

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 56 - 60

There were only two apartment units on this floor. One was home to Natalie and her two children, while the other was unoccupied.

If it were not for her staying up late, Shane might end up lying along the corridor the whole night.

"I live here." Half-asleep, he shook his head to try to stay awake and replied hoarsely.

Natalie was startled. "Here? Right across?"

She pointed at the door to her left as she asked.

Shane affirmed and handed her a magnetic stripe card. "Please, my head is spinning."

"Alright." Having overcome her initial shock, Natalie quickly took the card.

Beep! The door opened and the whole apartment lit up.

After helping Shane in, she placed him on the sofa and looked around his apartment.

His place was much bigger than hers, but it seemed deserted as there was nothing else besides the essential electronic appliances.

"Did you just buy this apartment, Mr. Shane?" Natalie stopped glancing around and asked.

"No." Shane rubbed against his temples. "I bought it a long time ago but never stayed here."

"So, what made you come here tonight, Mr. Shane?" Natalie was curious.

Shane paused for a moment and lowered his eyelids to hide his emotions.

In fact, he also did not know why. He had many properties and could have stayed at any one of them.

However, when he was trying to decide where to stay for the night, the faces of Natalie and her children flashed across his mind. As a result, he turned his car around and headed over.

Natalie took Shane's silence as a sign that she should not have asked her question, so she coughed slightly and changed the topic. "Mr. Shane, I'll make you some soup to help with your hangover."

With that said, she left his apartment.

By the time she brought over the soup, Shane had fallen asleep on the sofa.

It looks like the soup is wasted!

Natalie looked down at the soup she was holding. She decided to leave it on the coffee table and went into the bedroom to find Shane a blanket. After covering him with the blanket, she was ready to go back to her unit for some rest.

But when she turned around, he gripped her hand.

Natalie thought Shane had woken up so she turned around to take a look, only to see he was still asleep. He must be having a dream.

"Mr. Shane, can you please let go?" Natalie bent down and whispered into his ears.

However, he showed no response.

With no choice, she could only push away his hands and pull out her own hand.

Unfortunately, the harder she tried, the tighter his grip became.

Eventually, Natalie gave up and looked at the man on the sofa in frustration.

Are you not letting me go home?

Suddenly, the phone in her pocket rang.

She let out a long sigh and checked her phone. Seeing the caller ID, she smiled. "Mom."

"Nat, were you asleep?" The tender voice of a middle-aged woman came through the phone.

Natalie looked at Shane frustratingly. "Not yet."

She could not even go home given her hand was stuck in his grip, let alone sleep.

"That's good. I was scared of waking you up." Yulia chuckled.

Natalie sat next to Shane. "Mom, why are you calling me this late?"

"Nothing much. I just want to let you know that I plan to return next month to pay my respects to your grandpa and grandma," Yulia replied.

Natalie was surprised. "Sure, I will pick you up at the airport by then."

"Okay." Yulia nodded. "Rest earlier, then. I won't bother you."

"Okay," Natalie responded.

She put her phone away after the call ended. Then, supporting her head with one hand, she looked at the man helplessly and debated whether to wake him up.

At this moment, Shane's lips twitched as if he was mumbling something.

Natalie did not hear what he said, so she leaned closer to his lips to get a better idea. "Mr. Shane, what did you say?"

"Mom..." Shane's grip on Natalie tightened and he began to plead. "Don't go. I'll listen to Grandpa. Don't go..."

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Mom?

Natalie paused in shock as she never thought that Shane would be calling his mom in his sleep.

His parents had passed away when he was young.

However, the cause of their death was a mystery that had never been revealed to the public.

“Okay, I’m not leaving.” Natalie patted him gently on his hand and coaxed him as if he was a child.

As a mother, Natalie was deeply moved by the yearning Shane had for his mom. Initially, she planned to wake him up, but she dismissed the idea soon after.

Perhaps he is reuniting with his mom in his dream.

Perhaps Shane heard Natalie as he began to calm down. But he was still holding her hand tightly, not letting go of her.

Even the slightest bit of movement caused Shane to tighten his grip promptly. It was as though he was afraid that she would disappear the moment he loosened his grip.

Natalie chuckled bitterly and had no choice but to wait. She repeatedly yawned until the wee hours of the night, but Shane was still holding her hand tightly. Finally, weighed down by exhaustion, Natalie fell asleep on the sofa.

By the time she woke up the next day, she found that she was lying in Shane’s embrace. A chill ran down her spine.

But soon, she managed to calm herself down. With a sense of guilt, Natalie hopped out of his arms slowly, trying not to make a noise because she didn’t want to wake Shane up. She knew that she wouldn’t be able to explain herself out of the mess.

“Phew...” Natalie patted her chest and breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, she was on the ground. She tiptoed and went out of his room.

But not too long after she left, Shane woke up.

He felt heavy-headed and held his forehead. Then, looking at the pink blanket that had slid off, his gaze instantly darkened.

However, the next second, he picked the blanket up and walked toward the bathroom as if nothing happened.

Just as he finished his shower, the phone on the coffee table vibrated.

As he dried his hair, he reached out to his phone and placed it beside his ear. Then, he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Shane, you got it right. It was indeed Sean's idea to claim the land where Mr. David's grave is," Silas reported.

Shane's eyes narrowed into a slit on hearing that and asked, "What is his motive?"

"According to the information collected by the land surveyor I sent, it seems like there are crystals to be mined beneath the land," Silas answered.

"A crystal mine?" Shane paused for a second. Then he sneered, "I see! Send someone to spy on them. If they intend to destroy Grandpa's grave, cut their arms off!"

He would never allow anyone to destroy his grandfather's grave!

"Got it!" Silas answered.

Shane threw the towel away and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Silas answered after hesitating for quite some time, "One more thing, but I'm not too sure about it. The man we sent to spy on Sean said they couldn't find any trace of him these days. I'm guessing maybe he has returned back to the country, but he's in hiding."

Hearing that, a ray of light flashed across Shane's eyes. "Find him then!" he yelled.

"Yes, Mr. Shane!" Silas answered.

After the phone call, Shane picked up the blanket on the sofa and walked toward the opposite apartment.

Ring! The doorbell rang. Natalie heard it, but she was helping Sharon to wash her face at that time. "Connor, I can't leave right now. Help me to open the door please." She turned towards the bathroom door and spoke to Connor.

"Okay," Connor answered obediently and put down his Rubik's Cube. Then, after jumping off the sofa, he ran toward the door and opened it.

When he looked up at the man standing outside, he was so surprised that his jaw dropped. "Mr. Shane, what makes you come here?" Connor asked in astonishment.

Shane lowered his head and looked at the little guy. Then, his gaze softened as he asked, "Where's your Mommy?"

"Mommy is inside. Please come in, Mr. Shane." Connor pointed to the living room and moved aside slightly so he could enter.

Shane nodded in response and said, "Sorry to bother you."

On entering the house, Connor faced the direction of the bathroom and called out, "Mommy, Mr. Shane is here."

Instantly, Natalie's voice came from the bathroom. "Connor, help me attend to him."

"Okay," Connor responded. Shortly after, he patted the sofa and said, "Mr. Shane, please sit. Mommy will be here shortly."

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"Alright," Shane put the blanket away and sat down.

Connor looked closely at the blanket and asked inquisitively, "Mr. Shane, how did you end up having my mommy's blanket?"

Shane looked a little surprised and awkward. "This is your mommy's blanket?"

"Yes," Connor nodded.

Shane pursed his thin lips and remained silent, but deep in his heart, he was overwhelmed by a wave of complex emotions.

He thought the blanket was brand-new and did not realize that it had actually been used by Natalie.

What surprised him more was that he was not a bit repulsed with this finding. He was puzzled. Anything related to Jasmine feels disgusting to me, yet when it comes to Natalie...

"Mr. Shane," Conner called and interrupted his contemplation. Shane turned to look at him. "Connor, what is it?"

"Here comes Mommy," Connor reminded him.

Once Shane turned to follow his gaze, he saw Natalie walking out of the washroom carrying Sharon in her arms.

"Mr. Shane, I'm sorry to keep you waiting. It took me some time to comb my little girl's hair." Natalie smiled at him embarrassingly.

"It's all right," Shane stood up and replied casually.

Natalie was momentarily dazed when she noticed he was back to his normal self.

If it weren't for the throbbing pain in her wrist, she would have thought that the night before was only an illusion.

It seemed that no matter how mighty a person was, he or she would still have vulnerabilities not visible to others.

"Mr. Shane, by the way, you've sobered up, right?" Natalie asked in concern as she put Sharon down gently.

Sharon could barely wait to dash towards Shane once she stepped on the floor, but Conner pulled her away.

He knew they were not supposed to interrupt when their mother was in a conversation with Mr. Shane.

"Yes, I've sobered up," Shane nodded slightly and replied.

"That's a relief. I think it's better that you don't drink too much next time. I'm worried that you will collapse if you get drunk again," Natalie reminded him sincerely.

Shane lowered his eyes and answered placidly, "It was my grandfather's death anniversary yesterday so I drank a little bit more."

What no one knew was that it was also his parents' death anniversary the day before.

"I see... Mr. Shane, I'm really sorry. I don't intend to..."

Before Natalie could finish her lines of sincere apology, Shane raised his hand and cut her off. "It's alright, don't worry about it."

Even though he did not mind at all, Natalie was still feeling guilty. After thinking for a while, she changed the topic and asked, "Mr. Shane, have you taken your breakfast? If not, let's eat together. I'm going to prepare it now."

Before Shane could say anything to decline her invitation, she was already walking towards kitchen.

He was left with Connor and Sharon in the dining room; their eyes were glued to him.

Sharon shrugged off Connor's hand and went forward to hug Shane's leg. She raised her head and looked into Shane's eyes sweetly. "Mr. Shane, I miss you so much!"

"You miss me?" Shane raised his eyebrows.

At the same time, Connor also stepped forward and explained, "Mr. Shane, Sharon really misses you a lot. She kept asking Mommy about you these few days."

"Is it?" Shane asked, surprisingly. He seemed delighted as his thin lips lifted into a slight smile.

"What exactly have you been asking?" Interested to find out more, he bent down and carried Sharon.

Connor blinked his eyes and replied, "Of course she's asking when she can meet you again!"

"Only Sharon has been asking about me? How about you?" Shane lowered his head and looked at the little boy in front of him. The man did not even realize the glint of eagerness in his own eyes as he queried again, "Have you ever asked?"

"Yes!" Connor admitted sportingly.

The corner of Shane's lips lifted higher as his smile widened. He was usually feeling cold and indifferent. Conner's words had warmed him up and softened his heart.

"Sharon, bring two eggs for Mommy," Natalie called out from the kitchen.

"Alright, Mommy," Sharon responded, patting the back of Shane's hand. "Mr. Shane, I need to get down."

Shane put her down without hesitation. She tugged at her little dress to make sure she was presentable and ran towards the fridge.

His gaze only shifted away from the girl after she took out two eggs and went into the kitchen. He asked Connor curiously, "Your dad is not in?"

He only just realized that he had not seen Stanley since he entered the apartment.

"Dad?" Connor replied doubtfully, "I don't have a dad."

Shane was stunned, "Stanley is not your dad?"

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"No," Connor shook his head and explained, "He's our godfather. Only Sharon likes to call him Daddy."

Godfather?

Shane's eyebrows lifted, surprisingly.

Does this mean Stanley is not Natalie's husband?

Instantaneously, his heart was filled with an indescribable joy.

However, he did not think further on this. With narrowed eyes, he asked again, "So, where is your father?"

Connor shrugged his shoulders and said, "No idea; we've never seen him."

"Never?" Shane asked again in disbelief.

"That's right!" Connor nodded again.

Shane was lost for words and started to ponder.

Natalie must already have broken up with the man with whom she eloped before Connor and Sharon were born.

No wonder the kids have the same last name as hers.

"Mr. Shane, what are you thinking about?" Connor waved at Shane with his fleshy little hands.

Shane's eyes twinkled and he recollected himself, "It's nothing."

At the same time, Natalie was out of the kitchen. She was carrying two plates with Sharon following behind her. As the girl walked joyfully towards the dining table, she said excitedly, "Connor, Mr. Shane, come! Breakfast is ready!"

"Coming," Connor jumped off the sofa and grabbed hold of Shane's hand to lead him to the dining table.

The breakfast was actually very simple—just omelet and milk.

Shane tasted the omelet. It was actually not as tasty as the one prepared by Mrs. Wilson but it gave him indescribable contentment.

He even realized for the first time that eating could be an enjoyable activity instead of being just a way to fulfill one's basic needs.

He had a great time having breakfast with Natalie and the twins. It was really a relaxing session.

After having breakfast, Shane offered to give them a ride.

He sent the twins to kindergarten first before heading for Thompson Group with Natalie.

About a hundred meters away from the Thompson Group building, Natalie requested Shane to let her out of the car.

If anyone saw her in Shane's car and spread the rumor, she did not dare to imagine how Jasmine would react. Natalie did not want to get into unnecessary trouble.

Hence, she decided to just walk.

A few minutes later, she reached her office. The moment she put her handbag down, one of her colleagues from the procurement department approached her. "Ms. Natalie, regarding the matter on fabric purchasing, we have encountered some problems."

He handed her the purchasing invoices.

She looked at the stack of papers quizzically and asked, "What kind of problems?"

"You've asked for too many types of fabric and for each type there are also different models. We're not sure which exact ones you really need, so we did not manage to collect the stock from the supplier," he smiled wryly and explained.

Natalie patted her forehead in embarrassment and apologized, "I'm really sorry for my carelessness. I'm so forgetful and kept thinking that I'm still overseas."

When she was overseas, her mentor would usually select the most suitable fabric for her after she completed her designs.

Hence, she had totally forgotten to label the model numbers for the fabric she required.

Her colleague smiled and replied, "Never mind, Ms. Natalie. As for this fabric..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Natalie cut him off, "Let me handle this. Even fabric of the same model number has slight differences. To avoid potential problems later, I will go to the supplier and select myself. May I have the address?"

He immediately gave her a business card.

She looked at it and asked, "Moore Group?"

“Yes, the Moore Group is not solely a fashion company; they also run a fabric business. Because of our relationship with Mr. Moore, all the fabric needed by our company is supplied by them,” he explained.

Natalie nodded in acknowledgment. “I see. Thanks for the information.”

“You’re most welcome,” he waved at her.

After he left, Natalie put the business card into her handbag and went to see Jasmine to seek her permission before heading out.

She thought Jasmine would surely grab the chance to humiliate her. Unbelievably, she was being very understanding and granted her approval without saying anything.

Natalie was not used to Jasmine being so sporting.

She looked at Jasmine doubtfully for a while but did not dwell on her thoughts before heading straight for the textile mill owned by the Moore Group.

As fiber dust was hazardous to health, the textile mill was located in a rural area a great distance away.

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By the time Natalie reached the textile mill, it was already noon.

She got out of her car, took a look at the surroundings, and walked towards the guardhouse. “Hi, I’m the designer from Thompson Group. I’m here to collect the fabric I have reserved earlier. May I see your supervisor?” she asked the guard.

“He is inspecting the mill,” the guard answered. He let her enter after verifying her identity based on her staff ID.

Natalie thanked him and took back her staff ID.

After that, the guard led her to the supervisor.

After knowing why she had come, he told her in embarrassment, "Ms. Smith, I'm sorry to tell you that the fabric you need is out of stock."

"What?" Natalie frowned and asked, "Out of stock?"

"Yes," he smiled and nodded.

Natalie was beginning to feel a little pissed. Her red lips pursed as she asked, "Excuse me, if I'm not mistaken, my colleague was here yesterday to collect the fabric. However, he did not manage to do so due to the issue of model numbers. By right, the stock should still be with you. Why are you saying it's out of stock?"

"We're really out of stock now. The fabric was taken by another fashion company which is also in need of it," he explained casually.

Natalie stared at him in disbelief. "Which fashion company?"

"Ms. Smith, I'm sorry I can't tell you. We're not supposed to disclose confidential details of our clients," he explained further.

Natalie was infuriated and raised her voice. "You're too much! How can you let another client take away the fabric reserved by Thompson Group? Who gave you the authority to do so?"

"It's my order!" a woman voiced arrogantly all of a sudden.

Natalie turned toward the voice and saw a familiar figure in a pair of red heels strutting towards her. She raised her eyebrows, "It's you?"

Isabelle stopped next to the supervisor and said disdainfully, "You may leave now. I need to have a talk with her."

"Alright," the supervisor nodded obediently before he turned and walked away.

Only then did Isabelle turn to look at Natalie. Standing unusually tall in her high heels, she raised her chin deliberately and said scornfully, "It's me! You didn't expect that, did you?"

Natalie rolled her eyes, "I really didn't expect it's you. Why did you do that? Do you know what the consequences are?"

"Consequences?" Isabelle's mouth twitched and sneered, "I only know that you won't be able to get your task done without the fabric."

Natalie realized something instantaneously and questioned coldly, "You gave the fabric away to another company just to set me up?"

"You're right!" Isabelle laughed smugly. "You were lucky previously to have Mr. Shane help you out. Let me see who else can come to your rescue this round. How dare you steal my precious necklace! I must teach you a lesson!"

"I had already explained to you clearly that I didn't steal it, hadn't I?" Natalie could barely think of what else to say.

"How can I believe you? If you didn't steal my necklace, how did it end up inside your handbag?" Isabelle pointed at Natalie's handbag and insisted that her necklace was stolen by Natalie.

Natalie was emotionally exhausted and sighed. "Fine, let's put aside the necklace matter and focus on the current issue. Let me ask you, how do you know that I'll be here? Who told you about this?"

"I don't have to tell you!" Isabelle was reluctant to tell her.

Natalie gazed closely at her. "It's Jasmine, right?"

Isabelle's expression changed instantly.

Natalie clenched her fists and mumbled, "So, my guess is right..."

Other than her colleague from the procurement department, Jasmine was the only person who knew that she had gone to the textile mill.

No wonder Jasmine was so sporting when I sought her permission to come here just now. She has actually set up a "surprise" for me here!

"Looks like it was also Jasmine's idea for you to give the fabric away to another fashion company." Natalie's tone was now ice-cold and her expression grim.

Isabelle was stunned and stuttered, "H-how did you find out?"

Natalie took another look at her. What a dumb and wicked woman!

It is so obvious. Anyone could have guessed correctly!

“Ms. Moore, you don’t need to know how I found out about this. I’d advise you to spare some time thinking about how you will be punished for giving away the fabric. I don’t feel like arguing with you anymore; it’s just a waste of my time!” Natalie said sternly.

The next moment, she took out her cell phone and was about to call Alfred.