

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 61-65

Realizing that Natalie and her grandfather knew each other, Isabelle's heart skipped a beat. She immediately snatched Natalie's phone and tossed it to the ground.

Thud! The phone broke apart after hitting the floor.

Natalie looked at her phone, and her expression turned dark. "You..."

"Don't even think of complaining to my grandfather." With a smug face, Isabelle dusted off her hands after destroying Natalie's phone.

Natalie took in a deep breath, trying to suppress her anger. "Ms. Moore, do you think that you can solve all your problems just by destroying my phone? The one to purchase these fabrics is Thompson Group, and I'm just here to retrieve it in their stead. You are only shooting yourself in the foot by messing this up for me. Even if you're the eldest daughter of the Moore family, you can't run away from your punishment."

So this is what Jasmine has been plotting. Not only did she cause problems for me, but she also even manages to oppress her love rival, Isabelle. Jasmine did well by killing two birds with one stone.

What's even hilarious is that Isabelle, this idiot, fell into her trap. This poor woman was oblivious to everything, playing out according to Jasmine's script.

Taking in Natalie's words, Isabelle finally realized her mistake.

I-I actually went against the Thompsons.

Her heart sank immediately. She was soon consumed by fear as she regretted her actions.

"Mr. Lowe!" Isabelle clenched her fists while looking distressed.

The supervisor hurriedly ran toward Isabelle. "Yes, Ms. Moore."

"Quick! Get the fabric she wants back." Isabelle pointed at Natalie as she spoke.

"Huh? Get it back?" The supervisor had a confused look, as he thought he had misheard her commands.

Isabelle nodded. "What are doing? Get going!"

Isabelle's unreasonable demands troubled the supervisor. "But... Ms. Moore, the fabric was sent out a long time ago. They must already be in use, so how do we get it back?"

Isabelle stomped her foot angrily. "I don't care. You must get it back no matter what. Or else, I'll demote you and deduct your salary."

"I..." The supervisor grimaced, but he still followed her orders.

Isabelle heaved a sigh of relief and turned around to look at Natalie. "Hey, I've asked him to retrieve the fabric, so don't tell anyone about this, especially Mr. Shane. Do you hear me?"

Natalie ignored her and bent down to pick up her broken phone.

There are many old photos on this phone.

Now that it's broken, will I be able to get them back?

Seeing as Natalie remained silent, Isabelle didn't bother to waste her breath and ruffled her newly dyed hair. "I'll just take that as a yes. So, you better kept this as a secret. Betray me and you'll see!"

Grabbing her designer handbag, Isabelle walked away after threatening Natalie.

Staring into her back, Natalie pursed her lips, harboring hatred in her eyes.

I've given you too many chances on account of Mr. Moore, Isabelle.

Since you took it for granted and behaved arrogantly, I shall teach you a lesson. Otherwise, you will only do whatever you like to me, even if it means using dirty tricks against me.

Natalie narrowed her eyes and went to look for the supervisor. "Mr. Lowe, there's no need to retrieve the fabric anymore."

The supervisor froze for a while and asked, "Ms. Smith, what do you mean by that?"

"It means I don't want the fabric anymore," Natalie said coldly.

"You don't want it anymore? Ms. Smith, our men are currently getting it back. Why did you change your mind suddenly?" The supervisor was dumbfounded, but anxiety soon overwhelmed him.

Natalie scoffed. "You're asking me that? The Thompson Group will use those fabrics for our show next month. Yet, without asking for our permission, you gave it to other companies. Aren't you guys disrespecting the Thompson Group?"

The supervisor tried to explain in a panic. "No. It's not like that... We were only following Ms. Moore's orders, so..."

Before the supervisor could finish his words, Natalie raised her hand. "That's it! Mr. Lowe, there's no use in wasting your breath. I only know that you guys disregarded the Thompson Group."

Natalie turned around and left with her bag as she finished her sentence.

She was doing this to protect Thompson Group's dignity as well as teaching Isabelle a lesson on behalf of Alfred.

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Knowing Shane's personality, he would call off the collaboration with the Moore Group, and Isabelle would be the one to blame for this.

I hope Isabelle will learn her lesson and stop causing me troubles. I'm not scared. I just find it irritating.

By the time Natalie returned to the Thompson Group, it was already two in the afternoon.

She went straight to Shane's office and told him everything, except the fact that Jasmine was behind all of this because she had no proof.

"I got it. You did great." After listening to Natalie's description of the incident, Shane pursed his lips while his gaze turned cold.

I didn't think that the wise Alfred would have a granddaughter this foolish.

How ridiculous!

"Mr. Shane, should we choose another fabric supplier?" Natalie asked softly while looking at the man in front of her who was emanating an aura as cold as ice.

Lifting his chin, Shane announced, "Yes. There are a few textile mills' contacts and information in the procurement department. I'll leave it to you to look into them."

Natalie nodded. "Yes, Mr. Shane. I'll be off now."

After Natalie left the room, Shane called for Silas, and his tone was ice cold. "Inform everyone that we'll stop our collaboration with the Moore Group from now on."

"Yes, Mr. Shane." Although Silas was surprised at Shane's sudden declaration, he didn't question the matter any further and just followed the orders given to him.

Very quickly, the fashion company and textile mill of the Moore Group received news about the Thompson Group terminating the contracts between them.

The shares of the Moore Group were badly hit as a result.

As soon as the news broke out, Alfred hurriedly contacted Shane to inquire the reason for terminating the contract. In response, Shane told him to ask his granddaughter and hung up.

At that moment, Alfred knew her granddaughter had offended Shane, so he ordered his butler to look into what Isabelle did that day.

Soon, the butler came back to Alfred with information regarding the incident in the textile mill.

Alfred was fuming with anger when he learnt about his granddaughter's actions. The latter was grounded as a result. He quickly called up Natalie after that.

Natalie looked at the name on her phone screen and answered the call with ease.

When she decided to teach Isabelle a lesson, she knew Alfred would call her.

"Alfred." Natalie put her new phone by her ear and greeted him politely.

Alfred said apologetically, "Nat, I'm sorry about the matter at the textile mill. I must've spoilt my granddaughter rotten."

Natalie lowered her gaze. "I thought you're going to blame me for it."

Alfred laughed and said, "Why would I blame you for that? I may be old, but I can tell my granddaughter's the one at fault. If I were you, I wouldn't accept the fabric either. Both you and Shane did nothing wrong."

Natalie asked, "How about the collaboration?"

Alfred sighed. "Since they ended the contract, just let it be. This is a chance to teach Belle a lesson and remind her to behave nicely because she might lead the Moore family to its demise if she doesn't."

Natalie could feel Alfred's affection for his granddaughter, and she was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

Isabelle has such a caring grandfather. It was no wonder she's so unreasonable and arrogant, as she was doted on all the time.

After the call ended, Natalie kept her cell phone while the head of the procurement department took some documents to her. "Ms. Smith, these are the information about the other textile mills in J City. I've listed them down. Please take a look."

"Okay, thank you." Natalie smiled and took the documents over.

After flipping through the documents, she picked out three mills and decided to meet with the supervisors to finalize the fabric needed.

After all, she had finished the design of the clothes, so it was time to choose the fabric. Or else she wouldn't make it in time for the fashion show.

Natalie left the procurement department with the folder in her arm.

By the time she was done with everything, it was already five in the evening.

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Natalie stood by the road, trying to hail for a cab, but none passed by.

Initially, she planned to pick up her kids from the kindergarten because she thought she could make it back to the city within an hour. However, at this rate, it seemed quite impossible.

Left without a choice, Natalie could only call the teacher and ask the latter's help in sending the kids home.

Two hours later, Natalie finally returned to her apartment.

As she was unlocking the door after removing her shoes, she yelled in the bedroom's direction, "Connor, Sharon, Mommy's back."

Natalie frowned when she received no response from the kids.

What's going on? Where are my kids?

They would normally welcome me when I get back home. So why are they not doing that today?

"Connor? Sharon?" Natalie shouted their names as she ran toward their bedroom and opened the door.

The room was dark, and it didn't seem like someone was here.

Natalie immediately switched on the lights and scanned around the room. As expected, there wasn't anyone around.

Her heart raced and she started panicking. To her disappointment, she couldn't find her kids anywhere in the house after checking every room.

My kids are missing!

Natalie's body froze as she swayed slightly, nearly fainting.

Taking in a few deep breaths, she forced herself to calm down and took out her phone to call the police.

Just when she was about to tap the dial button, she heard some movements and noise coming from the entrance.

Natalie concentrated on the noise, and she found out it was her kids' voices. Overjoyed, she ran toward the entrance and opened the door.

"Mommy, you're back." Seeing Natalie at the door, both Connor and Sharon's faces lit up with joy.

Natalie was silent for a moment before lunging forward and took both of them into a warm embrace.

"Mommy, what's wrong?" Connor noticed his mother was trembling and exchanged glances with Sharon.

Natalie let go of her kids and scolded them while her eyes reddened with tears. "You two little rascals! Mommy was so worried and scared after discovering you guys weren't home. I almost called the police!"

The twins knew they were in the wrong, and they lowered their heads. "We're sorry, Mommy."

Listening to their genuine apology, Natalie's heart softened while she calmed herself down. "Now tell me. Where did you guys go?"

Why does Connor look so pale? Is it because of the lights?

Sharon replied, "We were at Mr. Shane's house."

Connor nodded, too.

"Mr. Shane?" Natalie lifted her head and saw Shane standing behind the kids.

"Mr. Shane, why are you with Connor and Sharon?" Natalie stood up and greeted him.

"When I came back, I saw the two of them downstairs, so I brought them to my apartment." Shane leaned on the wall and replied indifferently.

Sharon held her hand up and drew a big circle in the air. "Mommy, Mr. Shane is so nice. He treated us to delicious food and took us out for a stroll."

"Yeah. We're just back from a walk." Connor nodded in agreement.

"Oh, I see. Mr. Shane, thank you for taking care of my kids." Natalie led the kids to bow at Shane.

"Don't mention it. But why did you return so late?" Shane lifted his gaze to look at her and spoke in a slightly displeased tone.

How careless can she be? Leaving her kids alone at home. What if they got into danger?

Naturally, Natalie was unaware of Shane's worries. In response, she smiled awkwardly and explained, "I went to three different textile mills this afternoon, so I came home late."

Shane pursed his lips. "There's no need for you to go there by yourself. Leave it to the procurement team."

"It's okay. Project Rebirth is very important to me. If I don't review every stage by myself, I'll be worried." Natalie tucked her hair behind her ears.

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Shane furrowed his eyebrows slightly as his eyes dimmed.

The kids were whispering to each other. Suddenly, Connor grimaced in pain as he clutched his stomach and vomited.

“Connor!” Sharon was just beside Connor, and it shocked her when she saw her brother vomiting.

Natalie turned to look at her son, and she was shocked. She inched closer to Connor with an anxious expression, and her voice was trembling. “Baby, are you okay?”

Connor didn’t reply and continued to vomit.

Shane walked toward them and crouched down in front of Connor with a tensed look. Touching Connor’s face and forehead, he lowered his voice. “His body is cold, and he’s breaking out in cold sweat. We must take him to the hospital now.”

Shane carried Connor in his arms without hesitation and dashed to the lift.

Natalie saw that and quickly dragged Sharon to catch up with them.

Sharon sobbed. “Mommy, will Connor be okay?”

“Of course. Your brother is a superman. He will be okay.” Natalie forced herself to smile in a bid to comfort her daughter, but the worry in her eyes was painfully clear.

On the way to the hospital, Connor stopped vomiting, but he was trembling.

As his trembling intensified, Natalie was worried he would bite his tongue, so she quickly took out a handkerchief and stuffed it into his mouth.

“Mr. Shane!” Natalie hugged Connor tightly and screamed at Shane, begging for his help while her eyes were red with tears.

“I got this.” Shane took a glance in the rearview mirror and focused his eyes on the road. Gripping the steering wheel tightly, he pressed down hard onto the accelerator.

Soon, they reached the hospital.

Connor was sent to the emergency room, while Natalie and Sharon waited nervously outside the room.

After registering Connor's name at the counter, Shane came to her and waited patiently. "Don't worry. Connor will be fine."

Natalie shook her head as she sobbed. "How can I not worry about him? Connor has never been ill before. But now he's ill. I..."

She choked up before she could finish her sentence. Squatting on the ground, she started crying her heart out.

Looking at her mother's pained expression, Sharon cried together with her.

Shane's heart felt tight after seeing the mother and daughter cried together in front of him.

Just when he was going to comfort the duo, the light outside the emergency room went off suddenly.

Shane squinted his eyes and went up to the doctor. He asked in a low voice, "How is the kid?"

"Doctor, is my son alright?" Natalie immediately stood up and wiped her tears while she dashed toward the doctor.

"He's fine now." The doctor took off his face mask.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Natalie broke into a smile while Shane's knitted eyebrows finally relaxed.

After hearing the good news, Sharon jumped up happily.

"Doctor, what is wrong with my son?" Natalie wanted to find out what illness was Connor suffering from.

"Acute gastritis. As his parents, you guys will have to be mindful of this." With that, the doctor walked past them.

"Gastritis... But how did he get gastritis?" Natalie was confused, as she had always been mindful of the food she gave her kids.

"I'll ask the nurse at the laboratory." Shane patted on her shoulders.

After he left, Connor was sent to a general ward.

Sharon was tired from all the crying, and she fell asleep. Natalie laid her down beside Connor on the bed.

She sat on the sofa while staring at the hospital beds and the figures of her kids sleeping soundly, overwhelmed with guilt.

A few hours ago, she had noticed Connor's pale expression. However, she thought it was because of the light.

I have failed as a mother!

While she was deep in her thoughts, the door suddenly opened. Shane walked into the room and handed her a report. "Connor's gastritis was triggered by seafood."

"Seafood? I never fed him seafood." Natalie froze for a while and frowned.

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"It was me. I treated them with seafood. I'm sorry. I didn't know this would make Connor sick." Shane lowered his gaze.

So this is the reason!

Natalie smiled bitterly. "It's not your fault, Mr. Shane."

Knowing my kids, Connor must be the one who requested for seafood.

Besides, Shane helped me a lot tonight, so I can't push all the fault onto him.

"I'll take the responsibility no matter what, as Connor is sick because of me." Shane took off his coat, which was stained with Connor's vomit, and sat beside Natalie.

Natalie rubbed her face. "Mr. Shane, it's late, so you should go back home now. Sorry for wasting your time. When Connor recovers, I'll thank you properly."

"It's alright. I'll stay here and help you look after Sharon in case Connor has to do a medical checkup later. It's better than leaving her alone in the ward, isn't it?" Shane turned to look at her.

Natalie opened her mouth, but she couldn't think of anything to refute his words.

Yeah. We are in the hospital, after all. There is a lot of people moving around freely here. What if Sharon got kidnapped by somebody?

Upon thinking of that, Natalie accepted Shane's suggestion to stay. The both of them sat on the sofa quietly and looked after the kids.

Time flew by, and it was already past midnight.

Natalie started yawning, as she was getting quite tired.

Shane put down his cell phone and swept a glance at her. "Go request for a bed at the counter. I'll look after them."

"No. Connor's not awake yet, so I mustn't sleep." Natalie took a deep breath and replied listlessly.

"It's up to you." Shane turned his gaze to his cell phone again and read through the reports.

But before he could finish reading the report, his shoulders felt heavy suddenly.

His hand froze as he turned to look at Natalie. She was sleeping soundly with her head leaning on his shoulder.

Shane's gaze wavered for a bit, and his back stiffened. It was obvious he wasn't used to having close contact with other people.

"Wake up." He lifted his hand and nudged Natalie slightly to wake her up.

However, Natalie only hummed in reply and continued to sleep.

Shane pursed his lips.

Hmmph! She said she won't sleep, but look at this!

Forget it. Her son got sick because of me, so I'll let it go.

Bearing the thought in his mind, he placed his hand back on his cell phone.

The screen of the cell phone was still on, displaying the reports, but he couldn't focus. The scent of a woman's body invaded his nose and messed up his mind.

He pinched his nose bridge as he tried to clear his mind to ignore the odd feeling in his heart before turning off his cell phone.

The next morning, Shane woke up from a phone call.

He opened his eyes and answered the call after taking a glance at the phone screen. "Wait for me at the entrance. I'll go see you."

With that, he hung up and lifted Natalie's head from his shoulder. Then he placed her head gently on the armrest of the sofa and walked away despite feeling stiff in one side of his body.

Immediately after he left, Natalie woke up.

She scanned her surroundings, and her eyes were wide opened after she came to her senses.

"Connor!" Natalie couldn't care less about her sore neck as she stood up hurriedly and rushed to her son's side. Touching his forehead, she was relieved when Connor's body temperature had returned to normal.

"Mommy..." At that moment, Sharon rubbed her eyes and sat up on the hospital bed.

Natalie turned to look at her daughter. "You're awake?"

"Yes, Mommy. Why isn't Connor waking up?" Sharon nodded before looking at her brother with a worried look.

"Maybe it's because of the medicine. He'll wake up soon." Natalie sorted her stuffs as she got ready to go buy breakfast.

