

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 318

“I got it. I’ll be there right away.” Shane hung up the phone expressionlessly.

Natalie lifted her head. “Did something happen to Ms. Graham?”

He nodded.

“Then you better hurry,” she urged.

“Do you really wish for me to go?” He stared at her tensely.

She stared back blankly, uncertain what his words meant. She nodded slightly.

Shane pressed his lips into a thin line, seemingly displeased as his aura became increasingly heavy. A short while later, he placed his phone back into his pocket and turned around to leave.

Watching his retreating figure, Natalie squeezed her palms and said, “Mr. Shane, treat Ms. Graham well in the future. Don’t break her heart.”

Shane’s footsteps halted and immediately whirled around, intending to ask her what she meant by that, but she had already walked away by then.

His phone vibrated in his pocket once again. He contained the urge to interrogate her and took a gander at his phone. Seeing the contents of the text message, his pupils shrank. He increased his pace toward the car. Natalie’s question was no longer on his mind.

Natalie caught a glimpse of Shane's car driving away. She smiled from the corner of her lips for a brief second before it disappeared as if it never was there, to begin with.

"Why did Mr. Shane leave?" Joyce had just hung up the call when she coincidentally saw Shane's car leaving.

"He has something on," Natalie answered blandly. She briefly glanced at her cell phone and asked, "How did it go? Did you find out who did it?"

Joyce's expression dimmed. "It's not anyone from the studio. The undercover I sent told me that the studio is indeed jealous of my sales performance, but they have never thought of doing anything to our fabrics. They have only planned to suppress our clothing's prices once they're put up for sale."

"What about Jasmine Smith?" Natalie narrowed her eyes.

Joyce shook her head. "It's not her either. Jasmine has been busy inquiring about the last few themes for the competition so she could look for blueprints to plagiarize. She doesn't have the time to go against us. It has to be someone else."

"Someone else..." Natalie lowered her eyes, mumbling the two words under her breath. A few seconds later, she fisted her hands and said in a cold voice, "Could it be her?"

Joyce looked at her urgently. "Nat, did you think of someone?"

"The same person who's tried to kill me twice." Natalie bit hard on her lip, her face flushed with anger.

Joyce was equally furious. "That's right. She's showed up again. Nat, we must catch her. Leaving an evil person like her alone would only threaten our safety."

"I know. But it's not easy to capture her. She's hidden too well." Natalie sighed, rubbing her temple.

“Then what should we do?”

Natalie shrugged. “I haven’t thought of it yet. As of now, our priority is to take care of the matters before our eyes. Joyce, you go and re-purchase the fabrics. I’ll contact the landlord to discuss compensation of the warehouse.”

“All right.” Joyce nodded.

Natalie pulled out her phone to give the landlord a call.

When they’d both individually completed their assignments, it was already late afternoon.

Natalie went to the studio to pick up Connor first, then to the kindergarten to pick up Sharon. She took the children to the hospital.

Seeing the trio, Joyce went into the communal kitchen to make some soup, letting them accompany Stanley instead.

In the end, the children took Natalie’s phone to watch cartoons on the couch, leaving her alone to accompany Stanley.

Natalie set down a chair next to his bedside and began peeling an apple.

Stanley sat on his bed and watched her. “Nat, I know about the warehouse. Is everything settled?”

“More or less. But it’s too much of a loss this time. I’ve told Joyce. We owe nearly two million.” She smiled bitterly, cutting up the apples into smaller pieces.