it."

Natalie felt embarrassed upon hearing that.

I thought that it was him.

But it isn't surprising either. There's nothing going on between us, so he has no reason to take care of me.

Despite that, she still felt a little disappointed.

However, she did not think too much on it. She folded the blanket, placed it aside and headed to the washroom.

When she returned, Shane had already kept his laptop. He glanced at his watch and said, "Prepare yourself. We're going to land soon."

"Okay," replied Natalie as she started to pack her items.

After alighting the plane, Shane walked in front of her and left first. Natalie stared at his back with a conflicted expression. However, a look of relief soon flashed across her eyes.

Since she did not plan on letting him know that her children were his, she would just treat him in the usual manner as before.

If she tried to evade him, it might arouse his suspicion.

After thinking it through, Natalie patted her cheeks and felt much more relaxed.

Although Shane could obviously notice her change in attitude, he did not ask her what had happened.

Upon reaching the hotel, Natalie placed her luggage down, took out her phone and video-called Joyce. She wanted to have a chat with the kids.

As it was just late evening over there, she was not worried that they had fallen asleep.

"Mommy!" called the children sweetly as their faces appeared on the screen.

Listening to their adorable voices, Natalie felt overwhelmed by cuteness. How can they be so cute?

"My darlings, are you obedient when staying with Aunt Joyce?" asked Natalie as she lay on her bed.

Sharon nodded. "We are! She even praised us just now."

"Really? What about your brother?" Natalie turned her gaze to Connor.

Pouting, he complained, "Aunt Joyce scolded me!"

"Huh?" Natalie was surprised. "Why did she scold you?"

"I know!" Sharon raised up her hand, eager to answer. "When he broke Aunt Joyce's vase, she told him not to pick the shards up with his bare hands because he might get cut. However, he refused to listen."

I see.

"Then, you deserved to be scolded!" Natalie nodded in agreement.