

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 1176

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Shane had a warm smile on his face when he entered the room. He crouched down to hug her from behind.

Startled, Natalie stepped on the wrong pedal of the sewing machine.

Shane realized that he had made a mistake, so he let her go and apologized awkwardly, "Sorry, Honey. I—"

"It's fine. This is just a sample," replied Natalie. She picked up a pair of scissors and cut the thread that was sewn in the wrong place. "I was just testing the blade of the new machine and haven't started sewing an actual outfit. When did you come back?"

Natalie put the scissors away and turned to her man.

He held her in his arms again and buried his head in her neck before replying, "Just a while ago."

Shane ended up tickling Natalie. She couldn't help but shrug her shoulders. "Hmm... Sneaking around right after you come home and didn't even call out to me. You're scared me earlier, you know?"

Shane chuckled. "I just wanted to see what you were doing."

"Okay, now that you have seen it, let me go. I still have some work to do," Natalie said, rolling her eyes at him.

Shane loosened his grip a little. "This will do, right? I won't get in the way of your work, and you can sew away while I hug you."

"You..." The man's shamelessness surprised her. She found his behavior both frustrating and funny. "Okay, okay, you can hug me as you like. Just don't move about too much or I'll make another mistake."

"All right." Shane nodded affirmatively.

Natalie ignored him and paid attention to her sewing machine before starting it up.

As promised, Shane kept quiet and simply held her. He didn't distract her whatsoever.

It didn't take long before Natalie finished working. She was about to detach her finished product from the sewing machine to check it out when a huge palm suddenly showed up in front of her. It pinched her chin and forced her to turn around.

The man lowered his head and kissed her.

"Mmm..." Natalie yelped instinctively, but her lips twitched a second later. She was utterly speechless.

I knew it. This guy can never be good for long. He will surely act up after he behaves for a while. What's happening right now proves my word!

Natalie sighed internally. She was a little annoyed and slightly delighted when she put her masterpiece away. She reached out and wrapped her arms around Shane's neck to kiss him back.

The man was surprised for a moment, but it didn't take long before he picked her up and deepened the kiss. He even had her sit on his lap.

No one knew how much time had passed, but when Natalie eventually got out of breath, she pushed him a little.

That hint prompted the guy to let her go as he used his thumb to caress her lips.

Natalie panted lightly while resting in his embrace.

About two minutes later, Natalie recollected herself and poked at the guy's chest. "There's something I'd like to talk to you about."

"Tell me," replied Shane as he played with her hair.

Natalie sat up straight and reached into her pocket to get a bank card for him.

Shane accepted it and asked, "What is this?"

"Your dividend," Natalie replied.

Shane saw the mischievous glint in her eyes and suddenly understood what was going on. He turned away guiltily.

Natalie reached out and tilted his head so that he was looking at her. "Look at me," she said. "Don't try to hide."

"I'm not hiding," Shane lied, looking away.

Natalie did not know how to react. "No? Then why can't you look me in the eye?"

Shane's lips twitched. He couldn't refute that.

He remained quiet for a while before he asked, "When did you figure it out?"

"Today. Joyce told me that she couldn't get in touch with Mr. Miller's assistant, so we couldn't pay him his dividend. That is when Connor told me that you were the mysterious investor," Natalie answered, caressing the man's face. "If Connor hadn't told me, were you going to keep it from me for the rest of your life?"

Shane's lips moved a little, but he didn't say anything. That was his way of admitting it.

Natalie sighed and asked, "Why?"

"I didn't want you to feel burdened." Shane finally shifted his gaze to her, love burning in his eyes. "We weren't together when I first invested in your company, and I knew you wouldn't accept my money. We got married after that, but I didn't want to tell you because I didn't want you to think that you only managed to establish the company with my help. I didn't want you to feel pressured or look down on yourself."

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

### Chapter 1177

#### Chapter 1177 Wedding Day

There were many brilliant women out there whose achievements were discredited just because they had some help from their husbands. Many assumed that successful women only managed to progress that well because of their husband's help.

For example, Stephanie Whittaker was a talented woman, but she had borrowed some money from her husband to establish her business. That got everyone to assume that her husband was responsible for all of her achievements. No one ever stopped to consider how her husband simply made that initial investment and that the company's growth after that was all the fruits of her labor.

Shane didn't want the narrow-minded public to see his wife like that.

Natalie looked into Shane's eyes and instantly knew what he was worried about. Warmth filled her heart, and she said, "I got it. Thank you, Darling."

Shane caressed her hair. "We're married, so you never need to thank me."

Natalie grinned and nodded.

"Here, you can keep it." Shane handed her the card.

“No, I can’t. This is—”

“A part of my salary which I’m giving my wife for her to maintain the house,” Shane cut her off.

Natalie was at a loss for words. She paused for a moment before she accepted the card and replied, “Okay, since you put it that way, I will keep it then.”

“Mmm.” Shane nodded.

The two of them stayed in the studio for a while until the housekeeper knocked on their door and told them that their supper was ready. Only then did the two lovebirds exit the room.

Two nights passed soon after, and it was the day of Natalie and Shane’s wedding.

The couple did not invite many over. There were only about a hundred guests.

On top of that, the media were not invited so their wedding was not publicized.

Natalie and Shane thought that it was unnecessary to make such a big deal out of the matter. They also worried that Sean’s men would slip in while disguising themselves as a reporter.

That was why the wedding was done in a low-key manner.

And this was what Natalie wanted as well. She preferred a small wedding, and she did not want her wedding ceremony to be publicized endlessly. It was true that it would be nice to be the center of everyone’s attention, and it would make her feel like a celebrity. However, that would make it so that most of the blessings she received were faked. Only a handful would genuinely wish her a happy life, and she would have to deal with the jealous and hateful comments online. Rather than going through all that, she would prefer to invite only a few close friends. At least then it would be a proper celebration, instead of a day when her chore was to keep a fake smile on at all times.

At this moment, Joyce, Lina, and Sally were in the dressing room with Natalie, keeping her company.

The three ladies weren’t Natalie’s bridesmaid, though. Shane didn’t have anyone to be his groomsmen, so naturally, Natalie dismissed the idea of having any bridesmaid, too. Only Connor and Sharon would remain as the flower girl and flower boy.

Although Joyce and the others felt a little sad that they couldn’t be her bridesmaids, they weren’t unreasonable people as they got over it rather quickly.

“You look so beautiful today, Nat,” complimented Joyce. She was standing behind Natalie and was staring at the latter’s reflection in the mirror.

Sally and Lina nodded in agreement. "It's true. I have never seen a more beautiful bride in my life."

The ladies' compliments got Natalie to blush in embarrassment. "You will be just as beautiful when it's your big day."

"Haha, let's hope that's true, then," said the ladies.

Natalie giggled with them, but she dared not move too much as the manicurist was giving her a manicure at that time. She didn't want to cause the manicurist to mess up.

At a random spot outside, Lucy had her janitor uniform on and was wiping the chair clean half-heartedly while scanning the wedding hall.

It wasn't an enormous place, but the decorations were regal and exquisite. It made one feel as though they had walked into a fairy tale, and everything was so beautiful that it was virtually impossible to look away.

That was her dream wedding, and the groom was the man she loved. Unfortunately, she wasn't the bride.

Sorrow was written on her face as that thought ran past her mind.

The team leader of the janitorial crew glared at her in distaste before marching over. "I'm warning you, Lucy. Today is Mr. Thompson's wedding, so don't you dare cause a scene. If I'm in trouble, I will drag you down with me. Do you hear me?" she bellowed.

If not for the lack of manpower that day, she would not have arranged for Lucy to come over. After all, everyone in the office knew how Lucy felt about Shane.