

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 21

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“That’s enough!” Shane was sick of her being unreasonable. He impatiently admonished her, “Since you are of little help here, you should leave now.”

“Shane, I...”

“Get out!”

Jasmine’s face fell. She had no choice but to leave the warehouse.

After that, he dismissed the rest, leaving only two designers as Natalie’s helper.

Without loss of time, Natalie instructed them to categorize those fabrics that they were familiar with while she would take care of the rest.

Forty minutes had passed when the two helpers had finally finished their task.

At that time, there were more than a hundred bolts of fabrics left scattering on the floor. Pondering for a while, Natalie put the project document aside and started pointing at the rest of the fabrics, directing her helpers in sorting them out. “This is silk mousseline, this one is rayon satin, that one over there is artificial cotton, that one is poplin...”

Standing silently in one corner, Shane noticed that she had sorted out a few dozens of the fabrics within fifteen minutes. From the reaction of the two helpers, who were intermittently exclaiming in awe while cross-referencing with the warehouse catalog, he could tell that she had not made a single mistake in identifying the fabrics. Looking at her in admiration, he started to set hopes on her. Maybe she is the chief designer of Project Rebirth that I am looking for.

“Huh...” Natalie seemed to have faced a problem at that moment.

Hearing that, Shane instantly directed his attention to her. “What’s wrong?”

She cast a glance at him. “I’m not sure of the origin of this fabric. Mr. Shane, do you have a lighter with you?”

Although he had no idea of what she was going to, he unhesitatingly took his lighter out of his pocket and handed it over to her.

“Thanks.”

After that, she asked one of the helpers to fetch her a glass of water. Then, she instructed them to lift the fabric while she lit its corner. When a scorch mark appeared, she immersed it in the water and then started sniffing it.

A few seconds later, a smile appeared on her face. She explained, “Since the fabrics are manufactured with different types of materials, the smell emitted after they are being burned will differ as well. If we are unsure of the types of fabrics, we can always distinguish them using this method.”

Shane was enlightened. Ah... So that’s why she asked for my lighter.

Spreading the fabric, Natalie continued with her explanation. “This is a new type of fabric. It is made up of interwoven fiber and leather material using 3D technology. Its pattern creates a real visual effect. If I’m not mistaken, the name is Aqua Ruri.”

The helpers flipped the catalog and soon found the fabric labeled as “Aqua Ruri.” From the picture in the catalog, it looked exactly like the ones Natalie was holding.

“Have you seen this fabric before?” asked Shane.

Natalie shook her head. “No. But I’ve heard of it from my mentor. I didn’t expect that you have it in your warehouse. Isn’t it beautiful?” She wrapped the velvety fabric on her body, spinning around in it.

At that moment, the glossy fabric and her stunning facial features made a perfect and harmonious combination. The fabric had accentuated her beauty so much so that she seemed to be glowing in the dimly lit warehouse.

The helpers were utterly dumbfounded.

Compared to the helpers, Shane had a better grip of his composure while amazement gleamed in his eyes.

Soon, he recollected himself and looked away before saying, “Yes, it’s indeed beautiful.”

“This type of fabric is the best material for making gowns,” Natalie commented while keeping the fabric, taking no notice of Shane’s abnormality.

Half an hour later, they had all of the fabrics sorted out. Soon after that, the contracting party arrived on time and collected the fabrics.

Natalie returned to the main office after accomplishing her mission. The designers crowded her the moment she appeared. “Nat, we’ve heard from George and Gary that you can distinguish the fabrics just by touching them. How did you do that?”

George and Gary were the very two helpers who helped her just now.

“Yeah! You’re awesome! Tell us how you did that.”

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Not surprised by the drastic change in their attitudes, Natalie said calmly, “That’s what my mentor taught me. Before I learned how to design, I was first taught how to discern between the different fabrics. My mentor told me that being able to imagine a design just by looking at the fabric is the first step to fashion designing.”

The audience was stunned after listening to her. As expected from Stella’s student. The teaching principles are completely different from what’s usually taught in this country...

“What are you doing? Are you all having a meeting?” They suddenly heard Jasmine’s furious yell.

Not daring to crowd around Natalie anymore, they quickly returned to their seats, and Natalie was left all alone.

Seeing that only Natalie was there, Jasmine walked toward her grimly and instructed, “Follow me.”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Smith, but I have work to do.” Natalie patted her file with a smile.

Her current priority was to quickly understand Project Rebirth and complete the initial drafts as soon as possible. Hence, she did not plan on wasting more time with Jasmine.

Furthermore, it was obvious from Jasmine's expression that she would not be in for a good time.

Her refusal caused Jasmine to feel a little humiliated. Narrowing her eyes, she spat, "Well then, show me what type of work you have to do!"

She snatched the file away and flipped it open. After reading the contents, fury crossed her face. "Shane actually made you in charge of Project Rebirth?"

Seething with fury, her eyes reddened.

She had been coveting this project for a long time. However, Shane refused to give it to her and said that he had already hired external assistance.

However, never in her right mind would she expect him to be referring to Natalie!

No... This can't be! I must ask Shane why he gave the project to Natalie!

Clenching her fists, she shot Natalie a vicious glare before briskly striding into Shane's office.

When she reached the door, she could vaguely hear a voice from within.

"Mr. Shane, we've done a background check on the child we met earlier."

Background check on a child?

What's going on?

Jasmine, who was about to push the door open, halted mid-action. Suddenly recalling that child who resembled Shane, she started to feel extremely uneasy.

On the other side of the door, Shane was flipping through the documents in his hands, and his eyes widened in shock when he saw another picture. "He has a younger sister?"

"Yes. They're fraternal twins. The elder brother is called Connor Smith, and the younger sister is called Sharon Smith. They are currently attending Sunshine Kindergarten," replied Silas.

At the same time, Jasmine heard everything outside the door and was utterly shocked by that piece of news.

If they were siblings and shared the last name "Smith," it was obvious that they were Natalie's children.

To her surprise, Shane became suspicious just after meeting one of the children. Judging from his personality, he would definitely persist with the investigation once his suspicion was aroused. If he found out that the children were his, her lie would be exposed.

By then, he would definitely not spare her.

Ugh... Crap! What should I do?

Jasmine's face turned pale as she started to panic.

At that moment, Shane was in his office, staring at the documents about the two children. The look in his eyes was unfathomable.

After a while, he placed the documents down and instructed, "Tell the staff at the kindergarten to arrange for a health checkup. Before the day ends, get your hands on the two children's blood samples."

"Mr. Shane, are you planning to conduct a paternity test with the children?" asked Silas.

Yet, Shane kept quiet.

Nonetheless, Silas was quick to understand the situation, so he nodded and replied, "Okay, I'll arrange for it now."

As his approaching footsteps neared the door, Jasmine became even more anxious. Just then, she spotted the secretarial department's office beside her, so she opened the door and dashed into it.

The secretaries inside the room were taken aback when she suddenly barged in.

"What's the matter, Ms. Smith?" The head of the secretarial department asked her with a smile.

However, Jasmine ignored her. Leaning against the door and peering through the peephole, she watched until Silas had gone to the lift lobby. Only then did she open the door and leave.

Whew... That was close!

Jasmine patted her chest in relief. However, in the next instant, her expression became gloomy.

Shane wants to conduct a paternity test with Natalie's kids and see if they're his. This can't happen! It mustn't!

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Regardless of whether it's to suppress Natalie or to secure my position as the future Mrs. Thompson, I must stop this.

"Sunshine Kindergarten, huh?"

A vicious smirk spread across Jasmine's cheeks as she recalled the address she had heard earlier. A plan was already hatching in her mind.

In the meantime, Natalie was just finished with her work. Glancing at the clock on the wall, she saw that it was almost 5 p.m. Thus, she quickly packed her bag and headed to the kindergarten to fetch her children.

By the time Natalie arrived, classes were already dismissed by then. Most of the students had left, with only a handful of children left in school, waiting for their parents to fetch them after work.

When Natalie rushed over, Connor and Sharon were playing with Lego bricks in the classroom.

The moment Sharon spotted her mother, she tossed her Lego bricks away, threw herself into her mother's arms, and started wailing.

Natalie's heart ached when she heard Sharon's sobs. Patting her daughter's back gently and coaxing her, she glanced at Connor anxiously. "Baby, what's wrong with your sister?"

Connor sighed deeply as though as he was an adult. With an exasperated tone, he replied, "It's from the shot."

"Shot? What shot?"

"Yeah, we had a health check-up in the afternoon. Everyone had a shot and a blood test." Connor rolled up his sleeves and showed Natalie the red dot on his arm.

She heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. "I see."

Initially, she thought that Sharon had been bullied by the other children and was terrified. However, it was just a mere shot that scared her daughter.

"It's okay, Darling. Don't cry. Mommy will kiss on the boo-boo, and it won't hurt anymore," consoled Natalie.

"Okay, Mommy." Still sobbing, Sharon lifted her chubby arm for Natalie.

She lowered her head and kissed it gently. Not forgetting her son, she beckoned him over. "Come here, Connor. Let Mommy do it for you too."

"It doesn't hurt for me." Although that was what Connor claimed, he still lifted his arm toward Natalie.

She glanced at him in amusement, wondering where he got his pride and reluctance to admit his true feelings from.

After gently kissing on their arms, Natalie held their hands and left the kindergarten.

Inside an inconspicuous car outside the kindergarten, a man watched as Natalie and her children walked away. He whipped out his phone and dialed a number. "Mr. Shane, their mother had just picked up the kids from school."

"Okay," replied Shane expressionlessly before hanging up the call.

Right from the beginning, he had never asked who the children's mother was.

He was more concerned about the two children. As for their mother, he could not care less.

"Mr. Shane, the results are out." At that moment, Silas entered the office with a file.

Looking at Silas expectantly, Shane narrowed his eyes and asked, "So?"

Then Silas shook his head and passed the file to Shane. "It's not a match; they're not your children."

When Shane heard that, he paused briefly while opening the file. However, a few seconds later, he took out the paternity test report nonchalantly.

Looking at the words "Biologically Unrelated" at the bottom of the report, he pursed his lips.

He was not surprised by this result at all as he had already guessed it.

For the past thirty years, he had never let any woman come close to him. The only exception was five years ago when he accidentally slept with Jasmine. Hence, it was impossible for him to have any children.

However, for some inexplicable reason, he felt that it was a pity.

But instead of mulling over it, Shane calmly tossed the paternity test report into the trash can under his table. "So be it. Tell the others to come back. There's no need to keep an eye on the kids anymore."

"Understood," replied Silas.

Shane leaned against his chair and asked, "How's the investigation about my kidnapping going?"

"We discovered some of Sean's traces."

"Sean..." Shane muttered his name under his breath as a cold gleam flashed across his eyes. "As expected. Looks like he hasn't given up yet."

"I heard from some of our men overseas that he's recently planning to return." Silas glanced at him.

He narrowed his eyes coldly. "It's time for him to come back after five years anyway. Instruct the others to monitor him closely and report to me immediately when he returns."

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Silas nodded upon Shane's orders. Suddenly remembering something, he piped up, "Mr. Shane, there's still one more thing."

"What is it?"

"When you were in the meeting earlier, Mr. Baker called and asked you out for dinner. He probably wants to ask you about the paternity test."

"Okay," replied Shane curtly.

At night, Joyce had just arrived at the Moonlight Restaurant, carrying two huge gift bags. "Sorry, Nat. I'm late."

"It's fine. We've just arrived too! Take a seat." Natalie pulled a chair out for her.

Joyce sat down and passed a bag each to Connor and Sharon. "Happy birthday, darlings!"

"Thank you, Aunt Joyce!" The children received the gifts happily and kissed both of her cheeks.

Joyce laughed jovially, her eyes crinkling into tiny crescents. "Have you ordered anything yet?"

"Nope. We can't possibly order when Aunt Joyce hasn't reached yet. Here you go." Natalie passed the menu to Joyce.

Taking it over, Joyce flipped the menu open and ordered two dishes that Connor and Sharon liked. Then, she passed the menu back to the waiter.

Soon, the waiter pushed a trolley over and served the dishes.

He then carried a cake over with a candle in the shape of the number four on it.

"Mommy, the cake is so pretty! I'm sure it's delicious." Staring at the cake, Sharon's eyes gleamed as she swallowed her saliva.

Crossing his arms over his chest, Connor snorted in disdain. "Don't all cakes taste the same? How delicious can it be?"

Although that was what he said, his eyes had never left the cake right from the beginning.

Looking at the adorable pair of siblings, Natalie and Joyce shared an amused smile.

Joyce could not help but squeeze Connor's cheeks. "Connor, can't you be more honest?"

"Mmph... Let go of me!" mumbled Connor, his words muffled because Joyce was squishing his cheeks together.

Taking pity on him, Natalie quickly interrupted, "Alright, Joyce. Let them make their wishes."

"Okay." Joyce released Connor reluctantly.

After regaining his freedom, he quickly got off the chair and chose a seat further away from her.

Aunt Joyce is awesome, except when she's squishing my cheeks... and Sharon's!

Hmph! I won't sit next to her anymore.

"Happy birthday to Connor and Sharon. Aunt Joyce and I wish the both of you a very merry birthday and will have all the joy a day can bring." After singing the birthday song, Natalie pushed the cake toward the two kids.

They puffed up their cheeks and blew out the candle. Then, they closed their eyes and made their wish.

Gazing at them affectionately, Natalie's heart melted into a puddle.

It was their fourth birthday today. Soon, they would turn five years old.

Time passed by so quickly.

Two years ago, they were still little toddlers who could barely walk. Within the blink of an eye, they had grown so much.

Natalie could not help but feel emotional at that moment.

"Mommy, I want to use the washroom." At that moment, Sharon, who had finished making her wish, suddenly said.

Returning to her senses, Natalie was about to say something when Connor placed down his fork and offered, "I'll bring you there."

Hand in hand, the siblings went to the washroom.

Just then, Joyce suddenly gave a hearty chuckle. "That kid's probably afraid that I'll squish his cheeks again after you're gone."

"Well, I don't blame him." Natalie cut up a slice of cake and passed it to her.

"I can't help it! His cheeks are so soft, so it's fun to squish them. If you don't believe me, you can try..."

Before she could finish her sentence, her phone suddenly rang.

She placed the cake down and took out the phone. When she glanced at it, there was worry written all over her face.

"What's wrong?" Natalie gazed at her, confused.

Joyce kept her phone and replied, "My mom sent me a message, saying that something has happened at home. I might have to leave now, Nat."

"If that's the case, you should go quickly. Be careful on your way back!" Natalie nodded empathetically.

After that, Joyce grabbed her bag and left in a hurry.

When the children returned and saw that she had disappeared, they asked, “Mommy, where’s Aunt Joyce?”

“She left because she has something to do,” replied Natalie as she carried them to their chairs.

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Sharon sat down, picked up her fork, and stuffed some cake into her mouth. She mumbled incoherently, “Mommy, just now when I came back with Connor, we met a strange man.”

“A strange man?” Natalie instantly became anxious. “Did he do anything to both of you, Connor?”

Although this was a high-end restaurant, there still might be some bad people here.

A few days ago, she had read news about how some human traffickers would especially go to high-end places and kidnap the children of the wealthy.

“No. But he kept blocking our path, staring at us and saying how we look so similar. Then, I stomped on his feet and quickly rushed back with Sharon.” Connor shook his head and relayed what happened earlier.

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief before a strange expression appeared on her face.

So similar?

Only their biological father would look similar to the kids. Could it be that the strange man knows their father?

In that case, is he here too?

At that thought, Natalie’s heart beat rapidly as her face turned pale.

Connor noticed something amiss with his mother and asked, “Mommy, what’s wrong?”

"I'm fine." Natalie squeezed out a smile on her face.

We must not stay here anymore.

If their father is really here and that strange man informs him that he just met the kids, he might just look for us.

What if he tries to take them away from me? No... I won't allow that to happen!

The more she thought about it, the more afraid she became. Hence, she stood up abruptly and asked, "Connor, Sharon, let's go home, okay?"

Connor remained silent. However, a suspicious look, which did not quite belong to a child of his age, appeared on his face.

Only Sharon stared at Natalie in confusion. "Why? But I haven't even finished my cake, Mommy."

"It's okay. We'll bring it home." With that, Natalie beckoned the waiter to come over.

Suddenly, the lights in the restaurant dimmed.

What's going on?

Everyone was confused as well.

At that moment, a middle-aged man wearing a red velvet suit walked to the center of the restaurant with a microphone in his hand.

He cleared his throat and announced, "Good evening, everyone. You're welcome to participate in our restaurant's anniversary event. We'll be playing a game now! The spotlight will shine on a random table, who will be invited to play with us. The lighting crew – please prepare yourselves. Three! Two! Oneeeeeeee..... Stop!"

When the man yelled for them to stop, a bright beam of light landed on Natalie's table.

She was stunned that instant.

What's going on?

"Mommy..." Sharon snuggled into Natalie's arms, feeling a little scared.

She lowered her head and consoled Sharon, "It's alright. Mommy's here."

"Mommy, I think we're chosen to participate in a game." Connor pointed at a middle-aged man, who was walking towards them.

The man, who had overheard Connor, smiled and explained, "That's right. It's our restaurant's first anniversary today, so we specially organized this event. If you participate, you'll receive a prize regardless of whether you win or lose. Are you interested?"

"A prize?" Sharon no longer felt afraid after hearing that word. She left Natalie's arms and gazed enthusiastically at the middle-aged man. "Sure, old sir! But what prize is it?"

Old sir?

The middle-aged man's lips twitched. He could not help but raise his hand and stroke his balding head. Despite feeling disheartened, he had no choice but to continue smiling. "It's a huge teddy bear!"

"A teddy bear?" Sharon's eyes lit up. She quickly tugged Natalie's shirt and said, "Mommy, I want a teddy bear."

"Well..." Natalie was at a loss for what to do.

On one hand, she did not want to disappoint her daughter, but on the other, she was afraid that their biological father might be present.

Hence, if the three of them participated in the game, they would attract more attention.

"Mommy!" Connor suddenly raised his head. "Since Sharon wants it, let's join in. I want to play too. It's been a long time since we played a game together."