

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 151 - 155

It took Jackson half an hour to clean and bandaged Natalie's wound.

He took off the gloves and heaved a sigh of relief. "Done."

Shane rolled her dress up, carried her, and placed her on a couch. He then covered her with his blazer before washing his hand at the mini basin in Jackson's office. "How's her wound?"

"She experienced quite a severe blood loss, but she's fine now. It won't take long for her wound to heal." Jackson was not worried.

Shane was relieved to hear that.

Jackson adjusted his glasses and asked, "What exactly happened? Who stabbed her?"

Shane looked at him and briefly told him about the incident.

Jackson was amazed by the story. "She should count herself lucky."

Shane squinted and gave him a killer stare.

That stare sent a chill down Jackson's spine. He immediately put on an awkward smile and apologized. "I'm sorry. Please don't be mad at me."

Shane then turned around and picked up Natalie's handbag. He took out her phone, unlocked the screen with her thumbprint, and called Connor.

"Hi, Connor speaking," Connor answered the call steadily but with the voice of a child.

Jackson could not help but chuckle. "Isn't he just a child? Why does he talk like an adult?"

Shane did not respond to what Jackson said, but a corner of his mouth quirked up.

"It's me," Shane said.

Connor kept mum for a few seconds and continued, "Hello, Mr. Shane. Why are you using my Mommy's phone?"

"Your Mommy is drunk, and she can't go home tonight," Shane looked at Natalie and blatantly lied to Connor.

Jackson rolled his eyes in disgust.

Connor believed him and did not question him further. "Okay. Please take good care of my Mommy, okay?"

"I will." Shane nodded.

She got hurt because of me. It's my responsibility to take good care of her.

Jackson was confused upon hearing what Shane told Connor. "Why didn't you tell the boy the truth?"

"What for? You want the two little kids to worry?" Shane took a sidelong glance at him.

Jackson crossed his arms and smirked. "This seems like something a father would do for his kids."

"Enough. Just give her a room," Shane stood up and said.

"Come. Follow me." Jackson walked out of his room and led the way.

Shane carried Natalie in his arms and walked to the ward.

Soon, they arrived at an empty ward. While Shane was putting her down on the bed, Silas walked into the ward and greeted them.

"Has the police nabbed the group of men?" Shane pulled a chair over and sat down.

Silas nodded. "Yes. They'll be locked behind bars for quite some time, but..."

"But what?" Shane stared at him.

Silas knitted his brows. "I'm afraid this is not just a simple snatch theft."

"What do you mean?" Shane's expression grim.

Silas took out a photo from his pocket. "I found this in the snatch thief's pocket. It's Ms. Natalie's photo. Someone must have planned this."

Shane clenched his fists. "How is the snatch thief? Is he awake?"

"He's still in a coma. He suffered a severe concussion and might remain unconscious for the next two days. I've checked with the police, and they said the other men only did what the snatch thief told them to," Silas explained.

Shane tightened his grip on the photo. "Does that mean we'll only be able to find out who the mastermind was when he comes around?"

"I'm afraid so. Right now, we don't have a single clue about this case, so we can't carry out any investigations," Silas sighed helplessly.

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Shane put the photo aside and wondered aloud, "I wonder what's so valuable in her bag to be worth snatching."

"That I've no idea," Silas answered while shaking his head.

Shane went quiet at his words.

After a while, he massaged the bridge of his nose tiredly and instructed, "Tell Mrs. Wilson to prepare a new set of clothes and send them here."

"Alright," Silas replied and left.

That night, Shane had spent the whole night in Natalie's ward and only left the next morning when a call came in.

Shortly after he left, Natalie slowly regained consciousness.

Mrs. Wilson immediately came over and called out to her, "Ms. Natalie!"

"Mrs. Wilson?" Natalie blinked her eyes in confusion. "Why are you here?" She tried to sit up as she spoke.

"It's Mr. Shane who asked me to take care of you," Mrs. Wilson said while passing her a cup of water.

"Mr. Shane?" Natalie took the cup from her and looked around the room. "Where's he now?"

"He has left a while ago."

"Oh." Natalie couldn't hide the disappointment in her eyes as she sipped on her water.

Mrs. Wilson took out an insulated food container and said, "You must be hungry by now, Ms. Natalie. I've made some mushroom soup for you. Please drink it."

"Thanks, Mrs. Wilson." Natalie nodded in gratitude.

She was indeed feeling hungry now.

Mrs. Wilson looked on smilingly while watching her drink, which made Natalie feel very embarrassed and she slowed down her drinking speed.

"Is there something on my face, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Oh, no. I'm just feeling very happy. Mr. Shane has never been so caring towards a woman in his life," Mrs. Wilson replied.

Natalie frowned instead. "Huh? I thought the woman he cared the most is Ms. Graham?"

"She?" Mrs. Wilson blinked in surprise before shaking her head. She looked rather tongue-tied instead.

Now Natalie was bewildered by her reaction. Mrs. Wilson doesn't seem to agree with my words.

Am I overthinking it this time?

Natalie sank into contemplation as she stirred her soup absentmindedly.

At that moment, someone knocked on the door and Mrs. Wilson stood up to get the door.

When she returned, she was followed by Jackson behind her. "How's the wound? Does it still hurt?"

Natalie stroked the wound on her shoulder and answered, "A little bit, but it's not hindering my movements at least."

"Of course it won't hinder your movements. It's just a stab into your skin." Jackson rolled his eyes but then gave her a thumbs-up the next moment. "Still, I'm impressed with your courage for blocking that attack from Shane. You're a brave one indeed."

Natalie's face reddened at his sudden praise. "Oh, it's nothing. Mr. Shane has saved me many times before that."

"Ah, indeed. You two have been saving each other's lives so many times, and yet still haven't fallen for each other yet. What a weird occurrence." Jackson narrowed his eyes at Natalie as he mused.

Panic flashed across her eyes when he said that. Not knowing how to reply to him, Natalie could only put on an awkward smile.

Jackson did not miss the panic in her eyes though.

He was genuinely surprised by her reaction.

All this while, he had been wondering under what situation would a person actually disregard his own life to save another person. Thanks to his nurse, he only found out this morning that it would be out of love. That made him confirm that Shane had really fallen in love with Natalie for him to treat her so differently and save her so many times.

But Natalie did the same for him as well, so he came over to check on her feelings towards Shane. He didn't expect her to feel the same way as Shane did too.

"Oh, my. This is getting complicated." Jackson smacked his forehead with a bitter smile.

"Why, Dr. Baker?" Natalie looked at him in confusion.

“Oh, nothing. Just let me clear my mind.” Jackson left while rubbing his forehead, leaving behind a confused Natalie.

But she didn't think too much about it. After finishing her chicken soup, she started packing to get discharged.

Mrs. Wilson had left the hospital first, but Natalie was not in a hurry to leave yet, so she left for the Neurology Department to pay Stanley a visit.

Unfortunately, Stanley was not in his consultation room. After asking the nurse, she came to know that he was off for a follow-up with a female patient by the name of Graham.

“That Graham girl, is it Ms. Jacqueline Graham?” Natalie muttered in a low voice. She was now very curious about this Ms. Graham she had heard on so many occasions and had the urge to meet her in person.

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Without thinking much, Natalie gave in to her urge and took off to see her. After asking about Jacqueline's room number, she then proceeded to the wards under the Neurology Department.

The door was ajar when she reached Jacqueline's room, so Natalie could see everything inside.

Stanley was in his lab coat as he checked the girl's head with a medical torchlight.

The girl had her head lowered, so Natalie couldn't see her face at all. She could only see the surgery scars that crawled across her bald head like a group of centipedes, which made her hair stand on its ends.

If it was someone else with a weak heart, they would've probably screamed at the gross sight.

Although Natalie was low-key frightened as well, she managed to cover her mouth before a scream escaped from her lips. She didn't want to jump scare the people inside the room now.

A while later, Stanley was finally done with his checkup. He switched off the torchlight and turned around to see Natalie waiting outside of the room. A hint of surprise flashed across his eyes before striding over to Natalie with a smile. "What brings you here, Nat?"

"I'm here to see you," Natalie replied with a smile.

She didn't want to tell him about her injury. Otherwise, he would be pestering her with questions and get worried about her.

"Wow, really? That's so kind of you. But I still need a while, though. Maybe you have to wait for me at my office." Stanley gestured to the back as he spoke.

Natalie was about to say she would wait for him in the room when a weak voice of a girl sounded behind Stanley. "Dr. Quinn, is it your friend?"

Stanley replied, "Yes."

"Oh, ok. If she doesn't mind, do ask her to take a seat here," the girl replied in a soft voice.

Natalie's eyes lit up at the invitation and replied, "Of course I won't mind!"

She was here to see Jacqueline in person anyway.

Now that Jacqueline had asked her to stay, of course, she would not reject the offer.

Stanley could guess what she was thinking from her happy look. His warm smile suddenly vanished from his face, and his gaze turned icy behind his glasses.

However, Natalie did not notice his change in mood and overtook him to enter the room.

This time, she finally had a good look at Jacqueline's features.

She was blessed with nice facial features and a perfect face shape. One could see she was once a gorgeous woman before falling sick.

But now, her skin was sallow and her eyes were sunken due to her illness. She looked so skinny that her cheekbones were protruding. Even with her wig on, it wouldn't do much to conceal her sickly figure. Despite her haggard appearance, though, she exuded an uncanny mien of grace and elegance.

“Nice to meet you, Ms. Graham. My name’s Natalie Smith, and I’m Stanley’s friend.” Natalie stopped herself from staring at her and extended her hand to Jacqueline.

Jacqueline lifted her skinny hand and shook Natalie’s hand weakly.

The stark contrast between her ugly and sallow hand with Natalie’s fair and beautiful ones made Jacqueline lowered her eyes in jealousy. But the hint of jealousy went off as fast as it came and no one noticed it.

“Hello, Ms. Smith. Do you know me?” Jacqueline retracted her hand and asked with a smile.

Natalie gestured at Stanley with her lips. “He told me about you before.”

“Oh, ok. My pleasure then. Please have a seat, Ms. Smith.” Jacqueline gestured to the chair beside her bed.

Natalie thanked her and sat down beside her as she observed Stanley carrying out the next treatment on Jacqueline.

The treatment process seemed to be a torturous one. The pain was written all over Jacqueline’s face before she let out a horrible scream and fainted.

Natalie stood up at the sight. “Is she fine, Stanley?”

Stanley started removing his gloves without sparing a glance at Jacqueline. “Nah, it’s normal. She’s fine.”

“Oh, glad to hear that.” Natalie let out a sigh of relief.

“Alright, let’s go. It’s the nurse’s job now.” Stanley turned to her and gestured.

Natalie hummed in agreement and left Jacqueline’s room.

On their way back to Stanley’s consultation room, Natalie inquired curiously, “Hey, when will Ms. Graham recover from her illness?”

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"You seem to care about her very much?" Stanley adjusted his glasses and asked back instead.

Natalie chuckled. "Not really. I just pity her for the pain she has to go through."

"She has almost recovered actually. She just needs to stay for a while longer and we can discharge her soon," Stanley placed his hands in his pocket as he explained.

"That's good!" Natalie nodded. "I've heard everything about Ms. Graham from you. Now that I've seen her for myself, she's indeed a gentle woman."

"Gentle?" Stanley raised his brows at that. A hint of sarcasm flashed across his eyes when he replied.

"Why? Am I wrong?" Natalie asked.

"Nope." Stanley shook his head.

After that, Natalie spent some time chatting with Stanley before leaving shortly.

When she returned to Thompson Group, Natalie passed the flash drive to the dress-making department and started her day of work.

When she was done with office work, she went to the Fashion Hall that afternoon to check on the rehearsal. By the time she was done with everything, her back and waist were sore from fatigue.

At night, Natalie had just prepared her dinner when the doorbell rang.

She put down the dishes and wiped her hands on her apron as she went to get the door.

Her eyes widened like saucers when she saw her visitor. "Mr. Shane!"

Shane acknowledged her with a hum.

Natalie let go of the door and gestured for him to come in. "Please come in and take a seat, Mr. Shane."

"Oh, no need for that. I'm just here to take something. By the way, have you offended anyone in the past?" Shane asked while staring at her.

"What do you mean by that?" Natalie frowned at his question.

"The snatch theft yesterday was planned deliberately. The snatch thief woke up this afternoon, and we found out from him that someone handed your photo to him. He was told that you're having a huge amount of cash with you."

"A huge amount of cash..." Natalie slowly mumbled the words. She clenched her fists tightly as someone came to her mind.

"You know who did it?" Shane's eyes narrowed at her actions.

"Yes. It's Susan." Natalie nodded in confirmation.

She then told him of her encounter with Susan at the 4S shop but hid the part about Warren.

Shane went quiet at her narration.

Never had he expected this incident had happened because Natalie blackmailed Susan's money from her, causing Susan to take revenge on her.

"You reckless..." Shane's lips quivered madly. He was about to ask further when Natalie's phone sounded and interrupted him.

Natalie excused herself apologetically and fished out her phone from underneath her apron. She swiftly answered the call when she saw the caller ID. "Hey, Joyce."

"Something bad happened, Nat!" Joyce's panicked voice sounded from the earpiece.

"What happened?" Natalie asked with a serious expression.

"Didn't you transfer three million to my bank account yesterday? So I used the money to buy some machinery which arrived today. But two hours ago, a group of men crashed into my factory and destroyed all my new machinery!" Joyce explained furiously.

"What?" Natalie raised her voice and tightened her grip around the phone.

Shane frowned at her sudden raised voice. "What happened?"

But Natalie did not answer him and continued asking through the phone. "Where did those men come from?"

"I don't know. But judging from their attires, I guess they're not members of any well-structured gang," Joyce replied.

Natalie lowered her head in thought. "If it's not men from the gangs, then they must be bandits. Where are you now, Joyce?"

"I'm at the factory."

"Alright, I'm coming over now."

After hanging up the call, Natalie turned around to grab Shane's arm. "Mr. Shane, can I borrow your car now? I have something important to settle."

"Let me send you there," Shane replied.

He had no idea what had happened, but judging from her furious expression, it must be something serious.

After all, two heads were better than one. Who knows things might be easier with him around?

"Ok. Thanks, Mr. Shane." Realizing her actions, Natalie let go of his arms abruptly.

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Shane smoothed out her wrinkled sleeves. "You go ahead and inform the kids. I'll wait for you in the car."

"Alright." Natalie nodded and went to inform the kids.

Slightly more than an hour later, they arrived at the factory.

Joyce was talking on the phone by the entrance. Natalie got down from the car and waved her hands. "Joyce!"

Hearing her voice, Joyce kept her phone and jogged towards her friend. "You're here, Nat!"

"Yeah, Mr. Shane sent me here." Natalie pointed at the man beside her.

"Nice to meet you." Shane nodded slightly and greeted Joyce.

"Nice to meet you too, Mr. Shane." Joyce darted her gaze between the two in bewilderment. She then dragged her friend aside and lowered her voice. "Nat, why did Mr. Shane come with you?"

"I'll tell you about that later. Bring me to the machinery first." Natalie was not in the mood to gossip and rushed her friend.

"Right. Please come with me." Joyce resumed her serious look as she brought Natalie and Shane into the factory.

When she saw the dismantled machine parts that were lying all around the factory, Natalie couldn't help but feel rage surging within her. "This is too much!" Her eyes were red with anger as she spoke.

"Yes! These are all brand new machinery! We didn't even get to use them, and here they're already lying around like scraps..." Joyce sighed dejectedly.

Natalie closed her eyes as she tried to suppress her rage. "Did you ask the supplier if they can be fixed?"

"No, they can't," Shane answered before Joyce could reply.

"Why?" Natalie turned to him.

Shane walked over to a set of ruined machinery and moved its parts. "Judging from the scratches on these parts, they are all dismantled with proper dismantling equipment. Some of the sides were even sawed through to completely destroy these parts and render them useless."

"That's what the installer told us as well. He said that all these parts can only be sold off as scraps," Joyce answered with a bitter smile.

"Why did this happened..." Natalie pursed her lips in anger.

These were all machinery that was worth a few million. And now they were rendered useless!

"Who did this!" Natalie clenched her fists so hard that her nails dug into her skin.

Shane pursed his lips in displeasure at the sight.

At that moment, Joyce's phone rang.

"Hello. Yes, I am. Ok, I'll come over now."

"Who's that?" Natalie asked.

Joyce kept her phone in her handbag and answered. "It's the police. They've caught two of the men involved in destroying my machinery and they're asking me to go over now. Do you want to come with me?"

"Oh, then I'll better not go then. I'll stay back to settle these machinery parts." Natalie rubbed her temples as she replied.

"Fine. I'll take my leave then." Joyce waved her hands and left in a haste.

Natalie then turned to Shane. "It's late, Mr. Shane. You should go back now."

"I'll wait for you. I can't just leave you here alone." Shane shook his head in rejection.

Natalie couldn't help but feel herself warm up at his kind words. A beautiful smile tugged on her lips as she replied, "You're so kind, Mr. Shane."

Shane's eyes flickered at her words before coughing in embarrassment. "Alright. Just, go ahead and settle those machine parts."

"Ok," Natalie hummed in reply and started busying herself with the machines.

By the time she was done calculating the loss sustained by this incident, it was almost 9 p.m.

Natalie took out her phone to call the moving company to take away the scraps. But she let out a confused hum when she checked the phone signal.

Shane heard her and stopped wiping his hands. "Why?"

"There's no signal here." Natalie waved her phone, hoping it would capture some signal miraculously. "What about your phone?"

Shane kept his handkerchief and took out his phone. "No either."

"You too?" Natalie exclaimed in surprise. "How could this be?"

Shane didn't answer her and only lowered his head in thought.

Natalie put down her hand and spoke, "Let me go out to check for phone signals."