

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1

When Natalie Smith opened her eyes, it was already 3 a.m.

A man was lying beside her with his face away from her, appearing to be deeply asleep.

Looking at his bare back, she recalled what happened a few hours ago. Just the thought of how he had taken her five times last night had her cheeks blushing a bright red in embarrassment. How does this guy have so much stamina? Ugh... great, now even walking will hurt.

She moved silently away from the bed while struggling to endure the pain shooting through her. Gritting her teeth, she put her clothes back on and slowly made her way out of the presidential suite, taking all her belongings with her. Just as she exited the room, a figure stepped in front of her and stopped her in her tracks.

“So how did it go? Is the deed done?”

It was her paternal half-sister – Jasmine Smith.

“Yup,” Natalie replied with a nod.

“Are you sure he didn’t see your face?” Jasmine pressed urgently.

After all, the man inside the room was supposed to be the chief judge of the Fashion Contest – Sid Luft, a man in his fifties.

Earlier, he promised Jasmine that she would be the winner of the contest, but on one condition – that she had to sleep with him for one night.

It just so happened that Natalie was in desperate need of money at that moment. Thus, she made a deal with Jasmine – that she would take her place in return for one million.

“Have you brought the money?” Natalie did not answer Jasmine’s question. All she could think about now was her brother, who was still waiting at the hospital for her. That one million would be enough for him to get the surgery he needed.

Jasmine’s lips curved into a smirk before she took out a bank card from her bag. Handing it to Natalie, she said in faux concern, “I hope your dear brother will be fine.”

Natalie accepted the card, barely glancing at it as she kept it. Not wanting to waste any more breath on the other woman, she turned and left.

If she weren’t so desperate for money to pay her brother’s medical bills, she would never have considered selling her body! Not in a million years!

Once Natalie was gone, Jasmine slipped into the dark room. She took off her clothes and crawled into bed, carefully settling down beside the sleeping man.

When dawn rolled around, Jasmine took a peek at the man beside her. Seeing that he was still asleep, she gave the man a nudge while deliberately whining coyly, “You were such a beast last night. Even now, I’m still sore...”

In the dimly lit room, the man’s eyes snapped wide open upon hearing her voice. His brain was still a little fuzzy from all the alcohol he had imbibed last night. Despite that, he vaguely remembered pinning a woman beneath him. That woman smelled wonderful – almost intoxicating and her skin was incredibly smooth and supple like that of a baby’s. But among that, her best trait was her “flexibility.”

“I’ll bear responsibility for what I did.”

The deep timbre of his voice rang out in the silent room, sounding particularly pleasing. Wait a second... that voice!

Noticing that something was amiss, Jasmine bolted upright in bed and hurriedly turned on the bedside lamp.

She then turned over to look at the man beside her. To her surprise, the sight that greeted her was not that of Sid's wrinkled old face, but that of a young and extraordinarily handsome man!

Even as she was utterly stunned at the revelation, she recognized that face.

It was none other than Shane Thompson – J City's most influential and powerful man!

"As repayment for saving me, I'll give you anything you want." While Jasmine was still processing the identity of the man before her, Shane had already climbed out of bed. He then headed straight into the bathroom to change his clothes.

When he emerged, his appearance was meticulously tidy and clean. He walked towards Jasmine as she continued to gawk at this Greek God of a man. Reaching into his jacket, he took out a glossy name card and handed it to her. "My contact number and address are listed here."

Those two mesmerizing obsidians glint brightly as they stared out of a well-defined face. His sharp nose and thick brows complemented his eyes even more, with a gaze that was seemingly capable of drawing a person's soul out of their body at any moment. Now, he had an indifferent expression while his suit jacket was slung over the crook of his arm.

Drawing in a sharp breath, one of Jasmine's hands tightened its hold on the sheets while the other reached out to take the card.

But before she could get a chance to speak, he was already gone, like a wisp of smoke.

She looked down at the name card as excitement welled up like a fountain in her chest. Never in her wildest dreams would she thought that Natalie would be so lucky as to sleep with the wrong man, or in this case, the right man!

What made Jasmine even giddier was how fortunate she was that Shane mistook her for the one to sleep with him! And it was all thanks to Natalie! Forget about winning the competition, all of J City will be mine in the future!

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

A young woman was seen waiting anxiously outside an operating theatre for someone. Her eyebrows furrowed into a deep concern as she bit her lip and picked on her fingernails nervously. Every now and then, she would glance at the indicator above the operating theatre doors while muttering a silent prayer. Dear God, please help Jared pull through...

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After four hours, the light above the doors finally dimmed, and the doctor, still dressed in scrubs, came out of the room.

As soon as the young woman saw the doctor, she rushed forward and said, "Doctor, I'm Jared's sister – Natalie. How is he?"

"Thank the heavens – Jared's surgery was a success. All that's left now is to rest more, and he'll be able to recover in no time."

At this, Natalie's eyes grew red. Her sacrifice had not been in vain then. Everything was worth it as long as it would save her younger brother. For him, I'm willing to do anything...