

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 615

Shane looked Natalie right in the eye. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to defend her, but I suddenly realized that I didn't really know her all that well. I'll ask Mr. Gunn to come and take her away earlier after her recovery banquet."

"A recovery banquet?" Natalie was taken aback for a moment. "What's that?"

"It's Jackson's idea. Jacqueline had been in a vegetative state for almost ten years, and she has almost recovered now, so he wants to host a banquet for her. It's something of a platform to integrate her back into the society," Shane explained, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Understanding dawned upon Natalie. "Oh, I see. So, when is the recovery banquet?"

"Early next month."

"That clashes with your birthday," Natalie commented.

Shane merely chuckled softly. "I'm not planning to have a banquet for my birthday. We'll just celebrate it as a family. And don't forget the surprise you promised me."

Upon hearing the word "surprise," Natalie instinctively glanced at the children. "I didn't forget about it. But well, I just hope that you're not too surprised at that time."

"Hmm?" Shane arched an eyebrow.

Peeking at the time, Natalie then changed the subject. "Alright, it's about time to send the kids to kindergarten. Otherwise, they'll be late."

Shane murmured an acknowledgment in response. "Let's go."

The family of four then left the villa.

Half an hour later, Natalie arrived at her office.

Joyce was waiting for her, and the moment she spotted her, she immediately rushed forward with the statistical report. "The total amount they embezzled has been determined."

"And?" Natalie slipped her handbag off her shoulder and hung it on the rack.

While walking with her, Joyce flipped through the document in her hand. "It totaled up to three million."

Hearing that figure, Natalie's footsteps faltered slightly. Then, she gave a bark of sardonic laughter.

"Press charges! We must press charges for this!" She pulled out her chair and plopped down.

"Embezzlement of two thousand already qualifies for a lawsuit, not to mention three million. Since they dared do such a thing, I want them to rot in prison!"

Flipping the file close, Joyce snickered as well. "You're absolutely right. Not only do we have to put them into prison, but we're also getting the money back!"

Natalie then turned on her computer. "Yes, but what about that woman?"

"I've already notified the police about her, so they're now actively searching for her. I'm certain there'll be news soon," Joyce asserted.

That was exactly what Natalie wanted to hear, so she merely grunted in acknowledgment without saying anything.

"I'll get back to work, then?" Joyce pointed at the door.

Flashing her a smile, Natalie murmured, "Sure."

She then started getting busy with her work after Joyce had left.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when she received a call from Mr. Horner, the branch president of Design Association, who asked her to make a trip over.

When she arrived, it was already three o'clock.

Pushing open the door to Mr. Horner's office, she then entered. Only when she had walked in did she notice that Mr. Horner wasn't alone in the room. There was also a beautiful woman in there with him.

When her gaze alighted on the woman, the latter happened to be looking at her as well and flashed her an amicable smile.

Natalie was stunned for a moment before smiling in return. Then, she greeted, "Mr. Horner."

Mr. Horner was looking through documents, and his head snapped up upon hearing her voice. "Oh, you're here, Ms. Smith?"

"Yes," Natalie replied. "Is something the matter that you asked me here?"

Flipping the document on the table close, Mr. Horner answered, "Yup, there are two things actually. Firstly, it's only a month until the international competition, and the rules are already out. Here, take this home and have a look at it."

As he said that, he handed a stack of documents to Natalie.

Hastily taking it from him, Natalie leafed through it for a bit before hugging it to her chest. "Sure, I'll do that. What's the second thing?"

"The second thing is related to Ms. Cohen here." Gesturing at the woman, Mr. Horner did the introductions. "Ms. Cohen is a renowned jewelry designer among the younger generation in our country."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Lina Cohen, but you can just call me Lina." The woman, Lina Cohen, smilingly extended a hand to Natalie.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Natalie Smith." Natalie hurriedly shook her hand.

Honestly speaking, she had an incredible impression of her.