

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 176 - 180

When Shane opened his door, the apartment door opposite him just happened to open as well. Yulia was about to take out the trash when she saw Shane. "You... Aren't you the Thompson boy?"

Yulia pointed at Shane with uncertainty.

Shane raised his brows. "Hello, Yulia!"

Silas snickered behind Shane because that was the first time he heard anyone call Shane a boy.

Suddenly, Silas could feel an icy cold glare on him. He quickly swallowed his snicker when he realized that it came from Shane.

Only then did Shane spare his assistant.

Yulia could not help chuckling at the two's interaction. "You're Shane, right?"

Shane nodded in response. "That's right."

"Can I call you Shane?" asked Yulia gently.

Shane raised his chin slightly. "Sure."

"It's a deal then." Yulia then clapped her hands when she suddenly remembered something. "You probably don't know me, Shane. I'm... "

"I know. You're Natalie's mother and my Grandpa's goddaughter," interrupted Shane.

Yulia smiled and nodded. "So you knew! Do you also know that your Grandpa and I arranged for you to marry Nat?"

"I do, but it's just not possible anymore. Sorry," apologized Shane softly as he looked down.

However Silas did not agree with Shane. "It's not your fault that it didn't work out, Mr. Shane. You didn't have to apologize because the fault lies with Ms. Natalie."

"That's enough! Shut it," rebuked Shane, so Silas stopped talking.

The smile on Yulia started to fade when she heard the two. "Shane, you're not happy with the arrangement I made with your grandfather, are you?"

Why else would they think it's my daughter's fault?

Shane pursed his lips without answering the question.

At first, he did dislike the fact that he was forced into a marriage, but he said nothing about it because it did not matter to him who he would marry.

Seeing how Shane was keeping silent, Yulia's eyes darkened, and her face was filled with guilt. "I'm sorry, Shane. Your grandfather and I should've been more considerate. The truth is I never had any plans to arrange a marriage for you and Nat. It's just that your grandfather said he'll only leave in peace if your marriage is arranged beforehand. That's why... "

"Yulia, do you know how my Grandpa died?" Shane interrupted suddenly and loudly. The man's usually calm face seemed anxious at that moment.

"Who are you talking to, Mom?" Natalie's voice came from behind Yulia.

Immediately afterwards, Natalie stepped out in her slippers and was shocked when she saw her boss. "Mr. Shane!"

Shane ignored Natalie and continued to keep his eyes on Yulia.

Unsure of what was going on, Natalie also turned to look at her mother.

After a few seconds of silence, Yulia suddenly sighed, "As a matter of fact, I do."

"Then, please tell me now!" demanded Shane with his fists clenched tightly.

His grandfather's had always haunted him.

Back then, the family doctor said that David was tough and that he could at least live another ten years.

However, David suddenly passed away one day seven years ago, so Shane was sure that something was wrong. Although the grandson never stopped looking into it, he did not find anything.

"Your grandfather killed himself!" revealed Yulia as she lifted the head to look Shane in the eyes.

Natalie covered her mouth in shock, while Silas widened his eyes.

Gritting his teeth, Shane was the only one who refused to believe the revelation. "That's impossible!"

Why would Grandpa take his own life?

What reason would he have to do that?

"It's true. Your grandfather told me that himself." Yulia was dead serious.

Shane moved his lips and requested with a hoarse voice, "Then tell me. Why did he do it?"

"I don't know the exact reason, but I met with your grandfather the day before he died. He said the regret and guilt inside were crushing him and it was so bad that he could barely breathe. After we've arranged your marriage, he said he was ready to go make amends to your parents." Yulia patted Shane's shoulder.

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Natalie bit her lips and made a bold guess. "Does that mean David had something to do with the death of Shane's parents?"

She looked towards Shane, but the man looked down and kept silent as a gloomy aura enveloped him.

Yulia shook her head. "I'm not sure about that, but probably. Otherwise, he wouldn't have said something like that."

"Mr. Shane... " called out Natalie concernedly.

Shane took a deep breath to suppress the surging emotions inside of him before bowing slightly to Yulia. "Thank you for telling me this. I'll visit again another day. Goodbye, Yulia!"

With that, Shane took off with Silas.

Natalie stared at the man until he entered the elevator before closing the door. When she turned around, she met Yulia's deep-set eyes. "Tell me, Nat. Have you fallen for Shane?"

"What?" Natalie froze at first but then guiltily looked away. "What are you talking about, Mom? That's impossible!"

"You may be able to fool anyone else but not your mother. Don't think I didn't notice the way you looked at Shane just now." Yulia turned her daughter to face her.

Natalie opened her mouth and was about to say something but then changed her mind.

Yulia sighed, "Oh, I see what's going on."

"Mom... " Natalie fiddled with her sleeve.

Yulia looked apologetically at her daughter. "It's all my fault. If only I've insisted on meeting Shane when the Thompsons stopped me the last time, maybe the two of you would've gotten married, you wouldn't have had children with somebody else, and Susan's daughter wouldn't have stood a chance."

"Mom, don't say that!" Natalie smiled and put her head on her mother's shoulder. "That's all in the past."

"You're right. As Shane said, it's not possible for you two to be together anymore, so you should just let go of him, Nat. You have your own children now, and he has a fiancée. You'll only get hurt if you continue to love him. Do you understand?" reminded Yulia seriously.

Natalie's eyelids drooped to cover the sadness in her eyes as she replied softly, "Got it."

She knew well that she would never be with Shane, so she kept her feelings for the man hidden inside her heart.

Still, it did not hurt any less when someone told her that directly.

“Good!” Yulia patted her daughter on the back.

“It’s late, Mom. We should go to bed. It’s been a long time since we sleep on the same bed together,” stated Natalie as she rubbed her shoulder.

“Indeed. Then I’ll hug you to sleep tonight.” Yulia chuckled.

After sending the children to kindergarten the next day, Natalie brought a bag to visit Stanley at the hospital.

Stanley was seeing a patient when Natalie got there, so the man gave his friend a look.

Natalie then gestured ‘okay’ before sitting down on a chair to wait for him.

Around ten minutes later, the patient left and Stanley walked to the water dispenser. He then filled a disposable cup with water before handing it to Natalie. “So, what brings you here?”

“My Mom asked me to give you something.”

With that, Natalie put the cup aside and picked up the bag beside her. “They are gifts from abroad that my Mom wants you to have and some medical books your mentor had her bring back for you.”

“Awesome! Please thank Yulia for me.” Stanley took the bag with a big smile and then asked, “By the way, when did she get back?”

“Last night,” answered Natalie after taking a sip.

Stanley took the medical books out of the bag and placed them on the desk. “So Jared is abroad alone?”

“It’s fine. My Mom’s only staying for a few days.” Natalie waved it off.

Stanley nodded and was about to say something when a nurse burst in anxiously. "Dr. Quinn, a patient with a brain tumor has just been transferred here, and Dr. Baker needs you for the surgery."

Stanley knitted his brows in response.

"Since you have work to do, I'd better get out of her," Natalie stood up.

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"Alright, let's invite Yulia for dinner tonight. My treat." Stanley put on his white coat that was hanging on the rack.

"Sure."

Then, Stanley left with the nurse.

Natalie did not stay any longer. She closed his office door and prepared to leave as well.

Just as she left the doctors' office building and walked past the garden, a gentle female voice called out to her, "Is that you, Ms. Smith?"

Natalie stopped and turned towards the voice.

She was slightly taken aback to see Jacqueline smiling at her from her wheelchair. She was in a wig and dressed in a hospital gown. "Ms. Graham."

She did not expect to see Jacqueline here at all.

"Indeed, it's you, Ms. Smith. I thought I was mistaken." Jacqueline controlled her wheelchair to come before Natalie.

With a smile, Natalie asked her, "What are you doing here, Ms. Graham? Isn't there anyone with you?"

"Yes, there is. He is just helping me grab my jacket, that's it." Jacqueline took a glance at the doctors' office building and immediately asked, "Are you here to see Dr. Quinn, Ms. Smith?"

"Yes, I am." Natalie nodded.

"Then, could I ask what is your relationship with Dr. Quinn?" Jacqueline blinked and asked her curiously.

Natalie tousled her hair and replied, "We are friends."

"Is that so? I thought you were his girlfriend. I think that you look quite compatible." Jacqueline pouted in disappointment.

Natalie smiled with slight embarrassment. "How is that possible? Don't say that, Ms. Graham."

"I am just saying the truth. However... never mind. Ms. Smith, could I trouble you to help me sit there? It's not too comfortable here in the wheelchair." Jacqueline pointed at the lounge chair behind Natalie.

Taking a look at the chair, Natalie nodded. She then stepped forward to help Jacqueline get up from her wheelchair.

However, just as Natalie was about to help Jacqueline onto the lounge chair, Jacqueline suddenly fell onto her and her entire body weight landed on Natalie.

Natalie lost her balance and tumbled onto the ground.

Jacqueline fell onto her as well which forced a low painful groan out of her, as if her organs had been rearranged.

The most serious injury was on her arm which hit the ground directly. There was a huge scrape and it was so painful that it caused beads of cold perspiration to dot her pale face.

"Jacqueline!" At this moment, a worried male voice piped up.

Soon, a large figure walked over quickly and picked up Jacqueline from Natalie's body. He looked at her with concern. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Jacqueline nodded and looked at Natalie who was still on the floor.

Shane looked towards the same direction and when he saw Natalie's face clearly, he could not help but be slightly taken aback. "Why are you here?"

Despite the pain, Natalie mustered the strength to get up and smile at him. "Mr. Shane."

She was a little surprised too.

Turns out he was the one who was helping Jacqueline with her jacket!

"What were you doing just now?" Shane looked at Natalie with pursed lips while sounding a little confrontational.

Natalie's smile froze and she looked down before replying, "Ms. Graham said that she'd like to sit on the lounge chair. I helped her get there, and then she fell down."

Was he blaming me for Jacqueline's fall?

"Was that so?" Shane turned to Jacqueline.

"Yes, it was." Jacqueline nodded. Then, she said to Natalie apologetically, "I'm so sorry, Ms. Smith. I had a sudden moment of weakness and made you fall as well."

"It's alright." Natalie forced a smile back onto her face.

Shane's tensed face relaxed. "Alright, it's almost time. I'll bring you back to the room first."

"No, I haven't seen the flowers at the front." Jacqueline pointed at the flowers with no intention of leaving.

"Next time!" Shane put her back onto the wheelchair and pushed her away.

Natalie's eyes narrowed at the sight of their vanishing back views.

Am I overthinking this? When I helped Jacqueline get up from the wheelchair, everything was fine. Why did Jacqueline lose her balance and fall onto me just when she was about to be seated on the lounge chair?

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Was it deliberate?

Natalie looked back and took a glimpse at where she had fallen. She thought for a while before finally deciding to just regard it as a mere accident and left the hospital with her scraped arm.

In the afternoon, dressed in her black-rimmed glasses and loose pajamas, Natalie was sitting cross-legged, drawing her designs on the sofa when the doorbell suddenly rang.

She put her sketchbook and pencil on her coffee table before getting up to open the door.

When the door was opened, Shane raised his eyebrows at her unusually sloppy look. "Is this what you wear when you are at home?"

"Oh?" Natalie could barely react before she looked down at herself. Instantly, her face turned red. "About that... please wait a while, I'll go and get changed!"

With that, she closed the door with a bang and the door nearly hit Shane's nose.

As Shane stepped back, he could not help but smile at the ornament that was still swaying on the door.

This was the first time he had seen Natalie looking this awkward.

After a few minutes, the door opened again.

Natalie was dressed in her usual smart stylish way. With a welcoming gesture, she said, "Please come in, Mr. Shane!"

Shane nodded and walked in.

Natalie poured him a glass of water. "Mr. Shane, may I help you?"

"Take off your clothes!" Shane said as he placed a few bags on her coffee table.

Natalie nearly choked on her water. With complete disbelief, she stared at him. "Mr. Shane, what did you just say?"

Take off my clothes?

It was only then that Shane realized how misleading he sounded. Covering his mouth as he coughed a little, he said, "I'm here to apply some medication on your wound. You were injured when you fell, weren't you?"

After he sent Jacqueline back to her room, he went to the place where they fell and realized that there was some blood there.

Since Jacqueline was not hurt, it was clear whose blood it was.

"I see!" Natalie's smile replaced her shocked face as she touched her injured arm. "It's alright, Mr. Shane. It wasn't that serious anyway."

"Not serious?" Shane's deep eyes narrowed. Suddenly, he tugged on her wrist and while she screamed, he immediately pulled up her sleeve.

There was a long bloodied scrape on her fair arm. Shane's face darkened instantly and he pursed his lips. "Is this not serious? It's a long scrape. Aren't you afraid that it will leave a scar?"

"I..." Natalie was rendered speechless.

As someone who cared deeply about her appearance, of course she was worried about scarring. If there were a scar, there would be many things that she could not wear.

However, why is he so angry?

Natalie looked at Shane confusedly.

Shane released her wrist and commanded her brusquely, "Sit down."

"Okay." Natalie sat down on the sofa obediently.

Shane took the bags from the coffee table and sat next to her. He then opened up the bags and took out the things inside. They were things such as disinfectant iodine solution, anti-bacterial and anti-inflammatory medication, cotton buds, and bandages.

Shane lined up the items and looked at her. "Roll up your sleeve."

“Okay.” Natalie nodded and rolled up her sleeve.

Shane opened up the bottle of iodine and began to disinfect her wound.

As if he was afraid of hurting her, he barely used any strength while he applied the iodine on her wound gently.

Natalie could not help but feel all fuzzy inside when she saw how earnest he looked from the side. Her vision became blurry and the atmosphere in the room suddenly became more heartwarming.

However, this atmosphere was quickly disrupted by the sound of the door opening. Yulia walked in with a number of shopping bags. When she saw Natalie and Shane side by side on the sofa, the smile on her face froze. “What are the two of you doing?”

“Mom, you are back!” Natalie looked up and greeted her mother.

“Uh-huh,” Yulia responded blankly.

Natalie could see that she was a little unhappy and quickly said, “Mom, Mr. Shane is helping me apply medication.”

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“Medication?” Yulia was anxious and walked up to them. “Baby Girl, what happened?”

“Nothing, it’s just that I fell down when I was outside.” Natalie gestured towards her arm with her lips and responded to her mother nonchalantly.

Shane picked up the bandage and went around her arm a few times before tying a neat bow. “There, you are done.”

“Thank you, Mr. Shane.” Natalie unrolled her sleeves.

Yulia’s face relaxed and she smiled at Shane. “Thank you, Shane.”

“No big deal.” Shane tossed the cotton bud into the trash can before standing up. “May I have a chat with you, Yulia?”

"What about?" Yulia looked at him, puzzled.

Shane pursed his lips and said, "My grandpa was very close to you during the last few months before he died. I'd like to find out more about you and my grandpa."

Since he found out yesterday that his parents' death had to do with his grandfather, he realized that he had never gotten to know him.

Perhaps he would be able to find out more about his grandfather through Natalie's mother.

"About this..." Yulia frowned rather awkwardly.

Natalie pulled on her sleeve. "Mom!"

Yulia shot Natalie an annoyed glance and muttered, "You are always on his side!"

Natalie stuck out her tongue cheekily.

Yulia pinched her nose exasperatedly and told Shane, "Alright, come to the study with me then."

With that, Yulia headed to the study.

Instead of following her immediately, Shane thanked Natalie first.

He knew very well that if not for her, her mother would not have agreed so readily.

After about half an hour, both Shane and Yulia emerged from the study.

With a tensed face, Shane said, "Yulia, I'll make a move first then."

"Alright." Yulia nodded.

Shane glanced at Natalie before leaving.

Natalie closed the door. "Mom, what did you tell him?"

Yulia sat on the sofa and switched on the television with the remote control. "Just some things about his grandfather's past."

"Why does Mr. Shane look rather unhappy?" Natalie pointed in his direction with confusion.

Yulia changed the channel coolly. "How would I know? And why are you asking so much?"

"I'm just curious." Natalie averted her gaze away uneasily.

Yulia looked at her. "Are you curious or are you worried?"

"Mom!" Natalie yelled out to her.

Yulia's face remained unchanged. "You can't whine your way out of this. What did I tell you yesterday? I told you to control your feelings right? And what did you do today? You brought him to the house and had him apply medication for you! Is your crush on him not deep enough as it is?"

"There's no such thing, he came here by himself." Natalie picked up her sketchbook and pencil. "Alright Mom, I won't chat any longer. I have to go and pick up the kids."

"Wait!" Yulia called out to her.

Natalie's hand was on the bedroom door when she stopped and turned to look at Yulia. "Yes, Mom?"

"Speaking of kids, I suddenly realized that Connor looks too similar to Shane!" Yulia touched her chin in deep thought.

Natalie stood up straight. "What's so strange about it? There are so many people in the world who look alike."

"To this extent? I've sure never heard of it." Yulia narrowed her eyes and stared at her back view. "Baby Girl, tell me honestly. Is Shane the father of the two kids?"

"How is that possible? I didn't know Mr. Shane back then, so how could he be the children's father? Mom, don't speculate anymore. It doesn't matter who their father is, as the most important thing is that they are my children and your grandchildren. Isn't that right?" She advised her mother with her twinkling eyes.

Yulia sighed. "That's true. Fine, I won't ask anymore. I'll go and pick up the kids together with you.

"Alright." Natalie nodded in agreement and when her mother couldn't see her, she heaved a huge sigh of relief.

That night, Natalie brought Yulia and the two kids to a French restaurant.