

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 91 - 95

Shane looked deeply at her for a while and said slowly, "Isn't he the father of your two children?"

"The father of my two... haha!" Finally, Natalie couldn't help it anymore; she cracked up.

When Shane saw her laughing hysterically, he frowned slightly. "What are you laughing at?"

Natalie rubbed away the tears from laughing. "Mr. Shane, who said Mr. Sean is the father of my two kids?"

It is you!

Shane digested the information silently and did not respond, but deep down he was exceedingly astounded.

So Sean is not the father.

Who is their father, then?

As if she could read his mind, Natalie softly sighed. "Mr. Shane, why do you think Mr. Sean is the father of my kids?"

Shane lowered his gaze to hide his drifting emotions. "It's just a guess. That day at the conference room, Sean said that you knew each other years ago. Besides, he has abandoned you, so..."

"He made that up." Natalie cut him off.

Shane was startled. "He made that up?"

"Yes. That day was only my second day knowing Mr. Sean. So all this talk about knowing each other for years and him abandoning me are a bunch of nonsense."

Shane's expression darkened and the air surrounding him became ice cold. "So you spent the night with Sean right after the two of you met?"

"No, I didn't." Natalie shook her head.

Shane sneered coldly. "If so, how do you explain the scar on your neck?"

"Scar?" She was astonished but immediately came to her senses and tapped her forehead. "He pinched me."

"What happened?" Shane's thin lips curled downwards and asked quietly.

Natalie then told him all about how she met Sean.

Shane was left stunned after hearing her entire account of events.

He could see that she was not lying.

So everything was my misunderstanding?

Thinking about this, he looked down. "I'm sorry."

"It's alright." Natalie waved; she was unbothered.

It was understandable for others to have misinterpreted that large bruise on her neck at the time.

Shane warned her with a concerned look, "If you don't have anything to do with Sean, it's better that you stay away from him. He's not a good person."

"I know." Natalie agreed.

Shane was now considerably more relaxed. "I will send someone to protect Connor and Sharon."

"No need for that, Mr. Shane. If need be, I will send them overseas to my mother." Natalie declined his sincere offer.

Although he felt uncomfortable with her reply, he did not say more.

The children are hers—it's up to her to make arrangements for them. I don't have the right to doubt.

At that moment, the nurse from the hospital came to remind Natalie that it was time for Shane's dialysis checkup.

Carefully, Natalie unlatched Shane's hospital bed from its rail and pushed him to the dialysis room together with the nurse.

Shane managed to recover well after a few days. Although he was still unable to stand and walk, he could already sit up.

Therefore, he insisted on getting discharged. However, since Silas and Natalie could not persuade him to stay, they arranged for his hospital discharge and returned to the country.

As soon as the plane landed, Shane ordered Silas to announce the news of his injury publicly.

At once, some rejoiced while others were worried.

As soon as Natalie returned to her Thompson Group office, she headed straight to the design department.

Before she could sit down, however, Jasmine came over with a murderous look and pounded her hands on Natalie's table. "How dare you hurt Shane!"

Natalie raised her eyebrows. "Ms. Jasmine, you are wrong. I didn't hurt Mr. Shane—he was injured from trying to save me. Please don't shift the blame on me. Those who slander are evil at heart."

Jasmine did not expect Natalie to see through her tactics so quickly. Her expression was distorted for a while. "So what if he was hurt while saving you? It was still because of you."

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"What then? What do you want to do?" Natalie looked at Jasmine.

Leaning closer to her, Jasmine lowered her voice and clenched her teeth. "I want you to leave both Thompson Group and Shane. You will only cause him trouble if you stay!"

"What if I say no?" Crossing her arms together, Natalie said with a half-smile.

I will leave, of course, but not now.

Besides, I also don't want to promise Jasmine so easily.

Jasmine smiled wryly upon hearing Natalie's words. "No? If I reveal the truth about how Shane got hurt, do you think that the Thompsons and those in the company who support him will let you off the hook?"

I finally have the chance to chase Natalie away without using any means—I'd better seize this opportunity!

Nevertheless, Natalie was utterly unruffled. She calmly stroked her smooth and wavy hair. "Tell them, then. We'll see if the Thompsons and the elders in the company will deal with me before Mr. Shane deals with you!"

"You..." Jasmine was so enraged that she choked on her words.

Natalie pulled a chair and sat down. "Ms. Jasmine, do you have anything else to say? If not, please leave. I need to work now!"

Without even glancing at Jasmine, Natalie turned on her laptop.

Jasmine looked sullenly at Natalie's back and left with a snort.

Shaking her head sarcastically, Natalie clicked on the official website of the Golden Feather Awards to check on the competition's status.

When she saw that Jasmine emerged from the top 16 elimination round in first place, her eyes grew dimmer and a smirk formed on her face.

Right after that, she minimized the window and logged onto a private social media network. She uploaded a few designs from her files, erased her browsing history, and logged out of the website before resuming her work.

In the afternoon, Natalie got off work and went to a supermarket near the office to buy various types of mushrooms. She then took a cab to Joyce's place to pick up the children.

Her children were overjoyed to see their mother and rushed to cuddle with her. After a while, the three of them said goodbye to Joyce and returned to the apartment.

"Mommy, what are all these mushrooms for?" Connor asked curiously when he saw Natalie take out the ribs.

Natalie smiled and replied, "I want to make some soup for Mr. Shane. He hurt himself while saving me—I need to express my gratitude towards him."

Since Shane had already returned to the country, she no longer needed to keep her promise to Silas.

"Ah, I see." Connor nodded in acknowledgment.

Natalie stroked his head. "Go and play with your sister. Mommy is going to cook now."

"Okay," Connor responded and ran to his room to look for Sharon.

After seeing that the kids' bedroom door had closed, Natalie smiled and went to the kitchen.

The doorbell rang just as she finished cooking.

Natalie dried her hands on her apron and opened the main door. To her surprise, Stanley was standing at the doorway and smiling at her warmly. "Hi, Nat."

"Stanley, why are you here?" Natalie was wide-eyed.

Stanley took out his phone and waved it. "Have you forgotten? We spoke on the phone a few days ago and I told you that I was coming back."

"No, I didn't forget, but you didn't say you would be back today. Why didn't you ask me to pick you up?" Natalie closed the door behind them after welcoming Stanley into her apartment.

Stanley took off his shoes. "I wanted to surprise you. Oh, these are presents for Connor and Sharon."

He handed her the two bags as he spoke.

Natalie was not shy around him, either. She took them and said, "Thanks, Stanley."

"It's nothing." Stanley waved and looked around the living room. "Where are the two kids?"

"In the room." Natalie put down the bags and asked him to sit. "I will call them; it's time to eat."

"Let me do that." Instead of sitting down, he headed to their bedroom.

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While Stanley was with the children, Natalie went back to the kitchen to bring out the food.

The two children went for a shower after finishing their dinner while Natalie and Stanley washed dishes in the kitchen.

Stanley looked at the thermal food jar beside the sink. "Is this..."

Natalie passed him a clean bowl. "Mushroom soup. I made it for Mr. Shane."

"For Shane?" Stanley took a slight pause from drying the dishes. Behind his glasses, his eyes gave off an inconspicuous glint.

Without noticing it, Natalie passed another bowl to him. "That's right."

The warm smile on Stanley's face faded. "I heard that Mr. Shane has been injured. Do you care about him this much to make soup for him?"

Natalie's hands slipped and nearly smashed the bowl she was holding. She lowered her gaze and replied guiltily, "Who said I care about him? I did this for a reason."

Stanley knew she didn't mean what she said.

He understood she probably had feelings for Shane. His pupils dilated immediately at this thought, and his usually gentle countenance turned a little fierce.

Quickly enough, all the emotions disappeared and revert to normalcy as if nothing had happened.

"Really?" He responded, smiling half-heartedly. Then, he asked casually, "Nat, do you know who am I operating on this time?"

"Yeah, some close acquaintance of Dr. Baker and Mr. Shane," Natalie answered, washing the last bowl.

Stanley took over the bowl and slowly wiped it dry. "You're wrong. They are very closely related. Her name is Jacqueline Graham; she was the princess of the Graham Group. Ten years ago she was involved in a car accident and her body became very frail. Sadly, she fell into a coma seven years ago."

"So it was her!" After listening to his introduction, Natalie was reminded of her.

Graham Group was a major corporation at J City. Unfortunately, it went bankrupt ten years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Graham passed away successively, leaving their only daughter behind.

News about the girl disappeared after the Grahams' funeral. Heaven knows she was in a vegetative state!

"Mr. Shane and Ms. Graham were childhood sweethearts; they had been very close friends since they were young. If not for that car accident, they might already have been married." Stanley glanced sideways at Natalie as he spoke.

Natalie was stunned. "Married?"

"Yeah. I heard that Mr. Shane loved Ms. Graham dearly. When she was in a coma, he never gave up finding the best hypnotists in the world to wake her up. Finally, just a month ago, he succeeded." Stanley placed the dishes into the cupboard after drying them.

Natalie gaped in surprise. "Did you say Ms. Graham is awake?"

Stanley adjusted his glasses slightly. "She is, but she has a tumor in her brain so I've been asked to operate on her. I believe that when Ms. Graham recovers, Mr. Shane will call off the engagement with the Smiths and marry her. She is his true love, after all."

True love...

Upon hearing these two words, Natalie felt stabbed in the heart. It hurt.

Glancing at her pale face, Stanley's lips curled up in satisfaction, but only for a split second. "Anyway, it's late now. I should get going, Nat."

"Alright, I'll see you out." Natalie forced a smile and saw him out the door.

After Stanley left, Natalie went back to the living room in a melancholic state and started daydreaming on the sofa.

She always knew that although Shane and Jasmine were engaged, he did not love her. For some reason, however, he did not cancel the engagement with her.

Now she knew why. It was because he loved a woman and was merely using Jasmine as a placeholder fiancée. When Ms. Graham is back, Jasmine will have to give up her place. Poor Jasmine! Natalie was even beginning to feel sorry for Jasmine.

"Mommy." While in her thoughts, Connor came out of the room.

Natalie came back to her senses and looked at him. "What's wrong, my dear?"

Connor asked about his godfather. "Has Uncle Stanley left yet?"

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"Yeah, he's just left. Where's your sister?" Natalie asked.

Connor climbed onto the sofa and leaned his head on her. "Sharon fell asleep. Mommy, I want to ask you a question."

"Go ahead. Mommy will answer as best as I can." Natalie kissed her son's forehead.

Connor stared at her with those same dark eyes as Shane's. "Mommy, who is our daddy?"

Natalie did not see this coming from him. She bit her lips and went silent for a while.

Judging from her expression, Connor tugged at her sleeves. "Mommy, you do know, right?"

Natalie nodded. "Mommy knows, but Mommy won't tell you guys."

"Why not?" Connor could not understand.

Natalie sighed. "It is because your daddy has a fiancée and will have a new family very soon. He will then have other children—do you still want to know now?"

Connor's lips moved briefly, but his bright eyes finally turned dim and he shook his head.

Natalie hugged him in her arms. "Honey, why did you ask about this?"

Connor sniffed and almost sobbed as he replied, "Because the kids at the kindergarten said Sharon and I have no daddy. They even said that Mommy is shameless to be pregnant before marriage."

"What?" Natalie was instantly livid and her gentle demeanor turned intimidating.

"Honey, why didn't you tell Mommy sooner?" Natalie's eyes reddened and swelled with tears.

Connor tightened his tiny fists and replied, "Because I didn't want you to be upset."

He and Sharon had originally made a promise to themselves that they would never tell their mother about this.

However, the kindergarten had organized a family event for the coming weekend, in which children would visit the park with their moms and dads. Aside from Connor and Sharon, all other kids in school would be accompanied by both parents.

That was why Connor could not help asking his question tonight.

Natalie felt incredibly guilty. "I'm sorry, my dear. I'm so sorry..."

She had no clue that her children went through this kind of pain.

It must have been the adults who taught these ugly words to their kids. Still, she would not let these people go when she found out who they were!

The next day, knowing about the kindergarten family event and remembering how Connor longed for a father, Natalie took a deep breath and knocked on Shane's office door.

"Come in!" Shane's cold voice came from inside.

Natalie pushed the door open and entered. "Mr. Shane, do you have time this weekend?"

"Why?" Shane put down the file in his hand and looked at her.

Natalie tightened her fists and mustered her courage. "The thing is, Connor and Sharon's kindergarten is having a family event this weekend. You know about our situation, so..."

"So you want me to attend as their father?" Shane raised his eyebrows slightly; he immediately understood what she meant.

"Yes." Natalie nodded.

Shane's slender fingers tapped lightly on his office desk. "Why me? Don't you have a Dr. Quinn by your side?"

Natalie rubbed her nose. "Stanley is busy."

Upon hearing this, Shane's expression became sullen at once.

So she only came to me just because she couldn't find anyone else?

Shane was vexed when he thought about that. When he was about to refuse her request, a lazy voice came from the door. "You should come to me about this matter."

Hmm?

Natalie turned her head around.

Holding a file, Sean walked in leisurely and stopped next to her.

"Mr. Sean," Natalie greeted him politely.

Sean first glanced at Shane dully before shifting his gaze on Natalie. "I heard everything just now. You want to find your kids a dad for the family event. What if I go instead?"

He pointed at himself.

Shane scowled but said nothing. He only looked at Natalie to see how she would respond.

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Natalie did not disappoint Shane. She bowed apologetically to Sean. "Thank you, Mr. Sean. It won't be necessary, though."

Seeing how simply she declined his offer, a flash of fury crossed Sean's eyes but disappeared at once. "Why not? There's not much difference between Shane and me, right?"

"Yes, there is." Natalie turned around and looked at Shane. "My son resembles Mr. Shane more. I won't have to worry about others doubting that he's the father."

This is true!

Shane's thin lips curled up subconsciously. His mood improved somehow because of her words.

Sean could not stand Shane having the upper hand. He lowered his gaze to hide the fierceness in his eyes and jeered, "What's so great about looking alike? There must be games during the family event. Since Shane is still physically inconvenient, he can't take part in them so he might as well not go!"

"Uh..." Natalie staggered.

He's right; I have totally forgotten about this.

Sensing that Sean had persuaded Natalie, Shane's gaze turned cold and he stood up from his wheelchair. "I accept your request."

"But, Mr. Shane, you are still hurt..." Natalie bit her red lips. Although she was delighted that he had agreed, she was still worried about him.

Sean gave his glasses a nudge and said, "That's right, Shane. You should recover from your injury first. What if something happens to you? Wouldn't you be troubling Natalie?"

However, Shane was unmoved by him. He looked at Natalie and replied softly, "I'm okay as long as I stay away from strenuous activities. Alright, you may leave now. I will get in touch with you this weekend."

Since he had given his order, Natalie could only obey. She thanked him and left.

After she left, Sean stopped pretending and revealed his true colors. He jeered slyly, "Wow, Shane, I can't believe you care about this woman so much. For her sake, you are even willing to be her kids' father. If I tell Jasmine about this, do you think she'll go and trouble Natalie?"

Hearing this, Shane's eyes narrowed. One could even sense the frigidness reflecting off his dark pupils. "I'm warning you, Sean—you'd better not come up with anything funny."

Sean sneered, "What if I say no? What can you do to me?"

"You can try." Shane meant business.

Sean stared at him for a while and smiled suddenly. "Look at you. I was just kidding! Don't take it so seriously. Alright, alright. This is the information you need."

Sean handed the file to him.

Shane did not accept it.

Sean was not irritated. Instead, he shrugged, placed the file on his table, and left.

Meanwhile, Silas entered with a thermal food jar in hand.

Having sat down again in his wheelchair, Shane looked at the jar and frowned slightly. "Why are you bringing that in here?"

"Mr. Shane, Ms. Smith handed me this just now. She said she made you mushroom soup; it is nutritious and will help with your body's recovery." Silas answered.

"Natalie made me soup?" He was overwhelmed with a warm feeling which words could not express.

Silas placed the food jar in front of him. "Mr. Shane, would you like some?"

Shane did not reply.

Thinking Shane did not want it, Silas reached out to retrieve the jar.

When Silas was about to touch it, he pouted his lips and barked in a lowered tone, "What are you doing?"

"I'm just trying to return this to Ms. Smith!" Silas replied innocently.

Shane glared at him icily. "Did I say so? Put this in the fridge for now and heat it up for lunch."

"...Yes, Sir!" Silas responded as he gave the corners of his mouth a twitch.

Geez, why didn't you just say so earlier?

You're confusing me!

Shane had the mushroom soup during lunchtime.

The soup, having been made from multiple varieties of mushrooms, was fragrant and rich in flavors. It was evident that much effort had gone into its preparation.

Shane ended up finishing everything in the jar.

He then passed the empty container to Silas to return it to Natalie.

Silas found Natalie eating at the staff cafeteria.

He gave Natalie the thermal food jar. "Ms. Smith, Mr. Shane wanted me to thank you for the soup. He said it was delicious."