

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 41 - 45

However, one strange thing remained. Shane noticed that the apartment was seemingly inhabited only by Natales and children, for there were no signs of any man living there.

“Your husband doesn’t live here?” Before he could stop himself, he accidentally uttered the one question that was plaguing his heart.

Natalie, who was searching for some grounded coffee powder to make coffee, heard his question and froze. “Husband?”

“That Dr. Quinn from last night, isn’t he your husband?” Shane peered at her meaningfully.

Natalie quickly lowered her gaze to avoid showing him the shame and guilt in her eyes. “Yes, but he basically lives abroad.”

“Really?” Shane nodded slightly and did not bother to question further.

“Mommy, I’ve found the coffee. Go make a nice coffee for Mr. Shane.” Right at the moment, Connor took a box of coffee and stuffed it into Natalie’s outstretched hand.

Natalie patted his hair and said, “Okay. Thank you. Mommy’s going to make a coffee. Stay here with Mr. Shane and don’t be naughty, okay?”

“Alright, alright.” Connor replied.

Natalie stepped into the kitchen.

After she went in, Connor’s eyes shone as he touched his belly and pleaded, “Mr. Shane, I’m hungry. Can you help me get some cookies?”

Saying that, he pointed to the top of the fridge.

Following his pointed finger, Shane’s gaze fell upon the top of the fridge, stacked with all types of cookies and snacks. It was so full of choices that he had trouble choosing.

Shane could not help but frown, he was a little annoyed.

So Natalie actually bought all these snacks for her two children?

Doesn't she know that it's not good for children to eat too many tidbits?

As if understanding Shane's concerns, Connor quipped in, "These are all presents from Aunt Joyce. She buys them for us every time she drops by. Mommy usually doesn't let us eat too much. That's why the snacks are piling up. Mommy says that we will have tooth decay from taking the snacks. That's why she has stored them all on the fridge, so they're out of our reach."

Is this the real reason?

Perhaps. Shane loosened his brows.

Seemed like he had misunderstood her.

"So, what type of cookies do you want? I'll get it for you," asked Shane as he glanced at the child.

"It's alright. Let me take them myself. Since there are too many types of cookies, I want to see them for myself. Mr. Shane, do you mind holding me up?" Having said that, Connor spread out both his small arms.

Seeing the little child wanting to be carried, Shane's usual cold eyes showed a faint hint of warmth. Without thinking much, he reached out and carried the child.

Shane could feel the child's soft body in his arms. That warmed up his frozen heart and made him feel fuzzily cozy.

Shane walked to the fridge while holding Connor.

Rummaging for snacks with one hand, Connor secretly stretched his other hand towards the top of Shane's head. He managed to discreetly pull off a few strands of Shane's hair with something in his hand.

"I've found it! I want to eat this. You may put me down now, Mr. Shane. Thank you." Connor happily thanked him as he picked up a pack of cookies that he wanted.

Meanwhile, Shane did not notice what had just transpired. He was going to put the child down from his arms.

Right at this moment, he suddenly felt a jolt of pain on his scalp. Unable to hold it in, a groan escaped from his mouth.

“Mr. Shane, anything wrong with you?” Connor asked blankly as if he did not know what just happened.

He was merely a four-year-old, so no one would ever suspect him when he put on a show and pretended to be innocent.

Shane did not answer Connor, but his eyes caught sight of a Lego part with a few strands of hair trapped between it. Seeing that, Shane’s impatience went up.

How could this child have such a thing in his hands?

As he was pondering, Connor suddenly cried, “I’m sorry Mr. Shane. I didn’t mean it. Boohoo...”

From the kitchen, Natalie could hear the cry. She put down the kettle in her hand and quickly came out to check. “What’s the matter?”

“Mommy...” Connor rushed into her arms and hugged her, “Mommy, I didn’t mean it.”

“Didn’t mean what?” Natalie was getting more and more anxious by the seconds.

After all, she had not seen Connor cry for a long time.

The last time she saw him crying was two years ago, when he was merely two years old.

That was why she panicked when he burst into tears.

“I accidentally plucked off some of Mr. Shane’s hair. Boohoo...” Connor’s little hand trembled as he handed the Lego part over to Natalie.

She saw the few strands of hairs.

She could finally understand the reason her son was crying now.

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I bet he is shocked that he yanked the guy's hair.

"Connor, I thought I told you to behave! Why are you so naughty?" Annoyed, Natalie hit her son in his bottoms a few times.

The young boy bowed his head in shame.

"Alright, that's enough." Shane held onto Natalie's hand and stopped her from hitting Connor.

She froze. "Mr. Shane..."

Shane raised his hand, signaling her to keep quiet. Then, he bent down slightly and looked deep into Connor's eyes. "Connor, talk to me. Why did you try to grab my hair?"

"I didn't mean to do it. It was just an accident..." Connor responded amidst sobs.

Shane narrowed his eyes upon hearing this. He fixed his gaze onto the boy and probed, "Was it really just an accident?"

"Yes, sir." Connor nodded.

Natalie pondered for a moment and decided to step in. "Mr. Shane, I believe that my son didn't do it on purpose. This has happened before."

"Oh?" Shane glanced at her. There was a slight twitch in his face as he asked, "Did he grab others' hair using this too?"

"Yes. My boy has a habit of holding small items in his hands. The Lego piece is small enough for him and he might have forgotten that he had it in his hands. Previously, he yanked Sharon's hair in a similar manner too," Natalie explained as she shot a glare at her son.

Upon seeing this, Connor bowed his head even lower.

"I see..." Shane's eyes flashed briefly. He could tell that Natalie was speaking the truth.

"Mr. Shane, I'm really sorry about this!" Natalie bowed in apology and made her son do the same.

Seeing how the mother-son duo was rather sincere. Shane rubbed his temples and warned them sternly, "I hope this doesn't happen again. He has to kick this bad habit."

"Yes sir, I will make sure of that." Natalie smiled apologetically and gently tapped her son's head. "Hurry up and thank Mr. Shane."

Connor timidly did as he was told and then quickly hid behind his mother's back. Away from the adult's scrutiny, he stared freely at the hair in his hand. The timidness and fear vanished from his face, and his lips gradually curled into a satisfied smirk.

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

Natalie hobbled over to the door with her crutches. Meanwhile, Connor grabbed this window of opportunity and dashed back to his room.

The door opened, and Stanley arrived with a first aid kit. Just as he was about to say hello, he spotted the other man in the living room.

"Mr. Shane! What a surprise to see you here!" The gentleness in his eyes disappeared and he shot Shane a sharp glance.

The latter immediately felt animosity. It became apparent that Stanley was guarded against him. He narrowed his eyes and observed the man.

Why is he so wary of me?

Natalie saw Shane pursing his lips in silence and answered on his behalf, "Mr. Shane sent us home."

"Ah, I see." Stanley's eyes darkened momentarily. "Thank you, Mr. Shane."

He extended his arm in Shane's direction.

Shane looked down at the extended hand but had no intentions to return the handshake. He replied indifferently, "Don't worry about it. Well, I shall get going then."

Stanley didn't turn angry at Shane's reaction. Instead, he placed down his hand and offered, "Why don't you stay a little longer, Mr. Shane?"

"It's alright," Shane uttered without any change to his facial expression. He strode toward the door after.

The two men made eye contact as they brushed past each other. The sharp gazes exchanged were unmistakable.

The few seconds of interaction were sufficient for Shane to see through the man.

This man is the perfect actor. His gentle appearance is just a mask to his cold, ruthless self.

How did Natalie befriend such a two-faced, pretentious man?

Shane's eyes swept past Natalie as he thought of this.

The latter flashed him a slight smile, oblivious to what he was thinking. She saw him to the door and watched him get into the lift before returning to her place.

Her expression became stern the moment she closed the door. "Connor Smith!"

The young boy heard his mother's voice and tiptoed out of his room in an abashed manner. "Mommy..."

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With a gloomy face, Natalie walked over to her son. "Tell me, Connor. Why do you have that in your hands again? Don't you remember how you pulled your sister's hair last time? I told you not to play with this anymore. Why..."

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I was wrong. I won't do it again." Before she could finish, Connor tugged at the hem of her shirt and swayed his body pitifully.

It was rare for Natalie to witness this coquettish side of her son. Her words instantly got stuck at the tip of her tongue, and she could no longer find the anger within her to reprimand him.

After a short while, she let out a sigh and stroked her son's head helplessly. "What should I do with you!"

Connor held onto his mother's hand and there was a satisfied look on his face for a split second. He knew that this incident was water under the bridge.

"Nat, what happened?" Stanley asked in a daze. He had been listening to their conversation from the side.

She explained, "Connor was being naughty and he almost offended Mr. Shane. Luckily, the man was kind enough and didn't blame Connor. Otherwise, I might have lost my job."

As she spoke, she pinched Connor's cheeks gently and told him, "Alright. Keep your Lego pieces properly. If this happens again, I will confiscate it. You hear?"

Connor knew that this was not a joke. He immediately acceded to her request, "Yes, Mommy. I will."

"Good boy. Now go and play on your own for a while. Mommy's going to start preparing for dinner."

With that, Natalie returned to the kitchen.

After dinner, Natalie brought Sharon to take a shower in the bedroom, leaving Stanley and Connor in the living room.

The young boy sat down beside Stanley and asked, "Uncle Stanley, can you help me with something?"

"What is it?" Stanley was preparing the medication for Natalie when Connor initiated the conversation. He stopped what he was doing and gave the little boy his attention.

Connor glanced toward the bedroom in a guilty manner before he fished out two zip lock bags from his pockets and passed them to Stanley.

The latter took a closer look at the contents and narrowed his eyes. "Hair?"

"Yes. This is Mr. Shane's hair, and this is mine," Connor lowered his voice and said.

Stanley suddenly realized what was going on. His gentle expression changed just slightly and he probed, "Why? Do you think he's your father? You want me to conduct a DNA test?"

Connor didn't notice his reaction and merely nodded. "Yes. Mr. Shane and I have an uncanny resemblance. This isn't normal. So Uncle Stanley, can you help me please?"

Stanley lowered his head and looked at the bags. His eyes darkened slightly, but nobody knew what he was thinking.

After a long while of silence, Connor waved his small hands in front of him. "Uncle Stanley? Are you there?"

Finally, Stanley recovered his senses and controlled his emotions. Pushing his glasses up his nose bridge, he agreed, "Alright, I'll help you with this."

"Thank you, Uncle Stanley!" Connor gave him a sweet smile in appreciation.

The corners of Stanley's lips twitched slightly. While he remained silent, he tightened his grip around the bag of hair, as though wanting to rip it apart badly.

"Connor, what are you thanking your godfather for?" Natalie walked out of the room just in time to hear Connor's words. She naturally asked out of curiosity.

"Oh, it's nothing. I thanked him because he gave me a sweet earlier. Right, Uncle Stanley?" Connor blinked innocently at his godfather.

"Mm, yes." Stanley plastered a wide smile on his face, but the smile never reached his eyes.

"Mommy, I'm going to shower." Connor got down from the sofa and ran to the bathroom.

Natalie burst into a fit of giggles when she saw her son running frantically to the bathroom.

"Alright, Nat. Time to change out your bandage." Stanley patted on the empty spot next to him.

Natalie nodded and walked over.

It was almost ten by the time everything was done.

Stanley packed up his first-aid kit and prepared to leave.

After he stepped out of the apartment, he didn't leave immediately. Instead, he went to the emergency stairway and tossed the two bags of hair into the trash bin before heading for the lift.

Two days later, at Thompson Group.

Jasmine's assistant, Penny, began shouting instructions the moment she stepped into the office. "Alright, everyone! Hurry up and clean up the place! Keep everything that is unnecessary in your drawers! Especially things like your makeup and snacks! Pack them all up! There's going to be an inspection from the bosses!"

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"From the bosses? Who is coming?" Someone asked.

Penny replied arrogantly, "Who else apart from the big boss?"

The person she was talking about was none other than Jasmine's fiancé.

"Oh..." Everyone gasped at her reply.

"Why would the CEO suddenly inspect our department?"

"Who knows? In any case, quickly tidy up your office. Otherwise, you're going to be penalized!" Penny turned and walked away after leaving them a stern warning.

Everyone got busy immediately.

Natalie looked at her desk. There wasn't much to pack since she only had a laptop and some documents on her table. Hence, she continued to work on her draft.

"Nat, do you know why the CEO is coming today?" Ashley, who sat beside her, asked.

Natalie threw a glance at her. It was a rather weird question. "How would I know if you guys don't?"

"Well, I thought the CEO and you have a pretty good relationship. Maybe you would have some insider information?" Ashley grinned.

"Me? A good relationship with Mr. Shane? Who did you hear this from?" Natalie frowned.

"I saw it with my own eyes! You got into Mr. Shane's car yesterday, didn't you?" Ashley leaned forward and whispered into her ear.

Ah. So that's why.

Natalie relaxed a little and explained, "That's because my leg hasn't recovered and it's inconvenient to get a cab. Hence, Mr. Shane offered to drive me home. Once I recover, he won't be sending me home anymore. So Ashley, don't ever spout such nonsense again. If Mr. Shane or Ms. Jasmine hears about this..."

"Alright, I get it! I won't speak about this anymore," Ashley quickly interjected. She seemed a little afraid after hearing Natalie's words.

The latter observed Ashley closely for a few seconds. She felt that something was amiss but could not pinpoint what was wrong exactly. Thus, she kept quiet and stapled her completed draft.

Just then, footsteps could be heard nearing the design department. Then, a tall and handsome man walked in with a few others trailing behind him. One of them was Jasmine.

"Mr. Shane!" Everyone in the design department stood up as soon as he arrived and bowed respectfully.

"Continue with your work. I'm just here with a few business partners. We won't interrupt you," Shane looked at the crowd of staff in front of him and spoke to them coldly.

His gaze paused on Natalie for a brief moment before he looked away.

Natalie sat down along with the rest and began working once more.

To her surprise, Shane led the few business partners in her direction.

Just as she was about to stand, Shane held onto her arm and stopped her. "It's alright. You can sit since you are still injured."

"Alright, Mr. Shane." Natalie showed a grateful smile and remained seated.

Jasmine was obviously dissatisfied. "Mr. Shane, I don't think it's appropriate for her to remain seated while we're all standing. Seems disrespectful in my opinion!"

"It's alright. This is a special circumstance. I trust that Mr. Jacques and the rest will understand." Shane turned slightly and glanced at his business partners.

They all nodded and smiled. "Of course we do. An injured employee should always be taken care of."

Shane then looked at Jasmine with his dark eyes. His sharp gaze was sufficient to pierce through anyone's soul. "Well, Jasmine, do you still have any issues?"

"No, of course not." Deep down, she was boiling. But she still managed a wide smile and responded politely.

It was seldom to see Jasmine being put in her place. Biting down on her lips, Natalie bowed her head to control her laughter. Her mood somehow turned for the better.

"Well, since there are no problems, I suggest you don't speak at all from now on. Otherwise, it will be disrespectful to me, understood?" Shane remarked with pursed lips.

His voice was clear, assertive, and loud. Every word was a stab in Jasmine's heart.

The color drained from her face as she heard this.

How could I have forgotten?

When working, this man is as stubborn as a bull. He could never tolerate those who doubted his decisions. It was taboo in the office.

I was just trying to make Natalie's life difficult earlier. But in the end, I've offended Shane...
What a misstep on my part!

Shane did not bother with Jasmine any longer and went ahead to introduce the remaining people to Natalie. "Natalie, meet our business partners. They are also the investors for Project Rebirth. They will be the ones deciding whether you can be the chief designer for the project."

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What? These are such important people?

Natalie was quite taken aback. However, she recollected herself quickly, put on a gentle smile, and introduced herself confidently. "Good day, everyone. I'm Natalie. I'm one of the shortlisted designers for Project Rebirth, and I look forward to working with all of you."

Even though she remained seated, she spoke with a nice disposition and amicable tone. No one would think that she was being impolite.

It was apparent that Natalie was a well-mannered person. The business partners nodded in satisfaction.

"Apart from letting you meet Mr. Jacques and the rest, I wanted to ask about your first draft. How is that going?" Shane asked.

"It's almost done," Natalie informed.

Jasmine was quite shocked to hear this. Almost done?

It's only been a few days! How can she be so quick?

It takes two to three days for me to complete just a basic drawing.

And yet, Natalie is able to finish drawing up the designs for an entire project within a week? Is this what it means to have an innate talent?

Jasmine gritted her teeth as envy surged within her.

Shane raised his brows in surprise too. "Well, that's good. There's a management level meeting tomorrow, and Mr. Jacques will be attending together with the other business partners. Bring along your draft and present it to everyone so that we can give some feedback and comments. We'll also decide whether you can be the chief designer for Project Rebirth. How does that sound?"

He fixed his eyes on Natalie and waited for her response.

Under his sharp gaze, Natalie subconsciously lifted her chest and replied without hesitation, "Sounds good to me!"

She was very confident of her draft.

Furthermore, her mentor sang high praises of the designs when she sent them over last night.

"Alright then. Go ahead with your day." Shane nodded, contented with the response. Then, he brought the partners to the next station.

The group toured the design department briefly before leaving. Right before they stepped out, Jasmine suddenly turned around and coughed a few times in Natalie's direction.

Having no idea what she was trying to do, Natalie simply ignored her.

Shortly after, Ashley leaned over, looking rather ill. "Nat, do you have some tissue?"

"Of course." Natalie tossed her a box.

"Thank you!" Ashley tugged a few pieces out of the box and dashed toward the door.

Seeing Ashley rushing out in a frantic manner, she shook her head in amusement. Then, she tidied her drawings and took them to the printer to scan them.

Just as she was done, Ashley returned from the washroom with her face looking very pale.

Natalie jumped in shock when she noticed this. She quickly placed down her drafts and helped Ashley to her seat. "Are you alright?" she asked with concern.

Ashley's eyes darted to the drafts for a brief moment before looking away. She chuckled and told Natalie, "Just something wrong with my stomach. Must be the food from lunch. The bathroom trip was useless."

"Should I bring you to the pharmacy to get some medicine?" Natalie suggested.

"No. I can't even walk now with the pain. Nat, why don't you help me with it?" Ashley waved her hand and cringed in agony.

"Alright. Wait for me here then." Seeing how her colleague was in a lot of pain, Natalie decided to help. After pouring a glass of warm water for Ashley, she left the office, hobbling away with her crutches.

Ashley watched Natalie limp down the corridor with an apologetic look on her face. However, that expression was quickly replaced with fierce determination.

Ten minutes later, Natalie returned with the medicine. Ashley was resting with her head on the table. She looked rather uncomfortable.

Upon seeing this, Natalie quickly took out the pills and passed them to her.

After swallowing them, she still lamented, "Urgh, I don't think this medicine's working for me. Seems like I have to take the rest of the day off. I'm going to look for Ms. Jasmine."

With that, she strode to Jasmine's office with her hand pressed on her stomach.

Ashley ended up taking two days' leave.

Natalie looked at the empty seat next to her. Seems like a rather serious case of food poisoning.

At that very moment, someone knocked on the entrance of the office. "Is Ms. Natalie Smith here?"

Upon hearing her name, she quickly recollected herself and stood up. "That would be me."

"The management meeting is about to begin. Mr. Shane asked me to bring you over," Silas adjusted his glasses and said.

“Alright.” Natalie’s face turned serious. She picked up her briefcase and her laptop before heading toward the door.