

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 26

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Since her daughter and son wanted to stay, Natalie had no choice but to relent.

After thinking for a while, she quickly took out two red caps and placed them over their heads. Then, she made them wear their coats and covered their faces with the collar.

In that case, they would look less noticeable.

“Okay, we’ll join the game. However, we will leave right after getting the prize,” reminded Natalie.

“Hooray! Thank you, Mommy!” Sharon leapt in joy.

Then, Connor followed the middle-aged man to choose the game.

In a private suite on the second floor of the restaurant, a handsome man was peering through the window and watching the event downstairs.

When he spotted Connor, he quickly spun around and patted the man sitting on the sofa with an elegant demeanor. “Shane, come and look who it is!”

Shane turned his head and disdainfully stared at the hand on his shoulder. “Move your hand away!”

Jackson rolled his eyes and pouted. “What’s wrong? I know you dislike women touching you. But you’re not even letting men touch you now?”

Shane ignored him. Instead, he focused on his tablet and scrutinized the economic trends for the first two financial quarters.

When Jackson took a glance at Shane’s tablet and shook his head; the charts and numbers were giving him a headache. He quickly averted his gaze and scoffed, “I don’t know what’s so interesting about that. I’d rather look at the child. He’s the child who looks exactly like you.”

“Huh?” Shane finally reacted to his words.

Jackson pointed at the window and said, “He’s right there. I almost didn’t recognize him because he’s wearing a hat. Luckily, as a medical practitioner, my eyes are sharp.”

Placing the tablet down, Shane walked to the window and glanced over in the direction Jackson was pointing at. Indeed, he spotted the child.

“I bumped into him and his sister outside the washroom. She doesn’t really look like you, but he’s literally your miniature version. When I conducted the paternity test, I really thought that he’s your child. Plus, he even stomped on my feet and ran away. He’s as ruthless as you.”

Jackson glanced at Shane and sighed as if it was a huge pity. “Both of you look so similar, but why isn’t he yours?”

“Shut up!” scolded Shane coldly.

Shrugging, Jackson fell silent.

Perhaps because their gazes were too intense and they did not even bother hiding, Connor could obviously sense people looking at him.

Subconsciously raising his head, he met Shane’s cold stare and recognized him right away.

He’s the man whom I met in the shopping mall!

Thus, he grinned and waved at Shane, causing the latter to be taken aback.

Is he waving at me?

Since it was the first time someone greeted him like that, Shane could not help but feel amused.

Just when he raised his hand, planning to wave back at Connor, the child had already run away.

“Pfft!” Jackson, who witnessed everything, could not help but burst out laughing.

Shane instantly shot a cold glare at him.

Meanwhile, Connor was oblivious to what was going on the second floor after he ran away. He returned to Natalie and passed her a piece of paper that stated the game they had to play.

Glancing at it, Natalie felt troubled. "A three-legged race?"

"What's wrong, Mommy?" Sharon stood on her tiptoes, trying to steal a glimpse of the paper.

Unfortunately, she did not know how to read yet.

"I'm alright." Natalie patted her daughter's hand and asked Connor, "Baby, can you tell that man to change the game?"

"We can't. I've asked him earlier, and he said that there must be two groups: Mommy and Daddy will form one team, while Sharon and I will form the other. We'll have to compete with each other and see who reaches the finishing line first." Connor wagged his finger sideways like an adult.

"But we don't have a Daddy here." Natalie's palm clasped her forehead helplessly.

Connor pursed his lips and fell silent for a few seconds. Then, as if he had suddenly recalled something, he flashed her a mysterious grin. "Mommy, I'll find a Daddy for you."

"Huh?" Natalie was stunned. "Find a Daddy? How are you going to do that?"

Is he planning to find that strange man and invite his biological father?

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"He's just upstairs!" replied Connor before dashing towards the staircase.

When he reached the second floor, he stood outside a private suite. He then mustered his courage and knocked on the door.

Luckily for him, the door was quickly opened. When Jackson stuck his head out and spotted the little boy outside, he blinked in astonishment. "Hey, aren't you..."

"Hello! I'm looking for that man." Connor glanced past him and stared at Shane, who was sitting in the suite.

Shane raised his eyebrow. "You're looking for me?"

"Can you do me a favor?" Connor smiled earnestly.

He stood up and walked over. "What favor?"

"Can you pretend to be our Daddy? We're playing a game, and we need one more person," asked Connor as he stared at him eagerly.

Shane was stunned. "Your Daddy?"

He never expected this little child to ask him for such a favor.

"Yes!" Connor nodded vigorously.

Jackson whistled teasingly. "Shane, just go with him. Anyway, didn't you suspect that..."

"Shut up!" Shane scolded him again.

Turning back to face Connor, his strict voice became gentler. "If I pretend to be your Daddy, won't you be scared that your real Daddy will find out?"

"I don't even know where my Daddy is," mumbled Connor under his breath.

"What did you say?" Shane did not hear him clearly.

"Nothing! Let's go." Not giving him a chance to refuse, Connor dragged him down the stairs.

Looking at his excited expression, a complex look flashed across Shane's eyes.

Normally, he would have detested it if a child acted so boldly. In fact, he would have scolded the child and told him to stop messing around.

However, for some reason, he could not seem to utter those words.

To his surprise, he did not even want to fling his hand away from Connor.

And just like that, Shane was forcefully dragged to the first floor.

"Mommy, I brought Daddy over!" Connor yelled at Natalie from afar.

Upon hearing his voice, Natalie quickly whirled around. When she saw the man whom Connor had brought over, her eyes widened in shock.

"Mr. Shane?"

"It's you?" Shane had also spotted Natalie.

She nodded awkwardly. "Yeah."

She never expected his son to bring Shane over as his fake "Daddy."

"Mommy, you know him?" asked Connor curiously as he glanced at Natalie then back at Shane.

Sharon was also staring at Shane intensely as if she had discovered something shocking. All of a sudden, she pointed at him and exclaimed, "Mommy, he looks like Connor!"

"Darling, stop fooling around." Natalie quickly pushed Sharon's arm down and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane. They're too young to understand anything."

However, Shane was not bothered by what the little girl said to him. Instead, he was intrigued by how the two children addressed Natalie.

"You're their mother?"

"Yeah." Natalie stroked her daughter's hair.

Shane pursed his lips.

This is such a coincidence. She's actually the sibling's mother!

"Are you married?" Shane asked.

Natalie cast her gaze downward and mumbled guiltily, "Yes..."

Although she did not want to lie, she had no choice.

Regardless of whether she was back home or overseas, premarital pregnancy was not looked upon so favorably.

Hence, to prevent others from criticizing or treating her children differently, she always claimed that she was married whenever someone asked her this question.

When Shane heard her answer, a hint of disappointment flashed in his eyes. For some reason, he felt a bit upset.

However, before he could figure out why he was feeling that way, Connor suddenly said, "Mommy, it's time. Let's bring him over, play the game and win the prize!"

Clapping her hands, Sharon urged as well, "Mommy, hurry up! I want my teddy bear."

"Just a moment." Natalie gestured for them to stop. Then, she glanced at Shane and explained, "I'm really sorry that my kids dragged you here, Mr. Shane. I'll tell you what happened. Previously, we..."

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"I know. Connor told me just now," interrupted Shane.

Connor raised his head and stared at him suspiciously.

That's odd!

Why does he know my name?

However, Natalie did not mull over it, simply assuming that Connor had introduced himself when he looked for Shane.

"Since you know everything, I won't hide it from you anymore. Actually, this is the kids' idea. I didn't intend to find a father for them to join this game."

"So, you don't need my help?" Shane stared at her.

"Yeah." Natalie nodded.

Actually, it did not matter much if the kids found a stranger to act as their father. After all, it was just a game.

However, the person could be anyone but Shane!

Not only was he her superior, but he was also Jasmine's fiancé. Thus, she must not interact with him in a private setting outside of work. Otherwise, if Jasmine found out, she would definitely seek her out. Although she was not afraid of Jasmine, she found it to be extremely troublesome.

"Okay, then I'll..."

"Mommy!" interrupted Connor quickly before Shane could finish his sentence. "If you don't let him join the game, what'll happen to Sharon's teddy bear?"

"Mommy, I want the teddy bear." Sharon was starting to feel anxious.

Contemplating for a while, Natalie came up with an idea and tried to negotiate with her, "Why don't I buy you one?"

"No! I only want that one." Sharon refused to relent.

Biting her lips, Natalie said, "But..."

"You're a liar!" Sharon's eyes reddened as she pouted unhappily. "You promised that you'll help me win the teddy bear, but you're going against your words now. That's really mean of you, Mommy."

With that, she spun around and ran toward Shane with her chubby legs. She grabbed his hand and swayed it. "Mister, can you please help me? I really want that teddy bear."

Looking at Sharon, who was on the verge of tears, Shane's heart softened. "Sure, but your Mommy must agree first."

"Mommy..." Sharon glanced at Natalie again.

Connor, who always doted on his little sister, did not want to see her disappointed. Hence, he also pleaded with Natalie.

Natalie was still feeling guilty over what Sharon had said earlier. Meeting her children's eager gazes, she sighed deeply and agreed at last.

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Shane." She smiled at Shane embarrassedly.

Forget it.

It's just this one time.

I'll stay away from him in the future.

"You're welcome. It's just a small favor," replied Shane indifferently.

Seeing that her mother had finally agreed, Sharon was overjoyed. She quickly dragged Shane to the venue, afraid that Natalie would change her mind again if she did not act fast.

Natalie naturally understood her daughter well. Chuckling, she shook her head, held Connor's hand, and followed behind.

Looking at her daughter and Shane walking in front, her gaze suddenly became unfocused.

Both of them really look like father and daughter.

"Connor, where did you find Mr. Shane?" asked Natalie.

"Upstairs!" Connor pointed towards the second floor.

Natalie raised her head and glanced at it. "I see. You shouldn't do this in the future, okay? It'll cause trouble to them and also make Mommy embarrassed."

"I understand. Don't worry, Mommy. I won't do it again," promised Connor as he patted his chest.

Smiling, Natalie stroked his head gently and said, "Alright, baby. I believe you."

As they spoke, they reached the venue.

The middle-aged man from earlier walked over with two red ropes and passed one each to Connor and Natalie.

Connor grabbed the rope, bent down, and tied his leg with Sharon's.

Then, the twins eagerly waited for the game to start.

On the other hand, Natalie stared at the gap between Shane and herself. Feeling troubled, she did not know how to make the first move.

How do I tie this when he's standing so far away?

Rubbing her forehead exasperatedly, she mustered her courage and moved closer to Shane. "Mr. Shane, I'm going to tie our legs together. Just tell me if you feel uncomfortable."

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Shane grunted.

Natalie knelt down and began to tie the rope.

After she was done, she clapped her hands before standing up. Feeling satisfied with herself, she asked, "Mr. Shane, try moving a little. Does it feel tight?"

She was worried that her knot was too loose and that the rope would fall off easily. Hence, she tightened it slightly.

Unintentionally, as her words fell upon Shane's ears, her innocent intention took a whole different meaning.

"Try moving a little, does it feel tight?"

Doesn't she know that her suggestive words can be easily misunderstood?

Shane felt a hot flush creeping up to him. Tugging his tie to loosen it a little, he whispered in a low and hoarse voice, "It's okay. Let's go with this."

At this moment, a middle-aged man stood upon the referee's stand with a starter pistol and jovially announced, "Now, since the children's group and the parents' group are ready, I shall count to three. After the count, the race will begin. If the parents' group loses, there will be a penalty awaiting!"

Penalty?

Natalie was stunned.

After all, there was no announcement whatsoever regarding penalty since the beginning.

"Don't be distracted. The race has started," Shane's cold voice rang in her ears, jolting her from her thought. "He mentions that only the parents' group will face the penalty. Plus, he has just given us a hinting glance on purpose. That obviously means that he intends for us to lose. If you don't want to be the loser, the best way is to buck up and get serious!"

"Aight, I understand." Nodding her head, Natalie became more serious.

She did not want to be on the receiving end of some unknown ridiculous penalty.

"Hug my waist," Shane instructed.

Natalie was taken aback, thinking that she might have heard it wrong.

Glancing at her, Shane caught on to her surprise and flatly explained, "In a three-legged race, the most crucial things are the tacit understanding and cooperation. Since don't understand each other well, we can only rely on cooperation. Seeing that you are not tall enough to put your arm around my shoulders, the alternative is for you to hug my waist. We shall then walk as one. If we were to go on our own separate paces, we would definitely lose."

Catching on, Natalie finally understood his intention. Initially, she had no idea where to place her hand. Now, she wrapped her hand around his waist consciously without hesitation.

Right at that moment, she caught a whiff of fresh mint passing by her nose, causing her to jolt back into old memories.

This scent... where have I smelled this before?

It is so familiar.

"If you'll excuse me." As Natalie was still trying to remember where she had sniffed the familiar scent, Shane put his arm around her shoulders and interrupted her thoughts.

For now, she could only focus on the race and put that aside.

"Ready, one, two, run!" The middle-aged man raised the starter pistol and pulled the trigger.

Bam!

Hearing the crisp and clear boom of the gunshot, Shane led the first step with the tied leg and firmly reminded, "Let's go!"

"Aight." Natalie quickly responded, focusing on keeping up with him so as to not hold both of them back.

Even though the two started well, they were still not as good as the two children.

Those two were not only of the same height, but they had also grown up together, therefore possessed great rapport with one another. The moment the gunshot was heard, they were already rushing ahead, leaving the two adults behind in the dust.

As Sharon walked forward, she turned her head back and excitedly shouted, "Dad! Mommy! Both of you hurry up!"

"Dad, mommy! You are both going to lose!" Connor echoed his sister as he enthusiastically taunted.

Natalie could sense the two cheeky kids were mocking them, leaving her nonplussed.

"We must hurry up," Shane said as he squinted at the finish line, which was still far away, before staring at the two children who were nearly reaching the half point of the race.

Natalie knew that they would lose if they did not speed up, so she took in a breath and agreed.

Adults had longer legs than children. After speeding up and taking bigger strides, both of them managed to catch up and raced past the two children.

Seeing their victory was right ahead, Natalie was encouraged. However, her expression suddenly froze.

She had just witnessed the support beam that was supporting the finish line shaking.

In the next moment, a screw came off, and the support beam fell towards both Shane and her.

Natalie's eyes widened in surprise, and before she even had time to think, she instinctively pushed Shane to the ground. However, her leg was hit by the falling support beam.

This scene frightened everyone in the restaurant. The middle-aged man who was hosting the event was terrified as he quickly called for assistance.

Soon, the restaurant's guards came and lifted the support beam away.

Shane quickly untied the rope binding their legs together before helping Natalie up. Seeing her bleeding ankle, his heartbeat quickened, almost skipping a beat, leaving him to mutter with a dazed look, "You..."

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"Mr. Shane, are you okay?" asked Natalie with a pale face and a forehead covered with cold sweat.

Shane moved his lips and said, "I'm okay."

"That's good," she said, heaving a sigh of reprieve.

Looking at her grimly with a conflicted expression, he asked, "Why did you save me?"

He saw firsthand how she rushed to rescue him without any hesitation the moment the beam fell down.

She seemed overly concerned about him getting hurt.

"Isn't it normal to save others?" Natalie weakly replied while smiling to shrug it off.

After all, he was only here to help. If he had been the one injured, she would feel really bad.

"Mommy, are you okay?" Connor asked anxiously as he raced over with Sharon tagging behind.

Sharon was in tears. "Mommy, you're bleeding. Boohoo..."

Watching the two young ones getting all nervous and concerned about her, Natalie felt the warmth in her heart. Biting her lips to endure the pain, she comforted them, "All right. You two don't worry. Mommy is totally fine."

"How can it be fine? Look, even the skin has been punctured," said Connor. Clenching his little fists, he glared at Shane and accused, "This is all on you. Mommy tried to save you and got herself injured in the process. It's all your fault!"

"Connor!" Natalie frowned deeply, scowling her face as she scolded, "How can you talk to Mr. Shane in this manner? Saving him is Mommy's decision. It has nothing to do with him."

"But..." Connor's eyes turned red as he wanted to say more.

Lowering his head to look at Connor, Shane admitted, "You are right. Your Mommy injures herself trying to save me. I shall take full responsibility on this matter."

Connor raised his head and stared at Shane for a few seconds. Snorting coldly, he turned away, deciding to accept Shane's words.

Seeing his reaction, Shane raised his eyebrows as he was very surprised.

Is this child really a four-year-old?

He seems too smart and too mature for his age.

At least the little girl seems more normal for her age.

After glancing at Sharon whose face was flushed from crying, Shane turned to Natalie. His voice, devoid of the cold tone previously, had warmed up considerably as he asked with concern, "Can you walk?"

Natalie gingerly tried moving her injured ankle before concluding bitterly, "Maybe not."

Her reply was well within Shane's expectation.

Bending down, he picked her up princess-style in one swift move.

Natalie was totally caught off-guard and was startled. Staring at Shane with her eyes wide open, she questioned, "Mr. Shane, what are you doing? Put me down quickly."

Shane turned a deaf ear to her. He continued carrying her and headed straight to the row of sofas nearby.

Connor took Sharon's hand and trailed behind.

When he got to the sofa, Shane gently lowered Natalie down. After that he took out his mobile phone and sent out a text message.

Right about this time, the middle-aged man came back. Having discovered the cause for the falling of the beam, he bowed and apologized profusely to both Natalie and Shane then tried to explain the reason.

Hearing the justification, Shane could not help but pressed his lips tightly, his eyes flashing with eminent anger. "So this is an accident?"

"Yes, it is. Our staff did not see the loosening screw. That is the cause of the accident. Whatever it is, I'm really sorry!" As he spoke, the middle-aged man held a handkerchief to keep wiping the sweat from his head. His mind was a bundle of nerves.

Who exactly is this Mr. Shane?

The aura emanating from this man is incredibly imposing!

"This is such a prestigious restaurant and yet you have such irresponsible staff! What a joke!" Shane sternly stared at the middle-aged man with his piercing glare.

The middle-aged man dared not to look at his eyes. Swallowing his saliva with a gulp, he replied, "Yes, yes. This is our restaurant's fault. We will bear full responsibility. As a show of our sincerity, we will waive the payment for your order. In addition, we will grant this lady a lifetime membership card as compensation for her injury. What do you think?"

"What do you think?" With the emphasis on the word "you", Shane did not agree on Natalie's behalf but rather redirected the middle-aged man's question to her to gauge her thoughts.

Natalie knew that it was a genuine accident yet decided to hold onto the matter. She nodded her head and agreed, "So be it."

"Okay. I'll go and prepare the necessary things and call for a doctor as well." The middle-aged man was overjoyed when he heard Natalie's acceptance of this apology.

After all, their restaurant was a prestigious one. Diners who came here for their meals are all either wealthy or powerful.

If the compensation were not up to par and the customer decided to pursue the issue, not only his position as the manager would be jeopardized, but the restaurant might also even have to face a lawsuit filed against them.