

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 313

After all, Shane might reward him if he had done Natalie a favor.

Natalie held the documents against her chest and declined. “Thank you for offering, Mr. Plumlee, but there’s no need. The warehouse where I store my fabrics is on fire. My employee has already called the fire department. I’m gonna go take a look.” She bowed apologetically before leaving the restaurant and drove off.

Watching as her car left his sight, Niall contemplated for a minute before he eventually decided to report the matter to Shane.

Shane’s brows furrowed when he heard the news. Why would the warehouse be on fire for no reason?

“Silas,” Shane called out, knocking twice on his desk.

Silas pushed open the door and stood at the entrance. “Yes, Mr. Shane?”

“Prepare the car!” Shane ordered as he stood up.

Surprised, Silas asked, “Are you going out, Mr. Shane? But there’s a meeting—”

“It’s not an important meeting. Postpone it for two hours. I’ll be back soon.” He retrieved his coat from the coat rack and took large strides out of his office, heading toward the elevator. His handsome, aloof face was filled with worry.

Warehouses that store fabric materials weren’t allowed to have flammable items. Even the warehouse manager stopped having smoke breaks for the same reason. Therefore, the source of the fire certainly wasn’t as simple as it seemed.

Shane frowned as he drove toward the outskirts.

At the same time, Natalie was heading to the same destination. She had managed to make it within twenty minutes for a typically thirty-minute drive. When she alighted, her blood turned cold. All she could see was the warehouse being devoured by flames.

“Ms. Smith!” The manager hurriedly ran toward her.

Natalie merely nodded, her face pale as she watched the fire destroy a part of her. “Are the firefighters not here yet?”

“Not yet. I’ve called again. They said there was a traffic jam on the way. That’s why—”

“Enough!” Natalie cut him off with bloodshot eyes. “What about the fabrics? Were any of them saved?”

The manager lowered his head in shame.

Natalie’s body swayed, feeling like her world was spinning. She held onto her car door, forcing herself to keep steady. “Not a single yard made it out?” She questioned, squeezing her palm tightly. She had to keep composed, or else she didn’t know what else she could do.

The manager shook his head regretfully. “It was lunch break when the fire ignited. We were all eating our food outside and had no clue what happened. When we returned, the fire had spread. There was no way we could enter, much less save the fabrics.”

Natalie shut her eyes in despair. At that moment, another car came to a stop next to them. Joyce hopped out of it, running up to grab Natalie’s hand without bothering to shut her car door. She asked about the fabrics immediately.

Natalie regretfully informed her that they were all gone.

Joyce clenched her hands into fists in disbelief. “Gone? All of it?”

“Yes.” Natalie nodded.

“Those fabrics were worth at least a hundred and fifty thousand!” Joyce raised her voice in agitation. She dashed toward the warehouse before anyone could stop her, in desperate need to witness the truth for herself.

Seeing that, Natalie jumped in shock and shouted, “Joyce! What are you doing? Come back!”

Joyce acted as if she couldn’t hear. She stood outside the warehouse, her mental state about to fall apart as she watched the place burn.

She had visited at least a dozen textile mills to acquire all the fabrics. Some of them were even exclusive ones where production was limited. She had to drink to the point where she had stomach cramps before the higher-ups were willing to sell them to her. Yet, the fire gobbled them all up as if they were nothing. Her efforts had been reduced to a pile of ashes. How could she accept the fact?

When Natalie saw that Joyce wasn’t responding, she ran after her and tried to pull her back.

Although the warehouse was built with bricks, some parts of it—especially the roof structure—were built with wood to ensure the fabrics would not decay in humidity. With such a big fire going, the roof could collapse at any moment. It was too dangerous.