

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 283

“Another man?” Mrs. Wilson furrowed her brows, clearly not believing her words.

Why does this kid look exactly like sir?

How could he be someone else’s child?

Natalie knew what Mrs. Wilson had in mind, but she did not explain further. Instead, she merely lifted her hand from Connor’s head and changed the topic. “Alright, Mrs. Wilson, bring me to Mr. Shane. Didn’t you say that he called out for me?”

Fortunately, Mrs. Wilson did not dwell on the matter and quickly cleared a path for her. “That’s right. Do come in quickly, Ms. Smith.”

Natalie responded with a murmur and held Connor’s hand as they entered the villa.

Following that, Mrs. Wilson brought both of them to the master bedroom located on the third floor.

When they entered the room, Shane was fast asleep on his bed. As Natalie stood by his bedside, she could not help but reach out to touch his forehead when she saw his pale face and heard his rapid breathing.

However, she frowned upon touching him. “He is burning up. Didn’t you get the doctor?”

“Yes, we did. The doctor has given sir an injection.” Mrs. Wilson sighed.

Leaning on the bed, Connor’s bright eyes never left Shane. “Mommy, Mr. Shane is fine, isn’t he?”

“He’s fine,” Mrs. Wilson answered before Natalie could say anything, “it’s just that his fever has not subsided yet.”

Right then, Natalie's gaze fell on the rubbing alcohol at the headboard. "His fever should cool faster if we wipe him down, right?"

Mrs. Wilson nodded. "Yes, that was what the doctor said before he left. It's just that sir has never allowed anyone to touch him, so I can't even help wipe him down. Unless Ms. Smith..."

Natalie gaped when she realized what Mrs. Wilson was suggesting. "Mrs. Wilson, you are not asking me to help wipe down Mr. Shane, are you?"

Mrs. Wilson smiled as she rubbed her hands against her apron. "That's right, that was what I had in mind. I don't have a choice either, Ms. Smith. Since he was calling out your name even in his dreams, he should fine with you touching him."

"But..." Looking troubled, Natalie bit her lip and was about to speak before Mrs. Wilson interrupted her with a pleading look on her face.

"Ms. Smith, since sir let you have his jacket last night, please do him a favor."

There was nothing that Natalie could say to that, so she agreed with a bitter smile, "Alright, I'll do it."

Did I just shoot myself in the foot?

"Thank you, Ms. Smith. Child, come downstairs with me, and I'll get you something to eat." Mrs. Wilson grabbed Connor's hand gleefully.

Connor glanced at Natalie and accepted Mrs. Wilson's hand obediently after Natalie nodded in approval.

The two of them then walked out, leaving only Natalie and Shane in the room.

Letting out a long sigh, Natalie turned to look at the man on the bed again.

It was evident that he was feeling very uncomfortable. His chest was heaving up and down, and his thin lips were slightly agape, revealing his heavy breathing. Besides that, his neck was moist with beads of perspiration on it. The droplets flowed down his Adam's apple before disappearing into the collar of his pajamas.

Natalie touched his neck to find that it was sticky and even his collar was drenched.

"Why are you perspiring so much?" Natalie muttered. She scanned the room to locate the bathroom before getting a basin of hot water.

After placing the basin next to the bed, she picked up the medical-grade rubbing alcohol and poured some into the water. She then swirled it with her hands and soaked a towel into the solution. After wringing it dry, she wiped down Shane's face, cleaning up his perspiration bit by bit.

After wiping him down, she tossed the towel into the basin. Then she picked up a brand new fever patch and stuck it onto Shane's forehead.

Then, she began to feel slightly troubled because it was time to wipe down Shane's body.

"Oh well..." Natalie rubbed her temples and glanced at Shane, whose brows were tightly knitted. She took a deep breath before removing his blanket and bending forward to unbutton and remove his pajamas.