

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 266

Silas gazed at Natalie and stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Mr. Shane, Ms. Smith seems to be avoiding you don't you think? Could it be because you rejected her question yesterday?"

Shane didn't say anything, but he pinched his lips tightly.

A while later, he stuck his hands into his pocket and made for the building entrance too.

Silas hurried after him immediately.

When they arrived at the meeting room, Shane stood at the front and swept a glance around the room with his deep eyes. He was determined to find Natalie among the dozens of people in suits.

Natalie was seated in a corner among the last row of seats. She had a notebook in front of her and a fountain pen wedged between her fingers as she scribbled down the plans for next season's textiles.

Suddenly, a young man came up to her and sat down next to her. With a charming smile on his face, he tried to strike up a conversation with her. "Hey, Miss! Do you want to go out for coffee with me after this meeting?"

"No, thanks!" Natalie frowned, a look of annoyance appearing on her face.

The man didn't seem to have heard her. Placing his arm on the back of her chair, he continued, "Don't be so quick to turn me down! I know a café that has the most romantic setting. They even hold performances there sometimes! What do you think?"

Natalie pursed her lips. His chatter was starting to annoy her. She reached into her bag and took out her earphones, which she promptly plugged into her ears. Ignoring him, she went back to writing in her notebook.

The man seemed very affronted by her actions, proceeding to rudely reach out and yank the earphones out of her ears.

At that moment, someone grabbed his arm to stop him, pulling the man out of his seat.

Shane gazed at the man murderously, a look of pure anger in his eyes. Coldly, he demanded, "What do you think you're trying to do?"

"Let go of me! It hurts!" the man yelled as his face contorted in pain.

However, Shane displayed no signs of mercy and had no intentions of letting him go. His grip around the man's arm tightened.

At the commotion, the entire room fell into silence. Everyone looked over to see what was going on.

Natalie gaped open-mouthed at the scene next to her. She was right beside them, after all, so even with her earphones on, she could hear the scuffle. When she saw Shane grab the man by his arm, she had already yanked the earphones out of her ears in shock.

"Mr. Shane, you..."

Before she could finish speaking, Shane turned to the man and ordered again, "Speak! What were you trying to do to her?"

The man burst into tears as he apologized. "I—I was wrong, alright? I shouldn't have tried to strike up a conversation with this lady. My apologies..."

He could tell from Natalie's words that Shane held an important position in the company. The man regretted his actions immensely.

If he had known that talking to this lady would evoke the fury of this Lucifer, he would never have sidled up to her at all.

Natalie felt extremely stunned by the man's words.

Was Shane so angry because this man had tried flirting with me?

Natalie clapped her hands over her mouth in shock. As she gazed at the icy expression on Shane's face, she felt a complicated mix of emotions within her.

Whenever she made up her mind to leave him, he always found a way to barge back into her life and leave a deep impression on her again. Then, her heart would skip a beat, and she would fall for him all over again.

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, another shriek of pain from the man shook her out of her reverie. His face was white, and sweat had started beading on his brows. Natalie couldn't help but exclaim, "Mr. Shane, let go of him!"

She didn't do that out of kindness. After all, besides harassing her a little, the man hadn't really harmed her in any other way.

That little bit of pain should have taught him a lesson.

Shane looked deeply at her for a few moments before he flung the man's hand away from him. "Get lost!"

The moment his arm was free, the man fled the meeting room without another word. Natalie didn't see him at other meetings for the rest of the afternoon.

Shane fished around in his pockets as though he was looking for something.

However, he frowned as he couldn't seem to find it.

Natalie realized what he was probably searching for. She took out a pack of wet tissues from her bag and handed it to him.

As he gazed at the wet tissues she was offering him, Shane stopped frowning a little. He opened the pack of tissues and took out a piece, which he used to wipe his hands.

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Natalie bowed slightly. "Thanks for your help, Mr. Shane."

Shane flung the used tissue onto the table. "No problem. If you meet this sort of person again, just make them go away."

"I know. Unfortunately, this is a meeting room. If I did that, the other party might have caused a scene. If it turned into a full-fledged argument, I would've left an awful impression

of my company. That was why I held in my temper. If this happened elsewhere, however, I would have unleashed my anger on him straight away,” Natalie replied, smiling slightly.

Shane expressed his agreement. Sticking his hands into his pockets again, he sat down next to her.

Natalie noticed that he had sat down on the man’s seat, which was right next to hers. She pursed her lips again. Picking up her notebook, she got up and went to sit elsewhere.

Seeing this, Shane’s face clouded over. Narrowing his eyes, he asked, “Where are you going?”

Natalie stopped in her tracks. Without turning around, she looked down and replied, “I’m going to sit somewhere else.”

Shane clenched his hands into fists in his pockets. “What’s wrong with this seat here?”

Natalie bit her lip and said, “I’m afraid I might disturb you if I sit there, Mr. Shane. I think it’d be better if I moved somewhere else.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she picked her pace and zoomed to another seat a few rows ahead of him.

Shane looked at her back, his face as cold as ice. The threatening aura he was radiating made the people around him shiver with fright and move a few seats away, too.

Silas came into the room with a file of documents in hand. Seeing the frosty expression on Shane’s face, he felt a little stunned. “Mr. Shane, who got on your nerves this time?”

Shane didn’t say anything. He took the file from Silas’s hands and started flipping through its contents.

Silas never found an answer to his question. He shrugged and sat down next to Shane. “Mr. Shane, the meeting has started.”

Shane clapped the file shut and leaned back into his chair as he looked towards the front of the room.

The leader of the J City Council went onstage and started briefing them about the meeting's contents. As it turned out, the meeting was about a global competition held by the International Associational of Design. A total of thirty-six countries would be participating in it.

As the region's leading fashion hub, J City would be the country's representative at the competition.

If they got first place at this competition, their artwork would be put on display at Fashion Hall, which was where throngs of designers and models often congregated. However, only the most famous models and the works of the best designers could be displayed at Fashion Hall.

This was a chance for them to shine. Although the odds of them winning was very small, the audience in the meeting room was full of excitement at the possibility.

Natalie was one of them. In fact, she was so exhilarated that her hands were trembling a little.

She wanted to be selected as the representative so badly that she could taste it. Even if I couldn't win, participating in a global competition of that scale would give me lots of exposure points. I can't miss this chance!

"But how am I supposed to be selected for this?" she thought, calming herself down.

As though he had read her mind, the leader immediately announced how they were going to choose the representative.

Unsurprisingly, they were going to hold a competition. All the design studios in J City could send their most outstanding designer to the competition, and the winning designer would represent their own studio at the global competition.

"That's easy!" Natalie murmured as she gave her pen a little spin.

The designer next to her overheard her. Looking at her in surprise, he said, "Easy? Do you know how many apparel companies and design studios there are in J City?"

Natalie thought for a while before she raised her eyebrows and replied, "I suppose there should be more than a hundred of them."

“Exactly, there are more than a hundred of those. This means you’ll be up against more than a hundred competitors, including old hands like Linda Leigh from Rigel Design Studio, Jasmine Smith from Jasminum Studio, and Oriental Dawn Studio’s very own... Anyway, aside from them, there’s a dark horse who has recently emerged!” The designer held up one finger, looking very solemn.

Sensing the awe the designer had for this black horse, Natalie couldn’t help but feel a little more serious. She stopped spinning the pen in her hand and said, “What’s that person’s name?”

The designer leaned closer to her and said mysteriously. “I don’t know about that. What I do know is that she’s from Thompson Group. Did you see that fashion show they organized the last time?”

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Natalie nodded. “Do you mean Project Rebirth?”

“Yes! The black horse I’m talking about was the chief designer of that fashion show. Those clothes were simply too amazing! Anyone could tell that the person who designed them is every bit as talented as those top-class designers. It’s just a pity that she doesn’t have much fame. I believe the person, who will be chosen to represent our country, is going to be her,” the designer said confidently as he stroked his chin.

Natalie bowed her head and shook with silent laughter.

Initially, she wanted to get some information on this black horse, so she could get an idea about who she was up against.

To her surprise, the black horse turned out to be herself!

Seeing her chortle, the designer felt a little displeased. “What are you laughing about?”

Natalie waved her hands in apology and replied, “Nothing, nothing! Thanks for telling me about this. I’ll do my best to be selected as the country’s representative.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she closed her notebook and stood up, hugging it to her chest.

The designer seemed rather dazed at her words. Suddenly, he snapped out of his reverie and pointed at her in shock. "You—you are that..."

"Shh!" Natalie brought a finger to her lips, asking him not to expose her identity. "No one else should know who I am."

The designer nodded his head excitedly, his eyes shining with glee. He looked at Natalie as though she was his idol and said, "Ooh, I got it, I got it! You have my word!"

"Well, I'll get going first! See you in a bit." Natalie waved cheerfully at him and left the meeting room.

Just as she stepped out of the meeting room, she bumped into Shane again.

He was leaning against the wall with his head down and had a hand stuck into his pocket. He was holding a cigarette between his fingers, a cigarette that he was already halfway through. A small mound of ash had sprouted around its tip.

Unable to help herself, Natalie slowed down and stared at him in fascination.

She had always known he was a smoker because she often caught a whiff of cigarette smoke on his clothes. However, she had never seen him smoke in front of her before.

Yet there he was, puffing away right before her very own eyes. He looked very cool, and the cigarette lent him a rather enigmatic aura that made her want to approach him and learn everything there was to know about him.

Just as she was staring at him, lost in her thoughts, Shane flicked away the ash on his cigarette. He suddenly looked up and stared straight at her. "Oh, you're done with the meeting?"

A look of panic flashed across Natalie's face. She snapped out of her daze and jerked her head up and down slightly as a form of reply. She then walked straight past him and made a beeline for the lift lobby.

“Wait up!” Shane put out his cigarette and darted forward after Natalie, grabbing her by the wrist.

Caught unaware, Natalie swung around and found herself toppling straight into Shane’s arms.

The top of her head bumped against Shane’s chin.

She didn’t feel any pain, but Shane let out a grunt. He let go of her arm immediately and clamped a hand over his mouth.

Natalie looked up at him in shock. Shane’s brows were furrowed in pain. Sweat was beading his brows, and his eyes were narrowed in agony. Quite evidently, he had been injured.

Natalie examined his face anxiously and asked, “Mr. Shane, are you alright?”

Shane saw the worry and shock in her eyes. Instantly, the frown on his face disappeared. Removing his hand from his mouth, he said in a low voice, “I’m fine. When you bumped into my chin just now, I bit my tongue by accident.”

“Open your mouth! I have to see whether your injury is serious or not.” Natalie reached out to grab at his lips.

Shane moved backward a little to put some distance between them. “It’s alright. I’m perfectly fine.”

Natalie put down her hand in defeat. “Since you’re fine, I’ll get going then.”

With that, she assumed the quiet, aloof expression she had been wearing when she came out of the meeting room just now.

Shane smirked a little. “Natalie, have you been trying to avoid me or something?”

Natalie looked down and tried to hide the expression in her eyes from him. Plastering a smile onto her face, she replied cheerily, “You must be kidding, Mr. Shane. Why would I avoid you? I haven’t done anything I feel guilty about.”

Shane frowned again. Just as he was about to say something, he was interrupted by the shrill ringing of Natalie’s phone.

Natalie thanked the person for calling at such an opportune timing. Excusing herself from Shane, she took out her cell phone from her bag.

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When she saw who was calling, a complicated mix of emotions appeared on her face.

Shane managed to sneak a peek at the caller ID, too. His eyes narrowed dangerously when he realized who it was. All of a sudden, he had the urge to snatch Natalie's phone away from her and reject the call on her behalf.

Before he could do that, however, Natalie had picked up the call. "Hey, Stanley. Are you awake now?"

Shane stared icily at her phone, trying to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Natalie sensed his curious gaze. However, she didn't particularly care—he could listen in if he really wanted to.

"I just woke up, but I didn't see you around. The caretaker told me you went back home." On the other end of the line, Stanley was lying on the hospital bed, his face pale and pallid with illness.

Natalie admitted it. "I left yesterday night, and my plane only arrived this morning."

Stanley coughed twice. His gaze darkening a little, he asked, "Did you leave because of me?"

Natalie pursed her lips. "Not entirely. I had to come back for an important meeting."

"I'm sorry, Nat. I must have scared you, didn't I? I was drunk then! I didn't know what I was doing! I only realized how oafishly I must have behaved in front of you when I woke up. I'm really sorry, Nat. Please forgive me!" Stanley pleaded over the phone.

However, there was no hint of apology in his eyes. Instead, the expression in his eyes turned even darker.

Of course, Natalie didn't see that. She immediately believed his apology, and the uneasy feeling she had been harboring towards him disappeared. Even the smile on her face became more natural. "Alright, I forgive you."

Hearing this, Shane pressed his lips into a thin line.

Although he couldn't hear what Stanley was saying, he could develop a hunch about the content based on Natalie's words. That made him feel very annoyed.

On the other end of the line, Stanley said joyfully, "Do you really mean that? Thank you so much, Nat."

"Yes, I do. In the future, however, you should..."

"I know, Stanley interrupted her. He pushed his glasses up his nose bridge slightly, a steely glint flashing in his eyes. "I will never drink so much and try to do those awful things to you again. But Nat, I was serious about my confession. I've liked you for five years. I fell in love with you the first time I met you."

Natalie hadn't expected him to confess to her again over the phone. Her heart skipped a beat as she snuck a rather guilty look at Shane.

The look of guilt on her face made Shane feel a little perturbed. He couldn't help but raise his eyebrows a little.

Why did she look so guilty?

"Stanley, please don't say that anymore." Natalie clamped a hand over the speakers of her cell phone and spoke even more quietly. "You know I don't like you that way."

Although she was speaking as softly as she could, Shane heard her anyway. His lips twitched a little.

"I know. I don't have any intentions towards you. All I wanted to do was to confess to you while I'm in the right state of mind. After all, I've liked you for five years. If I don't let you know, I'll never be able to forgive myself." Stanley bowed his head and laughed helplessly.

Natalie bit her lip. "I'm really sorry, Stanley..."

"Please don't apologize. I should be the one saying sorry to you. My feelings towards you have only caused you trouble. Don't worry. Since you've already rejected me, I won't try my luck with you ever again. Why don't we go back to how we used to be?" Stanley asked gently, gazing unblinkingly at the white fabric of his blanket.

However, there wasn't a shred of gentleness on his face at all. Instead, his expression was so grim that it would have given anyone a scare.

Natalie couldn't see his face over the phone, and thus, she wouldn't know of his expression. Happily, she replied, "Alright!"

She had been worrying about how her interactions with Stanley were going to be like going forward.

Since he had suggested this by himself, she thought she might as well go along with him.

Stanley pushed his glasses up again and shot a glance at the nurse who had just entered his room. "That's all good, then. Nat, I have to go. I have another medical check-up I have to get to."

Natalie said goodbye and hung up the phone.

Shane folded his arms across his chest and looked at her with consternation. "You're going to forgive him just like that?"

"Why not?" Natalie retorted as she put her phone away. "He only did that to me because he was drunk."

Shane burst into incredulous laughter. "Are you so sure about that?"

"What other reason could there be?" Natalie asked, meeting his eyes defiantly. Her expression was very serious. "I understand Stanley's character, after all. I've known him for five years. I know what sort of person he's like. He has never done something like this to me before. That was a complete accident on his part."

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“Looks like he has brainwashed you really well,” Shane said icily, his eyes narrowing into a thin line.

Natalie frowned at him. “Brainwashed? Mr. Shane, what do you mean by that?”

Shane stepped closer to her. “What I mean is that Stanley isn’t as innocent and kind as you think he is. I’ve tried telling you this before. The last time, he tried to drug you and get you into bed with him. This time, he pretended to be drunk, so he could force a kiss on you and emerge completely blameless. And you think both of these incidents are accidents on his part?”

Natalie laughed. “Mr. Shane, don’t you think you’re too prejudiced against Stanley?”

Shane clenched his fists. Looking very displeased, he demanded, “Do you think I’m saying this because I’m prejudiced against him?”

Natalie pursed her red lips. “You’ve always been hostile towards Stanley. If this isn’t prejudice, then I don’t know what is!”

Shane fell silent. After a while, the expression on his face grew icy-cold. With a mocking smile on his face, he said, “I see. This is what you really think of me, right?”

Shane looked down and tried to hide the anger that was swirling in his eyes. Failing to do so, he turned around and left.

This woman had claimed that, deep in her heart, she was truly in love with me.

However, when she was caught between Stanley and me, she kept choosing to believe Stanley instead!

Natalie watched him go, feeling a little miserable. Knowing that he was probably infuriated with her, she wondered if she should hold him back from leaving.

In the end, however, she held herself back instead.

Before returning to J City yesterday night, she had promised herself that she would stay as far away from Shane as possible. Even if they happened to bump into each other, she would regard him as a stranger. Hence, stopping him from leaving now would go against her plan.

Tugging uncertainly at the strap of her bag, Natalie laughed bitterly and left as well.

When she exited the office building, she looked up to see that the sky was dark and gloomy. A cold gust of wind blew through the streets. It was probably going to rain.

Natalie shivered and rubbed her arms tiredly. She hailed a taxi and made her way home.

The next morning, Natalie was woken up by a very excited Yulia. There was a huge smile on her face, and she appeared to have very good news to share.

Yulia wriggled her way on Natalie's bed and stuck her phone in front of Natalie's face. "Hey, Baby Girl! Here's some good news for you."

Natalie rubbed her eyes and sat up in bed. She took the phone from Yulia, jolting awake immediately when she saw the contents on its screen. There was a new post under Shane's Facebook page—it announced that he had called off his engagement with Jasmine and that the couple would stay out of each other's lives from then on.

Yulia took the phone back from her. "What about it, Baby Girl? Doesn't this make you happy?"

Natalie gaped at her but didn't reply.

Of course she was happy, but so what if she was?

Now that Shane had canceled his engagement with Jasmine, it was only a matter of time before he got engaged with Jacqueline.

Seeing the dazed expression on Natalie's face, and her refusal to answer Yulia's question, the smile faded from Yulia's face as well. Giving her daughter a light shove, Yulia asked, "What's wrong, Baby Girl?"

"I'm fine." Natalie shook her head and clambered out of bed. "Alright, Mom. The cancellation of Shane's engagement has nothing to do with me. It's his own personal business, and we shouldn't be poking our noses into it. Let's not talk about this from now on."

Hearing this, Yulia looked deeply at her. "Baby Girl, did something happen between you and Shane?"

Natalie paused in the middle of changing her clothes. After a slight pause, she continued changing and laughed brightly. "Mom, why would you say that?"

"In the past, I told you to let go of Shane so many times. Even though you promised to do so, you never really took my words to heart. However, when I mentioned Shane just now, you seemed so reluctant to discuss him, so I wondered..."

Before she could finish speaking, Yulia was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell.

Natalie had no wish to continue discussing Shane with her. Desperate to change the topic, she said, "Mom, I'll go open the door!"

With that, she fled out of the room.

That made Yulia even more certain that something had happened between Shane and Natalie.

However, Yulia wasn't particularly curious about their relationship. She could tell how reluctant Natalie was to discuss the topic of Shane.

Yulia sighed and laughed to herself. "Oh, bother. The youngsters can go resolve their problems themselves." She climbed out of bed and went out of the room. Just as she stepped out of the door, however, she heard an argument happening at the entrance of the house.