

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 6 - 10

It was not until the next morning that Shane finally gained consciousness.

His ebony eyes swept across his surroundings, instantly realizing where he was.

It seemed like he had successfully escaped from danger.

Bracing himself with his palms, he tried to sit up. The motion pulled on his sutures, and the pain caused him to let out a grunt.

From her position beside the bed, Natalie was shocked out of her light slumber at the noise.

When she lifted her head, she was met with his cold gaze.

Surprised to see him staring back at her, it took her a few seconds to say, "Hey... you're awake!"

The woman's features were delicate and beautiful. She would have been incredibly pretty if it were not for her pale lips and the dark eye bags under her eyes. It was obvious she had stayed by his bedside the whole night. There were also some rusty stains on her white blouse that looked vaguely like dried blood.

Right then, scattered memories from last night flashed through Shane's mind.

Looks like this woman rescued me.

After a while, he spoke up in a low tone, "What would you like in return for saving me? You don't have to hold back."

Natalie froze in surprise. A few seconds later, something in her brain clicked, and she hurriedly explained, "No, it wasn't me."

She did not think he would have such a huge misunderstanding about what happened last night.

Nonetheless, she refused to run from this. If she did not tell him the truth, he would never forgive her if he found out later on. Heck, I am not going to hide this.

“Last night, I was the one who accidentally hit you with my car...”

With that, she told him everything about what happened last night, not leaving anything out.

Honestly, she was worried that he would be furious at her. But to her astonishment, his expression remained blank and emotionless. The look in his eyes was also unfathomable.

For some odd reason, he did not seem like he cared about her hitting him with her car at all. In fact, he even seemed a bit relieved that it all happened!

Although she could not make out what was with his attitude, she decided it was best she brought up the matter of compensation first. “Mister, I haven’t made a police report yet, as I was hoping to settle this matter with you privately. How much would you like me to pay you for this?”

The real reason she had not called the police was because she was worried that things would drag on forever. She planned on leaving J City soon and did not want this incident to delay her plan.

To her surprise, Shane answered tiredly in his baritone voice, “There’s no need for that.”

Is this guy for real? Or did I hit him so hard that he’s unable to think straight now?

Feeling concerned that that would be the case, she made a mental note to have a doctor examine him from head to toe later.

“Are you hungry? I’ll go get you something to eat.”

With that said, Natalie got up and left the room to get some breakfast.

On her way back with food in one hand, she gave Joyce a call.

“Hello? Nat, how are things? Is that guy okay?” Joyce’s anxious voice came through the phone.

She had been worried sick the whole night, but she refrained herself from calling Natalie as she didn’t want to complicate anything.

At the same time, Natalie relaxed a little at hearing her best friend's voice. She walked to someplace a little quieter and swiftly recounted everything to Joyce.

When Natalie was done, Joyce went silent. She was rather reluctant to voice her opinions on the matter over the phone.

Suddenly, two childish voices drifted to Natalie's ears from the other end.

Connor was comforting her, "Mommy, don't be scared! We'll head to the hospital later to be with you."

Then, Sharon chimed in, "Mommy, Sharon misses you."

"Mommy misses both of you too." Tears welled in Natalie's eyes. This was the first time she had been separated from her babies for so long.

Everything happened so quickly last night that she had not been able to reassure her darlings before now.

Soon, she hung up the phone but felt a lot better after that call. When she returned to the man's room, the bed was glaringly empty. A glance at the bathroom showed no signs of him either.

She rushed to the nurse station and asked urgently, "Hello, may I ask where the patient from room 808 is?"

"Oh... That man has already discharged himself from the hospital." The nurse answered without even checking the registry.

Evidently, Shane was wat too handsome for the nurses to not remember him.

He discharged himself?

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Natalie could not believe her ears.

Maybe he needs to attend to something important, and that's why he was in such a hurry to leave? If that's the case, he might come back again later. I mean, he has to... right?

Thus, she asked the nurse for a sticky note and scribbled down her contact number. Handing it back to the nurse, she said, "This is my cellphone number. If he comes back, please give it to him."

Meanwhile, at the conference room of Thompson Group's headquarters, the atmosphere was solemn.

Shane was standing at the front of the room like a king surveying his subjects. His cold gaze swept across everyone in the room.

Noting how he had not seen several of them for quite a long while, his lips twitched slightly. All of a sudden, a burst of harsh laughter escaped his lips.

"Are we giving out dividends today? All of you are actually in attendance! Wow, what a rare occasion..."

His deep voice rang out authoritatively, cracking through the air and slamming into the men seated by the table.

At that moment, none of them dared to speak up.

The reason for the full attendance was because news of Shane's kidnapping had spread. Everybody who heard about it came to find out the truth.

If the rumor was true, then Thompson Group was in for a new change of leadership.

But the fact that Shane was standing before them now and looking perfectly fine, made them realize the news was nothing but a rumor.

After several seconds of silence, Mike Lanner, the oldest among the men present, stated, "Hahaha! It's just been a long while since any of us old geezers came to the company. We thought we would pop in and see how the company is doing."

His words seemed to cut through the tension in the air. After his daring statement, the rest of the men fervently expressed their agreement.

Nevertheless, Shane was not oblivious to what these sly old foxes were thinking. But, he made no move to expose them right here.

Oh, is that so? If you want to put it that way, then two can play at that game...

"I haven't seen all of you in ages either. How about we all have lunch together?" Shane went along with the crowd and asked.

"I'm afraid I'll have to turn down your invitation. I still have something to do at home, so I'll be taking my leave." Following that, Mike grabbed his cane and stood up, heading for the door.

Under his lead, the rest of the men made their excuses and left as well.

Soon, only Shane remained in the conference room.

He stared at the empty room, his gaze turning chilly while a menacing aura emanated from him.

"Silas."

"Yes, Mr. Thompson?" His assistant, Silas Campbell, entered the room at his call.

"Find out who's the mastermind behind this incident."

"Got it." Silas nodded and turned to leave. Just then, Shane's voice sounded again, "But before that, head over to the hospital and give five million to that woman."

Shane's eyes narrowed as Natalie's face appeared in his mind. Recalling how she had said she would compensate him, his grim expression lightened a little.

But then again, he was not someone who liked owing others anything and it was no exception this time.

Unfortunately, by the time Silas arrived at the hospital, Natalie had already left. Not only that, the nurse had somehow lost the sticky note Natalie left earlier, which was just his luck.

After that, a week went by without any contact from that man.

In the meantime, Natalie was relieved, thinking that the man did not seem to want to pursue the matter further.

Anyway, the weather was perfect that day. It was bright, and the skies were clear with warm sun.

Since it was the weekend, Natalie brought her kids to a nearby shopping mall.

There was a gelato shop at the mall, which was very well-known for its rich and creamy texture.

As soon as they arrived, Sharon, the gelato-lover, had been quick to point the shop out to her mother.

Thus, they stood in line for twenty minutes before it was their turn.

Looking down at her daughter, Natalie asked, "Sharon, what flavor would you like?"

"Strawberry!" Sharon's reply was a little high-pitched. She could hardly contain her excitement at the prospect of getting to taste that sweet, creamy frozen dessert.

Natalie turned her attention to Connor next. "How about you, Connor?"

"I don't want anything. Heh... desserts are for girls." The little boy refused with a scornful sniff then walked off.

Standing at the side, he glanced around the mall in boredom. Just then, his gaze drifted to one of the boutique stores right across them.

Hang on... isn't that woman the one who bullied Mommy the other day?

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Being the mischievous little boy he was, one of Connor's eyebrows ticked upwards before a smirk curved his lips.

Looks like I'll get a chance to get revenge for Mommy!

Spinning around, he returned to his mother's side and lifted his head to look up at her. "Mommy, I change my mind. Can I get a chocolate gelato?"

Natalie, who was about to pay at the cashier, turned to look at Connor in surprise.

Her son was smiling at her innocently, his earlier scorn was nowhere to be seen.

Am I dreaming? Can pigs fly?

Nonetheless, Natalie bought another one for Connor and then questioned the two of them, "So where shall we go next?"

Ever since she launched her label, her time off work was extremely precious. Thus, she intended on spending the whole day with her lovely darlings.

"Let's take the train!" Sharon suggested eagerly. There was a small train that ran through the first floor of the shopping mall.

Connor did not seem to mind, so off they went to the train. But then halfway there, he suddenly stopped moving and said, "Mommy, I have to go to the restroom."

"Okay, go ahead then. We'll wait for you at the train," Natalie agreed without thinking much.

She was not at all worried about sending him off alone to the restrooms. Unlike most kids his age, Connor always had an excellent memory and was incredibly independent.

The restrooms at the mall were located quite a distance away from the train, and Connor knew that. That was exactly the reason he chose to head to the restroom at this time.

He walked for a bit before craning his neck to check if his mother was watching. Satisfied that she was not looking in his direction, he turned and ran off toward the boutique

he saw earlier.

"Wrap this up for me. That one too."

In the meantime, Jasmine was still browsing through the clothes in the high-end boutique store.

Since she was a very important customer, the saleswomen were busy catering to her every need and order. They were so occupied that nobody noticed a little boy had entered the store with an ice cream cone in his hand.

Right at that moment, Jasmine's attention was caught by a long lavender evening dress. It had a deep plunging neckline and a high slit. The dress was designed to hug a woman's curves in the right places while accentuating her best features, making her the center of attention. Staring at that dress, she could already imagine how striking she would look in it.

In addition to that, it just so happened that there was a dinner party she had to attend with Shane a few days later. Thus, it was a chance to showcase her alluring figure, and she would not miss it for the world.

If I wear that dress, Shane will definitely fall head over heels for me. It's impossible for him to miss that!

With that thought in mind, Jasmine hastily ordered one of the saleswomen to bring it to her as she could not wait to try it on.

At the same time, Connor was wandering around the boutique, looking for Jasmine. Finally, he spotted her among the sea of dresses after a few minutes.

By then, Jasmine had already changed into the evening gown. She was currently admiring herself in the mirror, completely unaware of the little boy standing behind her.

Remembering how rude this woman had been to his mother, Connor felt rage building in him. His brows furrowed deeply at the thought of it.

While she was distracted, he snuck closer and stopped at just the right distance from her.

Then, he deliberately raised his voice and shouted, "Ma'am, your dress is so pretty!"

The sudden shout from behind Jasmine startled her.

She instinctively whirled around to look. Unfortunately for her, her rapid and abrupt movement sent the hem of her evening dress smacking right into the ice cream cone in Connor's hand.

Quick to react, Connor grabbed the chance to loosen his grip on the cone.

Splat!

The gelato splattered on Jasmine's dress, instantly staining it with a huge splotch of brown.

"You brat!" Jasmine shrieked in fury when her beloved dress was ruined. However, when she got a closer look at the kid in front of her, she was utterly stunned.

Isn't he Natalie's son? What a small world it is!

"I'm so sorry, ma'am! I didn't mean to dirty your dress." Despite the apology that spilled from Connor's lips, there was no hint of remorse on his face at all.

On the contrary, he was frowning with his lips pursed tightly. It made him look eerily similar to Shane.

Gritting her teeth, Jasmine forced her anger aside and plastered a friendly smile on her face. She replied in as soft a tone as she could manage, "That's okay. I know you didn't do it on purpose."

Gazing at the woman in front of him, Connor was amazed that Jasmine could still smile at him after what he did.

His original plan was to piss her off so much that she embarrassed herself in public.

"But I messed up your dress! Aren't you angry?" He took a leaf out of Sharon's book and widened his eyes, blinking up at Jasmine innocently.

He made sure to appear as harmless and guileless as he could. After all, he had to play the part perfectly.

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Jasmine took Connor's words at face value. Ultimately, he was still a young boy, and there was no way he would try to trick her.

Right?

"Yeah, I'm not angry. I'm good friends with your Mommy. Is she around? Where is she?" Jasmine crouched down so she could be on eye level with Connor.

"Mommy didn't come with us." Connor was no fool. He did not believe this woman was his mother's best friend at all.

Upon hearing that Natalie was not around, Jasmine knew this was her chance.

"Then, did you come here with your Daddy?" As she spoke, she reached out to stroke his head. At the same time, she thought of using that opportunity to pluck his hair for a DNA test.

Yet, the moment her hand came close to him, he instantly backed away warily.

For a moment, Jasmine's hand hovered in mid-air before she let it drop.

From the gleam in her eyes, Connor could tell she was planning something. Hence, he played along, "Yeah, I'm here with Daddy."

Earlier, Jasmine had meant to test the waters with that question about his father. She did not expect he would answer in the affirmative, though.

Was my suspicion wrong?

Unable to contain her impatience any longer, she pressed, "What's your Daddy's name? Where is he?"

Connor took in the anxious yet eager expression on her face. Curiosity swelled in him right that instant. Maybe... Just maybe, he could use this chance to get some answers there and then.

"Ma'am, aren't you best friends with my Mommy? How could you not know who my Daddy is?" He tilted his head to the side adorably.

The smile on Jasmine's lips froze. After a few seconds of hesitation, she fibbed, "Oh, I didn't attend your Mommy's wedding."

Connor saw right through her obvious attempt as she lied because he knew his mother never had a wedding ceremony.

Still, her strange reactions led him to believe she knew more than she was letting on.

But he soon realized he had already been here a little too long. At this point, his mother was probably starting to worry about him.

Right then, an idea occurred to him, and he stated, "My Daddy is right outside. Let me bring him in here and introduce you!"

Then, he did not wait for Jasmine to give a response before dashing out.

After he left, Jasmine remained in that spot for two whole minutes. When Connor still did not return, she headed outside and looked around. There were a lot of people bustling to and fro, but the little boy was nowhere to be seen.

With her eyebrows scrunched in confusion, her gaze moved down to stare at the stain on her dress. Then, it dawned on her.

I've been tricked by a child! Ugh... That lil' brat!

Meanwhile, Connor hurried into the crowd. Worried that his mother would start to panic, his short legs pumped faster and faster.

As he turned a corner, he crashed right into someone.

"I'm sorry, mister!" Connor raised his head and apologized to the person in front of him.

At the sound of the young voice, Shane glanced down.

Something flickered through his eyes when his cold gaze landed on Connor's face.

At the same time, his thoughts were racing inside his mind. Why does his face look so familiar?

Behind him, Silas's mouth dropped open in shock. This little boy looks exactly like Mr. Shane!

Shane and Connor's eyes remained locked on each other for several seconds more. When the man made no move to berate him, Connor continued on his way.

At last, Shane snapped out of his stupor and strode off as if nothing had happened.

Connor suddenly stopped in his tracks and twisted his head to glance back. The tall man was nowhere to be seen.

On his way back to the train, he thought of that man and he wondered why he resembled him so much.

In the meantime, Shane headed back to Thompson Group after completing the inspection at the mall.

He leaned back against the car seats and stared out the window. Despite where he was looking, he was not registering the scenery outside at all. Instead, he found his thoughts focusing on the little boy from earlier...

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That little boy's facial features looked so much like his.

Shane was certain he had only ever slept with one woman all these years, and to his knowledge, that woman never had a child. Therefore, there was no way he had an illegitimate child out there.

From his position at the driver's seat, Silas was having the exact same thoughts. He turned his head slightly to glance at the back, noting the thoughtful frown on Shane's face.

He suggested, "Shall I investigate this matter, Mr. Shane?"

In truth, Silas had been having doubts about whether the woman who saved Shane five years ago was actually Jasmine. That was because he had discovered how she was a two-faced person with a vile heart. How could a woman like her possibly be kind enough to sacrifice herself to save someone else?

Upon hearing that, Shane eyed Silas but did not say anything in reply.

Although there were no words exchanged between the two, Silas understood that this meant Shane had given his permission.

And just like that, the day was over as quickly as it began.

By the time Natalie drove them back home, the twins had already fallen asleep on the backseats. They were curled up against each other, making an incredibly adorable sight.

With Joyce's help, Natalie was able to carry them back to their room.

Gazing down at her sound asleep children, warm bliss suffused over Natalie. She stifled a yawn and headed toward the shower to wash up. It was a long but delightful day with the kids, and she was glad to have spent the time with them.

When she finished her shower, it was already 9.30 p.m.

"Wine?" Natalie had only just flopped down on the couch when Joyce handed her a glass of red wine.

Smiling, Natalie accepted the glass. "You seem to be in a good mood."

Earlier that day, Joyce had been negotiating with a potential business partner. If everything went smoothly, Natalie's next season clothing line would be officially released to the market in J City.

Once that happened, the clothing brand they had both founded together – "Desire" would have its debut.

"Yeah. It's finally time for both of us to enjoy life." Joyce sat down beside Natalie and toasted her.

In the silence of the night, the clinking of their glasses rang out crisp and clear.

"Congratulations, Nat. Here's to enjoying the fruits of your labor."

"Thank you, my dear."

Four years ago, Natalie and Joyce met in a restaurant overseas.

At the time, life was difficult for Natalie. The only thing she could do was work as a waitress at a restaurant.

Meanwhile, Joyce was an exchange student who was dining at the same restaurant.

Due to the slow service, the two of them had gotten into a fight. But by some odd chance, they somehow became the best of friends after that argument.

For all these years, Natalie poured her heart out about everything to Joyce. Joyce knew everything about Natalie's past, including all the pain and suffering she went through. She was the Joey to her Chandler; and inseparable like salt and pepper. Joyce was there for Natalie through thick and thin. That was why she was truly happy about Natalie's achievements today.

I'm so proud of her. She's come a long way since then.

To Natalie, Joyce was the most thoughtful friend and best work partner that she could have. She felt extremely grateful and lucky to have someone like her in her life.

"Nat, now that phase one is complete, what are you going to do next?" Joyce asked.

"I have no idea." Natalie honestly did not have any plans for she didn't think that far ahead.

When she found out about her pregnancy five years ago, she was forced to live each day like it counted. That was also the reason she had grown into a woman who took her destiny into her own hands, forging her own success through sheer hard work.

But now that she had achieved success, she was at a loss for what to do next.

"Have you ever thought about finding the children's father?" Joyce abruptly questioned after a moment of silence.

Natalie blinked in surprise before shaking her head. "Nope."

The truth was that she dared not think about the identity of their father. After all, she had no idea who she slept with that night.

Realizing Natalie was seriously not considering it, the next sentence got stuck in Joyce's throat.

As a matter of fact, there were several occasions where Sharon asked Joyce about her father. Every single time, she did her best to evade the topic for Natalie's sake.

However, once the children grew a little older, it would be impossible to hide this from them anymore.

Ending the topic, the two women continued to drink while enjoying each other's company.

It took them to finish an entire bottle of red wine before Joyce remembered something. "By the way, I forgot to give this to you."

She got up, went to her room, and returned with an invitation card with gold embossed lettering on it.

"What is this?" Natalie took the card from her.