

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 141 - 145

Shane became clear-headed at once and shoved her away.

Natalie sprawled on the seat and threw up furiously. Even her clothes were stained.

Within seconds, the pungent smells of the strong alcohol and her vomit filled the car, and that turned Shane off.

The veins on the sides of his forehead popped out. Holding back the urge to throw her out of the car, he rolled down the windows with a sullen face.

A few minutes later, the chilly night air replaced the stench in the car. His expression softened, but he still felt terribly annoyed, and it got worse when he saw that Natalie had fallen into a deep slumber. Even his head was throbbing now.

Soon, they arrived at the condominium.

With a grumpy face, Shane got out of the car and picked Natalie up.

As Silas saw the vomit on the back seat, he held back a sense of repulsion and pointed at the woman. "Mr. Shane, did Ms. Smith throw up?"

Shane hummed curtly. "Hail a cab home yourself."

"Are you staying here tonight, Mr. Shane?"

He nodded faintly, then walked into the building with the woman in his arms.

Staring at his back, Silas shook his head with a sigh.

I can tell that Mr. Shane is really into her. Despite having mysophobia, he doesn't mind at all even when Ms. Smith pukes all over herself. I bet even her fart smells nice to him now.

With Natalie in his arms, Shane came to the front of her condominium, pressing the doorbell with his elbow.

However, no one answered the door.

Aren't the kids at home?

He glanced down at the woman in his arms. Leaning on his chest, she was sleeping soundly, and her lips curled up as if she were having a good dream.

Having no other choice, he turned around and went into his condominium opposite of hers.

Stepping through the door, he put her on a couch, grabbed a bathrobe, and headed to the bathroom.

After his shower, he walked over to the couch, staring at the woman while drying his hair with a towel. He hesitated for a few seconds before picking her up and making his way to the bathroom. He then put her in a bathtub filled with water.

Right when she got into the water, she woke from her sleep. Struggling in the water, she opened her eyes, held the two sides of the bathtub, and sat up. "What's happening?"

In a panic, she checked out her surroundings. The second she saw the man standing beside her, her anxiety ceased.

"Mr. Shane?" She shook her befuddled head. "Where is this? Why am I in a bathtub?"

"This is my condominium. I was the one who put you here. Just to sober you up," the tall man answered impassively while looking down at her.

She massaged her temples to ease the pain. "But why am I here with you? Wasn't I with Stanley just now?"

The way she addressed Stanley sounded irritatingly intimate in Shane's ears. His expression hardened as he asked, "Don't you remember what happened?"

"What should I remember?" Natalie splashed some water on her face to refresh herself.

The man folded his arms. "Stanley got you drunk deliberately so that he could have his way with you. That's why I took you away from him."

"That can't be!" She stood up abruptly, spilling water out of the bathroom.

Shane narrowed his eyes at her words. "You don't believe me?"

Looking at the man earnestly, she replied, "Mr. Shane, it's not that I don't believe you, but I don't think that's possible. Stanley and I have been friends for five years already. He isn't that kind of man."

Motionless, the man stared squarely at her for a few seconds. He sneered, "Friends for five years? Yet, you can't even tell his true colors. Are you blind?"

A look of contempt flashed across his eyes. Gloominess enveloped him as he stormed out of the bathroom.

She thinks that she knows that man from the inside out only because they've been friends for years. Does she really think that's the case? She's definitely not shrewd enough to discern his secret intention. Well, I've told her the truth. It's up to her whether to believe it.

After he left, Natalie sat back in the bathtub. Staring blankly at the water, she bit her lower lips and spaced out.

Am I blind? No, I'm not. I just refuse to think ill of Stanley. If it wasn't for his help, my family and I would've been long gone when we were overseas. That's why I'll never suspect him.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 142

Yet, I don't think that Shane is lying. Perhaps he misinterpreted the situation when he saw us drinking together.

This thought lifted Natalie's mood. She quickly took the wet clothes off, so she wouldn't catch a cold.

After taking a bath, she took a bathrobe from the rack and wore it.

The bathrobe looked oversized on her, and its hem was dragging on the floor as she walked.

Hence, she folded the sleeves and tied a knot at the bottom of the bathrobe, revealing her lower legs, so it was easier for her to move around.

Afterward, she found a bag, put her wet clothes in it, and came out of the bathroom.

“Mr. Shane, did you see my bag?” she asked the man on the couch, who was wearing the same bathrobe as hers.

With his eyes fixed on the tablet in his hands, Shane replied coldly without glancing at her. “It’s on the shoe cabinet, and your clothes are on it too.”

“My clothes?” Puzzled, she looked at the bag in her hand.

What? I have them in my hand now.

Obviously, the man was not going to explain himself, so she went over to the shoe cabinet to check it out herself.

There was a paper bag beside her handbag. She opened it and saw her clothes, on which Mrs. Thompson had splashed a cup of coffee two days ago.

No wonder I felt as if I forgot something when I left his office after a shower that day. It’s my clothes.

Amused, she facepalmed her forehead. Holding the paper bag, she could smell the fragrance of detergent as she took the freshly laundered clothes out. She froze for a second, then promptly unfolded the clothes.

The coffee stain was gone, and the clothes were clean and spotless. Unconsciously, she looked at him.

“Mr. Shane, this clothes...”

Knowing what she was about to ask, Shane tapped on the tablet and answered without moving his head. “Mrs. Wilson washed it.”

“Please help me say thanks to Mrs. Wilson.” She put the clothes back into the paper bag.

Shane didn’t reply.

Biting her lips, she realized that he started treating her indifferently since she came out of the bathroom. He didn't even spare her a glance. Is it because I defended Stanley earlier?

Natalie's lips parted. "Mr. Shane..."

Turning his head, he interrupted her. "Is there anything else? If not, you may go now."

He chased her out with an icy gaze.

Natalie tousled her hair. "Alright. Good night, Mr. Shane."

I have nothing else to do other than explain to him about Stanley, but I guess I should let it slide. He was already angry when I refuted him in the bathroom. I will only infuriate him if I do it again.

She opened the door to leave. Just when she took the first step out of the door, his voice sounded behind her. "Hold on."

Natalie turned her head around.

Shane put the tablet down, stood up and walked over to the woman. Much to her surprise, he handed his car key to her.

"What's this for?" Perplexed, Natalie took it from him and eyed him curiously.

His thin lips parted as he explained in a frigid tone, "You puked all over my car. Clean and return it to me tomorrow."

With that, he turned around and made his way back to the spot where he was sitting, leaving Natalie standing at the doorway in embarrassment.

I can tell from the stains on my clothes that I vomited just now, but I have no idea that I did it in his car.

"I got it. I'll clean it." Clutching the car key, Natalie mumbled awkwardly with her reddened face.

Shane hummed curtly in response, without uttering a word.

Back at her condominium, Natalie put her handbag and the two bags of clothes down before she tiptoed to the kids' room.

Seeing that the kids were fast asleep while hugging each other, she smiled and pecked them on the cheeks. Covering them with a blanket, she slipped out of their room.

In the living room, Natalie let out a yawn while taking the phone out of her handbag. When she saw a dozen of missed calls and text messages from Stanley, she gasped and called him back right away.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 143

Picking up the call, she heard Stanley's anxious voice on the other side of the phone. "Nat, where are you now?"

"I'm at home." Natalie poured a glass of water for herself.

He heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good. When Mr. Shane took you away, I thought he was going to do something to you."

After drinking some water, she laughed. "That's impossible. Mr. Shane isn't that kind of a person."

"Do you trust him so much?" Without his glasses, Stanley squinted his eyes.

"Of course. I believe you too." Natalie took a seat.

Reading between the lines, the man grasped the hidden meaning of her words. He rolled his eyes while trying to sound her out. "Nat, did Mr. Shane tell you something?"

"Nothing much. I think he misunderstood that you were going to do something to me when he saw us drinking together." She chuckled.

"Do you believe what he said?" Gradually, he clutched his phone tightly.

"Didn't I say it just now? I believe you." She lay down on the couch, stretching herself comfortably.

Stanley loosened his grip. A meaningful grin appeared on his face.

“By the way, Stanley, what exactly happened just now? Why did Mr. Shane take me away?” Natalie asked while staring at the ceiling.

Stanley sighed with a rueful smile. “You were drunk, so I wanted to send you home after paying for the bill. But Mr. Shane showed up and accused me of getting you drunk with an ill intention. In the end, he took you away from me.”

“I see.” She nodded in acknowledgement.

Stanley forced a helpless laugh. “I don’t know why he misunderstood me. I’ve known you for years. Why would I do that to you? In fact, I was worried that he might do something to you when he took you away, so I kept calling and texting you. I’m glad that you’re fine.”

At his words, a warm and fuzzy feeling overflowed in her heart.

This misunderstanding is hilarious. It all started because Stanley and Shane were worried that something bad might happen to me.

Deep in thought, Natalie turned to look at the door, as if she could see through it at the man staying opposite her unit.

The two chatted for a while before ending the call. Then the woman headed to her room to sleep.

The next morning, Natalie got up early to prepare breakfast.

Afterward, she woke the kids up and asked them to invite Shane over for breakfast.

The two kids agreed with cheers.

However, two minutes later, the kids came back with dejected looks on their little faces.

“Mommy, Mr. Shane is not in,” Sharon mumbled.

Standing in front of the dining table, Natalie heard them, and her hands froze while removing her apron. Then she pulled herself together and said, “Perhaps he left the house. It’s alright, let’s eat. Mommy will send you to school after breakfast.”

“Okay.” The two nodded in unison.

Later, Natalie drove Shane’s car and sent the two kids to kindergarten. She then went to a 4S dealership store to clean the car.

While waiting, she heard a familiar voice. “Warren, which car would you like to buy?”

It’s Susan.

Natalie turned her head in the direction of the voice and saw Susan and Warren walking arm in arm into the store. The woman had a disgustingly complaisant and feminine demeanor.

“I want to buy a Bentley.” Warren stroked the woman’s hair.

Susan seemed troubled, biting her lips. “But Bentley is too expensive. I can’t afford it. You know the Smith Group is facing some problems with the cash flow...”

“I don’t care. You said you will buy me a car. I don’t mind asking for one from your husband then.”

At last, she had no choice but to go outside to make a call.

After she walked away, Warren looked around avariciously. His eyes lit up when he saw Natalie sitting in the lounge. He marched over to her and asked, “Miss, are you the salesperson here?”

“What?” Natalie was bewildered that he suddenly approached her. Hearing his question, she glanced down to size herself up.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 144

The way I dressed up today does make me look like a salesperson.

Natalie just kept mum, and this led Warren to believe that his guess was right. He then took out his name card and passed it to her. “Shall we go for coffee after this?”

Natalie was rendered speechless by his words.

What?

Susan's man is asking me out?

Natalie studied the man closely. He might appear like a gentleman, but his behavior and the lecherous gleam in his eye suggested otherwise. Natalie plastered a smile to her face and forced herself to accept his name card. She almost burst into laughter when she read the details on the card. "Chairman of Smith Group?"

"That's me!" Warren adjusted his tie and answered steadily.

Natalie responded with an eye roll.

Has he no shame? How dare he impersonate my Dad!

Since he started this game, I guess I'll just play along.

Natalie acted surprised. "Wow, Mr. Smith, it's a pleasure to meet you!"

Warren basked in her admiration and totally did not realize she was mocking him. He held her hand touched it repeatedly, "And your name is?"

Natalie calmly retracted her hand from him and gave him a stifled smile, "Don't you know me?"

Warren was stunned for a moment. "Do I know you?"

"Of course. I'm..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Susan arrived. She got the shock of her life when she saw Warren standing next to Natalie. Susan immediately went up and stood in front of Warren and questioned Natalia in a sharp voice, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to wash my car." Natalie grinned and looked at Susan from her head to heels, "So you're out of the hospital, Susan?"

The color drained out of Susan's face. Before Susan could answer Natalie, Warren interrupted and asked in surprise, "You're Harrison and his ex-wife's daughter?"

"That's right." Natalie nodded.

Warren instantly became so embarrassed that he wished he could dig a hole and bury himself.

In the past, he had had many successes in getting women's attention whenever he used Harrison's identity.

Yet this time, he unexpectedly pulled this trick on Harrison's daughter.

Upon seeing a pang of guilt on Warren's face, Susan knew something must have happened.

Did he blurt out our relationship?

Susan's face turned pallid, but she tried to regain her composure. She even pinched her palm to remind herself to stay calm. "So, what were you all discussing earlier?"

"Good question, Susan." Natalie took a sidelong glance at Warren. "Your distant cousin impersonated my Dad."

"What?" Susan was dumbstruck. "He told you he's Harrison?"

"That's right." Natalie nodded. She lifted her hand and pointed at him, "Not only that. He even gave me his name card and wanted to take me out for coffee."

Natalie gave Susan back his name card.

Susan looked at the name card and heaved a sigh of relief.

Phew, good thing Warren didn't expose our relationship.

But how dare he hit on another woman behind my back!

Susan's eyes glowed with a towering rage when she stared at Warren. "Give it to me."

"What?" Warren wondered what she was talking about.

Natalie thought about it and said cheekily, "The name cards, of course. You must have printed a lot to give out to girls, right?"

Natalie then looked at Susan to seek confirmation.

Susan's expression changed instantly. The way she stared at Warren was as if she wanted to skin him alive.

Her killer stare sent a chill down Warren's spine. Without hesitation, he took out the remaining name cards from his pocket.

Upon seeing only one-third of the name cards were left in the holder, a towering rage blazing in Susan's eyes.

The turn of events was what Natalie expected. She suppressed her smile and said, "Susan, your cousin must have given out at least sixty fake name cards to random girls. That's about two-thirds of the cards in this holder! I'll have to tell my Dad about this as this gentleman's action has tarnished my Dad's image."

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 145

Susan immediately stopped Natalie. "Hey, you don't have to tell your Dad. Let me take care of this, all right?"

She then slapped Warren's back twice as his 'punishment'.

By hook or by crook, Susan must stop Natalie from reporting this incident to her dad.

Harrison knew Susan did not have any relatives anymore. If Harrison found out about Warren, he would for sure investigate her so-called cousin, and everyone would know their affair by then. Therefore, she needed to dissuade Natalie from telling her dad.

Natalie put down her phone and said, "All right. I'll not tell Dad about it, but you have to do something for me."

"What is it?' Susan wondered.

Natalie glanced at her bag and said, "Well, my Dad and I might not have the best relationship, but as his daughter, I'll still defend his honor. This, however, doesn't mean I'm not open to negotiation."

Susan understood her hint, and she responded with a snort. "Just say what you want from me."

"My request is simple. I've recently started a small garment factory, but I don't have enough money to buy machines, so..." Natalie made a universal money-counting gesture with her hand.

Susan snickered. "I'll give you two hundred thousand."

"Two hundred thousand?" Natalie acted as if she was deep in thought at first and then shook her head. "I'm afraid that can only cover the cost of two machines. I'm hoping to buy fifty units."

"Fifty?" Susan was taken aback. "Please don't say you want me to pay you five million."

"Oh, is it too much?" Natalie blinked innocently and pointed at Warren. "If I'm not mistaken, you brought him here to buy a car. Bentley, I think? A Bentley with the most basic specifications would cost around three million. Looking at the smile on your face, I'm pretty sure Dad gave you quite a lot of money, right?"

Susan was so mad that words choked in her throat.

How did she find out, damn it!

"I can't give you five million. How about one million?" Susan raised her index finger.

Natalie knitted her brows. "That's too little. How about four million five hundred thousand?"

Susan instantly raised her voice, "Don't push it, Natalie."

"Hey, we're negotiating, aren't we? But it's fine if you're not keen to continue with this negotiation." Natalie sighed and took out her phone again.

Susan's eyes narrowed. She tried to calm herself by taking in a deep breath. "Three million. Take it or leave it."

“Calm down, Aunt Susan. Why are you so mad? Three million might be a small sum, but I’ll take it.” Natalie took out a pen and wrote her bank account on a piece of paper. “Here you go. Thank you!”

Susan’s expression stiffened with dismay when she took over the paper.

Natalie responded with a grin, “All right, it’s time for me to check on my car now. Have a nice day!”

She waved them goodbye and left with a contented smile on her face.

Warren got anxious and asked, “So you’re just going to give her the money? How about my car?”

“What car? You still owe me an explanation about the name card!” Susan gave him a murderous look.

It took Susan some time to convince Harrison to give her five million to invest in a beauty parlor, but two-thirds of the amount would soon go to Natalie instead. I’m just down on my luck these days!

You want my money? Sure. Come and get it if you dare!

Susan squeezed the paper into a ball as she watched Natalie walked out of the building.

After leaving the one-stop center, Natalie received a notification about a bank transfer. Wow, that’s fast.

She thought Susan would have intentionally delayed the payment. Great! This saves me the trouble of asking her for the money.

Natalie glanced through the notification and chucked her phone to one side.

Initially, Natalie thought of applying for a bank loan to buy the machines when the garment factory was ready to operate.

But luck was on her side when Susan appeared with her so-called cousin. Natalie was, of course, smart enough to seize the opportunity to blackmail this couple.