

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 191 - 195

“Sure, don’t worry about it. I’ll stop bothering her for the time being. After all, Shane is investigating me already. I don’t want to let him find out what I did just yet. But you better let Natalie know that she should stay away from my Shane. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be so lucky the next time something like this happens.”

With that said, the woman on the other end hung up.

Stanley’s face was grim when he put down his phone. As he stared at the unsaved number on his phone’s screen, a streak of hostility flashed across his eyes.

After a moment, he adjusted his glasses and calmed himself down. Then, he dialed Yulia’s number and said when the call was connected, “Yulia, I’d like to discuss something about Nat with you.”

“Alright, I understand. I’ll talk to Nat once she’s back.” Yulia nodded fervently when she heard Stanley’s suggestion.

After half an hour, Natalie was finally home.

Her mother patted the seat beside her and said, “Come have a seat, Baby Girl.”

Natalie sat down after placing her bag on the side. “What’s wrong, Mom?”

“What do you think about going overseas with Mom, Nat?” Yulia asked while looking at her.

She froze for a moment before questioning, “Why do you want me to go overseas with you all of a sudden?”

“Well, I’ve been petrified since the incidents happened over the past two days. It’s too dangerous for you to stay here. It’ll be safer for you to live overseas,” her mother explained.

Natalie lowered her gaze before replying, “I can’t do that, Mom. I can’t follow you.”

“Why? Is it because you can’t bear to leave Shane?” Yulia’s expression steeled, obviously upset.

Natalie was nonplused at that. “No. I promised Mercede that I would make a name for myself here. If I leave for another country now, how will I fulfill my promise for my mentor?”

“Aren’t you already famous now? Project Rebirth’s success already made you a famous fashion designer.”

“How is that enough? This fame right now could never be compared to the fame I had as Mina. Mercede said that as long as I could achieve whatever I did when I was Mina, I’d be introduced to the Design Association. This is my dream, Mom. I don’t want to give up.” She looked extremely serious as she grabbed hold of her mother’s hands.

At the sight of her daughter, Yulia opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but held her tongue. She didn’t try to convince Natalie to leave anymore. Instead, she sighed, “Then what about your safety?”

Natalie smiled but said in an unsure manner, “Maybe nothing will happen if I stay away from Mr. Shane.”

“Let’s hope so,” Yulia answered as she patted on the back of her daughter’s hand, her heart full of worry.

Natalie didn’t run into any trouble in the next few days and everything was smooth sailing.

It seemed like the culprit stopped whatever they were doing temporarily so the police had also stopped with their investigations.

She couldn’t do anything else except for withdrawing the lawsuit.

After all, nothing could be found if she didn’t withdraw the lawsuit.

Once she arrived at the Thompson Group, she pushed open the door to her office. After wiping away the dust on her table, she turned on the computer and prepared to print out her resignation letter.

Right at that moment, a designer carried a thick stack of documents to be reviewed to her side and asked, “Are you feeling better, Ms. Smith?”

“Yes,” she replied with a smile.

Originally, she only had two days of holiday. But since she had suffered from the incidents, Shane gave her a few more days of sick leave to let her rest.

“Great! Oh, congratulations on the double happiness, Ms. Smith!”

“What do you mean by double happiness?” Natalie gazed at her, confused.

The designer raised two fingers and said, “Well, you recovered and you’re being promoted!”

“Promoted?” she asked in shock.

“Yes. Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Campbell told us that you’ll be the design department’s supervisor in the future. You’ll take over immediately once you’re back. Didn’t anyone from the HR department inform you?”

Natalie pursed her lips upon hearing that news.

The designer was perplexed at her reaction and asked, “Ms. Smith, aren’t you happy?”

She didn’t reply. Instead, she took the resignation letter she had just printed and said, “Excuse me. I have to talk to Mr. Shane.”

“Oh, okay.” The designer quickly moved away and let her through.

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After thanking her, Natalie strode out of the design department and went to the top floor.

“Mr. Campbell,” she called out when she saw Silas walking out of his office the moment she came out of the elevator.

The man stopped in his tracks and turned back to look at her. “Ms. Smith! I see you’ve come to work.”

After answering with a “Yes,” she added, “Is Mr. Shane here?”

"Yeah." Silas nodded.

Natalie then told him as she hugged the resignation letter to her chest, "Then please inform him that I need to talk to him, Mr. Campbell."

"Alright. Hold on for a minute." After that, he pushed open the door to the CEO's office and went in.

After a minute or so, Silas walked out and informed her, "Mr. Shane said he'll see you."

"Thank you," she replied with a smile before walking past him and into the office.

"Mr. Shane," she called out to the man behind the desk.

He looked up and said, "You're just in time. This is the contract the HR department drafted yesterday. You should take a look and see if there's any problem with it. If there isn't, I'll let-

"Mr. Shane!" Natalie bit her lower lip and interrupted him, looking rather conflicted. "I'm here to talk about this too."

"Huh?" Shane raised an eyebrow.

The woman took in a deep breath and handed the letter in her hands to him.

His pupils constricted when he realized what it was and the temperature around him seemed to drop. "You're going to resign?"

"Yes. Please approve it," Natalie answered while clenching her fists.

Shane's lips were pressed into a thin line as he looked at her coldly. "What's the reason?"

She hung her head as she spoke, "I was only supposed to be working here for a month when I first came to Thompson Group. Now that one month has passed, it's time for me to go too."

Upon hearing that, Shane's cold face softened a little. "The one-month period was supposed to be a probationary period. Since Project Rebirth was such a success, it means that you've passed the probationary period. Doesn't that mean that you definitely have the right to continue working here?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shane but I have made up my mind." Natalie's lips twitched.

His brows were knitted tightly into a deep frown. "Why?"

She then looked up at him. "Because my life would be endangered if I continue to work here. Mr. Shane, I'm sure you haven't forgotten about the incidents that happened a few days before, right?"

Shane's lips twitched a little and he only replied with a "No," after a long time.

"So don't you think I'd be an eyesore to the culprit by staying here?" She smiled bitterly.

He pinched his nose bridge as he replied, "I'm sorry..."

"You don't have to apologize. You didn't do anything wrong. The only one at fault is the culprit." Natalie shook her head and added, "Besides desperately wanting to survive, the much important reason why I'm so adamant about resigning is that I don't want my two kids to be dragged into this mess too. So please understand my intentions, Mr. Shane."

Shane lowered his gaze, hiding the sadness in his eyes while doing so, and said hoarsely, "Alright. I'll approve it."

With that said, he took his pen and signed on the letter she prepared.

Natalie instantly felt empty the moment he was done with his signature.

But she hid it very well and there weren't any changes to her expression.

Once he was done, Shane handed the letter back to her.

Natalie reached out to take it but he didn't want to let go.

So she asked, puzzled, "Mr. Shane?"

"When I find out who did it, you can come back anytime. The design supervisor's position is also yours," he said indifferently.

“Thanks, but there’s no need for that,” Natalie rejected his offer with a smile. “I have to oversee my studio.”

Shane narrowed his eyes but waved it off after that. “Is that so? What’s your studio called?”

“Studio Nouveau,” she answered quietly.

He raised his eyebrows. “Studio Nouveau?”

Why does it sound so familiar?

Natalie saw that he seemed to have thought of something, so she added with a laugh, “The Studio Nouveau that sued Jasmine’s studio previously was mine.”

Shane immediately understood after that.

I see. So the twenty million from Jasmine is in her hands now.

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“Alright, Mr. Shane. It’s time for me to take my leave now. Goodbye. I’ve been very happy working with you in the past month. I hope that you’ll be able to find an excellent designer soon,” she said as she reached out her palm for a handshake.

His eyes darkened as he glanced at the woman’s fair hands. He then replied as he held her hand, “I’ll send you out.”

“Okay.” Natalie nodded.

Shane stopped walking once they were outside of the office.

After waving goodbye to him, she walked towards the elevator.

She held the resignation letter in one hand while the other clutched on her pants as she walked, holding back the urge to turn back to look at him.

She was afraid that if she turned back, she would be reluctant to leave.

Soon enough, Natalie stepped into the elevator.

Her eyes had welled up with tears by the time the doors closed. She quickly looked up to prevent the tears from falling.

Then, she hastily wiped her eyes when she arrived at the HR department, only walking out after she had plastered on a smile.

Natalie didn't stay any longer once she was done with the resignation process and left almost immediately when she had finished packing up her stuff.

On the balcony of the top floor, Shane was watching her as she hailed a cab while he mindlessly tapped on the railing.

Silas couldn't help but say as he listened to the former's arrhythmic tapping, "Mr. Shane, if you're reluctant to let Ms. Smith leave, it's not too late to stop her now."

"No, there's no need. She should go. She'd shine anywhere she goes with a talent like hers." He looked away and turned back into the office.

His assistant followed behind, secretly rolling his eyes at him.

Mr. Shane, I think you've misunderstood me.

By 'reluctant,' I meant the unwillingness to let go between a man and a woman. I wasn't talking about talent!

"Are there still no results for the things I told you to investigate?" Shane asked as he sat down before his desk.

Silas pushed his glasses and returned to his normal professional self. "No. The culprit hasn't done anything to Ms. Smith in the past few days, so all clues that lead to them have reached a dead end."

"I need you to continue investigating. That person wouldn't be an ordinary person if she's able to bribe a killer and secretly destroy an elevator without leaving any traces of her presence. You should start with investigating the socialites." His fists on the desk were so tightly clenched to the point where his veins were visible on his skin.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Silas replied, "But we'd easily provoke the family of the culprit by doing so."

"Then do it while avoiding any detection. Just don't let anyone find out," Shane answered tiredly while leaning back on his chair and closing his eyes.

The assistant instantly straightened his back and replied, "Understood. I'll get to it now."

"Alright." Shane nodded.

After Silas left, he opened his eyes and stared at the promotion contract for a moment. He was about to throw it into the rubbish bin but he suddenly changed his mind.

In the end, he put the contract into his drawer and locked it up.

Right at that moment, his phone rang.

Shane darted a glance at it before putting the phone by his ear. "What is it?"

"Shane, should we get dinner together tonight?" Jackson asked excitedly.

"No," he replied expressionlessly.

"Really?" the latter narrowed his eyes and added, "It's Jacqueline's birthday today. I want to give her a surprise."

Shane immediately glanced at the calendar at the bottom right corner of the computer screen as soon as he heard that. He massaged his temples when he saw the date and realized that it really was Jacqueline's birthday.

"The address?" he asked.

Jackson instantly smiled, "I knew you'd change your mind. I'll send you the address in a moment. I'm going to talk to Stanley first and ask him to give Jacqueline a two-hour leave tonight."

The call ended after Shane agreed to it.

Then, he stood up and grabbed his coat with one hand while the other held his phone before he made his way out of the office.

At night, in a noisy bar, Natalie was downing glass after glass of beer, her vision becoming more and more unfocused with time.

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After the dance, Joyce returned and saw many empty beer bottles on the table. She was instantly shocked. "Oh my, Nat, what are you trying to do drinking so much beer?"

She quickly took away the glass of beer in Natalie's hand.

Natalie squinted her eyes and stared at her. She exclaimed, "J-Joyce, you've returned?"

"Right, you still know who I am. It seems like you're not that drunk." Joyce sat herself down next to Natalie.

Natalie reached out her hand, trying to grab the beer glass that had been taken away earlier.

Joyce did not comply and she pushed it further away. "Stop drinking, you're drunk."

"I... I'm not drunk!" Natalie waved her hand with dissatisfaction. Her rosy cheeks, red-stained lips, and ditsy drunk behavior had made her very alluring.

Joyce couldn't help but stare idly.

She knew her best friend had the captivating looks of a vixen. She was worried that Natalie might start behaving like one after getting drunk.

"Oh God, quickly lower down your head. If the bunch of wolves sees you, they'll definitely eat you alive." Joyce covered Natalie's head with her coat.

Natalie suddenly wept.

Joyce was taken aback. "Natalie, why are you crying?"

"I'm really sad." Natalie looked at her with her teary eyes.

"Why are you sad?" Joyce was confused.

Natalie wiped her tears and said, "I've quit my job and I won't be able to see him anymore."

"Him? Who are you referring to?" Joyce was stupefied.

"Shane..." Natalie choked.

Joyce was stunned but managed to come around after a while. She stared at her in disbelief. "No way Nat, you and Mr. Shane..."

Natalie reached out to Joyce and hugged her. "Joyce, am I a bad person for liking a man who has a fiancée?"

After confirming her suspicions, Joyce swallowed and said, "No, you're not bad. Mr. Shane is a stellar person and it's normal for you to admire him. Just don't be a homewrecker."

"Indeed, that's why I quit my job." Natalie opened a new bottle of beer and took a sip.

Initially, Joyce wanted to stop her but after seeing how upset she was, it's best to let her be.

She was wondering in the first place, why did Nat invite her out for a drink.

So it was because she had quit her job and would never be able to see Shane anymore.

"Ah, such devastation on your first crush. It really is disheartening." Joyce stared at Natalie pitifully.

Barf. Natalie threw up the beer immediately.

Joyce pinched her nose. "Alright, alright. Stop drinking already. Something bad might happen if you continue drinking. I'll send you home."

That being said, she took away the beer bottle that was in Natalie's hand, carried her, and tried hailing a car outside after she had done settling the bill.

However, there were only private cars around. It wasn't easy to hail a cab as they didn't usually pass by that area.

There was no choice but for Joyce to carry Natalie as they walked further to see if there was any cab elsewhere.

At that moment, a car honked from behind.

Joyce's head buzzed and she exclaimed angrily, "Who's that?"

"It's me." Shane got out of the car.

Joyce's frustration dissipated and she blinked her eyes in disbelief. "Mr. Shane? Why are you here?"

"I was passing by. What's wrong with her?" Shane's gaze fell upon Natalie.

Natalie buried her face against Joyce's shoulder. Her hair was loosely scattered and had covered her face entirely.

"Nat's drunk." Joyce replied helplessly.

"You went drinking?" Shane squinted.

Umm... Joyce replied, "Yes, Nat was upset."

"Upset?" Shane pursed his lips. "Why was she upset?"

Joyce stared at him bitterly and muttered, "Why, if it's not for you."

"Huh?" Shane couldn't hear clearly and frowned.

Joyce came around and shook her head. "It's nothing. Mr. Shane, can you send us to the nearest subway?"

"Get in the car." Shane opened the door to the back seats.

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Joyce thanked him swiftly and helped Natalie into the car.

Upon entering the car, Shane looked at Natalie who was fast asleep from his side mirror. While he fastened his seat belt, he asked, "What's your address?"

"Are you sending us back Mr. Shane?" Joyce's eyes brightened.

Shane did not answer.

Joyce was about to provide her address when she paused. A moment of hesitation washed over her and she turned to look at Natalie.

Shane could guess what she was worried about. His mouth slightly opened, "I'll send her home."

"That's great. My address is..." Joyce gave him her address.

Shane turned on the navigation and drove.

They arrived at Joyce's residence in about twenty minutes.

After getting out of the car, she stood at the window. "Thank you, Mr. Shane, I'll leave Nat to you."

"Hmm," Shane complied. Then he put the window up and drove away.

On the way, his cell phone rang.

Jackson sounded fussy, "Shane, why aren't you here yet?"

With one hand on the steering wheel, he pressed his Bluetooth headset against his ear with the other. "Something came up suddenly, I'll be slightly delayed."

"What thing?" Jackson asked.

Shane's eyes flickered as he didn't intend to reveal much. "Nothing, I'll be over in a jiffy."

"Alright, hurry up then. Jacqueline's waiting for you. She has been looking forward because she heard you've gotten her a present yourself."

"Understood." Shane pressed his headset and ended the call.

Not long after, they'd arrived at the apartment.

Shane parked his car then carried Natalie from the back seat.

Natalie could felt someone was carrying her and she threw her arms around his neck subconsciously.

His body stiffened and he looked at her.

Seeing that she was motionless, he only started walking and went into the building.

Upon arriving, Shane carried Natalie to the front of her apartment. He pressed the doorbell with his elbow but no one opened the door.

Shane had no choice but to open his apartment door. He carried her onto the sofa and decided to look for the key card in her bag.

However, after one round of searching, he couldn't find anything. As a last resort, he picked up her cell phone and was about to contact her two kids.

Shane grabbed Natalie's hand. Just when he was about to unlock her cell phone using her fingerprint, Natalie opened her eyes suddenly. She climbed up from the sofa and hugged his waist. Her entire body leaning against his.

Shane froze instantly. "What are you doing?"

"It's so warm..." Natalie mumbled and rubbed her face against his chest.

After some time, she felt as if something wasn't right. She lifted her head and let go of his waist. Then she pulled his neckline aggressively and tore open his shirt. His firm chest exposed underneath it.

Looking at his chest, she smiled then smacked it with her palm. She gently pressed her face against it.

At that moment, she squinted her eyes comfortably and said, "That feels good."

"Natalie, do you know what you're doing?" Shane stared at the woman who was creating a mess on his chest. His voice became hoarse.

Natalie rubbed her face. "Feels so... so good!"

Shane's face darkened.

He shouldn't have asked a drunkard!

"Let go!" Shane reached out and grabbed Natalie's shoulders and pushed her away.

Natalie felt as if the coolness had left her. Immediately, she pushed away his hands with all her strength and leaned against his chest once more.

Looking at the woman who was acting like an octopus all over his chest, Shane twitched and uttered, "Natalie, I'll say this one more time. Let go!"

"No." Natalie hugged him tightly, unwilling to let go of her hands and even bit his chest.

Shane let out a hiss and threw his head back. "Natalie..."

"Huh?" Natalie loosened her teeth and lifted her head up while staring at him innocently.

Their eyes met. Looking at her slightly parted red lips and that sweet intoxicating smell from her breath, his eyes darkened. Finally, he lifted up her chin and kissed her on the lips.