

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 451

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Natalie kept quiet as she didn't really know what to say in response.

We're not technically a couple because I haven't accepted him as my boyfriend, but... claiming that we're not dating doesn't exactly sound very convincing either, given how we're practically together every day. Heck, we even got our stuff in each other's apartments!

Sean let out a chuckle when he got no response from her. "I'll take that as a yes, then."

Natalie pursed her lips. "What are you playing at, Mr. Sean?"

"Do you remember what I told you on the phone a few days ago? I was planning on taking you somewhere, but I'll refrain from doing so now that you and Shane are dating. However, there is one thing I need you to do." Sean narrowed his eyes into a devilish grin.

Natalie shuddered a little when she saw the smile on his face. "W-What is it?"

"Don't worry, I'm not asking you to rob a bank or anything. All I need you to do, is find out where Shane keeps Grandpa's will and bring it to me."

Sean then leaned in closer towards her and continued, "You do that for me, and we'll call it even between us. I won't tell Shane that he's the father of your kids."

Clack!

The sound of a folder falling to the ground came from the door right after he said that.

Sean frowned, and the two of them looked towards the door.

Joyce was staring at them in complete shock. "Nat... did he just say that Mr. Shane is the father of your kids..."

"Please step outside, Joyce!" Natalie rubbed her forehead in frustration. Damn it, why did Joyce have to show up right now?

Joyce had a ton of questions in her head, but did as told when she saw the stern look on Natalie's face.

After a brief moment of awkward silence, Sean waved at her and said, "Hey, it's not my fault that your friend showed up and heard all that!"

Natalie shot him a cold glare in response. "Let's just get back on topic, Mr. Sean. So, you want me to ask Mr. Shane about your grandfather's will?"

"That's right." Sean nodded.

Natalie bit down on her lip. "But... why me? Why can't you just ask him yourself?"

"I wouldn't be coming to you right now if Shane was willing to tell me. Besides, you're his woman, so he'd let his guard down around you. That makes you the perfect candidate for the job," Sean said while adjusting his glasses.

Natalie clenched her fists. "I'm sorry, Mr. Sean. It's like you said, I'm his woman, so I can't be betraying him like this. I suggest you come up with another request, and don't think for a second that you can threaten me with my kids. Did you really think I wasn't going to tell him the truth now that we're dating?"

Sean froze as he wasn't expecting her to say that, but was quick to regain his composure.

"Fair enough... I'll tell you a secret about the death of Shane's parents, then. How about that?"

"I'm sorry, what?"

"You heard me. There is something strange about their death, and Shane has been investigating it throughout the years, but he hasn't been able to find anything. However, I have managed to find some clues."

“What’s in your grandfather’s will?” Natalie asked hesitantly.

I won’t do it if it has anything to do with their family property!

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Seemingly realizing the direction of Natalie’s thoughts, Sean’s gaze flickered imperceptibly, and he slipped his hands into his pockets. “Don’t worry. It can’t have anything to do with Thompson Group as it has long since been distributed even before Grandpa’s death. Thus, there aren’t any assets left in the will. The only thing left is a secret.”

“Another secret?” Natalie’s brows furrowed.

Sean’s insouciant expression turned solemn. “Yes, a very crucial secret. I must get my hands on it, but Grandpa didn’t tell anyone where he kept that will before he passed away. And I only learned about the existence of the will from his assistant by a stroke of luck.”

Upon hearing this, Natalie’s alluring eyes narrowed a fraction. “In that case, no one else knows about the will besides your grandfather’s assistant, much less Mr. Shane. So, why are you asking me to ferret out the will’s whereabouts from him?”

“Well, that’s a simple question. Shane had a very close relationship with Grandpa, so Grandpa definitely left him some clues about the will’s whereabouts. As long as he figures out the clues, it will come to light, no?” Sean explained smilingly.

Natalie’s lips twitched, but she said nothing. After a while, she murmured, “Let me think about it.”

“Okay. I’ll give you a day.” A flash of something flittered across Sean’s eyes as he left with a smirk on his face.

After he’d left, Natalie leaned back against the chair and massage her throbbing temples.

To be honest, I really don’t want to interfere in the matters of the Thompson family. However, he has personally sought me out, and I even owe him such a huge favor.

“Nat.” At this time, Joyce came in with a blueprint.

Placing the blueprint before Natalie, she looked at her, wanting to say something yet hesitated time and again.

At this, Natalie chuckled. "Well? Just spit it out."

"Alright, then. Remember that you said that." Inhaling deeply, Joyce asked, "Are Connor and Sharon really Mr. Shane's kids?"

Natalie nodded even as she grunted in assent.

Joyce instantly sucked in a breath. "No wonder Connor looks exactly like Mr. Shane! It's because they're really father and son. But what actually happened? You only got acquainted with Mr. Shane after returning to the country, so how did you get intimate with him five years ago?"

In the face of her best friend's queries, Natalie dipped her eyes and sorted out her thoughts. Then, she narrated the entire story, starting from how she entered the wrong room five years ago.

After all, there was no use keeping Joyce in the dark anymore after she'd heard everything.

A few minutes later, Joyce shook her head and tsked after listening to everything that had transpired between Natalie and Shane. "Sure enough, the two of you are destined to be together by fate. Five years ago, you both had a one-night stand by chance, and five years later, you two met again and fell in love with each other. Thus, it'll be a travesty if you don't get together!"

Shaking her head, Natalie burst into laughter when she heard such an exaggeration from Joyce.

But there's something she got right—Shane and I are indeed bound by fate. Never had I thought that the first man I'd fall in love with would actually be the father of my two kids!

Subsequently, Joyce pulled out the chair on the opposite side and sat down. "When are you planning to tell him about it, Nat?"

Natalie picked up the thermal mug on the table and took a sip of water. "There's no rush at the moment. I'll tell him if we can settle down into a stable relationship in the future. Otherwise, I can also leave with my two kids anytime."

"That makes sense." Joyce nodded, feeling that it was a reasonable course of action.

Natalie then capped the lid on her thermal mug. "Hence, you must keep this a secret. Don't blab and spill the beans. It was because I was afraid that you'd spread it that I have never planned on telling you about it."

Cognizant of her loose lips, Joyce flashed her an embarrassed smile. "Ah, got it. I'll definitely keep it a secret, so don't worry."

"It's because I know you too well and that's why I'm worried, okay?" Natalie shot her an exasperated look.

At that, Joyce stuck her tongue out at Natalie. In the next moment, she changed the subject. "Alright, let's talk about something else. We'll talk about the man earlier instead. Who was he? And how did he know that Mr. Shane is the kids' father?"

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Natalie's expression turned serious at once. "His name is Sean Thompson, and he's Mr. Shane's cousin, which makes him the kids' uncle.

"Whoa! This is quite the revelation! But why did he seek you out?" Joyce blinked her eyes in curiosity.

At the mention of this, Natalie heaved a sigh. "I owe him a favor, so he wants me to ferret out the whereabouts of Grandpa Thomspen's will from Mr. Shane and get him the will."

"What?" Banging her hands on the table, Joyce leaped to her feet. "Did you agree?"

"No, but I didn't refuse either. I'm only considering it." At this, Natalie lowered her eyes and murmured placidly, "He gave me a very tempting offer in return—a lead about Mr. Shane's parents' death. Mr. Shane has been investigating this matter, so I'm thinking of helping him since I owe him too much."

"No way!" Joyce swung her hand out in the universal stop sign and declared sternly, "Nat, this isn't the way even if you want to help him. Such a deed will definitely be a betrayal to him."

"I know, but what should I do? Sean has made it clear that he's not going to let me off the hook. He's adamant that I do this for him. What if he gets enraged and makes a move against my kids and the people around me if I refuse? That's why I said I want to think about it. It's to buy time." Natalie propped a hand against her forehead wearily.

Upon hearing this, Joyce racked her brains for a solution. "How about you just tell Mr. Shane about it?"

"Tell him about it?" Natalie was momentarily taken aback.

"Yup." Joyce nodded resolutely. "By doing so, you won't be betraying him, and you can also ask him about the whereabouts of the will. When he'd taken a look at the will, you can just make a copy and give it to Sean Thompson. Anyway, he merely said that he wants the will, but he didn't specify that it can't be a duplicated copy!"

All at once, a spark of light flared in Natalie's eyes.

Perhaps this will work. Since the will doesn't involve the distribution of assets, Shane will probably agree to make a copy of it for me to return the favor I owe.

At this thought, a smile bloomed on her face.

In the afternoon, Shane came to pick her up with the two children.

After getting into the car, Natalie played with the children for a while. Then, she glanced at the man, who was driving. "Mr. Shane, I saw Mr. Sean today."

"Sean sought you out?" Shane frowned deeply.

Meanwhile, a flicker of suspicion flashed across Connor's jet-black eyes when he heard Sean's name.

Isn't that my uncle's name?

"Yes." Natalie nodded slightly.

"Why did he seek you out?" Lifting his eyes, Shane stared at her through the rear-view mirror.

Natalie took a deep breath and was just about to answer when she suddenly glimpsed Connor, whose gaze was fixed on her. Dang it! I almost forgot that he knows Sean!

Taking that into consideration, she shook her head. "He told me a very important matter. I'll tell you about it later."

As Shane could tell that she was on the verge of telling him yet abruptly swallowed her words, he pursed his lips. Nonetheless, he didn't push her, indicating his acquiescence with a tilt of his chin.

In no time, they arrived at the apartment.

After entrusting the two children to Mrs. Wilson, Shane led Natalie to his study. "Will you tell me now?"

"Yeah." Natalie sat down across from him. Then, she related Sean's motive in seeking her out without holding anything back.

As soon as Shane heard that, he sprang to his feet. "You said, he has a lead regarding the truth of my parent's death?"

"That's what he said. However, I don't know whether he truly has it. We'll only know after he gets the will," Natalie replied truthfully as she shrugged.

At this, Shane's hands that were resting on the table clenched into fists.

A will... It turns out that Grandpa actually left a will before committing suicide!

"Do you want me to say yes to him, Mr. Shane?" Natalie stared at Shane.

Shane pursed his lips in contemplation before asserting, "Yes, but don't tell him that I know about this."

"Okay." Natalie nodded. Finally, the weight that had been on her chest lifted.

Since he told me to agree to Sean's request, it means that he'll give me the green light to make a copy when he has found the will so that I can give it to Sean. At that time, I'll no longer owe Sean anything.

As this thought occurred to her, she beamed. "Don't worry, Mr. Shane. I'll definitely get the lead about your parent's death from Mr. Sean."

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Upon hearing Natalie's promise, Shane's fierce frown eased. Just when he was about to speak, a knock sounded on the door of the study, and the voices of the two children drifted in.

"Mommy, Dad, it's dinnertime! Mrs. Wilson cooked a lot of delicious food, so hurry up!"

At this, Shane looked at Natalie. "Come, let's go and have dinner first. I'll figure out a way to find the will."

I'd also like to know what secret is hidden in Grandpa's will that Sean is so frantic to get his hands on it.

"Okay." Natalie nodded. Then, she got up and walked out of the room with him.

After dinner, Natalie brought her two children back to her own apartment and texted Sean on her decision.

To her surprise, Sean even gave her a deadline, demanding that she ferret out the whereabouts of the will from Shane in two months and hand it to him.

At this, Natalie massaged her temples without replying to him further.

While two months isn't a long time, it isn't a short time either, so it should suffice for Shane to find the will.

Putting this matter at the back of her mind, she placed her cell phone down and went about bathing her two children before tucking them in.

The next day, Joyce rushed over to inquire about the matter with a nosy expression as soon as Natalie arrived at the studio, before she'd even put her handbag down. "How did it go? Have you told Mr. Shane about it?"

"Yup." Natalie walked into the office and put her handbag down.

Meanwhile, Joyce trailed behind her. "So, did Mr. Shane agree to give you a copy of it to hand to Sean Thompson?"

"No, but he probably will." While speaking, Natalie slipped off her form-fitting jacket and hung it on the rack.

"Phew! That's great!" Joyce patted her chest. Subsequently, she handed Natalie a contract. "This is the contract from the production team. I've already asked the legal team to go through it, and they said there's no problem. Anyway, you should take a look at it too."

"Okay." Natalie reached out and took the contract before flipping through it.

After having done so, she didn't find any problems either, so she signed the contract. Then, she handed it back to Joyce. "Did the production team say when they're going to start filming the variety show?"

"Half a month later. For that reason, we've got to start working now for these two weeks and design a batch of clothes for the celebrities before the first season of the show takes off," Joyce answered after plopping onto the chair.

Upon hearing this, Natalie nodded solemnly in understanding. "Got it. I'll do my best and design the clothes, while you keep an eye on the textile mill."

Joyce made an OK sign in response.

After she'd left, Natalie picked up a new design book and flipped it open. Then, she pulled up the celebrities' information on her computer. When she'd determined the styles that suited them, she started sketching the designs.

After having lunch at noon, she shouldered her handbag and hailed a cab to the television station to take the celebrities' measurements. After all, that would make it easier to produce the clothes.

A little more than half an hour later, she arrived at the television station.

After alighting from the cab, Natalie registered at the front desk before taking the elevator to the celebrities' dressing room.

The celebrities had just finished filming an interview and were waiting for her while taking a rest.

“Excuse me.” Natalie knocked on the ajar door.

The dozen of young men and women swung their gazes at her upon hearing her voice.

The moment they glimpsed her stunning beauty, the men’s eyes lit up. On the contrary, the women’s reactions were entirely different—some were envious, and others were jealous. In short, everyone reacted differently.

“I’m the costume designer for the variety program, and I’m here to take your measurements,” Natalie explained as she walked in.

At this, the manager of these two groups stepped forward. “You’re Ms. Smith, yes?”

“That’s right.” Natalie nodded with a smile.

“It’s all yours.” The manager gestured for her to go ahead.

Murmuring an assent, Natalie took out her measuring tape and started taking the celebrities’ measurements.

The men were all very cooperative, standing ramrod straight with arms spread before she’d even come over.

While the women weren’t all that cooperative, they didn’t throw any tantrums, so Natalie successfully finished everything within an hour.

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Thereafter, Natalie bid them farewell and left.

However, just when she’d stepped out of the elevator and was going to head toward the front entrance of the television station, she suddenly glimpsed two familiar figures ahead, who were tussling.

That’s Susan Sullivan and her lover, Warren Litch! Why are there here?

Natalie's brows creased in puzzlement at the sight. In the next moment, she saw Susan flinging herself at Warren with tears streaming down her face.

Afraid that she would be spotted, Natalie furtively crept to the corner of the corridor at the side. When she'd done so, she flattened herself against the wall and surreptitiously watched the show.

Not only did she watch the show, but she also fished out her cell phone and secretly filmed everything.

"What should we do now that Jas is in such a condition, Warren?" Susan wailed piteously as she clutched at Warren's collar.

However, Warren merely looked at her impatiently. "Didn't I tell you not to come and look for me here? If someone recognizes you, I'll lose this job that I finally secured after expending much effort."

Upon hearing this, Natalie's head snapped up.

I didn't know that he's now working at the television station! He was jobless not long ago, yet he's now an employee here in the blink of an eye. I wonder if Susan gave him a hand.

"How could you say such a thing?"

Susan stared at Warren with recrimination written all over her face, her eyes red-rimmed. "Is your job more important or Jas? Jas has been violated by a group of people and is now lying in the hospital with her legs crippled! And she's going to be sent back to the mental hospital soon! Say, what if she truly becomes insane or commits suicide?"

Warren smoothed his shirt, which she had crumpled. "Why are you telling me all this?"

At this, Natalie nodded as well.

Even I'm very curious as to why she's telling him about Jasmine's situation.

"Why? Of course it's because I want you to figure out a way to save Jas!" Susan snapped in a booming voice.

At this, Warren became all the more impatient. "Save her? How am I to save her? I'm just an insignificant employee, so I don't have the capability to do that. Why don't you go to your husband, Harrison Smith, instead?"

"Harrison is entirely useless now. The Smith family has gone bankrupt, and he's even being targeted by Shane Thompson, so he doesn't dare do anything at all. If it weren't for the money he has left for his golden years, I would've already asked him for a divorce. But you're different. You have a few friends, no? You..."

"Stop right there!" Warren cut her off. "I can't have my friends being targeted by Mr. Shane as well just to save her!"

I've still got to depend on them to survive, so I can't have them take the risk!

"Warren Litch!" Susan roared, her face red with fury. "How could you say that? Jas is your daughter as well! How could you be so ruthless?"

Around the corner, Natalie was shellshocked when she unexpectedly heard this remark. Her jaw dropped open, and even her cell phone clattered to the floor.

What did I just hear? Jasmine... is Warren Litch's daughter?

"Who's there?" The sound of Natalie's cell phone clattering to the ground caught the attention of both Susan and Warren.

All at once, their gazes snapped in the direction of the sound in concert. The moment they noticed a slip of fabric around the corner ahead, their expressions changed drastically in a flash, realizing that someone had overheard their conversation earlier.

"What should we do now, Warren? She must have deliberately eavesdropped because she recognized me!" Susan tugged at Warren's sleeve anxiously.

Likewise, Warren was also afraid that the person would reveal everything between him and Susan. Of course, his main concern was that it would come to Harrison's knowledge.

Although Harrison Smith is now bankrupt, he still has a lot of connections, so I might not necessarily be his match. Thus, I've got to stop the person who'd eavesdropped on our conversation! Of course, it'll be best if I can bribe her, but if otherwise, then I'll just... eliminate her!

As his eyes narrowed dangerously, he shook off Susan's hand and stalked toward the corner.

When Natalie heard the sound of footsteps, she knew that Susan and Warren were heading toward her. Afraid that she would be caught, she bent down and picked her cell phone up from the ground with gritted teeth before taking to her heels.

Having not expected her to flee, Warren was stunned for a moment. In the next instance, he called for security, claiming that the paparazzi had sneaked into the television station.