

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 476

Mrs. Wilson smiled endearingly as she watched this heartwarming scene.

She could already foresee how that quiet and empty villa would soon be filled with liveliness.

“Let’s move there tomorrow. Eat up!” Shane placed a piece of tender beef into Natalie’s plate.

Smiling, Natalie placed some of his favorite food into his plate in return.

After the meal, Shane went to the study room to review some documents.

Meanwhile, Natalie brought the kids back to her apartment and bathed them.

Then, the kids returned to their room obediently and prepared to sleep.

When it came to sleeping, they had never made Natalie fuss over them. Hence, after she tucked them in, she left without any worries.

It was still early, since it was only nine o’clock at night.

Not feeling sleepy, Natalie entered the study room, planning to complete the clothes she wanted to give to Shane.

She was almost done sewing it. There were only a few more steps left, which could be done within two hours.

Soon, Natalie was immersed in her work, not even noticing it when Shane pushed the door open and entered.

It was only until Shane walked behind her and embraced her that she trembled, jolting her out of her seriousness.

"Why didn't you make any sounds when you enter? I got such a huge fright!" Turning around and staring at him, Natalie patted her chest in lingering shock.

He tightened his arms around her waist. "I knocked, but you didn't hear it."

Natalie was not sure if it was her illusion, but she noticed a hint of indignation in his voice. "Really? I was probably so focused that I didn't hear it. Have you finished reviewing the documents?"

"Yeah, that's why I came to look for you. Since you're not in your bedroom, I came here." Shane lowered his head and rubbed it against her neck.

Feeling itchy, Natalie chuckled as she tried to dodge him. "That's enough, stop rubbing against me. I have something to tell you."

"What?" Shane stopped, raised his head and looked at her.

Natalie moved his hands away from her waist and grabbed the suit on the table. Turning around, she raised it in front of him. "Try it on and see if it fits."

Shane was stunned as he stared at the suit. "Did you make this for me?"

"Yeah!" Natalie nodded.

Shane's lips moved. He could feel a great sense of happiness surge through him.

Initially, he thought that she was making the suit for a client.

"Try it on quickly!" urged Natalie when she saw him standing there without moving.

"Okay", replied Shane as he started to unbutton the suit he was wearing.

Soon, he took off his expensive suit and tossed it onto the table casually.

Natalie unfolded the suit she just made and raised it higher so it would be easier for him to put on.

After Shane put it on, Natalie lowered her head and helped him button it. Taking a step back and stroking her chin, she carefully scrutinized how he looked in the suit.

She then returned to her original position and adjusted his collar. "What do you think? Is there anything that feels uncomfortable? If so, tell me. I'll alter it immediately."

"No at all." Shane shook his head and added, "It fits perfectly."

"That's great." Natalie smiled in relief. "It's my first time making a men's suit. I was afraid that it wouldn't fit."

"Your first time?" Shane raised his eyebrows, feeling even more delighted.

Natalie nodded. "Yeah, I've only made prototypes in the past. It's my first time making an actual piece. As expected, I'm a genius."

She could not help but praise herself.

When Shane saw how proud she looked, a look of amusement flashed across his eyes. He raised her chin and kissed her lips. "This is your reward for being a genius."

Natalie's face blushed as she stared at him cutely with her eyes wide open.

Shane narrowed his eyes as he gulped, his Adam's apple bobbed. Then, he kissed her again.

This time, it was not a brief kiss anymore. Prying her lips apart with his tongue, he pulled her into a passionate kiss.

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"Mmmm..." Natalie could not help but moan. Shane cupped the back of her head and deepened the kiss.

Slowly, she was starting to feel aroused. Her arms wrapped themselves around Shane's neck.

Feeling her response, a glint appeared in his eyes. He carried her up forcefully and placed her onto the table.

Knowing what he was about to do, Natalie shoved him away. Still blushing, she panted and protested, "Don't do it here... Let's go back to the bedroom!"

"Okay!" replied Shane hoarsely. Wrapping her legs around his waist, he grabbed her thighs and carried her out of the study room and toward the bedroom.

The night was long and passionate.

Natalie had already lost count of how many times they did it. No matter how much she begged for him to stop, he did not let her go. By the end, she was so exhausted that she fell asleep.

By the time she woke up the next day, it was already past ten in the morning.

She turned around and glanced beside her. It was already empty. If it were not for the dent in the pillow, it was as if no one had ever slept there.

She could not help but stretch out her hand and stroke the place where Shane slept.

It already felt cold to the touch, which meant that Shane had already left a long time ago. Yet, she did not even notice anything.

Enduring the soreness in her body, Natalie sat up. She flipped the blanket aside to take a look. Her body was already clean, which meant that Shane had cleaned her up after she fell asleep.

"He still has a conscience, huh?" mumbled Natalie shyly as she grabbed the clothes on the headboard. She had already forgiven Shane for his unreasonable demands last night.

After putting on her clothes, she endured the pain as she stood up from the bed and walked toward the door.

When she entered the living room, she immediately spotted the breakfast laid out on the dining table. There was a note placed under the glass of milk.

She walked over and scanned the words scribbled untidily across the note. I'll send the kids to the kindergarten first. I've already informed your studio, so you don't need to rush. Your breakfast is on the dining table. Please remember to eat it!

It was signed—Shane.

As she looked at the short note, a warm feeling rushed through her.

She folded the note and placed it aside. Then, she sat down and started eating her breakfast.

Mid-way, her phone suddenly rang.

Exasperated, she placed the bread back onto the plate and glanced at her phone. When she saw that it was a call from the police station, her expression instantly turned serious and she accepted the call. "Hello, Mr. Murphy?"

"Yes. I hope that I'm not interrupting you, Ms. Smith," replied Mr. Murphy.

Natalie took a sip of her milk and gulped the bread down before saying, "Of course not! Mr. Murphy, are you calling me regarding the investigation of Jasmine's case?"

"Yes, I'm calling you because of that."

"Is Jasmine the one who jumped off the building?" asked Natalie.

Looking at the DNA report in his hands, Mr. Murphy replied solemnly, "It's her!"

Natalie widened her eyes. "It's really Jasmine?"

"That's right. The DNA report is already out. We compared it to the data from her previous health checkup and discovered that everything matched perfectly. Hence, we are certain that the corpse is Jasmine," said Mr. Murphy.

Natalie gaped for a while before finding her voice. "If it's really Jasmine, how can the doubts I raised earlier be explained?"

"We have the answers for that. Firstly, Jasmine jumped off the building with her back facing the window. We deduced that she probably knew that Susan was coming back at that time and wanted to give her a last farewell. As for why her corpse landed face-down..."

Mr. Murphy took a deep breath before continuing, "From our investigation, we found out that someone tried to pull her back while she was falling. The person failed, which caused her body to turn around mid-air."

"That's impossible!" Natalie shook her head. "I witnessed the entire process of Jasmine jumping off the building. I didn't see anyone pulling her back."

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"There was. However, since it was too far away, it could not be seen in the film," explained Mr. Murphy, his eyes glinting.

Naturally, Natalie could not sense his abnormal reaction through the phone call. Frowning, she continued asking, "It's going to be really obvious if someone pulled her back. How is it possible that it's not captured? Furthermore, if someone actually pulled Jasmine back, she would definitely pause for a while mid-air. However, her fall was very smooth and showed no signs of stopping..."

"Someone edited the video," interrupted Mr. Murphy.

"Edited the video?" Natalie bit her lips as a look of disbelief crossed her face.

She did not think that the video had been edited. It had been posted onto the Internet just a few minutes after Jasmine jumped off the building. How could someone edit it within a few minutes?

Furthermore, the video was filmed on a passer-by's phone. Although it was possible to edit a video on a phone, it was extremely troublesome and complex. No one in their right mind would do that.

As she deliberated about it, Mr. Murphy spoke again, sounding extremely busy, "Okay, Ms. Smith. I've already told you what I needed to tell you. I've still got some matters to attend to, so I'll hang up now."

With that, he ended the phone call immediately.

Natalie initially planned to ask him a few more questions, but since the call had already ended, there was nothing else she could do.

However, she had not given up yet. She planned to download the video posted yesterday and get a professional to check if it had been edited.

However, when Natalie searched for the video, she discovered that it was gone. An error appeared on the website, which meant that it had been deleted by the authorities.

"I was a step too late!" lamented Natalie as she massaged her temples.

However, she soon found relief.

It was no longer important whether the video had been edited. Instead, it was already sufficient to know that the corpse was Jasmine's. As long as Jasmine did not fake her death, Natalie would not need to worry that she would suddenly emerge and stir up some trouble.

She wanted to know so eagerly if the corpse was Jasmine's because she was scared that Jasmine would appear and harm either her or her loved ones. Now, she finally felt relieved.

As Natalie thought about that, she smiled and continued to eat her slice of bread.

Afterward, she cleaned the table, applied some make-up, grabbed her bag and left the house. She drove to the studio.

The first thing she noticed when she arrived at the studio was Joyce's teasing grin. "Oh, you're here?"

Natalie mumbled a quick response before walking toward her office.

Joyce followed behind her. "You arrived so late. Looks like last night must've been really passionate, huh? Mr. Shane is so impressive. This is the second time that he made you wake up by noon. Tsk..."

"Alright, shut up now. Let's talk about serious matters instead. Why are you following me?" Blushing, Natalie interrupted her in embarrassment and amusement.

Joyce stopped teasing her and passed a black and somber-looking invitation card to her. "Here, I received it this morning. Your bas\*ard father sent someone to hand it over."

"What's that?" Natalie took it in confusion.

Pouting, Joyce said, "It's an invitation to Jasmine's funeral. He wants you to attend it."

When she heard that, a grim expression crossed her face. She grinned mockingly and said, "He knows that I have a grudge against Jasmine. Still, he invited me to attend her funeral. Isn't he afraid that I'll stir up trouble there?"

"Who knows? No normal person can understand what your awful father is thinking about." Joyce shrugged.

Natalie tossed the invitation onto the table. "Fine, since he invited me, I'll go and take a look."

Joyce pulled a chair out and sat down. "Nat, since Harrison has already sent out an invitation, it looks like he's certain that Jasmine's the one who jumped off the building."

"Yeah, it's Jasmine. The police called me earlier." Natalie narrated what Mr. Murphy had told her as she switched on her laptop.

Joyce sighed in relief. "Since she's really dead, I shall forgo my hatred for her. I'm not so petty that I'll detest a dead person."

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"Yeah, me too." Natalie nodded.



Since Jasmine has passed away, I no longer feel any animosity toward her.

“Okay then. I’ll go first. Don’t forget the party tonight,” Joyce said, rising to her feet.

Natalie flashed her a smile. “Don’t worry. I won’t miss it.”

The party was supposed to be held on the night before, but due to Jasmine’s incident, no one was in the mood to party that night.

Therefore, it was postponed.

“Alright. Bye.” Waving her hand, she turned and left.

After she was gone, Natalie took out her design notes and started sketching.

Time flew by, and late afternoon came. Exhausted, she eventually put down her pencil, stretched herself, and put back her notes into her drawer. After locking the drawer, she fished out her phone and called Shane.

The call got through quickly, and his baritone voice rang. “Hi.”

Leaning back against the chair, she tried to negotiate with him politely. “Shane, can we postpone the move to tomorrow?”

He knitted his brows. “Why?”

“Last night, I forgot to tell you that my colleagues and I will be having a celebratory party tonight.” Natalie stuck out her tongue in embarrassment.

Upon hearing that, his frown disappeared at once. “We don’t need to postpone it. I’ve asked Silas to prepare all your clothes and daily necessities, so you don’t need to pack anything. As for the other things, we can get them next time.”

“Huh? You’ve gotten everything ready?” Natalie was shocked.

“Uh-huh.”

She held her forehead, blown away. A brief moment later, she replied, “Wow, you’re so thoughtful. Sooner or later, I’ll be a good-for-nothing as I rely on you more and more.”

“It’s not bad to be dependent on me. The more you rely on me, the more you’ll be inseparable from me in the future.” He smirked.

Nonplussed, she responded, “Alright then. I still have work to do. I’ll hang up now.”

Before she could end the call, he stopped her. “Hold on.”

Putting her phone back against her ear, she asked, “What is it?”

“Where is the party?” He shifted his posture slightly.

“We’ll be celebrating at the Centennial Entertainment Hub.” She blinked in confusion. “Do you want to join us?”

The Centennial Entertainment Hub was a popular entertainment center in J City.

It had a variety of entertainment facilities including a cinema, restaurants, pubs, clubs, and karaokes. Thus, Natalie and her colleagues planned to have dinner together first before going to the karaoke.

He declined, “No, thank you. Enjoy your night.”

He was more of an introvert, so he did not really like being part of large social gatherings.

“Fine.” Natalie shrugged nonchalantly.

Actually, she was just asking out of courtesy, not because she wanted him to join them.

After all, with his identity, the others might feel uneasy being around him. Luckily, he declined my invitation. Otherwise, I wouldn’t know how to turn him down.

Shane uncrossed his arms and tapped on the armrest of his office chair. “Call me when the party is over. I’ll pick you up.”

She thanked him in reply and hung up the call.

Just then, Joyce opened the door of her office and peeked inside. "Nat, shall we go now?"

"Yup." Grinning, she took her bag and strode out with her.

Then, two of them led more than a dozen of their colleagues to a restaurant that served seafood buffets in the Centennial Entertainment Hub.

By the time they finished their meal, it was already past nine o'clock.

Their next stop was a karaoke bar nearby the restaurant.

They booked a private room, and everyone was in high spirits. Some of them sang karaoke while the others played darts and beer pong. The private lounge was buzzing with excitement.

An hour later, Natalie felt a tad bored. She told Joyce that she would be out for a while and left to take a breather.

As soon as she stepped out of the room, she heard someone calling her name from behind, stopping her in her tracks. "Yo, Natalie!"

Curious, she pivoted on her heel and saw a tall, fashionable lady looking at her in surprise.

Natalie looked at her quizzically. She felt that the lady looked familiar, but she could not quite remember where she had seen her before. Thus, she smiled politely at her and greeted, "Hi, you are...?"

The lady's face fell instantly. Walking daintily toward Natalie in her sky-high stilettos, she said in a cynical tone, "You're so forgetful, Natalie. We were university roommates for a year, remember? How could you forget me?"

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“Roommate?” Natalie lowered her gaze in thought before realization finally dawned on her, her eyes lighting up. “You’re Hannah!”

Hannah crossed her arms arrogantly and stuck her chin out. “Uh-huh.”

A smile crept across Natalie’s face, but the smile never reached her eyes. Sizing Hannah up, she nodded and replied in a courteous manner, “Yup. It came to my mind after you reminded me about us being roommates. You’ve changed a lot.”

So you were my roommate when I was a freshman at J University. She majored in art as well, but we weren’t close to each other. Hannah’s family was not well-off, so she was rather gloomy and had low self-esteem. Therefore, she did not mix well with other classmates, especially me. For some inexplicable reason, she hated my guts. That was why I was rather shocked to see her greet me just now.

“Of course. I’m a famous model now,” she bragged, unbearably smug.

Knowing that she was showing off to her, Natalie’s lips twitched in response. “Oh, I see. You have a great body. It definitely suits you. Congratulations.”

“Thanks.” Hannah casually touched the designer bag on her shoulder. “What about you? What are you doing now? Are you still working as a costume designer?”

“Yeah.” Natalie nodded.

Hannah stifled a scornful smile. “Seems like you’re not doing that well.”

“Oh?” Natalie raised an eyebrow. “How so?”

“You’re not popular at all. I’ve never heard of you in the fashion industry.” Hannah walked around her, sizing her up condescendingly. “How does the once gifted fashion design

student of J University become a lowly designer now? Perhaps you should beg me until I'm satisfied, and maybe then I'll help you to find a renowned designer to guide you."

She fixed her eyes on Natalie as she waited for her to answer.

I could finally trample on the dignity of the girl whom I've been jealous of since years ago.

Knowing that Hannah was looking for trouble, Natalie's gaze turned cold.

When she was about to retort, Joyce suddenly came out of the room and stormed toward them. Shielding Natalie from Hannah, she sneered, "You're ridiculous. How dare a small-time model utter such brazen words!"

"A small-time model?" Hannah huffed, eyes widened in disbelief. "How could you say that?"

"Am I not right?" Joyce shot her a disdainful look and said, "Did you seriously think that you're a supermodel after shooting for a few print magazines? Get off your high horse. I bet you only know a few designers in our circle."

Before Hannah could say anything, she rolled her eyes and continued, "Oh, I forgot. Small-time models like you are probably acquainted with small-time designers only, so I advise you to keep them to yourself. Don't make a fool of yourself by introducing those designers to other people."

"Y-you..." Hannah pointed at her as she started to shake out of rage.

Joyce slapped her hand away and snapped, "Have you not learned how to speak? Talk to me once you've learned how to converse."

Seeing Hannah was rendered speechless, Natalie could not help but burst out laughing.

Her snicker infuriated Hannah even more. With her fists clenched tight, she yelled, "What are you laughing at?"

Joyce let out a scoff and placed her hands on her hips. "Who do you think you are? Can't others laugh at you?"

Knowing that she had nothing to say in retaliation, Hannah's face flushed immediately as a wave of anger, embarrassment, and defeat washed over her.

In the end, she glared at Natalie and Joyce and snorted before turning to leave.

However, before she walked far, she glanced over her shoulder and said, "Both of you are going to regret this. Just you wait and see!"

"Hmph, as if we're going to let her off!" Joyce tsked loudly before turning around to face Natalie. "Did she get physical with you?"

Natalie shook her head. "I'm fine."