

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 311 - 315

Yet, Natalie felt really apologetic.

For a while, there was silence, then someone knocked on the door of the ward. Jackson brought a few doctors in and was surprised when he saw Natalie. “Natalie, are you here to see Dr. Quinn again?”

“Yes, you’re right.” Natalie grunted and nodded.

A frown appeared on Jackson’s adorable face. “That’s not good.”

“Why is that so?” Natalie blinked.

“If you come too frequently, someone will be displeased naturally.” There was a pun in Jackson’s words

Natalie frowned, feeling puzzled. “Who could that be?”

“Of course, it is...”

“Dr. Baker, you’re here on your rounds but you neglect me— your patient. Instead, you started chatting with my friend. That’s not quite professional, is it?” Stanley pouted and interrupted him.

Though he wore a smile, it was only skin deep. Behind the smile was a cold face.

Jackson felt like he was being threatened by a serpent. He could not help but shudder. In no time, he waved his hand and smiled. “Will you please excuse us? I’m going to examine Dr. Quinn.”

“Okay.” Natalie nodded, feeling that the two men were behaving rather strangely like they were playing some dumb guessing game. She glanced at them meaningfully and left the room.

After the mother and son left, Stanley finally attacked Jackson verbally, putting away his pretense and looked at him sullenly, "You want to tell Nat what Shane thinks of her?"

Jackson whistled with a guilty conscience. "I can't help it because Shane is my friend and he likes Natalie, so naturally I want to help him pursue her."

"What about Jacqueline? If you do this, aren't you afraid that Jacqueline will hate you?" Stanley looked up at him.

Jackson looked stunned and then there was a complicated expression on his face. "You need not worry about that. Please lie down properly so I can examine your wound!"

With that, he deliberately pressed on Stanley's wound.

Stanley immediately snorted in pain, and broke out in cold sweat on his forehead.

Jackson lifted his hospital gown and examined the wound.

After examining and changing the dressing, Jackson left with the group of doctors.

Seeing them coming out, Natalie got up from her seat hurriedly. "Dr. Baker, are you done with the examination?"

"Yes, I am. You may go in now," Jackson replied, smiling broadly.

Natalie did not move. "Dr. Baker, what were you talking about with Stanley inside the ward just now?"

Jackson averted his eyes and smiled. "What do you think we can hide from you? Okay, I'm going to check the next ward, goodbye!"

With that, he gestured to the group behind him and walked past her.

As Natalie watched him enter the next ward, she pursed her lips but did not remain at the same spot for long. Taking Connor with her, she went into Stanley's ward again.

Since he was unwilling to talk, she'd better let it be.

In the ward, Stanley was talking to someone on the phone. As Natalie entered, Stanley said to the person on the other end of the line, "Alright, I understand" and hung up.

"Who's that?" Natalie asked curiously when she saw the upset expression on his face.

Stanley put down the cell phone, perked up his expression and replied with a smile, "It was from the auto repair shop saying that my car had been damaged too badly and it was not feasible to repair, so I have been advised to buy a new one."

Hearing that, Natalie recalled the situation of his car at that time. The whole front part of the car was squashed. It was really serious.

"Buy a new one, then, since it was damaged so badly. Even if it is repaired, the safety features would have been compromised." After that, Natalie sat down.

Stanley grunted as a reply. "That's the only thing we can do."

Suddenly, the sound of the door opening was heard.

Natalie and Stanley both looked towards the direction.

The door opened and Joyce came in carrying a big bag full of things.

Seeing that, Natalie quickly hurried over to help her. "It's really heavy. Joyce, what have you bought?"

"I bought some cooking utensils and some chicken. I'm going to make chicken soup for Stanley." Joyce glanced at Stanley.

Stanley's eyes fluttered and then he looked away.

Seeing the atmosphere turning awkward again, Natalie sighed and then hurriedly changed the atmosphere by clapping her hands, saying, "I'm good at making soup! Please let me help you!"

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 312

"Sure." Joyce agreed, laughing.

Thereafter, Natalie and Connor followed Joyce to the communal kitchen next door. It was a kitchen solely used by patient's family members to cook.

The trio left, leaving Stanley alone in the ward. He reached for his phone next to the pillow, his face somber as he made a call.

The call connected in one ring. A woman's gentle yet gloating voice sounded. "You're awake?"

"Was it you?"

The woman pretended as if she didn't understand and said, "What are you talking about, Dr. Quinn? What was me?"

"You were the one who did something to the brakes of the car!" Stanley clutched onto the phone tightly, his voice cold.

The woman sighed. "I can't hide anything from you." She paused and let out a giggle. "But it was for your own good. Didn't you say you wanted Natalie to feel guilty? If you hurt yourself, you'll be able to be with her. However, a slight injury wouldn't suffice. That's why I thought the more severe the injury, the better!"

"Hmph! Do you think I'll believe your nonsense?" he interrupted in a fierce voice. "You're the one who wants my life because I have the evidence of you harming Nat."

The woman immediately quietened down.

Stanley knew he had gotten it right. His hands were shaking with how tight he was clutching the phone as if he was about to snap it in half. "I suggest you best forget about it. Do you think you'll be fine as long as you end my life? Shall we bet? Once I'm dead, the evidence will immediately turn up on the internet. Not only those about Nat, but I'll reveal the ones about Shane Thompson's parents too!" Stanley grinned evilly and hung up the call right after saying his piece.

At that moment, Natalie pushed the door open and entered the room.

Stanley immediately put down the phone in his hand and composed himself. "Nat, is the soup ready?"

“Not yet. I’m only here to grab my bag,” Natalie said, heading toward the couch.

Watching as she placed the bag on her shoulder, Stanley pursed his lips. “Are you leaving?”

“Yeah. I received a call from the supervisor of the textile mill studio. He said something went wrong while manufacturing the clothes, so I’m going to take a look.”

“Be careful on the road.” Stanley waved a hand at her.

“I got it. I’ll come back later.” Having said that, Natalie took Connor’s hand and left the hospital.

She was busy in the days that followed. In the afternoon, she had to help draw and edit blueprints for the other designers. Thereafter, she had to go to the textile mill to supervise clothing production. In the evening, she had to make a trip to the hospital after fetching the kids.

Some days, she even had to go to the Design Association to watch the previous elimination rounds. With all that workload, she had lost a significant amount of weight.

When the textile mill finally made its first batch of clothing, something cropped up in the warehouse. Natalie hadn’t even had the chance to take a breather.

She and Niall Plumlee were discussing purchasing accessories for the catwalk’s outfits when it happened. Natalie was so shocked when she received the warehouse manager’s phone call that she jumped up from her seat. “What did you say? A fire?”

“Yes, Ms. Smith! What do we do now?” The warehouse manager was flustered, his mind turning blank. He was at a complete loss of his next actions.

Natalie’s body shuddered. “Call the fire department, of course! What else is there to do?”

“Oh, oh! Right, right...” The manager returned to his senses.

Natalie hung up the phone, speedily packing up the documents on the table while she explained to Niall, “I’m sorry, Mr. Plumlee. Something urgent happened. I can’t stay any longer. About the accessories, let’s arrange for another time to resume our discussion.”

Seeing her hands trembling in anxiousness, he asked, "What happened? Perhaps I can help?"

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 313

After all, Shane might reward him if he had done Natalie a favor.

Natalie held the documents against her chest and declined. "Thank you for offering, Mr. Plumlee, but there's no need. The warehouse where I store my fabrics is on fire. My employee has already called the fire department. I'm gonna go take a look." She bowed apologetically before leaving the restaurant and drove off.

Watching as her car left his sight, Niall contemplated for a minute before he eventually decided to report the matter to Shane.

Shane's brows furrowed when he heard the news. Why would the warehouse be on fire for no reason?

"Silas," Shane called out, knocking twice on his desk.

Silas pushed open the door and stood at the entrance. "Yes, Mr. Shane?"

"Prepare the car!" Shane ordered as he stood up.

Surprised, Silas asked, "Are you going out, Mr. Shane? But there's a meeting—"

"It's not an important meeting. Postpone it for two hours. I'll be back soon." He retrieved his coat from the coat rack and took large strides out of his office, heading toward the elevator. His handsome, aloof face was filled with worry.

Warehouses that store fabric materials weren't allowed to have flammable items. Even the warehouse manager stopped having smoke breaks for the same reason. Therefore, the source of the fire certainly wasn't as simple as it seemed.

Shane frowned as he drove toward the outskirts.

At the same time, Natalie was heading to the same destination. She had managed to make it within twenty minutes for a typically thirty-minute drive. When she alighted, her blood turned cold. All she could see was the warehouse being devoured by flames.

“Ms. Smith!” The manager hurriedly ran toward her.

Natalie merely nodded, her face pale as she watched the fire destroy a part of her. “Are the firefighters not here yet?”

“Not yet. I’ve called again. They said there was a traffic jam on the way. That’s why—”

“Enough!” Natalie cut him off with bloodshot eyes. “What about the fabrics? Were any of them saved?”

The manager lowered his head in shame.

Natalie’s body swayed, feeling like her world was spinning. She held onto her car door, forcing herself to keep steady. “Not a single yard made it out?” She questioned, squeezing her palm tightly. She had to keep composed, or else she didn’t know what else she could do.

The manager shook his head regretfully. “It was lunch break when the fire ignited. We were all eating our food outside and had no clue what happened. When we returned, the fire had spread. There was no way we could enter, much less save the fabrics.”

Natalie shut her eyes in despair. At that moment, another car came to a stop next to them. Joyce hopped out of it, running up to grab Natalie’s hand without bothering to shut her car door. She asked about the fabrics immediately.

Natalie regretfully informed her that they were all gone.

Joyce clenched her hands into fists in disbelief. “Gone? All of it?”

“Yes.” Natalie nodded.

“Those fabrics were worth at least a hundred and fifty thousand!” Joyce raised her voice in agitation. She dashed toward the warehouse before anyone could stop her, in desperate need to witness the truth for herself.

Seeing that, Natalie jumped in shock and shouted, “Joyce! What are you doing? Come back!”

Joyce acted as if she couldn't hear. She stood outside the warehouse, her mental state about to fall apart as she watched the place burn.

She had visited at least a dozen textile mills to acquire all the fabrics. Some of them were even exclusive ones where production was limited. She had to drink to the point where she had stomach cramps before the higher-ups were willing to sell them to her. Yet, the fire gobbled them all up as if they were nothing. Her efforts had been reduced to a pile of ashes. How could she accept the fact?

When Natalie saw that Joyce wasn't responding, she ran after her and tried to pull her back.

Although the warehouse was built with bricks, some parts of it—especially the roof structure—were built with wood to ensure the fabrics would not decay in humidity. With such a big fire going, the roof could collapse at any moment. It was too dangerous.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 314

Joyce was standing too close and debris could fall and struck her. When Natalie came to Joyce's side and met with her reddened eyes, her heart clenched.

However, it wasn't the time for comforts. She tugged at Joyce's hand and urged, "Joyce, let's go first, shall we?"

Joyce whirled her teary face around to look at Natalie. Her voice was filled with grief and indignation as she asked, "Nat, why do you think this happened? Why do we always encounter such matters?"

"I—" Before Natalie could speak, a sudden creak sounded from above them. She raised her head only to see a section of crossbeam from the warehouse splitting in half, falling right in their direction.

"Be careful!" Natalie's pupils shrank as she shoved Joyce away without hesitation.

Joyce was shoved to the ground with a hiss. Ignoring her scraped arm, she stood up and searched for Natalie. When she saw the falling beam, she screamed, "Nat! Get away from there!"

Natalie wanted to get away too, but she had sprained her ankle when she shoved Joyce away earlier. It was too painful to even move a muscle, much less run. All she could do was watch as the burning beam get nearer and nearer to her—the raging heat and thick smoke approaching to swallow her whole.

Eventually, her eyes could no longer stay open in the suffocating smoke. Her tears fell like leaky tap water as she shut her eyes hopelessly. She was almost certain that was the end of her.

Unexpectedly, she felt a pair of arms circling her waist and took her down on a tumble on the ground. The beam crashed down mere seconds after they rolled away. A few sparks spattered, but the fire didn't go out and kept burning.

Natalie forced her eyes open when she felt herself being moved out of the way. Her focus wasn't on the beam but the man who shielded her with his body. She could never have imagined he would appear out of nowhere and save her life.

“You—” Natalie opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but Joyce ran over and shoved Shane off her, helping her up on her feet. She checked her in every direction, anxiously questioning, “Are you all right? Did you hurt yourself?”

Natalie had yet to come out of her frightened state. She shook her head. “I'm fine. Only my ankle is hurt. But Mr. Shane...” She looked at Shane as the man stood up, looking slightly wretched with his dirtied attire. Still, his appearance did nothing to affect his temperament. On the contrary, it gave him a touch of appeal despite the mess.

He stared sullenly at Natalie, his tone filled with rage as he reproached, “What were you doing? Why were you standing there like a statue? Do you have any idea what would've happened if it crashed on you? You would've either died on the spot or be burnt to your death!”

God only knows how terrified he was when he arrived only to see her in danger. He was certain his heart had stopped at that moment.

Hearing his description, Natalie couldn't help but shudder in fear. She lowered her head and said nothing.

Joyce couldn't bear to watch any longer and blocked Natalie with her own body. She raised her head to stare at Shane. “Mr. Shane, if you want to scold someone, let that be me! I was

the one who couldn't accept the fact that the fabrics were ruined, that's why I ran over here on impulse. Nat only came to save me. She couldn't move away after that because she has sprained her ankle."

Hearing that, Shane immediately lowered his head and zeroed in on Natalie's ankle. Indeed, it looked pretty swollen.

I've misunderstood her.

He pursed his thin lips and said in a milder tone, "Why didn't you explain?"

Natalie's eyes flickered. "Mr. Shane, why do I have to explain myself to you? What I do has nothing to do with you. I'm very grateful to you for saving me, but—"

Before she could complete her sentence, Shane had already swept her up bridal style and strode toward the car.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 315

"What just happened?" Joyce's mouth fell open as she gaped at the couple.

Why did he abruptly carry her?

Shane had caught Natalie off-guard when he lifted her. She had no time to react and had instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck to keep her balance. But when she came back to her senses, she immediately released her arms and yelled with her face flushed, "Mr. Shane, what are you doing? Let me down!"

Shane remained unmoved, carrying her expressionlessly as he walked. Anxious, Natalie began to struggle, but he merely gritted his teeth and held on tightly, refusing to let go.

He lowered his head slightly, staring darkly at the woman who was on tenterhooks in his embrace. "Keep moving and I'll throw you down!" he warned.

"You—" Natalie froze, twisting her head to gauge the height to the ground. Though it wasn't too high, there were stones and debris everywhere. She decided it wasn't worth it.

Natalie compromised and stopped moving, biting her lip as she stared at the man. "What are you trying to do?"

Shane didn't answer. He placed her in the backseat before retrieving a plastic bag from the glove compartment.

Natalie recognized it at once. It was the same plastic bag from several days ago when he had bandaged her hand in the hospital. It contained bandages and disinfectants.

Didn't he hand it to Silas then? So Silas had kept it in the car all along? Is he planning to treat my wound?

As she wondered, she felt a sudden coldness on her ankle. When she blinked back to reality, she discovered that her sprained ankle had been raised without her notice and rested on his lap with her shoes off.

Realizing that Shane was about to treat her ankle, she tolerated the pain as she quickly took back her leg before his hand could touch her skin.

Shane's hand froze in the air, glowering at the empty spot above his lap. He commanded in a deep voice, "Put it back!"

Natalie pretended not to hear him, bending over to pick up her shoes so she could exit the vehicle.

Shane immediately kicked her heels further away from her reach. "I'll say it again. Put your leg back up!" he ordered, staring coldly at her.

She bit her bottom lip. "Mr. Shane, I can handle myself. I don't wish to trouble you."

She attempted to reach for the plastic bag beside him, only for Shane to grab her leg forcefully and place it on his thigh.

Natalie widened her eyes in surprise. "Mr. Shane—"

"Shut up," he chastised, pursing his lip.

She subconsciously pressed her mouth shut.

Shane took out the things from the plastic bag and cleaned up her wounds. He then threw out the cotton swab and held onto her ankle with one hand, his free hand holding her foot in an attempt to help her ease the pain in her ankle.

To his dismay, Natalie shrunk back abruptly and giggled. He glanced at her with his brows knotted and asked, "What's so funny?"

"It's ticklish," she admitted softly, trying not to laugh.

He smirked, having discovered she was ticklish. He resumed working her ankle without another word.

Her sprain was mild, unlike the last two times when it had swelled up severely. She had probably froze not because of the pain but shock.

After lightly twisting her ankle, Shane wrapped the bandage around her foot.

She looked at him in confusion. "Mr. Shane, why are you being so nice to me?"

Shane's hand paused for a split second but quickly resumed working.

Natalie inhaled a deep breath as if she'd made up her mind on something and squeezed her palms as she said, "Mr. Shane, I like you!"

His pupils shrank. Without warning, he raised his head to meet her gaze. Despite the lack of expression on his face, his heart was secretly bursting with joy. He had known her feelings for him for some time. However, she had never confessed. He hadn't expected her to let it out there and then.