

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 7

Natalie could not believe her ears.

Maybe he needs to attend to something important, and that's why he was in such a hurry to leave? If that's the case, he might come back again later. I mean, he has to... right?

Thus, she asked the nurse for a sticky note and scribbled down her contact number. Handing it back to the nurse, she said, "This is my cellphone number. If he comes back, please give it to him.

Meanwhile, at the conference room of Thompson Group's headquarters, the atmosphere was solemn.

Shane was standing at the front of the room like a king surveying his subjects. His cold gaze swept across everyone in the room.

Noting how he had not seen several of them for quite a long while, his lips twitched slightly. All of a sudden, a burst of harsh laughter escaped his lips.

"Are we giving out dividends today? All of you are actually in attendance! Wow, what a rare occasion..."

His deep voice rang out authoritatively, cracking through the air and slamming into the men seated by the table.

At that moment, none of them dared to speak up.

The reason for the full attendance was because news of Shane's kidnapping had spread. Everybody who heard about it came to find out the truth.

If the rumor was true, then Thompson Group was in for a new change of leadership.

But the fact that Shane was standing before them now and looking perfectly fine, made them realize the news was nothing but a rumor.

After several seconds of silence, Mike Lanner, the oldest among the men present, stated, "Hahaha! It's just been a long while since any of us old geezers came to the company. We thought we would pop in and see how the company is doing."

His words seemed to cut through the tension in the air. After his daring statement, the rest of the men fervently expressed their agreement.

Nevertheless, Shane was not oblivious to what these sly old foxes were thinking. But, he made no move to expose them right here.

Oh, is that so? If you want to put it that way, then two can play at that game...

"I haven't seen all of you in ages either. How about we all have lunch together?" Shane went along with the crowd and asked.

"I'm afraid I'll have to turn down your invitation. I still have something to do at home, so I'll be taking my leave." Following that, Mike grabbed his cane and stood up, heading for the door.

Under his lead, the rest of the men made their excuses and left as well.

Soon, only Shane remained in the conference room.

He stared at the empty room, his gaze turning chilly while a menacing aura emanated from him.

"Silas."

"Yes, Mr. Thompson?" His assistant, Silas Campbell, entered the room at his call.

"Find out who's the mastermind behind this incident."

“Got it.” Silas nodded and turned to leave. Just then, Shane’s voice sounded again, “But before that, head over to the hospital and give five million to that woman.”

Shane’s eyes narrowed as Natalie’s face appeared in his mind. Recalling how she had said she would compensate him, his grim expression lightened a little.

But then again, he was not someone who liked owing others anything and it was no exception this time.

Unfortunately, by the time Silas arrived at the hospital, Natalie had already left. Not only that, the nurse had somehow lost the sticky note Natalie left earlier, which was just his luck.

After that, a week went by without any contact from that man.

In the meantime, Natalie was relieved, thinking that the man did not seem to want to pursue the matter further.

Anyway, the weather was perfect that day. It was bright, and the skies were clear with warm sun.

Since it was the weekend, Natalie brought her kids to a nearby shopping mall.

There was a gelato shop at the mall, which was very well-known for its rich and creamy texture.

As soon as they arrived, Sharon, the gelato-lover, had been quick to point the shop out to her mother.

Thus, they stood in line for twenty minutes before it was their turn.

Looking down at her daughter, Natalie asked, “Sharon, what flavor would you like?”

“Strawberry!” Sharon’s reply was a little high-pitched. She could hardly contain her excitement at the prospect of getting to taste that sweet, creamy frozen dessert.

Natalie turned her attention to Connor next. “How about you, Connor?”

“I don’t want anything. Heh... desserts are for girls.” The little boy refused with a scornful sniff then walked off.

Standing at the side, he glanced around the mall in boredom. Just then, his gaze drifted to one of the boutique stores right across them.

Hang on... isn’t that woman the one who bullied Mommy the other day?