

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 635

Natalie immediately glanced at the time on the bottom right of her computer screen and realized it was already half past five. She patted her forehead in exasperation. "I'm sorry. I wasn't looking at the time, so I didn't know it's this late."

She took her phone and clicked on the screen several times, but the screen remained black. After plugging the charger in, the screen finally lit up.

"Oh, no wonder your calls didn't get through. My phone ran out of battery," Natalie giggled.

Shane kept his gaze fixed on her. "Joyce told me you were out of sorts the whole afternoon. What happened?"

Upon hearing his question, Natalie massaged her temples. "It's nothing. I happened to run into Mr. Sean at the design department today."

Shane's face clouded over instantly. "Did he mention the will again?"

Natalie gave a solemn nod before pouring everything out.

Shane balled up his fists at her narration.

Seeing his reaction, Natalie rose to her feet and went to take his hand. "Shane, what should we do? We know nothing about it. The deadline is half a month away. If he can't find the will

or at least a clue about the will, I'm afraid he'll resort to despicable means."

"It's fine." Shane patted the back of her hand. "If he wants a clue, we shall give one to him."

Natalie's eyes widened in incredulity. "Shane, have you found the will?"

"No, but we can create a diversion to confuse him," Shane replied, his gaze flickering dangerously.

Biting her lip, Natalie voiced her concern. "Will that work? What if he finds out we are stringing him along and gets angry at us?"

"Don't worry. He won't have a chance to do that." Shane gave her a reassuring kiss on her forehead.

There was no way he would find the will in the next fifteen days, so the only way out was to create a diversion and confuse Sean.

Sean would suspect the validity of the clue, but he would also believe it.

When Sean started searching for the will based on the fake clue, Shane would think of a way

to stop Sean from returning to J City.

Hearing the confidence in Shane's voice, Natalie relaxed visibly.

She leaned into his embrace and fell silent.

After a while, Shane released her. "Alright. Pack up now. It's time to pick the kids up."

"Okay," Natalie responded.

They held hands and walked out of her office to be greeted by teasing stares from the others.

A slight blush crept up Natalie's cheeks as she bade goodbye to Joyce and the others before leaving.

That night, Shane summoned Silas to the villa. They had an hour-long meeting in his study

before Silas was told to leave.

After Silas left, Shane briefed Natalie about the outcome of the meeting and the plan they came up with.

Natalie took note of everything carefully. Everything was set, and the only thing left to do now was to wait to meet up with Sean half a month later.

In a blink of an eye, the stipulated deadline arrived.

This day, Natalie was enjoying her breakfast when her phone vibrated.

It was a text from Sean which read: 10 a.m. Golden Era Club, room 202.

Natalie bit her lip upon reading the text. "He's right on time. Half a month had passed."

Shane was sitting across from her. He didn't read her text but immediately realized who it was. "Is it Sean?"

"Mm. He is asking me to meet him here." Natalie showed him the text.

Shane read it swiftly before reminding her, "Bring two bodyguards along."

"Alright." Natalie nodded with a smile as she knew he was worried for her safety.

Shane sipped on his coffee before adding, "Sean must've sent his men to keep an eye on Golden Era Club. I can't be there, so please be careful. If possible, don't leave the bodyguards. Call me if anything comes up."

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"Don't worry. I know what to do," Natalie assured Shane.

After breakfast, she headed out.

Golden Era Club was located in the city's north. If she dallied any longer, she wouldn't reach there by 10 a.m.

There was no telling what the man would do if she were to arrive late.

At that thought, Natalie sped up and finally arrived at Golden Era Club at 9.50 a.m.

The moment she stepped in, a server came to her. "Are you Ms. Smith?"

Natalie was stunned, but she quickly regained her composure and nodded. "Yes."

"Mr. Sean is waiting for you in room 202. Please come with me." The server signaled for Natalie to follow her.

Natalie followed behind her.

At the door, the server suddenly stopped her. "Ms. Smith, I'm afraid your bodyguards can't follow you in."

Natalie knew her bodyguards were too ostentatious for Sean to let them in. Calmly, she nodded in response.

"Wait for me at the door," she turned and told the bodyguards.

"Yes, Madam!" they replied in unison.

Natalie glanced at the server. "Done."

"Alright. One last thing," the server said with a polite smile.

Natalie frowned. "What is it?"

"I need to search your body to prevent you from bringing any electronic devices that could leak our client's privacy." The server whipped out a metal detector and scanned Natalie's body.

After confirming Natalie had none of those, she opened the door and said with a grin, “Ms. Smith, this way, please!”

Natalie glanced at her briefly before walking into the room.

The room was dark, and classical music was playing. Sean, seated on a couch, was swirling a wineglass in his hand lazily with his eyes closed.

“Mr. Sean,” Natalie came to a stop behind his couch and greeted him.

The man stopped swirling his wineglass and opened his eyes slowly.

He wasn’t wearing glasses, so his gaze was sharper than ever. It was like having a deadly viper targeting you.

Natalie immediately looked away.

Sean chuckled and glanced at his watch. “It’s 9.58 a.m. Not bad. You aren’t late.”

Natalie said nothing.

Patting the empty space next to him, Sean invited her to take a seat. “Why are you standing there? Come, have a seat.”

“Thank you, Mr. Sean.” Natalie thanked him before walking toward the couch.

Instead of sitting where he indicated, she went to a single couch across from him so she could keep a distance from him.

Sean noticed her action but took no notice of it. He finished his wine and placed the wineglass on the table. “What’s with your bodyguards? Clearly, they are from Thompson Group’s security department. Without Shane’s approval, they can’t leave the company.

Does

Shane know about our meeting?”

He stared straight at her.

Calmly, Natalie met his gaze. “I don’t know. I told him I’m going to meet a difficult client, so he sent two bodyguards to protect me. They are outside and can’t see you. Don’t worry.”

She was evidently calling him difficult indirectly. Instead of flying into a fit of rage, Sean’s lips

curved into a smirk. He seemed extremely pleased. “I trust you, Nat. I know you dare not lie to me for the consequences are too much for you to bear.”

Natalie’s gaze shifted downward quietly.

Sean poured two glasses of wine and handed one to Natalie.

Natalie didn’t want to accept it, but she still took it out of courtesy. After they clinked glasses, she pressed her lips to the glass and pretended to take a sip when she didn’t. “Mr. Sean, if you have questions, go ahead and ask them.”