

Shane immediately put his daughter on his lap and fixed her braids. Intrigued, Natalie approached her husband and daughter. "When did you learn to do this?" "I learned it from the tutorial videos an hour ago." His hands never stopped moving. "You're pretty talented." He kept mum instead of responding to her compliment. Right then, Martha walked out from the kitchen and announced, "Breakfast is ready." "Let's eat." Shane was also done fixing Sharon's hair. Natalie and Connor walked hand in hand to the dining room. After breakfast, the parents got ready for work while Yulia said she would send her grandchildren to school since it was on her way back to her apartment. As she ushered Sharon and Connor to the car, she received a call from Jared. "Hello, Jared? Why did you suddenly ring me up?" she asked. It was evening where he was at. "Mom, Dad sent someone here to look for me," he said in a feeble voice. Her expression darkened. "What?" she exclaimed. "That old geezer knows where you are?" Surprised, Natalie and Shane looked at Yulia in unison. Jared sat facing a painter with a brush in his right hand. "Yeah. Someone knocked on my door this afternoon. He said he's under Dad's instruction to bring me home." "Where is that person now?" Yulia asked, flustered. A bitter smile flashed across Jared's pale face. "I refused to go with him. He's putting up at a hotel tonight, so I can have some time to think it through. I have no doubt he would take me by force if he doesn't get the answer he wants." Yulia slapped her palm on the tabletop, livid. "Jared, listen. Find a new hiding place while I resolve the issues here. Don't worry. I will not let Harrison Smith have his way." Her chest was heaving from the call. Natalie approached her mother and patted her back. "Mom, calm down. What's going on?" Curious, Shane fixed his gaze on the mother-daughter duo as he held his child's hand. "Harrison knows he can't beat me in court, so he's resorting to underhand methods. He found Jared's whereabouts and has sent someone to bring your brother back against his will!" "Huh?" Anger replaced Natalie's initial shock. "How dare he!" "I know. This won't do. I need to go to the Smiths and teach that old geezer a lesson he wouldn't forget! Else, I can never forgive myself." Yulia left the house in a huff. Natalie was at a loss for words. She turned to her husband with a smile. "All right, then. Let's take the kids to school." He merely grunted. The twins sat in the backseat on their way to the kindergarten. After that, Shane sent Natalie to work and headed for Thompson Group. Joyce had appointed her bestie to oversee the daily operations of her company before she left for abroad to visit Stanley. Hence, Natalie was always swamped. After she revised the designers' drawings, she would contact the textile mill to for an update on the season's latest materials, and compete with other renowned rivals for a spot on the government grant. Finally, at two in the afternoon, she took her well-deserved break. "Ms. Carter," Natalie called from her office. Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 577 Ms. Carter stood up and walked over. "How can I help you, Ms. Smith?" "Help me get some food." Natalie massaged her sore shoulders. "Okay," replied Ms. Carter before leaving immediately. Within half an hour, she bought lunch back.

After thanking her, Natalie brought the food back to her office. Just when she opened the lid of the box, her phone rang.

She glanced at it and saw that it was from an unknown number. It seemed like an official call instead of a marketing call, so she picked her phone up. "Hello?"

"Is this Ms. Natalie Smith?" A masculine voice asked over the call.

Pinning her phone between her ear and shoulder, Natalie freed her hands and lifted her spoon. "Yes. Who are you?"

"I'm from the police," answered the man.

Natalie accidentally snapped the spoon in half as a bad feeling rose within her.

Quickly tossing the broken spoon onto the table, she grabbed the phone and asked, "Did anything happen, sir?"

"Ms. Smith, I'm afraid I have some bad news. There is no easy way to say this." The inspector's voice was solemn.

Bad news?

Feeling anxious, she tightened her grip on the phone subconsciously. "I'm ready. Please go ahead."

"Okay." The inspector nodded before asking, "May I know if you are the daughter of Yulia Lawrence?"

"Yes, what happened to her?" asked Natalie nervously.

Did she have a fight in the Smith Residence? Did the Smith family call the police and send her to the police station?

That's why I have to bail her out at the police station?

The inspector fell silent for a few seconds before taking a deep breath and declaring, "Your mother... fell from the stairs. She's undergoing emergency rescue in the hospital now!"

"What did you say?" The expression on Natalie's face froze.

Thinking that she did not hear him clearly, the inspector repeated what he had just said, "Your mother's undergoing emergency rescue in the hospital now!"

This time, Natalie could no longer deceive herself. Her mind went completely blank. She felt like the entire world was spinning around her. Cold shivers ran down her spine.

Mom fell down from the stairs and is undergoing emergency rescue at the hospital?

Noticing Natalie's sudden silence, the inspector felt a little worried and quickly called out for her, "Ms. Smith? Are you still there, Ms. Smith?"

When Natalie heard his voice, she regained some of her rationality. Taking a deep breath to suppress her anxiety and tears, she gripped the phone and asked with a trembling voice,

"I'm here. Sir, please tell me which hospital my Mom is in now!"

"Central Hospital," replied the inspector.

It's Jackson's hospital!

"Understood. Thank you, sir." Natalie did not even have time to ask about how Yulia fell down the stairs. She immediately ended the call, grabbed her bag, and rushed out of the office, planning to head to the hospital.

To her, it was not important how Yulia fell down the stairs.

Instead, she needed to make sure her mom was doing fine. Before that, she wouldn't have the mood to investigate other matters.

Natalie did not even eat her food. After making her way downstairs, she hailed a cab and left.

Half an hour later, she arrived at the hospital.

With reddened eyes, Natalie found out from the receptionist that Yulia was in the emergency department. Hence, she quickly dashed there.

As she was in such a rush, she crashed into someone after she got off the elevator.

The person who got hit winced in pain before staggering a few steps back.

On the other hand, Natalie fell onto the floor.

"Are you fine, Dr. Baker?" asked a nurse worriedly as she held onto Jackson.

Jackson waved his hands dismissively. "I'm fine. Go and see if the other person's alright." Obeying his instruction, the nurse glanced at Natalie, who had just fallen onto the floor. "Are you fine, ma'am?"

Natalie shook her head. Ignoring the pain in her butt, she held onto the wall and got up. After mumbling a quick apology, she brushed past the nurse and Jackson and continued running forward.

She didn't even bother to stop and take a look at the person with whom she had collided.

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However, Jackson noticed her. Adjusting his spectacles in surprise, he exclaimed, "It's Natalie! Why did she come to the hospital?"

"You know her, Dr. Baker?" asked the nurse as she helped him tidy his coat.

Jackson nodded. "She's my friend's wife."

"That lady looks like she's in a hurry. Her eyes are red too as if she had just cried," remarked the nurse as she glanced in the direction in which Natalie was heading in.

When Jackson heard that Natalie had cried, his heart skipped a beat. Deep in thought, he mumbled, "Did something happen? Did she argue with Shane? That can't be possible. Why would she rush to the hospital if they argued?"

When the nurse heard his mutterings, she made a bold guess. "Dr. Baker, the emergency room for the critically ill is in that direction. Did something bad happen to the lady's relatives or friends?"

Reminded by her, Jackson widened his eyes. "Did something happen to Shane?"

Upon that thought, he hurriedly whipped out his phone and called Shane.

The call went through quickly. However, it rang a few times without anyone answering it. Jackson started to feel even more uneasy. Just when he was about to hang up and call Silas instead, Shane suddenly picked it up. "What's up?"

Jackson's worry then dissipated. "That's great! You're alright."

"Huh?" Shane frowned.

Coughing lightly, Jackson replied, "I bumped into your wife at the hospital earlier. She seemed to be distressed while running towards the emergency room. I assume it was someone important to her. So, I thought something bad had happened to you."

Someone important to her has been admitted to the emergency room?

Shane's heart skipped a beat as he abruptly stood up from his chair.

Apart from the kids, Yulia is the one Natalie cared for the most. Could one of them have gotten into trouble?

With that thought, Shane immediately hung up the call with Jackson, grabbed his car keys, and walked out of the office.

Just as he exited the office, Silas walked out with a pile of documents in his arms.

"Are you leaving, Mr. Shane?" asked Silas, surprised.

Shane mumbled a quick acknowledgment before striding toward the elevator.

Staring at his back, Silas called out, "But there's an important meeting later!"

"Postpone the meeting. We'll discuss it after I come back."

With that, he headed into the elevator and drove out of the parking lot.

An hour had passed when he arrived at the hospital.

As he approached the emergency room, he saw Natalie standing there from afar. Claspng her hands together, she was pacing back and forth anxiously.

"Natalie!" Shane called out to her.

She stopped in her tracks upon hearing his voice. "Shane?"

He walked over.

As if she had found her pillar of support, she pouted and fell into his embrace while crying. Shane hugged her and patted her back gently. "How's your Mom doing?"

He had already met Jackson at the entrance of the hospital when he just arrived.

Jackson informed him that something had happened to Yulia.

Sobbing in devastation, Natalie replied, "I don't know. I've been here for more than an hour already, but Mom isn't out yet."

Shane's heart sank when he heard that. "What happened to her?"

"Someone at the police station called me in the afternoon, saying that Mom fell from the stairs in the Smith Residence." Natalie buried her face in his arms, her tears wetting the collar of his suit.

Shane narrowed his eyes. "The Smith Residence..."

"Yeah." Natalie nodded.

He pursed his lips. "How did it happen?"

"I don't know. The person at the police station did not tell me, and I didn't ask either."

Gripping his sleeves tightly, Natalie sobbed and shook her head.

Shane nudged her away gently. "I'll call and ask."

"Okay," replied Natalie as she wiped her tears with the back of her palm.

Right then, all she could think about was Yulia. Her mind was in such an utter mess that she was in no mood to ask about anything else.

It was a good choice to leave it all to Shane.