

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 146 - 150

Natalie burst into laughter while driving.

Soon, she arrived at Thompson Group.

She knocked on Shane's office door, "Mr. Shane, your car's ready. Here's the key."

Natalie then put the key on his desk.

Shane looked at it for a while and kept the key in his drawer. "The critics are here with us today, and we'll have a gathering later. Join us."

"All right." Natalie nodded.

He then dismissed her with a wave of his hand. "That's all."

Natalie then turned around and walked out of his office.

Just when she wanted to press the button of the elevator, the door suddenly opened. A man with a pair of sharp eyes walked out of the elevator with a walking cane and called her, "Natalie!"

Natalie's expression changed right away, and she took a few steps back. "Hey, Mr. Sean."

What's wrong with today? Susan just got out of the hospital, and Sean is also discharged from the hospital?

Isn't he supposed to be hospitalized for two months?

Upon seeing Natalie's reaction, Sean inched closer and smirked. "Are you surprised to see me? Do you still remember you're the one who does this to me?"

Natalie chuckled.

Sean's expression changed. "What's with that smile?"

Natalie looked at him and said, "I'm just amused by how you blamed me for your injuries. If I remember correctly, you're the one who wanted to take advantage of me first. Otherwise, Mr. Shane wouldn't have done this to you."

"So you mean I deserve it?" Sean squinted.

Natalie pressed her lips. "You expect me to say you don't?"

Sean lowered his eyes and smirked.

All of a sudden, he threw away one of his crutches and pinned her to a wall behind.

The impact was so strong that her back hurt, but she was more shocked by his action. "What are you doing!"

Sean did not answer her. He stepped closer and dropped the other crutch. Before Natalie could attempt an escape, he slammed his hands on the wall and trapped her in between.

Natalie was stunned for a bit, but she immediately exclaimed in anger, "Let me go!"

Sean stood still.

Natalie balled her fingers to a fist and was ready to throw a punch at him.

Sean then whispered to her ear, "Think twice before you hit me. I've yet to recover from the old injuries, mind you. If my injuries get worse, you'll have to compensate me and take care of me."

Upon hearing that, Natalie's hand froze in mid-air.

Sean sighed as if he was disappointed that she stopped right there. "Are you not going to hit me? Come on, do it."

"Stop it!" Natalie roared and shot an angry glance at him. "What do you want from me? Can you please stop pestering me?"

Sean put on a sly smile. "Sure. But you have to do something for me."

"What?" Natalie was all tensed up, and she immediately got into a defensive mode.

I don't feel good about this.

Sean snickered. Before he could tell Natalie what he wanted her to do, Silas came out from his office.

A beam of hope twinkled in Natalie's eyes. She shouted to get his attention, "Mr. Campbell!"

Silas heard her voice and turned around. He was shocked to see the position they were in. "What are you two doing?"

"Just catching up with Natalie since I haven't seen her for quite some time." Sean stroke the edges of her hair and asked her, "Right?"

Natalie knew he was warning her not to ask for trouble, but she did not play along. She shook her head and explained, "That's not true. I bumped into Mr. Sean, and he stopped me from leaving. Could you please ask him to move aside? He's injured, and I don't want to hurt him by accident."

Sean's expression changed, and he looked at her in disbelief.

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How dare she! Is she not afraid that I might expose her secret?

"I see." Silas walked over, picked up the crutches, and handed them to Sean. "I don't think you should harass our colleagues like this. I can't imagine what Mr. Shane would do if he found out about this. To keep yourself from getting in trouble, I would advise you to release Ms. Natalie."

Sean gave him a sullen stare before turning his attention to Natalie. He then took over the crutches and let Natalie go.

Once Natalie managed to free herself, she instantly ran away from him.

A corner of Sean's mouth quirked up upon seeing how terrified Natalie was. He turned his attention to Silas and sneered, "You seem to be everywhere."

Silas grinned, "Well, Mr. Shane called me, and I was just on my way to his office. I believe you're here to see Mr. Shane too? Shall we?"

He did not give Sean a chance to decline by showing him the way to Shane's office.

Sean was not offended by his gesture. He stayed calm and gave Natalie a baffling smile. "We'll talk soon."

Natalie watched him walking with his crutches and limped toward Shane's office.

Once Sean had left, she immediately expressed her gratitude to Silas with a smile. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Glad I was here to help," Silas responded.

He did not lend her a helping hand just because she was Shane's woman.

He would have done the same to any employees in this office. This was his responsibility as a member of the senior management.

"I've got to go and see Mr. Shane. I'll see you later." Silas took a glance at his watch.

Once Silas had left, Natalie took the elevator and returned to the design department.

She got back to her office, recalled what Sean said earlier, and began to worry.

It was clear that Sean still held grudges against her. He would eventually settle old scores with Natalie. It was just a matter of time.

Natalie was certainly creeped out by the fact that Sean had marked her as his target.

The thought of dealing with this man in the future gave her a headache. She could no longer focus on her work the entire morning.

At noon, Shane gave her a call, "Done with your work?"

Natalia massaged her forehead and tried to pull herself together. "Yeah."

"Come and meet me at the car park." Shane hung up on her after that.

Natalie put down the phone and quickly arranged her desk. She then left the office after grabbing her handbag.

By the time she arrived at the car park, the door at the passenger's seat behind was already opened for her.

Natalie grinned and quickened her pace. "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

"It's fine. Get in," Shane put down the magazine in his hands and said calmly.

After getting into the car and greeted Silas, who was at the driver's seat, she took out her phone and texted Joyce, hoping she could help her pick the children up.

Right after she had done sending the message, Shane said, "Silas told me about the things that Sean did to you this morning."

Natalie blinked. "So..."

Shane knew what was on her mind. "I've appointed him as a CEO of one of our subsidiaries. Without my permission, he'll not be able to enter the headquarters. So, you'll be safe."

"Oh." Natalie smiled. "Thank you."

Shane gently nodded and remained quiet.

About half an hour later, they arrived at a hotel.

The waiter led the way and brought them to a private room.

Most of the critics had arrived and were all gathered in the private room.

Shane and Natalie took their seats and greeted all the guests. He then ordered the waiter to start serving the dishes.

Waiters started bringing in dishes on a cart and placed them on the dining table.

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Suddenly, a waiter accidentally spilled a bowl of soup on Natalie's arm.

Shane stood up, grabbed her shoulders, and pulled her to his chest.

Natalie just leaned quietly against his chest, not knowing what just happened.

All the guests were dumbfounded.

They realized what actually happened only when the waiter repeatedly apologized for almost spilling the soup on Natalie.

"It's fine. You can go out now." Shane did not blame the waiter as he could tell he did not do it on purpose. Nonetheless, he was still a little annoyed by the incident.

The waiter immediately thanked him and left the private room.

Shane released Natalie from his embrace and asked, "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine." Natalie nodded.

Shane's expression softened upon hearing that.

"It looks like you really love your fiancée," one of the critics remarked.

Natalie instantly felt awkward and wanted to clarify, but before she could speak, Shane interrupted and said, "Thank you."

Natalie was stunned for moment. "Mr. Shane..."

Once again, Shane interrupted her. "No point wasting your time and energy explaining this kind of thing. The more you explain, the more confused and suspicious they would become."

Natalie nodded gently. "You're right."

“Drink this.” Shane then placed a glass of fruit juice in front of her.

Natalie looked at the drink. “Orange juice?”

“You had some wine yesterday, so no wine for you today. I don’t want you to vomit and dirty my car.” Shane said casually while taking a sip of red wine from his glass.

Natalie blushed, and she lowered her head and cleared her throat. “Please excuse me. I need to go to the washroom.”

She then walked out of the private room.

When she was about to return after using the washroom, she saw a familiar figure walking along the other end of the corridor.

“Jasmine?”

A line formed between Natalie’s brows. What is she doing here?

And why is she sneaking around here? She better not be doing something shady.

Natalie bit lips. She hesitated for a moment but decided to go and check it out.

Yet, by the time she reached the end of the corridor, Jasmine had disappeared.

“Where’s she?’ Natalie mumbled.

There were no private rooms or booths here, just an elevator and an emergency exit. I don’t see her. Probably she has left.

Natalie sighed in disappointment and was ready to return to the private room.

But at this moment, Jasmine’s voice emerged from the emergency exit, “Where’s the stuff?”

Natalie immediately turned around and approached the exit.

She heard a man responding to her question. “Right here.”

“Give it to me. Quick!” Jasmine looked at the bottle dangling in the man’s hand and could not wait to get her hands on it.

Just when she was about to grab the bottle, the man suddenly pulled it away from her.

Jasmine’s expression changed right away. “Excuse me?”

The man smirked. “Calm down, sweetie. I’ll give it to you, don’t worry, but...”

He sized her up with a lecherous look.

Jasmine knew what he wanted. She lowered her eyes and tried to hide her disgust. “Don’t you dare think about it. I’m Shane Thompson’s fiancée, mind you.”

“So? We had sex before, remember?” the man said matter-of-factly.

Natalie was absolutely dumbfounded. She had to cover her mouth to avoid making any sound.

Oh my God!

Jasmine has cheated on Shane!

“It was an accident. I was drunk,” Jasmine clenched her fist and roared.

The man sneered. “Yeah, right. You just needed an excuse to sleep with a man because you were too lonely.”

Jasmine was about to explode with rage.

The man waved his hand in the air. “Shush, enough of this drama. Spend a night with me, or else...”

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“Fine.” Jasmine had to agree to the man’s demand as if he had some dirt on her.

Soon, Natalie started hearing some subtle moans and grunts from afar.

She was so shocked that her heart pounded furiously, and she just wanted to get out of there as soon as possible.

Even after she returned to the private room, her face remained as pale as a ghost.

Shane noticed her expression and knitted his brows. "What's wrong?"

"I..." Natalie nearly blurted out what she saw earlier but decided to hold back. "A rat appeared in the washroom and scared the daylights out of me."

"Rat? In this hotel?" Shane squinted in disbelief.

Natalie dared not look at him in the eyes. She took a sip of the orange juice and said, "Yeah, it's a huge one. It must have come from somewhere else."

"Looks like I've to inform the hotel about this problem." Shane then wiped the corner of his mouth with a napkin.

Natalie responded with a wry smile and did not say anything after that.

It was not because she did not want him to know. If she were to tell him about it now, Shane would have exploded and ended this gathering in a fit of anger.

Moreover, Natalie thought it was best for him to find out about it himself. It would be too embarrassing for him to learn about his fiancée's infidelity from another person. She was ready to drop a hint or two to help him discover the truth.

This was why she seemed absent-minded throughout lunch. How should I alert him about this without telling him directly?

She still failed to come up with a plan by the end of the gathering.

After bidding farewell to all the critics, Natalie and Shane left the hotel.

The wind outside was chilly, and Natalie could not help but shiver. She tried to warm herself by rubbing her hands together.

Upon seeing her reaction, Shane removed his blazer and placed it over her head.

Natalie looked at him, feeling confused.

“Project Rebirth is just four days away, so you mustn’t fall sick,” Shane explained.

“Got it. Thank you.” Natalie nodded. She could feel the warmth of his body on the coat.

“Let’s wait by the road. Silas is reaching soon.” Shane put his hands into his pocket and led the way.

Natalie adjusted the coat and followed right behind with a smile.

A roguish man was hiding behind the flower bed outside the hotel. He took out a photo from his pocket to check if Natalie was his target. He then threw away his cigarette butt and approached Natalie from the back.

Suddenly, she felt a pain in her shoulder. By the time she looked back, her handbag was gone.

She was stunned for a bit before alerting the man in front of him. “Mr. Shane, someone snatched my handbag!”

“What?” Shane’s eyes narrowed. “Did you carry any important documents in the bag?”

“There’s a flash drive containing all the designs I’ve chosen and amended. We would be using these designs for our fall collection, and we’re supposed to hand it over to the dress-making department tomorrow.” Natalie panicked.

Ever since Jasmine instructed Ashley to steal her designs, she had always kept the flash drive by her side to avoid history repeating itself.

Yet, this time, she fell victim to a snatch thief.

Natalie clenched her teeth and said, “I must go and get it back. It would be a disaster had he thrown everything else away after stealing my wallet and my phone.”

She took down the coat and was ready to run after the man.

Shane stopped her. “I’ll go. You stay right here and call the police. Wait for Silas.”

“But...”

Shane did not give her a chance to say anything. He removed his tie, threw it on her, and ran in the snatch thief’s direction.

Natalie’s jaw dropped upon realizing what a fast runner Shane was.

A man who stays in the office all year long can still be so athletic? What a surprise!

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But she was wrong.

“Ms. Natalie.” A Rolls-Royce Phantom soon arrived.

Silas winded down the window and asked. “How come you’re alone? Where’s Mr. Shane?”

Natalia paused for a moment before answering his question, “Mr. Shane ran after a snatch thief.”

“What?” Silas raised his voice.

While she was taking out a phone to call the police, she urged Silas to start driving. “Keep going. Mr. Shane will be in danger if the thief has other members!”

Silas’ expression changed and started driving in their direction.

A few minutes later, they found Shane.

He was fighting with a few men in a dark alley, and one of the men was the person who stole her handbag.

Natalie balled her hands into fists. “I knew it. I knew he’s not alone. Come on, we have to go and help.”

Though Shane was fighting against a group of men alone, he seemed to be doing a good job.

Yet, tackling a large group of men for an extended period could exhaust his energy, and he would be in deep trouble by then.

Natalie immediately got down from the car and was ready to join the fight.

Silas, too, stepped out of the car. He went up and stopped her. "I'll go. You stay here and wait."

Silas rubbed his fists and joined Shane in the fight.

With Silas' help, Shane managed to take down all the men.

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing the group of rogues lying on the ground. She smiled and ran toward him. "Are you okay?"

Shane was pleased to know that she actually cared for him. "Yes. Here you go."

He handed the handbag over to her. "Let me know if anything has gone missing."

Natalie opened the bag and checked thoroughly. "Everything is still in the bag. Thank God."

"That's great." Shane nodded.

All of a sudden, one of the men rolled down his sock and pulled out a dagger. He bounced up from the ground and stab in Shane's direction.

Shane did not know what was going on behind him.

Silas noticed the man, but he was too far away to stop him. He could only shout, "Be careful!"

"What?" A sudden frown warped Shane's face, but before he could react, Natalie had wrapped her hands around his waist, shoved him aside, and took his place.

Pfft!

The dagger pierced right into Natalie's shoulder.

Shane instantly raised his leg and kicked the assailant, who then hit the wall behind and fainted on the spot.

Instead of checking on the assailant, Shane immediately held Natalie tightly in his arms. "How are you feeling?"

The color drained out of her face, and she broke out in a sweat. "My shoulder hurts."

Shoulder?

Shane touched her shoulder, and it was all wet. He soon noticed his hand was covered in blood!

Silas went up and beat them up again before saying, "Ms. Smith is injured."

Shane carried her in his arms and ordered Silas, "You stay here and wait for the police. I'll bring her to the hospital."

"All right." Silas nodded.

Shane then got into the car with Natalie and drove toward the hospital.

Once they arrived at the hospital, Shane went straight to Jackson.

Jackson was on the night shift, and he had just completed a medical procedure. Just when he was about to take a nap, someone kicked down his office door. The bang was so loud that he immediately jumped up from his seat. "What happened?"

With a sullen look, Shane approached Jackson and placed Natalie on his desk. "Do what you need to do right now."

"What's wrong with her?" Jackson looked at the unconscious woman and asked in a serious voice.

"Someone stabbed her with a dagger," Shane answered briefly. He then pulled down the corner of her dress and revealing the wound on her shoulder.

Jackson took a deep breath, put on a pair of gloves, and started cleaning the wound.