

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 418

All he ever wanted was to lead the Smith Group into achieving greater strides.

Noticing the ambitious gaze in her father's gaze, the corners of Natalie's lips curled into a thin smile. "So you're saying that you want a son to become your successor, right?"

"That's right!" Harrison replied as he rubbed against his walking cane.

Natalie pursed her lips into a thin, hard line. "Mr. Smith, why does it have to be Jared? Why don't you just ask Susan to bear you another son?"

The man was hit by a pang of guilt at the mention of it and cleared his throat. "She's not young enough to bear me a son."

"Yeah, right" Natalie waved her hands to dismiss her father's notion.

Susan had another child just a little over two years elder than Connor with another man. How is she infertile?

You're the one who's impotent.

At the thought of it, Natalie eyeballed Harrison.

Her father caught onto her stares and thought that his daughter was mocking him. Furious, the man berated at her, "What's with that look on your face?"

Natalie shrugged. "Nothing."

Harrison's lips twitched in anger. Then, he handed over his cell phone and egged her on, "Forget it. Give me Jared's number. I'll talk to him myself!"

Natalie merely looked at the phone and did not have the intention to take it. "Mr. Smith, why are you so confident that I'll hand over Jared's contact to you?"

“Were you planning not to?” Harrison glared at his daughter.

She tucked her hair to the back of her ears and replied, “You’re right. I don’t plan on giving it to you, and I won’t let Jared become the successor of the Smith family. The Smith family is nothing more than a minor business right now and is even on the verge of bankruptcy. Why would I let my brother take over this pile of mess?”

“You...” Harrison’s hand shook from fury.

Pressing down on her car keys to unlock her car, she continued, “Besides, I vividly remember that seven years ago when Jared suffered his heart attack, you said that he was not your son. Oh, your disdainful manner’s clearly etched in my mind. Now that you’re in trouble, you suddenly want him back? Mr. Smith, have you no shame?”

She disregarded Harrison’s grimaced face, opened the car door, and drove away right after.

After half an hour, Natalie reached downstairs of the Thompson Group building. After parking the car, she took out her cell phone and dialed Shane’s number.

He picked up the call in a heartbeat. His captivating low voice rang in her ears, “What is it?”

“Mr. Shane, I’ve done the designs for the apparel of game characters we collaborated on last time. Do you have the time to take a look at the designs? I can come up right now.” Natalie rolled down her car window and lifted her head to take a look at one of the windows on the highest floor.

Shane sprung up from his chair. “Are you downstairs right now?”

“Yes.”

Shane walked over to his balcony and took a look downstairs over his French windows. Noticing the red Mercedes parked by the sidewalk, his features softened. “Hold on, I’ll let Silas come pick you up.”

“Sure.” Natalie nodded her head.

The man put down his phone and turned around to head back to his office. He called Silas who was in the room next door and sent him to pick her up.

Silas brought Natalie up just moments after.

Pulling out the chair across the desk right opposite Shane, Natalie fished out a file and handed her design drafts to Shane with both her hands. “Mr. Shane, kindly review these drafts.”

Taking over the drafts, Shane ordered, “Silas, please make some tea.”

“Yes, sir,” Silas replied.

After Silas left, Shane took a good, hard look at each of the blueprints.

He tilted his brows at the sight of them after he was done.

Natalie felt her heart sank, and the confident smile on her face slowly dissipated into thin air. “Mr. Shane, is there anything that is not to your liking?”

“I think the design is fine, but the materials you remarked here for the actual models of the designs are going to cause a dent in our costing. Frankly speaking, this is not necessary for the apparel design for game characters.” Shane’s slender finger pointed at one of the design drafts as he commented.

Natalie managed an awkward smile. “I see. I’m sorry because I’m not well-versed with games. I just had the best material in mind when designing these and had not taken into consideration of other aspects...”