

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 687

Nothing made sense, so Natalie bit her lip and shrugged off her confusion.

No matter what, we will know the truth when Sean is caught.

Right then, footsteps could be heard from the staircase.

Both Natalie and Joyce jerked their heads back to see Jacqueline coming down the stairs while holding the rail for support.

Flashing a warm smile, Jacqueline greeted them. "Ms. Smith, Ms. Rivers."

"Hello, Ms. Graham," Joyce replied with a polite nod.

Jacqueline's gaze landed on Joyce. "Ms. Rivers, are you here to visit Ms. Smith?"

"Yes." Joyce took a sip of the tea Mrs. Wilson prepared for them.

"Oh, I see. I won't disturb you then. Have fun!" Jacqueline spun on her heels and walked toward the garden.

After she left, Joyce lowered her voice and whispered, "Nat, didn't you tell me she's dating Dr. Baker now? Why is she still here?"

"Dr. Baker said she'll move out after he finishes decorating the room," explained Natalie as she drank her water.

Joyce nodded in acknowledgement. "Oh, that sounds better. She shouldn't be staying here. You're married to Mr. Shane, and she's his childhood sweetheart who still has feelings for him. It's ridiculous to have his wife and childhood sweetheart stay under the same roof."

Natalie smiled in response and said nothing.

Joyce pursed her lips. "Huh. Isn't Mr. Shane afraid you'll end up fighting somehow?"

"Enough about that. Let's talk about something else." Natalie didn't want to continue discussing Jacqueline for the latter might overhear their conversation and think they were bad-mouthing her.

Joyce shrugged nonchalantly and changed the topic.

At noon, Joyce joined her for lunch before leaving.

Natalie returned to her room and went back to her blueprint.

Just then, her phone suddenly rang.

Natalie put down the pencil she was holding and picked up her phone. It was a call from an unknown number.

She hesitated for a moment before answering, "Hello?"

"You're awake?" a deep male voice sounded from the other end of the line.

Natalie inhaled sharply while her entire body stiffened. "Sean?"

Sean let out a low chuckle. "I'm glad you recognized my voice at once."

"Why are you calling me?" demanded Natalie.

They were no longer the comrades who needed to rely on each other to escape from the mountains.

Now, they were enemies.

Hearing Natalie's icy reply, Sean's heart sank. He swiftly regained his composure and chuckled. "Well, we've been through a lot. How can you say that? This is upsetting."

"If you continue talking nonsense, I shall hang up!" Natalie announced.

Sean relented. "Ah, how cruel of you. Fine, I shall be honest. It's nothing. I just want to know if you've regained consciousness."

The moment he woke up after his surgery, he proceeded to call her.

Ugh. I can't believe I fell in love with her!

"I don't think that has anything to do with you, Mr. Sean. Aren't you afraid I'll inform Shane of your number so he can track you down?" Natalie's lips curled up into a smirk.

Sean was lying in bed. One of his legs was lifted up while both his arms were in casts. There was a caretaker holding the phone to his ear. He sighed and pretended to be upset. "Looks like you want me to get caught, Nat."

"Of course," Natalie scoffed. "You're my enemy."

Sean's gaze darkened. "Yeah, we're enemies. However, I regret it."

I regret letting her get back together with Shane. If I knew I'd fall in love with her, I wouldn't have allowed her to return to Shane!

Natalie had no clue what was in his mind. She frowned skeptically. "Regret? About what?"

"Nothing," came Sean's reply.

Natalie furrowed her brows.

Looking up, Sean noticed a nurse coming into his ward. "Alright. I'm glad to know that you're fine. That's it."

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Natalie was taken aback. She recalled what Joyce mentioned this morning and blurted out, "Wait a minute!"

"Oh? You don't want me to hang up?" Sean flashed a devilish smile.

Natalie's frown deepened as she felt a flicker of irritation.

He's so flippant. There's no way he saved me back there!

At that thought, Natalie stopped herself from asking questions and responded coolly, "It's nothing. Bye!"

With that, she hung up promptly. Then, she sent Sean's number to Shane.

Shortly after, Shane gave her a call. "Did Sean call you?"

"Mm," Natalie responded.

Shane's expression immediately clouded over. "Why did he call you?"

He still couldn't find out where Sean was, but the latter showed up out of nowhere.

Natalie replied truthfully, "He asked if I had regained consciousness."

"What? That's it?" Shane scrunched up his brows.

Sean called her just to ask that question?

"Yeah!" Natalie affirmed.

Shane couldn't figure out why Sean did so.

His disgust for Sean instantly intensified as he shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

"Got it. You should rest. Don't worry, I'll find Sean." Shane rubbed his temples.

Natalie responded with a smile. "Okay."

After ending the call, Shane put down his phone and summoned Silas. "This is Sean's number. Get someone to find his location."

He wrote the number on a piece of paper and handed it to Silas.

Silas took one look at the number and nodded. "Got it, Mr. Shane."

"That's it." Shane gave a dismissive wave.

Silas turned and left the office.

Pinching his nose bridge, Shane took a file and threw himself into work.

Suddenly, a ruckus sounded outside his office.

Frowning, Shane demanded, "Who is it?"

"Mr. Shane, Mr. Sam wants to see you." A secretary pushed the door open and poked her head in shyly.

"Sam Thompson?" Shane narrowed his gaze. "Let him in."

"Yes," replied the secretary before scurrying out to relay his orders.

Soon, the door was pushed open forcefully as a middle-aged man stormed in furiously.

He slammed his hands on the desk and demanded, "Shane, what is this?"

"What are you talking about, Uncle Thompson?" Shane shot him a cool glance.

Sam harrumphed angrily. "You wanting to capture Sean, of course. Why are you doing that? He's your cousin!"

"Didn't you find out the reason before coming to me?" Shane's gaze grew icy.

Sam pulled the chair out and plopped into the seat. "Why would I know the reason? No matter what, you shouldn't treat your cousin that way. Do you know the upper-class society is watching how we make a fool of ourselves?"

"So what?" came Shane's indifferent answer.

Sam felt his heart clenching up in agony. "So what? Don't you know what they are thinking? They want us to fight internally so they can take advantage of the situation!"

"Don't worry, Uncle Thompson. They won't get the chance to do so because it's a personal feud between Sean and me. It has nothing to do with the Thompson Group," answered Shane.

Sam was at a loss for words. "But it isn't a good idea! They are waiting for us to make a fool of ourselves! What if they spread rumors about our family?"

"Never mind. After I find Sean, I'll hold a press conference to dispel those rumors. Don't you worry, Uncle Thompson." With that, Shane flipped open another file and ignored him.

Sam was so furious that words had failed him.

Still, he didn't forget the reason he came here. After taking a deep breath, he plastered a smile on his face.