

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 31

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The manager was really grateful that this gentleman and the lady were so easy to deal with.

“Forget about the doctor. I’ve already called for one.”

As Shane finished speaking, a lax-sounding voice echoed from behind, “Shane, who’s the wounded one you’ve just mentioned?”

Natalie turned towards the voice and saw a baby-faced young man approaching.

He was clad in bright-colored casual outfits, with curly hair and a cheeky smile that revealed his protruding upper canines, causing him to appear very cute.

The word “cute” might not be an appropriate adjective to normally describe a man, yet in his instance, it was an absolutely apt description that matched his look.

In fact, the word “cute” was probably made just for him.

Natalie kept staring at the man, who turned out to be none other than Jackson Baker, with an unflinching look – something that caught Shane’s sight as well.

Noticing her intent stare at the other guy, Shane’s gaze darkened as his heart felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

“Ah, this person,” Connor blinked in surprise when he saw Jackson.

Turned out this mister was a doctor.

“Look, look! That’s the weird man who stopped us outside the restroom.” Sharon recognized Jackson as well.

She had already stopped crying, but she could not speak clearly and stuttered slightly since she cried too much just now.

“Yes, it’s him. But he’s not some strange man. He’s with Mr. Shane earlier.” Connor pointed out to her.

Jackson heard his voice and turned towards him. As he was about to utter his greetings, he saw Natalie standing beside him.

With a mere glance, Jackson was stunned.

“Have I met you somewhere before?” Jackson asked, narrowing his eyes, as he focused on Natalie, “You look so familiar, methinks.”

Natalie also looked at him curiously and shook her head, “But mister, I don’t know you at all.”

“Really, are you sure you don’t? Take a closer look,” Jackson pointed at his nose and brought his face closer to hers.

Leaning backward awkwardly, Natalie could only utter, “Mister, I never meet you before. Really.”

After all, she had been blessed with a good memory since her childhood. If she had seen him somewhere, surely she would have remembered.

“Nigh impossible,” Jackson furrowed his brows deeply as he rummaged through his own memory.

He had genuinely thought that this woman before him looked really familiar.

He just could not recall where he had seen her.

“Connor, why does this mister keep asking Mommy if she knows him? Does he like our Mommy and wants to be our father?” Sharon whispered curiously to Connor who was right beside her, as she stared at Jackson intently.

She could never forget about those blond-haired misters while living abroad in the past. This was how they used to flirt with Mommy, before offering to marry Mommy and to become her father.

Connor rubbed his chin as his gaze scanned Jackson from top to bottom before replying, "I don't want him as our father. He doesn't give me that sense of security at all. I still prefer Mr. Shane to be our father."

Meanwhile, Shane was standing behind the two children. Overhearing their conversation, a discreet smile stretched across his face as he felt inexplicably gleeful.

"I also like Mr. Shane. In fact, he looks like you, Connor," Sharon noted as she sucked on her thumb.

Her casual remark had no particular intention, however to a listener, it sounded suspicious.

Connor's IQ was far above those of his same age. He had always suspected that his and Sharon's biological father was somewhere in the country.

After all, he had once overheard unintentionally his mommy's conversation with Uncle Stanley. He asked her if she ever wanted to search for their biological father upon their return to the country.

She had replied to him, saying that she did not know who was the children's biological father. Since Mr. Shane bore the same look like him, could it be possible that he was their real father?

Thinking of this possibility, Connor glanced cautiously at Shane, his eyeballs were rolling around in an ominous way.

No, I have to find a way to get Mr. Shane's DNA sample.

Then, I would have to wait for Uncle Stanley to come back to help with the paternity test.

Meanwhile, over at the side, Jackson had checked the wound on Natalie and was currently bandaging it.

After the bandage was securely done, he handed a business card over and advised, "Be careful not to expose the wound to water for few days. This is the address of my hospital. Do drop in tomorrow to change the dressing and get a tetanus jab."

"Aight. I understand. Thank you Dr. Baker," Natalie said as she took the business card with both hands.

Taking a few tissues and wiping his hands, Jackson noticed Connor alongside Sharon and proceeded to ask, "Are you their mother?"

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"Yes, I am," replied Natalie as she held her children in one hand and patted their heads with another.

"They are very cute, especially this little guy here," Jackson looked at Connor as he said his compliment before continuing, "He looks exactly like Shane. If I haven't known that Shane has no children, I would have thought that both of them were father and son."

Stealing a glance at Shane subconsciously, Natalie replied, "It's all a coincidence."

As the matter of fact, when she first saw him for the first time, she had felt that he looked strangely similar to Connor. However, she knew he could not have been Connor's father.

The reason being, the man back then years ago was an old man who was almost fifty years old.

"By the way, I haven't ask you for your name," Jackson asked as he threw away the tissues in his hand.

"Natalie Smith," she replied curtly.

"Natalie... last name Smith..." Jackson read it out in a low voice. Suddenly, he thought of something, his expression changed to one that was utterly shocked as he exclaimed, "Shane, it's wrong! We are all wrong!"

"What's going on?" Shane quickly asked coldly.

Jackson quickly pulled him aside, "Shane, do you remember that a few years ago, your grandfather got you engaged with a certain lady from the Smith family out of the blue?"

"Her name's Jasmine Smith. So what are you trying to get at?" Shane queried as he looked at him seriously.

Jackson chuckled bitterly, "That's the issue, my man. The problem is that Jasmine is not the one engaged to you, but rather, it's her!" That said, he pointed directly at Natalie who was not far away.

Natalie tilted her head in response.

Are they talking about me? Why did he point in my direction?

"Do you even know what you are talking about?" Shane narrowed his eyes dangerously and stared at Jackson with an incredulous look.

Jackson rubbed his throbbing temple as he explained, "Of course, I do. Remember how I said just now that she looked familiar? That's because she is your real fiancée. Your grandfather once showed a photo of your fiancée, and I happened to be there then. I remember that you did not look at the photo but I peeked a look. She's the one in the photo! I swear!"

He still remembered the moment when he praised the lucky lady of the Smith family as beautiful.

"In that case, what happened to Jasmine?" Shane's expression was extremely grim, still trying to digest the sudden revelation.

Jackson, after all, was his childhood friend. A good friend whom he trusted.

Trusted with his life even.

The Smith family must have lied to me!

As if reading his thought, Jackson answered, "I don't know, but the only certainty in this matter is that Jasmine definitely is not your fiancée. Her identity as a lady of the Smith family is indeed questionable."

It was known to everyone that the Smith family only has one daughter and one son.

After all, the photo of Natalie was shown by old man Miller many years ago, hence proving that she was the rightful heiress of the Smith family.

As for Jasmine, her identity was to be determined! Perhaps very soon.

What was going through Jackson's mind was similar to what was going through Shane's. He started walking towards Natalie and questioned brusquely, "Are you the daughter of the Smith family?"

Natalie blinked curiously, wondering how in world he knew about this.

Seeing her troubled expression, Shane conjectured, "I suspect it to be so, right?"

Natalie's eyes darkened as her countenance turned serious, "I was. But not anymore."

"What do you mean?" Shane demanded, pursing his lips.

Shaking her head vigorously, she grimaced bitterly and replied, "Mr. Shane, I'm not at liberty to say it."

"You can't say..." Shane trailed off as he looked totally dissatisfied with her answer.

Of course, he did not mean to force her in any way.

Since she had refused to spill the beans, he would have to check on the facts by himself!

After all, he must get to the bottom of this convoluted mess and figure out between the real and fake fiancée!

Deep in thought, Shane got out of the restaurant while taking out his cell phone

"Mommy, isn't the Smith family mentioned by Mr. Shane where Mommy grew up?" Connor curiously asked.

Blinking innocently, Sharon chipped in and said, "Sharon wants to know too."

Without a word, Natalie touched the heads of the two children.

Truth be told, she had never told her two children anything about the Smith family, nor did she intend to do so. That was the pain that she bore alongside her mother and younger brother – something that all of them decided not to bring up.

Over a long period of time, even she had forgotten that she was from the Smith family.

Right at this moment, the restaurant's manager, who was a middle-aged man came over with a meal cart.

The meal cart was full of gift boxes in different sizes. Noticeably, the most conspicuous one being the big teddy bear.

Sharon's eyes gleamed with excitement when she saw the teddy bear.

"Dear miss, this is something our restaurant has prepared for you. Please accept it as a sign of a heartfelt apology from us," said the middle-aged man sincerely as he rubbed his hands.

Nodding her head, Natalie said, "I'll accept the apology. However, I shall leave now."

After Shane came back from his call, he overheard what she had said to the manager. Taking out the car key from his pocket, he threw the key to Jackson who was behind him. "Go, drive my car her," he commanded.

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Jackson knew what he was expected to do. Twirling the key around in a carefree style, he agreed.

After he left, Shane looked at Natalie and offered, "Allow me to send you all back."

"Thank you. I guess we'll be troubling Mr. Shane then," said Natalie as she accepted the offer and smiled politely.

If she were not injured in the first place, she might have rejected his offer.

As her feet could no longer walk, she naturally would not make a fool of herself by bringing her two children to hail a cab.

Shane carried her up just like he had done just now and headed towards the exit of the restaurant.

Meanwhile, the two children walked hand-in-hand behind them. To any by passers, the four of them looked like a real, happy family.

As they exited the restaurant, unbeknownst to them, a man with a camera was hiding behind the bushes just outside. Recognizing Shane, and seeing him carrying a woman as well as getting into a car with two children, the stalker excitedly raised his camera and started snapping away at the scene.

"So, where are we heading?" Shane asked after putting on his safety belt in the car.

"Blue Court Apartments, please," Natalie mentioned the address of her apartment.

Raising his eyebrows, Shane felt surprised.

Such a coincidence!

He owned an apartment there. Coincidentally, his unit was in the same building as hers. Judging from the lot number of her unit, his was located right opposite hers.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Shane?" Natalie noticed Shane was in a daze and decided to reach out to him.

"I'm okay," replied Shane as his eyes flickered. He proceeded to start his car.

Sharon fell asleep on Natalie's lap on the way home, yet Connor was still full of energy. He looked at Shane who was driving and queried, "Mr. Shane, may I ask you a question?"

"Connor, what do you plan to ask Mr. Shane?" asked Natalie curiously.

"Mommy, it's none of your concern," Connor replied as he swiped down the hand his mother had placed on his head. Looking at Shane intently, he asked, "May I, Mr. Shane?"

Shane's interest was piqued and said, "Sure. Just shoot."

"Allow me to ask then. Are you married, Mr. Shane?" Connor presented his question without any reservation.

Neither Natalie nor Shane expected that he would ask such personal questions, and both were caught off-guard by the little child's boldness.

Reacting to his question, Natalie quickly patted Connor on his back in a gentle way and said, "Connor, don't be rude. You shouldn't ask Mr. Shane such a personal question."

As she gently reprimanded her son, Natalie glanced at Shane who was driving, and smiled embarrassedly as she apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane. He is still young and ignorant."

"No problem," Shane assured as he broke into a smile and replied, "To answer your question, I'm not married."

That's great!

Beaming with joy, Connor put his two little hands together gingerly and cheered in his heart. Deciding to go further, he asked, "What about a girlfriend, Mr. Shane?"

"Connor!" Natalie was aghast at her son's daring question and exclaimed in a stern tone.

This rascal. Surely he has something up his sleeves.

"Mommy, don't be angry. I have my reasons," Connor tried to coax Natalie in a mature way.

Meanwhile, Natalie poked his forehead and sarcastically remarked, "What good reasons a child like you would have?"

Sticking his tongue out playfully, Connor chided, "I won't tell you for now."

He had planned his questions to gauge whether Mr. Shane had a family. Depending on his answer, he might dismiss his thought of obtaining Mr. Shane's DNA.

After all, he had suspected that Mr. Shane was very likely their biological father.

He did not want to acknowledge a biological father who already had his own family.

"You!" Natalie sighed helplessly as she peered intently at her son whom she had brought up since he was born.

Her son was too smart and too mature. As a mother, she felt like she had missed out on some fun in motherhood.

“Mr. Shane, regarding my last question, you haven’t reply to me yet,” Connor pointed out, refusing to give up, thus decided to pursue the matter to its end.

Shane raised his eyes and glanced at the rearview mirror at Natalie nonchalantly before replying, “Nope, I don’t have a girlfriend either.”

Except that he had a fiancée!

Caught by the issue, he suddenly felt desperate enough to want to know what actually happened a few years ago.

Why did Natalie, who was supposed to be his fiancée, ended up being replaced by Jasmine instead?

Also, in the past few meetings, Natalie did not seem to know that he was her fiancé too.

“Okay, Connor, that’s enough for now. I forbid you from asking Mr. Shane any more questions of any sort. Mommy will be really angry if you keep asking,” warned Natalie as she sternly squinted at her son with a death stare.

Realizing he might had crossed the boundary, Connor nodded obediently, “Alright. I won’t ask anymore. Mommy, please don’t be angry.”

Meanwhile, he was rather happy. This is such good news! Mr. Shane is not married and has no girlfriend. I can now proceed to try to confirm whether he is my father or not.

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As Connor pondered, his eyes were zooming into Shane’s hair from time to time, readying himself and eyeing for a chance to pull out a couple strands of Shane’s hair.

However, before he could do anything, Natalie pulled him onto her lap and ordered him to sleep.

Connor found himself held down and could not move, hence he secretly sighed and resigned to the situation.

Seemed like all avenues had been closed and the next opportunity could only be found next time.

Mommy is really holding me back.

Suddenly, the cell phone in Natalie's bag started to vibrate.

She took out her phone and saw that there was a message.

Seeing the sender's name, she smiled slightly, and quickly opened the text message to check the content.

Are you home yet?

Natalie typed her reply: Not yet. Will be home soon!

Awesome! The person on the other end sent a one-word voice reply. No other audio message followed after that.

Natalie did not mind a bit as she had already gotten used to it. Calmly she put away her cell phone.

After travelling for around half an hour, they arrived back at their apartment.

Natalie woke her two children up and asked them to get down from the car first.

After the two children had climbed down, Shane walked to the back seat door and carried Natalie out of the car. After that, he asked, "Which building do you live in?"

Natalie knew that he intended to carry her to the door of her house. Just as she was about to answer, the corner of her eyes caught the glimpse of a familiar figure walking towards them from not far away.

As the figure approached, she was initially startled to recognize the face. Breaking into a smile, Natalie remarked, "Thanks for your good intention, Mr. Shane, but there's no need to send us to our door. Someone has come to pick us up."

"Huh?" He was confused, Shane followed the direction of her look and was surprised to see a man!

He saw a handsome man wearing a grey trench coat and a pair of glasses walking towards them.

Is he the one she mentioned coming to pick her up?

Is he her husband?

"Mr. Shane, you can put me down first," Natalie said as she patted Shane.

Jolted from his thoughts, Shane frowned. He did not say much as he gently lowered her to the ground. As she stood up, he held her arm to help her stabilize her footing and prevent her from falling.

At this juncture, Sharon also saw the man. Her eyes brightened and she tugged Connor before running towards the man, yelling sweetly, "Daddy!"

The man responded, squatting down and picking up the two children, kissing both of them on their faces.

Witnessing this scene unfolding before him, Shane narrowed his eyes and could not help but feel a little uncomfortable all of a sudden.

It felt like something that should have belonged to him was suddenly snatched away by this man who had appeared out of nowhere.

"Hi, Nat." The man, Stanley Quinn, greeted warmly while holding Sharon in his arms. With a gentle smile on his mellow face, he approached Natalie.

Seeing him, Natalie could not help but ask, "Why are you back here? I thought you're abroad."

"Since today is the birthday of these two children, I tried to rush back. However, a sudden surgery popped up and I had to attend to it. By the time I disembark from the plane, the sky is already dark. It took me some hassle to get back here, only to find that you're not home yet," explained Stanley.

Natalie was a little dumbfounded and said, "No wonder you texted me just now asking if I'm already back home. I thought you were just casually asking."

"All this is to give you a surprise." Having said that, Stanley put down the two children before stealing a glance at Shane. When his eyes saw Shane's face, he could not stop staring as he trembled slightly.

Why does his face look so similar to Connor's? Can it be...

Stanley's eyelids drooped slightly, hiding the grimness in his eyes.

Soon, he recovered his cool and acted as if nothing had happened. Feeling suspicious, he inquired, "So, this gentleman here is..."

"This is my boss, Mr. Shane Thompson of the Thompson Group," said Natalie as she introduced Shane to Stanley.

Nodding his head, Stanley reached out his hand to Shane and said, "It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Stanley Quinn, a surgeon by profession."

Shane looked at his outstretched hand yet did not shake it. After replying with a casual "Hello", he looked at Natalie and said, "Since this person is here to pick you up, I'll take my leave first."

For some inexplicable reason, he really disliked this man!

At the same time, his "man-alarm" was ringing in his head, warning him that there was more to Stanley than it met the eyes.

"Sure. Thanks for everything and goodbye, Mr. Shane." Nodding her head, Natalie patted the heads of her two children and commanded, "Say goodbye to Mr. Shane, you two!"

Her two children obeyed respectfully.

Connor waved his hands vigorously as he shouted, "Mr. Shane, I'm looking forward to our next encounter."

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The next time we meet, I must get a sample of Mr. Shane's hair.

Getting into his car, Shane drove off. While on the way, Silas Campbell gave him a call.

Stopping his car by the side of the road, Shane took out his cell phone. His voice, unnoticed by him, was a mix of anticipation and eagerness as he blurted out, "How's the investigation?"

"I've found the information. Just as you have suspected, the one who was supposed to be in the marriage arrangement with you is none other than Ms. Natalie Smith and not Ms. Jasmine Smith. The latter is responsible for impersonating Ms. Natalie's identity."

"Impersonating?" Shane uttered as he frowned, "What's the reason behind this?"

"It's..." Silas found himself at a loss of words.

Pursing his lips impatiently, Shane commanded, "Just say it!"

"Alright!" responded Silas quickly. No longer hesitating, he poured out all the information he had found, "Seven years ago, after your marriage arrangement with Ms. Natalie had been made, she eloped with another man."

"Eloped?" Shane could not help but gripped the phone tighter.

"Yes, Ms. Natalie used to have a lover. After she learned that her engagement had been decided without her consent, she ran away with the help of Mdm. Yulia, her mother. When her father Mr. Smith found out, he was enraged and divorced Mdm. Yulia. He married his current wife, Mdm. Susan Sullivan, who brought Ms. Jasmine back to the Smith family."

"So you're saying that Susan is Jasmine's biological mother?"

"Yes. Since Ms. Natalie had run away, Mr. Smith was worried that the Thompson family would hold the Smith family accountable for the slight, hence Ms. Jasmine was asked to replace Ms. Natalie. He also concocted the lie that Ms. Natalie had changed her name to Jasmine, and Ms. Jasmine had no choice but to tell the outside world that Mdm. Susan is her stepmother," Silas narrated, full of disdain for Natalie in his heart.

This Ms. Natalie is such an ingrate, treating Mr. Shane as if he is not worthy of her. Such scandalous is she that the woman even dares to elope with another man. Doesn't she ever think about the consequences her actions would bring to the Smith family?

Shane did not and could not speak. He was crestfallen, his eyelids drooped as his mind became a total mess. After a short while, he opened his lips and uttered only three words, "I know now."

He was surprisingly calm.

Silas was stunned, and quickly asked, "Mr. Shane, are we going to retaliate against the Smith family?"

"Forget it," Shane blankly replied before continuing, "Since this engagement is a mistake from the very beginning, let's just play along as if nothing has ever happened."

After all, Jasmine was also Harrison Smith's daughter, and the same person who had rescued him five years ago.

Although he did not love her, he also did not have any feelings for anyone else either. In the end, it did not matter who he married anyway. Marriage was just a contract to him – nothing more nothing less.

The reason he requested this investigation was to find out what had happened in the past. As for Natalie, since they were nothing but strangers in the past, they would remain as strangers moving forward to the future.

After ending the call, Shane threw his cell phone onto the passenger seat and started his car again.

The second day, at the Thompson Group...

After Natalie had a basic understanding of Project Rebirth, she prepared herself to scour the database for any information on Thompson Group's design style, so she could sketch out her first draft based on it.

However, she found out that she could not access the database at all.

Feeling confused, she patted the shoulder of a colleague sitting next to her and asked, "Ashley, is there something wrong with the database? I can't log in."

"Nope, I'm all good on my side. Maybe you entered the wrong ID?" Ashley cocked her head and peeked at her screen.

Natalie shook her head and replied, "I've checked letter by letter, number by number. There's absolutely nothing wrong."

"In that case, probably the system has never stored your ID in the first place. Why don't you ask Ms. Jasmine about this?" Ashley suggested.

Natalie furrowed her brows, feeling reluctant to go. "Ashley, what about I borrow your ID to log in instead?"

"No, that won't do!" Ashley refused immediately. Surprised by her own over-the-top reaction, Ashley piped down and explained, "Nat, it's not that I don't want to help you, but this information is classified as top secrets. They can only be accessed once a week and cannot be printed out. If I lend my ID to you, then I won't be able to access the database whenever I need to."

"I see..." Natalie could only bit her lips and gave in.

Seemed like the only solution was to bring this up with Jasmine.

Heaving a sigh, Natalie picked up her crutches beside her seat and limped towards the supervisor's office.

When she reached the door to the office, she knocked on the open door and called out, "Ms. Jasmine!"

"What are you doing here?" Jasmine's expression soured immediately.

"I need to access the information in the database. However, I can't log in with my ID. Just want to check what is going on?" Natalie said flatly while staring at Jasmine with cold indifference.