

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 783

Natalie worried that, in a fit of anger, Shane would kill Sam. Of course, Sam would have had it coming, but Natalie didn't want Shane to commit a crime because he would be imprisoned as well. That was why it would not be worth it to seek vengeance like that. She wished that Shane would remain calm and locate David's will. If the will contained evidence of what happened all those years ago, then they could send Sam right to jail. Plus, Shane could always bribe the inmates in the jail to make Sam's life a living hell if he thinks that jail time is not sufficient to punish Sam for his crimes. Truth was, she was okay with anything as long as Shane wouldn't sacrifice himself in the process. Shane saw the worry in Natalie's eyes and knew what she was thinking. He calmed down and promised, "Don't worry. I have you and the kids to think about, so I won't do anything stupid." A vengeance that costs one's life is not vengeance at all. It's just being stupid. True vengeance is making your enemy pay for their crimes and still have the freedom to enjoy the sight of your enemy's suffering. Those thoughts were the reason why Shane wouldn't kill Sam. Still, Shane wanted to go through the motion of crushing Sam's life while seeking vengeance. "I'm glad to hear that," said Natalie, who sighed a small breath of relief after hearing what he said.

Shane hesitated for a few seconds, but he eventually garnered enough courage to step up and pull her into his arms.

At first, he thought that she would push him away like she did in the past few days.

But he was wrong. Although she didn't hug him back, she didn't push him away either, and that was good enough for him.

Shane buried his head in Natalie's neck and took a few deep breaths before he let her go. "I

have to go back to the office now. I'll be back later tonight."

Natalie acted like she didn't hear that last sentence and waved at him.

"Go ahead. I won't walk you out."

Shane chuckled before turning around and left.

That night, Sam's online attack on Shane got dismissed easily.

The news Shane retaliated against Sam with, on the other hand, overwhelmed Sam immediately.

Drugging one's own nephew was something that anyone would truly despise.

Hence, the netizens changed their stance and went to reprimand Sam instead. They no longer regarded Shane as a heartless monster or leave any rude comments.

That was understandable. Sam was the one who threw the first punch, after all, so Shane was simply returning the favor. The true heartless monster was Sam all along.

Shane smiled smugly when he saw the horrible comments online. His lips curled into a cruel grin before he had Silas take a few men over to the Thompson residence.

There, Silas and the others read the worst comments aloud in front of Sam.

Sam got so infuriated that he fainted and had to be sent to the hospital. The news of Sam getting a stroke was shared across the internet on the following day.

Natalie grinned and shook her head after reading the articles. She dissed, "Serves him right!"

“Sally is here to see you, Nat,” reported Joyce, who opened the door to Natalie’s office just as the latter put her cell phone away.

Natalie grinned and replied, “Got it. Please lead her in.”

Joyce murmured a reply before waving at someone behind her.

Sally popped her head in and greeted, “Hey, Nat! I knew it. You were the one who called me.”

“Really?” blurted Natalie as she stood up and circled around her desk to go to Sally.

Sally took her sunglasses off and replied, “Mr. Campbell called me yesterday and asked me to model for madam. I am the model who is about to sign a contract with Thompson Group, and Mr. Campbell’s boss is Mr. Shane. Both of our bosses are the same, so naturally, the ‘madam’ he was referring to had to be you.”

Natalie grinned and nodded, “Yes, I called you over. Come take a seat.”

Natalie gestured for Sally to sit before turning to Joyce and requesting, “Please serve our guest some drinks. Plain water will do. She’s a model and can’t have anything else.”

Sally protested in annoyance, “Oh, c’mon, Nat! Why are you copying my manager’s style? That idiot won’t let me drink anything else, either.”

“We’re being responsible and helping you maintain your figure,” refuted Natalie with a smile.

Sally harrumphed and stopped talking.

Still, she couldn’t stay annoyed for long. She was excited when she said, “You are so awesome, Nat. I can’t believe you’re participating in such a grand competition. I heard that it is one of the most prestigious design competitions in the world, and many models dreamed of walking down that runway. Ah! I can’t believe it. I actually get to do that!”

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Sally danced in excitement as she spoke.

Walking the runway for the competition would be the biggest achievement of her career thus far.

Even famous models might not be invited for something that grand, so she was delighted that an unknown model like her had the opportunity to do so. She could already imagine the jobs and resources she would get if she accomplished that assignment well.

It is just a matter of time before I become an international model! Thinking that got Sally to stare at Natalie like the latter was holding the key that would open the door to her success.

Goosebumps rose all over Natalie when she saw Sally staring like that. The former couldn't

help inching away and asking, "Sal, are you okay?"

Sally cleared her throat. She was embarrassed because she knew that she was acting

inappropriately, so she quickly readjusted herself and said, "I'm fine."

Natalie's smile returned. She handed Sally a document and explained, "This document

contains all the information about the competition's rules and the sequence that the models

would present the clothes. Study them carefully. We'll leave the country tomorrow afternoon

to attend the opening ceremony."

At first, the competition's opening ceremony was supposed to be held after Jacqueline's

recovery banquet.

Unfortunately, an earthquake attacked the original site of the competition, so the organizers

preponed the competition by six months.

That forced every designer to rush a little, but that was good news for Natalie because it

allowed her to bow out of attending Jacqueline's recovery banquet.

"Okay, I will read up about it later," replied Sally as she put the folder away carefully.

However, she frowned soon after, as if she had just recalled something.

Natalie asked curiously, "What's wrong?"

"It's Hannah. I think she got invited to be a model for the competition as well. She even

called me yesterday just to brag about it."

Natalie seemed curious when she blurted, "Hannah? What credentials does she have? Who

would invite her to do so?"

It wasn't that Natalie looked down on Hannah's beauty. Truth was,

Hannah had a sexy figure,

but she definitely didn't have the graceful aura to pull off something that grand. If anyone

was to force a sophisticated design on Hannah, the outfit will surely look like a piece of

cheap clothing. Which designer is stupid enough to invite Hannah to be the model?

Seriously, a designer with a sense of beauty like that... Is that even a designer? Won't they

worry that Hannah would ruin their reputation as a designer?

"I don't know who the designer is, but I think her surname is Skye,"

replied Sally after

thinking about it.

"You mean Jessie Skye?" blurted Natalie as the image of the said woman flashed across

her mind.

"Yes, that's her! The designer is Jessie Skye," said Sally before she nodded.

Natalie frowned.

So it really is Jessie.

Natalie had only met Jessie once during the interview with Century.

The former sensed something bad from the latter, and it was weird, but Natalie couldn't tell

what was off about Jessie.

"Nat, what's on your mind?" asked Sally while waving her hand.

Natalie came back to her senses and shook her head before saying, "It's nothing."

"If so, then let's go out and have a meal together. It's almost lunchtime, anyway," suggested

Sally after she checked her watch.

Natalie nodded in agreement.

After lunch, Sally went home with the document about the competition. Natalie decided to clock off earlier as well. She wanted to go home and prepare to celebrate Shane's birthday with him.

Mrs. Wilson was delighted to see Natalie back. The former greeted, "Madam."

"Mrs. Wilson," greeted Natalie while setting down the cake and presents she got for Shane.

Mrs. Wilson followed Natalie around and asked, "When will you move back in, madam?"

Natalie smiled and replied, "Probably tomorrow."

She had already decided to forgive Shane that night, so there was no point in throwing a tantrum or living somewhere else anymore.

"I am so glad to hear that," said Mrs. Wilson. She clapped her hands gleefully.

She knew that the two of them would eventually get back together once the

misunderstanding was cleared.

Naturally, seeing the two youngsters' relationship turning for the better made Mrs. Wilson happy.

"I'll go to the kitchen and prepare the dinner for everyone now, madam," informed Mrs.

Wilson.

Natalie nodded and replied, "Okay."

After Mrs. Wilson left, Natalie put the cake in the fridge and fished her cell phone out to call Shane.

That was the first time Natalie called him since the fight began.

Shane was so surprised that he jumped in delight when he got the call.

"Hello?" greeted Shane in a deep, mesmerizing voice.

Natalie cleared her throat a little and said, "Happy birthday."

Shane was taken aback for a moment. He later grinned and murmured a reply.

Natalie paused for a few seconds before she asked, "When will you be home tonight? Mrs.

Wilson is making dinner and will be waiting for you to come home.”