

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 282

Yulia opened the door for her when she got home.

Natalie was shocked. "Mom, it's so late. Why aren't you asleep?"

"I was just watching television. Anyway, there's something I want to tell you." Yulia removed the facial mask on her face. "I am planning to leave the country tomorrow. Jared's doctor called me this afternoon to say that he has been feeling unwell lately. I've got to go and take a look, or I won't feel at ease."

Natalie nodded. "Alright, I'll send you to the airport then. I'll go and take a shower first."

"Go ahead." Yulia dismissed her with a wave.

Thumping her shoulders, Natalie headed to the bathroom after getting her pajamas from her room.

After breakfast in the morning, Yulia brought Sharon to kindergarten while Natalie took Connor to the studio.

On the way, she received a call from Shane.

Natalie hesitated before answering, "Mr. Shane."

"Ms. Smith," Instead of Shane's voice from the other end of the line, it was that of a gentle, middle-aged woman.

Natalie was stunned as she suddenly remembered who that voice belonged to. "Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes, it's me." Mrs. Wilson nodded.

Connor blinked. "Who is it, Mommy?"

Natalie put her finger up to gesture for him not to speak.

Connor immediately nodded and held his tongue.

Smiling at him, she asked the woman, "Mrs. Wilson, how may I help you?"

Why would Mrs. Wilson use Shane's cell phone to call me?

"You see, Ms. Smith, sir developed a fever last night. It went up to thirty-nine degrees, and he is still not awake yet. In his dreams, he kept calling out for you, Ms. Smith," Mrs. Wilson said worriedly as she took a look at the large black bed, where the handsome man with the pale face slept.

Natalie was shocked. "Calling out for me?"

"Yes."

"W-Why would he call out for m-me?" Natalie's heart was racing.

Mrs. Wilson smiled ruefully. "I'm not sure about that, but could you come over and take a look at him?"

"But..."

"Please, Ms. Smith!" Mrs. Wilson was practically pleading with her, leaving her no room for rejection.

Hence, Natalie had no choice but to oblige as she forced a smile. "Alright, I'll go over shortly."

With that, she hung up.

Connor tugged at her sleeve. "Mommy, is Mr. Shane ill?"

"Mm-hmm, he has a fever, and I've promised his housekeeper that I would go and see him. Baby, you..."

"I'll go too." Connor looked at her with resolute.

Natalie raised a brow. "I thought you didn't like Mr. Shane anymore?"

"No, I don't like him, but he used to be very nice to Sharon and me, so I should visit him now that he is ill. Moreover, I want to see where he lives too," Connor said while squeezing his little fists.

Natalie stroked his nose. "Alright! I'll bring you there, but you'd better not be mischievous and cause trouble!"

"Alright, alright," Connor replied.

After about forty minutes, they arrived at Shane's villa.

Natalie was just about to press the doorbell at the entrance when the door swung open.

After that, Mrs. Wilson walked out with an apron on. "Ms. Smith, you are finally here!"

“So sorry to keep you waiting, Mrs. Wilson.” Natalie smiled awkwardly.

Mrs. Wilson welcomed them into the house. “Not at all, Ms. Smith.”

“Hang on, Mrs. Wilson. I have one more person with me.” Natalie grabbed her arm and stopped her in her tracks.

Mrs. Wilson turned to her and looked around. “Where is this other person?”

“Right here.” Natalie pulled Connor out from behind her.

Lowering her gaze to the boy, Mrs. Wilson’s face was filled with astonishment.

“This... this...” Mrs. Wilson pointed at Connor with disbelief. “Could he be you and sir’s...”

Natalie had expected that she would react that way. With a glimmer in her eyes, she waved her hand and denied, “No, I had him with another man.