

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 206

When Shane heard that, his face instantly clouded over as he tightened his grip on the wine glass.

Noticing his reaction, a sly look crept into Sean's eyes. "Not at all. You must be joking, Mr. Adler. Well, I'll take my leave now."

"Go ahead." The others waved at him.

After discreetly shooting Shane a provocative glance, he got up and left the room.

The moment he left, the people in the room started to discuss even more eagerly, with some making crude jokes about Natalie and Sean.

Shane could not stand it anymore. A cold aura enveloped him as he slammed the wine glass on the table and left the room.

Outside the room, Natalie heard footsteps behind her. She held onto Sharon's hand, spun around, and glared at Sean furiously.

Clueless, he asked, "Why are you angry?"

I didn't offend her, right?

I only tried to sow discord between her and her son half an hour ago. Is she angry because of that?

"Return Connor to me!" yelled Natalie sternly.

Sean frowned. "What? Return who to you?"

"Stop feigning ignorance. Didn't you bring Connor away? Return him to me!" Natalie clenched her fists in fury.

Only then did Sean finally understand that she was accusing him of taking her son away.

No wonder there's only the little girl here instead of that annoying brat who looks like Shane.

"I'm sorry, Nat, but you might be looking for the wrong person. I didn't take your son away."
Sean shrugged.

Stunned, Natalie asked, "It isn't you?"

"Of course. Why would I take your son away? What can I even do with him?" He found it absolutely amusing.

Natalie's face turned ashen and her body swayed.

Sean whipped out his hand from his pocket, wanting to steady her. However, he was a step too late.

Shane walked over from the opposite direction and held onto Natalie's shoulders. "Are you alright?"

Breathing in his familiar minty scent, she shook her head. "I'm fine."

"You came out at the right time." Sean glanced at him and remarked sarcastically.

Ignoring him, Shane pursed his lips and asked, "Did you say that Connor has been taken away?"

"Yeah. I brought Sharon to the washroom and he was gone when I came back. The receptionist told me that a man has brought Connor away. Thinking that it's Mr. Sean, I came up here to look for him. However, now that he claims that it's not him, I don't even know who to trust anymore." Natalie clutched her face in despair.

Sharon tugged her shirt. "Don't cry, Mommy..."

Natalie crouched down and hugged the little girl while her body quivered.

Swiveling around, Shane stared at Sean.

The latter merely adjusted his spectacles and said, "Why are you looking at me? I really didn't do it."

Shane averted his gaze and dialed a number.

Soon, Silas rushed over.

Shane helped Natalie up and instructed, "Leave Sharon to Silas and follow me. I'll look for Connor with you."

When she heard that, she quickly followed his instructions and handed Sharon over to Silas.

"Darling, follow Mr. Silas obediently. I'll look for Connor with Mr. Shane," coaxed Natalie as she stroked Sharon's head.

Clenching her tiny fists, Sharon replied, "Okay, I'll be good. You must find Connor, Mommy."

"I will," promised Natalie as her eyes reddened. She placed her hands down and glanced at Shane. "Let's go, Mr. Shane."

"Wait a moment." Sean adjusted his tie and chimed in, "I'll follow you."

"What?" Shane frowned.

Smiling, Sean replied, "Since you suspect that I've taken Connor away, I have to prove my innocence."

"Mr. Shane..." Natalie subconsciously glanced at Shane, wanting to seek his opinion.

After a moment of deliberation, Shane nodded. "Let him come with us. With his help, we'll find Connor even quicker."

"Okay." Natalie did not voice out any opposition after hearing what he said.

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She did not care about what motive Sean had by offering to join them. All that mattered was that he would help find Connor.

Hence, the three of them hurriedly left the second floor and headed to the surveillance room in the restaurant. They wanted to find out who had brought Connor away.

However, before they reached the surveillance room, Natalie's phone rang.

Although her patience was running out at this juncture, she still picked up the call. "Who is this?"

"Are you Ms. Smith?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded. "And you are?"

"We're calling from the Stanford Hospital."

"The hospital?" Natalie frowned, not understanding why she had received a call from the hospital.

Sean and Shane glanced at her at the same time.

Shane suggested, "Ask what happened."

Nodding, Natalie asked the question.

The person replied over the phone, "Well, Connor got into an accident at Northbridge road. May I ask if you..."

However, before she could finish speaking, Natalie had already released her grip on the phone. It smashed onto the floor so forcefully that the screen turned dark.

At the same time, Natalie felt a wave of giddiness attack her as she toppled over onto the ground.

When Shane saw that, his heart skipped a beat. He quickly stretched out his arms and caught her in time. While she leaned against his chest, he tapped her back briskly.

Jolted back to her senses, Natalie grabbed his sleeves and pleaded tearfully, "Mr. Shane, bring me to Stanford Hospital right away! Connor got into a car accident. Let's go now!"

Shane's expression changed drastically when he heard that. He directly carried her and strode to the carpark.

Picking up the phone, Sean followed them, wanting to find out what was going on.

Why was that kid suddenly taken away? Why did he get into a car accident as well?

Natalie sobbed uncontrollably on their way to the hospital. She kept blaming herself for leaving Connor alone in the restaurant.

If she had brought him along, he would not have been kidnapped, let alone gotten into a car accident.

Unfortunately, everything was too late.

When they reached the hospital, Natalie quickly alighted the car and staggered into the hospital.

She was still distraught by news about Connor's car accident. Furthermore, as she was also wearing heels, she stumbled as she ran, almost falling down a couple of times.

In the end, she directly kicked her heels off and ran toward the reception area barefoot.

Shane was following behind her. When she took off her heels, he picked them up and continued chasing after her.

Only Sean walked behind them calmly and watched both of them with interest.

After asking the receptionist and hearing that Connor was still in the emergency operation theatre, Natalie rapidly dashed in that direction.

When she saw the red flashing light above the operation theatre, she was overwhelmed by distress. It felt so agonizing that she could barely breathe as if someone were violently wrenching her heart.

Placing her heels down, Shane glanced at her bare feet and frowned in disapproval. However, he still coaxed gently, "Don't worry, Connor will definitely be alright."

"How is it possible for me to not worry? Connor has always been very healthy since young. He barely even falls sick. If something bad happens to him because of the car accident, I... I really don't know what I should do anymore!" Natalie slumped on the cold bench and lowered her head. It was obvious that she was blaming herself for it.

Shane squatted and lifted her foot. While she gazed at him in surprise, he gently put on her shoes for her. "Don't catch a cold. After Connor comes out, he still needs you to take care of him. If you fall sick, you won't be able to do so."

When Natalie heard that, she bit her lips and nodded. "Thank you..."

Shane grunted an acknowledgement as he stood up.

Sean, who was leaning against the opposite wall, suddenly remarked, "Tsk! It's the first time I've seen you swallow your pride and put on shoes for someone else. Even Jacqueline has never enjoyed such a treatment."

Shane's jaw hardened. "Shut up!"

Sean pretended not to have heard him. When he noticed that Natalie did not react after hearing Jacqueline's name, he could not help but feel puzzled. "Natalie, aren't you curious about who Jacqueline is?"

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He gazed at her intently.

Natalie shook her head and offered a perfunctory reply. "I know Ms. Graham. I've met her before."

"Oh, really?" Sean was genuinely surprised. Stroking his chin, he mumbled, "Looks like my predictions are wrong."

As he spoke, the doors of the operation theatre were flung open and a nurse hurriedly walked out.

Natalie stood up immediately. "How's my son?"

The nurse stopped in her tracks and asked, "Are you the child's mother?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded firmly.

After a moment of hesitation, she replied, "He doesn't seem to be doing so well."

Natalie froze, feeling like her world had collapsed around her.

Afraid that she could not bear it, Shane quickly moved behind her.

If she collapsed again, he could catch her in time.

"What do you mean?" Shane stared at the nurse intently, his voice betraying his deep anxiety.

Even Sean's expression became much more serious, unlike his usual frivolous demeanor.

Gazing at Shane, who looked like a carbon copy of Connor, the nurse sighed. "Your child has lost too much blood and requires an urgent blood transfusion. However, his blood type is the RH negative blood type, which is very rare. As we don't have a lot of it left in the blood bank, I'm on my way to look for more blood."

"You can take mine!" Shane rolled up his sleeves unhesitatingly.

When Natalie heard that, she quickly shook her head and pressed his arm down. "No, we can't take yours!"

As he was Connor's father, there was a higher probability of a blood clot occurring if he donated his blood.

However, Shane was clueless about her concern. Thinking that she did not want to owe him a favor, his expression instantly turned grim. He stared at her coldly and demanded, "Natalie, why are you still stopping me at this critical juncture?"

"It's not that. I just..."

"Take mine!" Just when Natalie was struggling to find the right words to explain to him, Sean suddenly stepped forward. "I also have the RH negative blood type."

Feeling like she had finally found a savior, she instantly glanced at him gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Sean."

Although he was Connor's uncle, they were not directly related. Hence, there should be no problem with the blood transfusion.

"It's nothing. Just remember that you owe me a favor." Sean glanced back at her slyly and followed the nurse. Humming as he walked, he looked like he was going for a leisure tour instead of a blood transfusion.

"Thank you, Mr. Sean!" Natalie bowed in his direction.

Without turning back, Sean merely waved his hand in acknowledgment.

She stood up straight again, looking extremely relieved.

When Shane saw her smile, he clenched his fists. "Are you that assured if he's the one donating the blood?"

"Yeah! Connor can finally be saved," replied Natalie as she wiped her tears away.

A cold glint flashed across his eyes. "So, he can donate his blood, but I can't?"

"Huh?" She turned around to look at him.

With a grim expression, he repeated, "I offered to donate blood to Connor. Why did you choose him instead? Why did you do that even though you know that he's up to no good?"

Could it be that she thinks I'm inferior to Sean?

Natalie cast her gaze downward and replied, "Mr. Shane, I didn't choose you because you're different from him."

"How am I different?" Shane narrowed his eyes.

Natalie's lips twitched, but she gave no response.

When he noticed her silence, a frosty expression instantly appeared on his face. He stared at her coldly, exuding a hostile aura.

Although Natalie knew that he was angry, she did not know how to mitigate his fury.

At that moment, two people in police uniforms walked over. "Are you the parents of the child in the emergency operating theatre?"

"I am! I'm his mother." Natalie placed her hand on her chest and quickly replied.

Shane did not deny that he was Connor's father.

The two police officers nodded. "We're here to inform you about your child's car accident."

"Do tell us! I'm fine with listening to you now." Natalie clenched her fists.

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One of the police officers stepped forward. "Two hours ago, a member of the public informed the police that there was a car accident at Northbridge Road. A van did not manage to brake in time and collided with a truck. It flew away due to the impact, killing two of the people in it on the spot. Only your child, who was in the back seat, survived."

If two out of three passengers died on the spot, it was obvious how serious the car accident was.

Natalie held onto her forehead, feeling like the world was spinning around her.

Shane grabbed her arm in time to stop her from collapsing.

"What about the other two?" asked Shane solemnly as he looked at the two police officers.

"They're in the hospital's morgue. These are the identification cards and phones we found on them. Their photos can be seen on the identification cards. You can see if you recognize them." A police officer passed her a huge transparent bag.

Shane had just stretched out his hand when Natalie quickly snatched the bag over. She opened the sealed bag and took out the identification cards.

Left with no choice, Shane could only check his phone. When he read the few texts on the phone, he frowned. "This is a deliberate plan to kidnap Connor."

"What?" When Natalie heard him, she ignored the identification cards and snatched the phone away from his hands. The text stated, We've already caught the hostage and will be sending him to the station. Her body trembled in fury as she read the message.

"How despicable!" Natalie gripped the phone tightly, her eyes becoming bloodshot due to hatred and anger.

Noticing her reaction, he was afraid that she would lose control of her emotions. Hence, he coaxed her gently, "Calm down first."

"How can I calm down? They kidnapped my child and wanted to take him away! If you were in my shoes, can you calm down?" rebuked Natalie as she trembled.

Shane massaged his temples. "Of course not. But what's the use of being so angry now? Connor's not been taken away and the two of them have died. If you become so furious, you'll lose your reasoning. It's better if you calm down and investigate the truth behind Connor's kidnapping.

When she heard that, she could not refute him. Hence, she took a deep breath, suppressed her agitation, and calmed down.

Seeing that she had been convinced, Shane felt slightly relieved. He pointed at the identification cards and asked, "Do you know them?"

Natalie shook her head. "No, I've never seen them before."

Shane grunted an acknowledgment. He took the identification cards from her hands, placed them back into the bag, and passed it to the police officers. "Have you checked their identity and who they have been contacting?"

"Yes, but we don't have a lot of information on who they are. These identification cards are newly registered, so the names might not be their real names. That's why we asked you if you recognize them. As for who they've been contacting, I'm sorry..."

"Are you saying that you didn't manage to find out who they are?" Natalie frowned.

On the other hand, Shane was not too surprised.

If they managed to find out, they would not have apologized.

They nodded. "Yeah, the number in their contacts was not saved. We tried to impersonate them to contact the person but did not get any response. Evidently, he has been monitoring the two men closely and escaped after learning that they got into an accident."

"How can this be?" Natalie bit her lips, unwilling to accept this reality.

The police officers sighed apologetically. "Hence, the priority is for you to recall if you've offended anyone recently. Perhaps, if you manage to remember something, we can find out who the mastermind is."

"If I've offended anyone..." Natalie lowered her head and mulled over it.

She had offended some people before. The first people to pop into her mind were Jasmine and Susan. Next, it was the person who had secretly tried to kill her. Although she had never offended that person, he or she still viewed her as a threat.

As all three of them were potential suspects for kidnapping Connor, she could not be certain who the culprit was. Furthermore, two of them were associated with Shane.

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At that thought, she glanced at Shane and could not help but vent her anger on him. She pointed at the lift and yelled furiously, "Leave now!"

Shane could naturally reach the same conclusion as she did. Hence, he understood why she was chasing him away so angrily.

"Okay, I'll leave." Gazing into Natalie's bloodshot eyes, he pursed his lips and left.

He did not leave because she chased her away. Instead, it was because he must not stay by her side anymore.

If their suspicions were true, and the culprit who kidnapped Connor was Jasmine or the person who tried to kill Natalie twice, things would become more serious. It meant that he was currently being monitored.

It would be dangerous to Natalie and the people around her if he continued staying by her side. Hence, he must find the culprit and resolve the matter as soon as possible.

As he mulled over it, Shane pressed the elevator button, whipped out his phone, and called the company's security department. He instructed them to dispatch a few bodyguards to protect Natalie and her children.

Feeling more assured, he could focus all his efforts on investigating who the mastermind was.

When Shane left, the police officers shared a confused glance with each other. They did not understand why the couple suddenly argued and why Natalie chased Shane away.

However, as this was their family matter, they did not probe further.

"Ms. Smith, I'll be asking you a few questions now. I hope that you'll answer them honestly," said one of the police officers while the other flipped open his notebook.

"Okay, I'll cooperate." Natalie sat down on the bench.

After ten minutes, the police officer finished his interrogation. He closed his notebook and reminded, "Okay, Ms. Smith. We're done with the questions. When your child wakes up, please inform us. We have some questions for him too."

"Okay." Natalie nodded slightly and the two police officers left.

She rubbed her face. Despite sitting up straight earlier, she immediately slumped against the wall, looking extremely exhausted.

At that moment, Sean had just returned from having his blood taken. His face was quite pale.

When Natalie spotted him, she quickly stood up and helped him sit on the bench. "Are you alright, Mr. Sean?"

"I'm fine. I won't die after drawing 400ml of blood, would I?" Sean waved his hands and replied dismissively.

However, she became worried upon hearing that. "400ml? That's a lot."

The blood drawn for an adult should not exceed 400ml at once. However, he directly drew 400ml of blood.

It indicated how severe Connor's injury was.

As if he could read Natalie's mind, he laughed. "Don't worry, your son is not so seriously injured. I asked the nurse and she said that he just lost a lot of blood. Other than a broken arm, he's fine."

"Really?" Natalie stared at him, overjoyed.

Sean adjusted his spectacles and replied, "What can I gain from lying to you? You can ask the doctor when your son comes out of the operating theater."

"That's great!" She could tell that he was telling the truth. Clenching her fists in delight, she finally smiled.

However, Sean clutched onto his arm and gasped in pain. "But your son hasn't come out yet. You should show more concern to me. After all, I drew 400 ml of blood for your son! How are you going to repay this favor?"

The smile on Natalie's face faded gradually. She cast her gaze downward and thought for a while. "What do you want me to do? As long as you won't force me to do anything bad or something that goes against my wishes, anything is fine."

"That's what you said. I recorded everything." Sean took out his phone from his pocket and waved it in front of her.

Natalie's lips twitched. "Even if you didn't record it, I would've kept my word."

"Good." Satisfied, Sean kept his phone and said, "As for what I want you to do, it's not the right time yet. I'll tell you when it's time."

When she heard that, she frowned. Despite feeling quite suspicious, she still nodded in agreement.

After all, it was an undeniable fact that he had saved Connor.

Furthermore, his promise to not let her do anything bad or something she disliked was sufficient.