

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 317

“Huh?” Joyce was stunned. She finally noticed something was wrong.

Isn't she too cold toward him?

“Nat, did something happen between you and Mr. Shane?” Joyce whispered, sneaking a peek at the man in the distance.

Natalie hummed in response. “I've talked it out with him. I told him I liked him and that I'd give up on him.”

“What? Why?” Joyce's voice rose an octave.

Still leaning against the car door, Shane squinted and kept his eyes peeled on Natalie's figure.

Natalie tried to ignore the burning gaze from behind her, refusing to give it any attention. She said in a faint voice, “It's impossible between us anyway. He has no feelings for me. What else am I to do if not give up on him? Letting him know of my feelings is more than enough.”

“I suppose you're right.” Joyce nodded, letting out a sigh. “Actually, I find the both of you rather compatible. However... Forget it, let's not talk about it anymore. The fire's extinguished!” She pointed at the warehouse.

Natalie lifted her head and took a look at what was left of the burnt warehouse. She felt like her heart was bleeding.

It was several hundred thousand worth of loss in fabrics. Not only that, but their rented warehouse was also in ruins. On top of purchasing new fabrics, they had to spend a large sum of money to compensate the landlord for the warehouse. Talk about bad luck.

“They’ve found the source of the fire,” the fire captain dressed in orange uniform said as he approached them.

Shane heard it from afar as well and walked forward. He asked the fire captain, “What was the cause?”

“My men found traces of burnt white phosphorus at the vent,” he said.

Natalie and Shane’s expressions mirrored each other.

Only Joyce was confused. “What’s that?” she questioned.

“It’s a type of chemical solid that self-ignites upon contact with wind,” Natalie explained simply.

Squinting, Shane added, “But it’s not something ordinary people could get their hands on.”

The captain nodded. “That’s right. You guys must think carefully about where it came from.” Having said that, he turned around and left to continue directing his team to clean up the scene.

“Someone must have put it there deliberately. Their purpose was to ruin our fabrics!” Joyce clenched her hands into fists and cracked each knuckle, her eyes bloodshot from anger.

Natalie made no comments to her opinion and said, “They’d gone for the fabrics twice. It’s probably the same person who egged on the textile mill and refused to give us the fabrics that did this. Joyce, you said you would send an undercover amongst them. Has there been any result?”

“It’d slipped my mind after Stanley’s accident. I’ll ask right now.” Joyce pulled out her phone and walked aside to make the call, leaving behind Natalie and Shane as they stood silently together.

A short moment later, Natalie inhaled an audible breath to break the silence. She raised her head and stared indifferently at him. "Mr. Shane, you may return."

"Are you chasing me away?" Shane frowned.

She shook her head. "I'm not. This matter has nothing to do with you. Therefore, it's pointless for you to be around."

Despite her words, she looked as if she couldn't wait for him to leave. Before he could say something to express his discontent, his phone rang in his pocket.

He had no choice but to swallow his words and pull out the phone, his expression turning dark when he glanced at the display. He placed the phone against his ear and barked impatiently, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Shane, Ms. Graham has fainted while doing her tests."

"What?" His face tightened. "Why did Jacqueline faint?"

Hearing the worry in his voice, Natalie felt sour on the inside. She did a good job concealing any expression on her face, merely keeping her face lowered to the ground as if she was not at all interested in his conversation.

"I'm not clear about the specifics. Dr. Baker is currently looking for the cause. Mr. Shane, are you coming?" Silas asked, looking anxiously into the ward through the glass.