

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 131 - 135

"As expected of a vixen!" The older woman sneered in disdain.

Natalie, who was in the process of pulling out a chair, paused briefly while her brows furrowed.

Then, she regained her composure and continued her motion. Sitting down in the chair, she smiled and replied, "Thanks for the compliment, Ma'am."

"When did I compliment you?" A puzzled look appeared on the older woman's face.

Natalie tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Just now. You said I was a vixen, right? Everyone knows that's another way of saying someone is incredibly beautiful. It's no longer meant to be an insult, didn't you know? You really should keep up with the times, Ma'am. The internet is a wonderful place that one can learn many things from."

The middle-aged woman scowled. She had obviously understood the hidden insult in Natalie's words – that she was an old woman who did not even know how to use the internet and keep up with the times.

Infuriated, she slammed her palm down on the table. "Watch your tongue! You should show some respect to your elders! I honestly have no idea why my son is interested in a woman like you!"

"Huh?" was the eloquent response from Natalie. "Your son is interested in me? Ma'am, just who is your son?"

The older woman's nostrils flared as she pursed her lips. "Sean Thompson. I'm his mother."

Natalie's face darkened at the mention of Sean. Her voice was glacial when she spoke, "I see. No wonder you two are mother and son."

The son is dangerous and cunning while the mother is haughty and spiteful. I wonder what the father and husband will be like?

"What is that supposed to mean?" Catherine Meyer, Sean's mother, frowned at Natalie's words.

Once again, Natalie quirked her lips in a smile, a smile that never reached her eyes. "Oh, nothing. I was just praising you two."

Catherine's eyes narrowed, clearly not believing her.

Natalie brought the glass of water to her lips and sipped. "Mrs. Thompson, you still haven't told me why you were looking for me."

Catherine leaned back in her seat lazily. "I just wanted to see the woman who caused my son to be beaten badly enough he had to be hospitalized. Now that I've seen you, I must say I'm not surprised- "

"Hold it right there," Natalie cut her off with a raised hand. "Mrs. Thompson, I don't agree with your words. I didn't 'cause' your son to be hospitalized. He ended up there because of his own actions. He wanted to do something horrible to me, which was why Mr. Shane beat him up."

Catherine scoffed loudly, "Hah! You should feel lucky that my son took an interest in you. If you had only been a good girl and did as he said, Shane wouldn't have assaulted him!"

Natalie was utterly dumbfounded. She cried out incredulously, "Mrs. Thompson, are you seriously saying I should agree to sleep with Sean if he asks even though I don't like him?"

"You're not worthy of my son." Catherine jutted her chin proudly while throwing the younger woman a disdainful glare. "I don't care if my son only wants to play around with you. However, I'll be the first to disagree if he really wants to be with you. I've done my research on you before I came here. You're a very troublesome woman!"

"What do you mean?" Natalie brushed her fingers across the smooth surface of the glass, her eyes dark and unfathomable.

Crossing her arms before her chest, Catherine ranted, "You've already caused trouble several times in the past month since you joined Thompson Group. Every single time, it involves Sean and Shane. From that alone, I already know your motive. You're obviously trying to seduce one of them so you can marry into the Thompson family! Let me tell you this right now. Don't even think about it! I'll never let you join the family!"

With that said, she opened up her branded bag and took out a check. She slapped it down on the table in front of Natalie.

Natalie glanced down at it. "Mrs. Thompson, this..."

"Take it and leave Thompson Group. Stay far away from Shane and my son." Catherine looked like she was offering something incredibly gracious.

A bubble of laughter escaped Natalie's mouth. "Two million? Mrs. Thompson, don't you think this amount is a little at odds with your status?"

In other words, how stingy was Catherine to only offer her this little money when she was clearly so wealthy?

Catherine's face darkened. "Then how much do you want?"

Natalie wagged a finger at her mockingly. "I don't want any money from you, Mrs. Thompson. You might not know this, but the copyright fees for one set of my fashion designs will earn me a few million at least. Besides..."

"Besides' what?" Catherine's expression was turning even more ugly.

She could not fathom how drawing a few sets of clothing could be worth so much.

Jasmine Smith, you little b***h! Why didn't you tell me all this before I came here? You caused me to make a fool out of myself!

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Natalie traced the rim of her glass idly, stating, "Besides, as you said earlier, the reason I want to get close to Mr. Shane and Sean is to marry into the Thompson family. That means no matter which one of them I marry, I'll still be a billionaire. So tell me, why should I give up on such a wonderful future for a few million?"

"You!" Catherine was rendered speechless. At the same time, she could not refute Natalie's words since they were very reasonable. Anybody with brains would make the same decision.

However, that was not a decision that the Thompson family would accept.

After a moment of thought, Catherine smacked the table and stood up. "You shameless woman! Do you seriously think you can marry into the Thompson family just because you want to? You're trying to seduce both Shane and Sean at the same time! Just based on this fact alone, there's no way my husband and I will accept you!"

"That's fine. If I can't have Sean, at least I still have Mr. Shane. He's richer anyway," Natalie replied with a wide smile.

Catherine's chest heaved with the force of her anger. "Don't even think about putting your filthy hands on Shane either! He's already engaged."

"Engagements can be called off." The smile never left Natalie's face.

She was purposely doing this to piss off Catherine.

After all, it's obvious she came here today to humiliate me. I'm not going to just roll over and accept that from her!

Catherine was completely unaware of the thoughts going through Natalie's mind. She sniffed disdainfully and hissed, "Calling off the engagement? You think it's that easy?"

"Is it really that hard?" Natalie splayed her hands out in front of her. "The Smith family isn't exactly J City's most influential family. If Mr. Shane wants to break off the engagement, all he needs to do is post something online. He doesn't even need to discuss anything with the Smiths. Even if the Smiths are unhappy with his decision, they'll have no choice but to accept it. They won't even dare to take revenge. Even I know something as basic as that, yet you..."

Here, she deliberately trailed off.

She did not need to say more. Her implied meaning was obvious – Catherine was an ignorant woman.

Pushed over the edge by that statement, Catherine picked up her coffee and threw it at Natalie.

Natalie had not expected the older woman to do something like that. As such, she was unable to avoid the liquid. The coffee splashed all over her, drenching her entire head while also ruining her clothes.

Seeing Natalie in such a sorry state soothed Catherine's anger immensely. She felt much better now.

Natalie took several napkins and began to dab at the coffee expressionlessly. "Mrs. Thompson, the only thing holding me back from doing the same to you is the fact that you're my elder. However, I can assure you that I will remember this."

"What could you possibly do about it?" Catherine snorted scornfully.

Tossing the used napkins on the table, Natalie replied, "I might not be able to do anything to you now, but that doesn't mean I can't in the future. Who knows, maybe I'll marry Mr. Shane one day and become the new matriarch of the family. When that happens, I might just decide to make things difficult for you and your family. I'm sure I'll still be able to ensure your family has no place in the Thompson family."

"You!" Catherine's face purpled with fury as she pointed a trembling finger at Natalie. "I'll tell Shane all about you! I'll let him know just what sort of woman you are!"

"Go ahead!" Natalie spat out coldly. With that, she took her bag and left for the restroom. She needed to clean up the coffee still in her hair and clothes.

True to her words, after Natalie left, Catherine dug out her phone and called Shane. She recounted everything that had happened to him.

When she was done speaking, several undecipherable emotions flickered through Shane's dark orbs. Pocketing his phone, he headed for the elevator.

Ten minutes later, Natalie returned to the design department. She had barely taken a step out of the elevator when she spotted the man standing right outside the doors.

"Mr. Shane?" Natalie was surprised to see him there. She wondered why he was here.

Shane's gaze drifted to the way her hair clumped together and the brown stains on her clothes. He pressed his lips together and ordered, "Come with me."

Thinking he wanted to give her a task, she bit her lip and said hesitantly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane, I can't go with you right now. Could you wait for me to change into some clean clothes first?"

He did not reply to her, merely walked into the elevator imperiously.

She took his silence to mean he refused to agree. Scrubbing at her cheeks in frustration and annoyance, she had no choice but to leave with him.

They went straight to his office. Before she could ask him what he wanted from her, he picked up a shopping bag and handed it to her. Then, he pointed at the small room attached to his office. "Go take a shower."

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"Huh?" Natalie uttered dumbly.

When she still did not move, Shane frowned. "What are you standing around for? We still have a meeting later."

"Oh yes!" At the mention of the meeting, Natalie snapped out of her daze. She left for the room with the bag of clothes.

Stepping inside, she took a deep breath of the refreshing smell of mint. It abruptly dawned on her that this was Shane's room.

I'm going to take a shower in his room!

She glanced back at the shut door of the room and blushed.

Nevertheless, the stickiness on her body served to calm her down quickly enough. She took a deep breath, pushed the thought out of her mind, and headed for the bathroom.

The sound of water splashing down drifted over from the private room. Shane, who had been in the middle of reviewing some documents, suddenly stopped writing. His eyes slid over to stare at the room.

After a moment, he leaped to his feet. Tugging at his tie with agitated movements, he yanked open his desk drawer and took out a pack of cigarettes. With that in hand, he stalked over to the balcony.

The cool breeze caressing his hot face was like a balm to his nerves. He massaged his temples, only just managing to calm himself down.

A short while later, Natalie finished her shower and exited the room. She noted the empty office and wondered if Shane had already left. Out of a sudden, the office door was pushed open.

Silas entered with a document. "Mr. Shane, about the first half of the year – "

Before he could finish, he noticed Natalie standing by the couch. The woman was currently drying her hair with a towel. Silas' eyes brightened in shock while his glasses nearly slid off his nose. "Ms. Smith, what are you doing here? You..."

The water droplets dripping from her hair along with the damp look of her skin were obvious indicators that she had just finished showering.

She took a shower in Mr. Shane's office. Does that mean that they...

Silas gasped silently, utterly dumbfounded at the thought.

Natalie shot him a puzzled look. "Mr. Campbell, what's wrong with you?"

He snapped out of his shock and instantly had a change in attitude. In a tone a lot more polite than before, he replied, "I'm fine, Ms. Smith. Where's Mr. Shane?"

Right as Natalie was about to answer that she did not know, the sliding door to the balcony opened. Shane stepped back into his office and asked, "What is it?"

The distinctive smell of cigarette smoke wafting from him had Silas certain that he had guessed right.

After having sex, men like to smoke while women like to take a shower.

Mr. Shane and Ms. Smith must have done it in the office!

Inwardly, Silas was reeling with shock from the revelation. Despite that, his expression was as calm as ever as he pushed his glasses up his nose. "It's like this. I just came over from the Data Processing Department. The sales data for the first half of the year doesn't seem right. I thought it best to report this to you."

"Okay. Leave it on my desk; I'll take a look later." Shane nodded.

Silas placed the document on Shane's desk. "Then I'll be taking my leave, Mr. Shane."

He did not even wait for Shane's response before he fled out of the office.

Natalie watched him go, absolutely bewildered. "Is it just me or was Mr. Campbell acting a little strangely?"

Shane did not agree or disagree with her as he made his way to his desk.

Setting down the towel, Natalie tried to comb her fingers through her damp hair.

Her hair was incredibly long and abundant. Presently, it was weighted down with water and hung on her head heavily, making her feel really uncomfortable.

Shane was flipping through the document Silas left behind when he noticed her frustration from the corner of his eyes. His lips quirked into a barely noticeable smile. "There's a hairdryer in the bedside cabinet in the room."

"Great!" Natalie's eyes lit up at the news. She spun around and disappeared back into his room, clearly off to find the hairdryer.

A few seconds later, she reappeared with a black hairdryer. She waved the plug around and questioned, "Mr. Shane, where to stick it?"

Shane's eyebrow twitched at her choice of words. Lowering his gaze, he coughed lightly and pointed below his desk.

Natalie did not seem to realize anything wrong with what she said. She jogged over happily and plugged in the hairdryer.

Since Shane was sitting in front of her, her hair tickled his ears gently as she dried it. His entire body tensed.

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It did not help that the scent of her body wash was curling into his nose, teasing his senses.

He was not unfamiliar with the smell. After all, this was the mint body wash he always used.

She had obviously used his body wash when she had taken her shower just now.

Yet, he found that he was not mad that she had touched his things. On the contrary, he felt an almost visceral sense of approval and satisfaction.

While he was deep in thought, Natalie finished drying her hair. She crouched down and reached under the table, intending on unplugging the hairdryer. She would return it to the bedside cabinet.

Shane suddenly slammed his feet against the floor, causing him and his chair to slide nearly two meters away from her.

Natalie was surprised at his abrupt movement. "Mr. Shane, is something wrong?"

Why do I get the feeling he was trying to escape from me?

Shane crossed his legs and adjusted his suit so they hid a certain part of his body from her view. Only then did he answer gruffly, "No. Just put down the hairdryer. I'll keep it myself later."

"Okay." Natalie was completely oblivious to his strange behavior. She nodded and placed the hairdryer on his desk. "Mr. Shane, thanks a lot. If you hadn't brought me here to clean myself up, I would still be a disgusting mess right now."

He did not meet her gaze as he replied, "It's nothing. I know about your meeting with Aunt Catherine. As her relative, it makes sense for me to clean up her mess, especially since she threw coffee on you."

"You know about our meeting?" She paused before an embarrassed look appeared on her face. "Mr. Shane, does that mean you know everything I said to Mrs. Thompson?"

He raised an eyebrow at her. "Yes."

Smacking her forehead, she hurriedly explained, "Mr. Shane, please don't believe what Mrs. Thompson says. I didn't really mean what I said; it was all meant to anger her. I swear I never thought about doing those things either."

Shane pursed his lips.

When he had gotten that call earlier, he already knew what she said were all lies. Nonetheless, it still made him upset to hear the truth coming from her lips.

As for why he was upset, he refused to think about it.

"I know. My Aunt Catherine only came to find you because of Sean getting hurt. She won't do it again. I've already informed my Uncle Sam and he'll keep an eye on her." He stuck his hands in his pockets and stood up.

Natalie sighed in relief. "That's good."

"Let's go. It's time for the meeting." With that said, he strode for the door.

Making sure her hair was presentable, Natalie hastened to follow him.

On the way to the conference room, something kept niggling at Natalie. It was like she had forgotten something.

She patted through her pockets but did not find anything missing.

Am I just imagining it?

Since she could not figure it out, she put the matter out of her mind. Shaking her head to clear it of all these thoughts, she mentally prepared herself before entering the conference room.

By the time the meeting finished, it was already mid-afternoon.

Natalie busied herself at the design department for another two hours before it was time to get off work.

Today, she did not immediately return to the apartment after picking up the kids. Instead, she headed for the studio.

Joyce bustled over to greet them after having been informed by her assistant of their arrival. "Nat, what are you doing here?"

Natalie shooed the kids off to play by themselves before hooking her arm through Joyce's. As they walked off, she said, "I came over to see how things were going and also to ask you about the lawsuit with Jasminum."

"The court has already processed it and sent a summons to them. However..." Joyce's expression darkened.

A stern look appeared on Natalie's face. "What is it?"

Joyce gritted her teeth and spat out, "Jasminum refused the summons and sent it back."

"What?" Natalie knitted her brows. "Jasmine really does have some guts to actually refuse a court summons!"

"I know, right?" Joyce poured her a glass of water. "She gave a reason for her refusal though."

"Which is?" Natalie accepted the glass.

Pulling out a chair, Joyce sat down and answered, "What else? She denied stealing our designs and deliberately making things difficult for us."

At that, Natalie laughed. "She's as sly as ever, I see!"

"Yeah!" Joyce nodded in agreement. "I've never met such a shameless person before!"

Natalie took a gulp of water as she pondered what to do. "Have the court send her another summons."

"Again?" Joyce was taken aback at her suggestion. "What if she refuses it again?"

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“Are you out of your mind?” Natalie gave her forehead a knock. “Keep sending her summons, even if she refuses to accept them. Once she does that for three times, the court will order a mandatory hearing. If she doesn’t turn up, we’ll win the case straight away.”

“Is there such a thing?” Joyce was amazed.

Rubbing her hand together, she said with an excited expression. “I’ll contact the court now.”

With that, she stood up and walked over to the office desk. Picking up the phone, she dialed a number.

After the call, she showed the other woman an ‘OK’ gesture.

Natalie smiled at her. Glancing at her phone, she said, “It’s getting late. Let’s head out to eat.”

“Sure! How about hotpot? It’s been a while since we last ate it.” While speaking, Joyce took her bag off a rack.

Natalie agreed at once.

The two took the kids and strolled toward a hotpot restaurant nearby, chatting and giggling all the way.

Two days later, just as Natalie said, Jasmine refused to accept the court summons for three times consecutively and was guilty of contempt of court. Hence, the court ordered a mandatory hearing.

Though Jasmine turned up during the hearing, she still lost the case, as Joyce showed the evidence of design infringement and proved that Jasmine was attacking their studio.

Therefore, the court ordered to recall all the newly launched clothes from the boutiques. Not only did she have to give all the profit made from infringing goods to Joyce, but she was required to compensate for a copyright fee.

As a result, the lawsuit had nearly bled her dry.

Gloating over the woman's downfall, Joyce called Natalie. "Did you see that, Nat? When the judge announced Jasmine's verdict, that expression on her face was priceless! I just can't stop laughing."

Natalie burst out laughing while shaking her head. "Okay, okay. When will we receive the compensation from her?"

"The court asked her to do it within three days. If she doesn't, the compensation rate will go up by ten percent," Joyce replied excitedly.

Natalie hummed in response. "That's great. With that money, we'll be able to set up our own garment factory. Please look for a location, Joyce."

"Consider it done." Joyce patted her own chest confidently.

"Ms. Smith." Just then, someone knocked on her office door.

Lifting her head, Natalie looked up and saw Silas' assistant. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Shane asked you to go to his office," the assistant answered with a smile.

Blinking her eyes in surprise, Natalie asked, "Mr. Shane?"

"Yes."

"Sure, I'll be there in a minute. Thank you."

"You're welcome." The assistant waved his hand, then turned around and left.

Natalie placed her phone beside her ear again. "Joyce, I have something to attend to. Let me know once you choose the location. Then I'll come and check it out as well."

"Of course," Joyce replied.

After ending the call, Natalie stood up and adjusted her outfit. She then made her way to the top floor.

Arriving outside Shane's room, she raised her hand to knock on the door. Before she could do that, she overheard a voice through the door, which was left ajar. "Please help me, Shane. I really need money now."

It's Jasmine!

Natalie put her hand down. Just when she was still hesitating whether she should come back later, Shane's voice sounded. "How much do you want?"

"Twenty million," Jasmine blurted out eagerly.

Natalie raised her brow at her answer.

Twenty million? Isn't that the same amount as the compensation?

"Okay. I'll ask Silas to transfer it to you later," Shane agreed in an icy tone.

Before Jasmine could thank him, his thin lips parted again. "This is the last time."

"What do you mean?" Jasmine's expression froze at his words. A wave of uneasiness shot through her.

Out of curiosity, Natalie leaned her ear closer to the gap of the door.

In the office, Shane put his pen down and finally looked at Jasmine in the eyes. "This is the last time I'll pick up after you. If you stir up any trouble again, solve it yourself. I won't help you anymore."

"Why?" The woman was agitated.

If he doesn't help me anymore, everyone will think that he has dumped me. Then those snobs and bootlickers will shun me, while the people whom I offended before will try to get even with me.