

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 96 - 100

"Really?" Natalie gladly took back her thermal food jar.

I was worried that he would dislike my cooking.

Who knows Shane would be so sporting by not only drinking the soup but even finishing it up. Looks like I could continue making soup for him.

Natalie smiled.

For the next few days, she ended up bringing him different types of soup.

It was the weekend. When Shane was changing by the closet, he realized that his shirt had become tighter than before.

He then stood on the weighing scale. After he saw his current weight, he suddenly went quiet.

After a seemingly long time, he rubbed his temples, took off his shirt, and changed into casual clothes, before heading out.

Dawn Kindergarten was the new kindergarten Connor and Sharon were now attending.

Shane arrived before the trio. He leaned against the car door and waited for a couple of minutes before finally spotting the three of them.

"Mr. Shane." The children stepped out of the car and ran towards him happily.

Walking behind her kids and seeing them behaving so intimately around Shane, a hint of worry flashed across Natalie's eyes but disappeared soon enough.

Never mind; let them be.

It should be fine as long as I don't tell them he is their father.

While thinking to herself, Natalie put on a smile and headed over. "Mr. Shane, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. Unfortunately, there was a bit of traffic on the way here."

"It's fine. I've just arrived, too," Shane replied while carrying Sharon in one arm and Connor's hand in the other.

"Mommy, Mr. Shane looks so handsome today!" Sharon exclaimed and clapped with her tiny hands.

Natalie then realized that he was dressed in a different style today. Frankly, she was a little shocked by it.

This is my first time seeing him dressed like this.

Nevertheless, he still looks great!

"You're right. Mr. Shane is handsome." Natalie stroked her daughter's face.

Connor nodded in agreement.

Praised by the three of them, Shane coughed awkwardly and changed the subject. "Alright, it's almost time. Let's go in."

He took the two children into the kindergarten as he spoke, and managed to command everyone's attention right away.

After all, they were a good-looking family consisting of a handsome father, a beautiful mother, and two adorable children. It would be strange if they were not in the spotlight.

After a few minutes of doing roll call and tallying the headcount, the kindergarten teacher arranged for everyone to head to the amusement park.

Because Sharon and Connor had never been to an amusement park before, they were curious about everything they saw upon arriving at the venue.

The amusement park was crowded. Worried about losing the children, Natalie and Shane each held hands with one twin. Following the teacher's orders, they then took their children to play games that were not overly dangerous but could enhance the parent-child relationship.

They played for several hours without realizing the passing of time. In the end, Natalie was exhausted and could not play any longer.

Shane, on the other hand, was doing fine. Because of his injury, he did not play as much. He mainly took pictures so he was not as tired.

However, the two children were still full of energy and they shouted excitedly, wanting to go on the Ferris wheel.

“Let them play. We’ll sit over there and wait for them.” Shane pointed at a milk tea shop nearby.

Natalie glanced in the direction Shane pointed to and saw that the milk tea shop was right under the Ferris wheel, meaning they would still be able to watch the children from that spot. She nodded and agreed, “Sure.”

Thus, the two headed towards the milk tea shop.

When they arrived, Natalie ordered milk for the children and a fruit juice for herself. She then asked Shane, “Mr. Shane, what would you like to drink?”

“Water.” Shane was not interested in tea or juice.

“Alright.” Natalie ticked at “water” on the order sheet.

The beverages they ordered arrived shortly afterward.

Natalie placed the bottle of water in front of Shane. “Mr. Shane, I’ve really troubled you today; I don’t know how to thank you for it.”

“You don’t need to thank me. Just don’t send me any more soup.” Shane took a sip of water.

Natalie blinked. “Why not? You haven’t recovered from your injury yet.”

His lips twitched. “Nothing. Just don’t send them anymore.”

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His nonchalant tone made Natalie feel somewhat disappointed as she nodded. "Okay. Understood."

At that time, Shane's cell phone rang.

Taking out his phone and checking it, he excused himself and rose from his seat to answer the call in a quiet corner.

He returned to the table looking grave after the call ended.

When Natalie saw his expression, she couldn't help becoming concerned. "Mr. Shane, is there anything wrong? You can go if you have something urgent to attend to."

"Never mind. I will visit her tomorrow," Shane lowered his gaze and said softly.

"Her?" Natalie's curiosity was aroused. "Who?"

"A friend. She's going for surgery tomorrow." Shane pulled out the chair and sat down.

Natalie immediately knew who it was. She must be Jacqueline.

He looked so nervous and concerned after answering the call. Stanley was right about him loving her deeply.

Natalie's twinkling eyes grew dim.

Shane noticed the change in her expression. Just as he was about to ask her what was wrong, he saw the two children running towards them, both drenched in sweat.

Natalie ignored the jealousy within her and hurriedly took out napkins from her purse to dry away their sweat.

After she finished, Shane gave the two children the milk they had ordered earlier.

Connor and Sharon must be thirsty, as they took no time gulping down the milk until their cups became almost empty.

Natalie gently patted their backs. "Drink slowly; be careful not to choke yourselves."

"Yes, we know." They mumbled their response without slowing down their drinking.

Bemused, Natalie shook her head.

"Awesome!" After finishing his milk, Connor put down the cup and commented in satisfaction.

Sharon imitated her brother. She looked so adorable with milk stains covering the corners of her mouth.

Looking at her tenderly, Shane took a napkin and wiped away the milk stain on the little girl's face ever so gently.

His action did not go unnoticed by Natalie. Her mouth twitched as if she wanted to say something, but she stayed silent in the end.

"Mommy," Connor tugged at Natalie's hand and made her come back to her senses. "I had so much fun at the amusement park. Can we come again?"

"Sure, I'll bring you guys here again when I'm free." Natalie stroked his head and nudged the boy towards Shane. "Shouldn't you guys be thanking Mr. Shane right now? He is the one who brought you guys here."

Upon hearing this, the two children expressed their gratitude immediately.

Sharon even motioned at Shane. "Mr. Shane, bend your head down for a little bit."

"Why?" Shane lowered his gaze and looked at her.

Natalie, too, looked at the little girl in confusion. She had no idea what her daughter was up to.

When Sharon saw Shane staying still, she pouted her tiny lips. "You will know soon, Mr. Shane. Just lower your head."

Shane did as told.

Sharon stood tip-toed and gave him a peck on the cheek. To everyone's surprise, she then said, "Connor and I like you very much, Mr. Shane. Can you please marry Mommy and be our real Daddy? That way, no one has to pretend anymore."

Pft! Natalie spat out her fruit juice.

Shane was stunned, too.

Only Connor's eyes lit up. "Yeah, Mr. Shane, could you please be our Daddy?"

"That's enough, you two!" Without waiting for Shane to reply, Natalie quickly stopped her children.

However, the siblings ignored their mother completely and their four little eyeballs continued to stare at Shane hopefully.

"Mr. Shane, are you not willing?" Connor asked.

Shane bit his thin lips. "This is no joking matter."

"We're not joking—we're serious." Connor tightened his tiny fists and was now looking solemn.

Sharon nodded beside him.

Natalie couldn't stand it anymore—they were giving her a headache. She pulled the children towards her and bowed apologetically to Shane. "My apologies, Mr. Shane. The kids are just talking a bunch nonsense. I'm sorry you have to hear that."

Shane waved his hand. "It's fine."

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Meanwhile, the children were displeased. "Mommy, we are not..."

"That's enough!" The kids lowered their heads amid Natalie's scolding.

Seeing her children's reaction, Natalie's heart softened and she bent down to look at them. "My dear, Mommy didn't want to be angry at you guys, but did you know that you have done something wrong? Besides, Mr. Shane has a fiancée. How can you ask me and Mr. Shane to get married?"

When Shane heard this, he furrowed his eyebrows. He was uncomfortable with the word "fiancée", but he did not refute Natalie's statement.

"Alright. Now, apologize to Mr. Shane and don't bring up this nonsense anymore." Natalie patted the backs of her children.

Thus, the kindergarten family event came to a conclusion with the two littles ones expressing their apologies.

Shane drove away after dropping off Natalie and her kids at their apartment lobby.

As soon as they reached home, Natalie received a phone call from the detective agency.

"Ms. Smith, upon my investigations, I found out that there certainly was someone prodding the kids to bully your children," Ben said.

Her grip on the phone tightened. "Who was it?"

"You surely know this person. It was Jasmine," Ben replied.

Natalie forcefully shut her eyes and suppressed the hatred burning within her. "I knew it!"

She had been suspecting Jasmine over the last few days but was unwilling to come to a conclusion.

Great. At least my guess is confirmed.

Natalie ended the call in an icy mood; she was determined to make Jasmine pay the price for her actions. Jasmine could bully me, but not my children. Not ever!

The next day, not long after Natalie arrived at work, she heard an annoying roar outside her office door. "Natalie, you little b\*tch! Get the hell out here!"

"What happened?"

“No idea. She came for Ms. Natalie.”

Everyone in the office looked at Natalie.

Natalie frowned and stood up. She instantly saw Susan standing by the door, looking menacing with her hands placed on her waist. Obviously, Susan meant trouble.

Natalie didn't want to disturb everyone's work, so she headed over and shut her office door to block out everyone's gaze. She then asked coldly, “What's the matter with you?”

Gritting her teeth, Susan raised her hand as if she were about to slap Natalie.

Natalie squinted and quickly turned her head to avoid Susan's slap. “You want to slap me?”

Susan glared at her. “Yes, you're the little b\*tch who I want to slap. If you dare to seduce my son-in-law, I will make you pay for it!”

“Since when did I seduce your son-in-law?” Natalie flung away Susan's hand.

Susan lurched backward and stumbled a little. After regaining her balance, she took out a stack of photos and threw them at Natalie.

Natalie grabbed a few of them and realized that they were pictures of Shane accompanying her and the kids to the amusement park yesterday.

“What can you say now?” Susan looked at her derisively.

Natalie smiled and contended calmly, “Isn't it funny that you're accusing me of seducing Mr. Shane with just a few pictures? Besides, I gave birth to his children—is ‘seduce’ the right word here? Isn't he supposed to be with the three of us anyway?”

“Bullsh\*t! I heard it all from Jasmine. Your two b\*stards are not Shane's. He only said that to save you from the situation, but you went with it and tried to usurp Jasmine's position.”

Although Natalie was infuriated that her children were referred to as b\*stards, she was even more astonished by Susan's ignorance. “Looks like Jasmine didn't tell you.”

Jasmine knew that the children were Shane's and had told Harrison, too, but she did not tell Susan and even deceived her.



Looks like Jasmine is extremely against this mother of hers.

Natalie looked at Susan pitifully. "I suddenly feel quite sorry for you."

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"What do you mean?" Susan inquired sharply.

"Nothing." Natalie shrugged. She picked up the photos from the floor and patted them in her hands. "Jasmine gave you these, right?"

There was a flash across Susan's eyes.

Natalie knew she had guessed correctly and sneered. "She even tailed me and took sneak shots—how pathetic."

"My Jasmine was way nobler than you," Susan glanced at her contemptuously. "What's wrong with taking sneak shots? She is Shane's fiancée. What's wrong with her taking evidence of him being with a homewrecker?"

"Homewrecker?" Natalie raised her eyebrows.

Susan circled her. "Why, aren't you the homewrecker? You clearly know that Shane is engaged to my Jasmine, but you're still clinging to him. Isn't this what homewreckers do?"

As if she had just heard the biggest joke ever, Natalie folded her arms and laughed. "All sorts of people exist these days. This is my first time seeing a real homewrecker accusing someone else of being a homewrecker. Susan, have you been the so-called rightful wife for too long that you've already forgotten how you acquired this position in the first place?"

"You..." Susan had a twisted facial expression as she gave Natalie her death stare.

What I hate most is being described as a homewrecker.

But this little b\*tch is deliberately aggravating me.

Susan's rationale was now clouded by anger. She pounced at Natalie and tried to scratch her face.

Natalie once again avoided her attack.

However, Susan did not give up and lunged at Natalie again. She was not going to stop until she reached her goal.

Although Natalie had learned some defense moves while she was overseas, Susan's attack was as random as that of a crazy woman—there were no tactics whatsoever.

Thus, Natalie could not use her defense moves on Susan at all. There was nothing else she could do apart from making sure that Susan could not scratch her.

At this moment, the clattering sound of high heels passed by.

Immediately after that, someone came into the room and stopped behind Natalie.

While holding Susan off, Natalie turned around to see her latest visitor. Her gaze turned cautious as soon as she realized it was Jasmine.

Jasmine, too, noticed Natalie's gaze. With a wicked smile, Jasmine suddenly reached out to push her.

Natalie's pupil constricted. She swiftly crouched down, thereby exposing Susan in front of her.

Her dodge caused Jasmine's hands to reach Susan instead.

Jasmine's forceful shove sent Susan back by a good few steps before the latter lost her balance. With a bang, Susan fell onto the floor, head first, and became unconscious on the spot.

This sudden twist of events startled Jasmine for quite some time. When she came back to her senses, she gave Natalie an eerie smile. "Natalie, this is game over for you!"

As Natalie watched, Jasmine immediately opened the door separating Natalie's office from the main office and ran to Susan's side. Holding her mother in her arms, she wailed pitifully, "Mom, wake up! Don't do this to me, Mom!"

"What's wrong, Ms. Jasmine?" When the crowd in the main office heard her cry, they ran over to see what was going on.

Jasmine tearfully pointed at Natalie and fumed. "She pushed my mom onto the floor and made her pass out."

"What? That is too much!" The crowd was quick to rebuke Natalie.

Natalie now understood Jasmine's purpose. With a glint in her eyes, the former took a step backward. Pretended to panic, Natalie shook her head. "I didn't push her."

"She's lying! It was her! or are you saying my mother stumbled on her own?" Jasmine argued loudly.

Natalie tightened her fists. "Why don't you admit that it was you who pushed her instead?"

Without waiting for Jasmine to respond, the others indignantly protested, "Ms. Natalie, why would Ms. Jasmine do this to her mother?"

"That's right. Your words need to make sense!"

When Natalie realized that no one believed her, she stomped her feet in frustration. "What do you know? She is not Ms. Jasmine's mother; she's her stepmother! Their relationship has always been rough."

"Nonsense! She is my biological mother. If you don't believe me, we can do a DNA test." Jasmine fought back, even though she was secretly wondering why Natalie would claim that Susan was her stepmother when she knew they were biologically related.

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Jasmine could not figure out why. Never mind; I must just be overthinking.

When the crowd heard the mention of a DNA test, they sided with Jasmine naturally. "Ms. Natalie, you heard her—she is her biological mother. If you're accusing Ms. Jasmine of pushing her own mother, you'll need to show evidence."

"You guys..." Speechless and disappointed, Natalie lowered her head. To others, it appeared as though she was already confessing to her crime.

Idiot, you actually admitted in public that Susan is your biological mother.

I was thinking earlier about how should I take revenge on Jasmine for abetting the other kids to bully my children. But now that Jasmine has set herself up, there is no need for payback anymore.

Jasmine, oblivious to Natalie's motive, had turned the latter into a public target and was secretly delighted by it. However, she did not show her glee outwardly and put on a worried expression instead. "Everyone, could two of you please help to bring my mom to the infirmary? I can't carry her myself. As for the rest, please return to your work."

Immediately, two male designers walked out of the crowd and carried Susan to the elevator while the others returned to work.

Those who dispersed last even volunteered to Jasmine that they could be her witness if need be.

This was precisely what Jasmine wanted to hear. She thanked them and closed the office door again.

"You framed me on purpose." Natalie glared at Jasmine.

Jasmine wiped away her crocodile tears and answered, "That's right—I framed you. Yesterday, I received a mysterious text saying that Shane was going to accompany the three of you to the amusement park, so I intentionally sent someone to take sneak shots and told Susan that you wanted to usurp my place as the fiancée."

"What then?" Natalie lowered her gaze.

Jasmine, who did not notice that Natalie had become calmer and was now less panicky than when she was being accused earlier, sneered coldly, "Susan couldn't accept that someone wants to take up my place. So, after a bit of stimulation, she naturally came to look for you. Shane won't cancel the engagement because of Susan."

"Why not?" Natalie's eyes flickered as she continued playing along with her.

Jasmine replied triumphantly, "It is because everyone knows you are the homewrecker. If Shane calls off his engagement with me, he will have to face public criticism and the stock price of Thompson Group will also decline. Shane is an intelligent businessman; he knows what to do and what not to do."

"True," Natalie remarked with a hint of sarcasm.

Jasmine suddenly darkened her expression. "I just didn't expect Susan to get hurt for real. But I have nothing to worry about since you are the scapegoat."

"Are you sure that nobody knows the truth?"

Jasmine curled up her lips and smiled eerily. "Of course. There is no security camera here so I can say anything I want. Besides, everyone in the design department is my witness."

"Really..." Natalie discreetly lifted her gaze at the vent above her before looking back at Jasmine. "I have a question. You seem to hate Susan. Why? Is she not your biological mother?"

"None of your business. Why do I have to tell you?" She roared grouchily as if someone had stepped on her toes.

"I was just being curious."

"Hmph! It's better for you to think about defending yourself from my next moves rather than wondering about the affairs between me and Susan!" Shooting her a disparaging look, Jasmine strutted in her heels and headed towards the elevator.

Natalie stared at the closing elevator door for a short while. After tidying up her hair, she returned to her office.

Not long after that, news about Natalie seducing Shane and shoving Susan spread all over the building.

Suddenly Natalie became the notorious subject of gossip wherever she went.

Someone else in her shoes would have lost the courage to stay at Thompson Group by now.

However, Natalie was different. She remained surprisingly calm as if she was not the one who got into trouble.