

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 416

"I miss Mrs. Wilson's meatballs!" Sharon rushed to answer.

Connor bypassed his mom and looked expectantly at Shane. "Dad, can we?"

Hearing the word had Shane broke into a smile. "Of course."

"Dad's the best!" While exclaiming excitedly, both Connor and Sharon started sprinting their way to his apartment opposite. They knocked enthusiastically on his door.

Seeing their unruly behaviors had Natalie red with embarrassment. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Shane. I'll fetch them back this instant."

Just as she was about to shout for them, he gestured his hand to stop her. "There's no need. I'm sure Mrs. Wilson will be happy to cook for them."

"But..." Before she could protest any further, Shane had walked ahead.

"C'mon let's go."

Hearing the excited voices coming through his apartment doors and looking at her own empty apartment, Natalie relented. She trailed behind him.

Two days later, Jasmine's lawsuit concerning her plagiarism act resumed.

Natalie had arrived earlier to meet Mr. Horner.

Seeing her safe, he nodded reassuringly. "I heard from Mr. Shane you were kidnapped two days ago. That worried me to death! I'm so glad you're all right. If anything happens, we would've lost a talent in this field."

Natalie laughed awkwardly. "That's really an exaggeration."

"It really isn't. You know how competition with our neighboring countries has been in recent years. They don't think we have fashion designers on par at their level. I genuinely feel that we need talents like you to keep our standards high." While saying this, he gave an

exasperated sigh. Before Natalie could reply, he added, "Oh look, it's time. We should head in now."

"All right. Let's go." She trailed behind him.

Upon entering the court, Natalie felt goosebumps all over. She looked around and noticed Harrison staring intently at her from the gallery.

She immediately turned away. Harrison had played a huge role in her kidnapping. The men he sent gave G an opening to kidnap her. That in itself was unforgivable.

Soon, the trial began. The judge summoned Jasmine into the courtroom. Like before, she had to be wheeled in. In addition to her dark circles, she had lost plenty of weight; she looked like a complete mess.

Sensing someone looking at her, she raised her head to see Natalie observing her.

Jasmine looked at her and then at the latter. Anger started to well up within her. She stared daggers at her eyes.

Natalie saw this as an opening. She proclaimed out loud, "Your Honor, the defendant looks like she is about to hit me."

Jasmine was bewildered by her accusation. She had not expected Natalie to exaggerate the situation.

The judge struck his gavel once against the bench. "First warning issued to the defendant for threatening the plaintiff. Do you have any objections?"

Although Jasmine felt indignant, she held it in. Through her gritted teeth, she answered, "N-No!"

"Since there are no objections, we shall begin. Today's case..."

The hearing lasted for approximately two hours. There was clear evidence to prove Jasmine guilty of plagiarism. Both Natalie and the original designer were witnesses. Even if Harrison had hired a defense attorney, it wouldn't have made a difference.

Jasmine had profited a large amount from her plagiarism acts. As such, she was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. Not only that, all her assets would be returned to the original designer.

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Although she felt miserable with the outcome, there was nothing she could do except begrudgingly accept her fate.

As she was being escorted away, she took a quick stop in front of Natalie. "Are you happy now?"

Still seated, Natalie started adjusting the ruffles on her skirt. She replied chirpily, "Of course! This means I get to take a long break from seeing your face."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Natalie. Do you really think you'll get to live a peaceful life with me behind bars? Sadly, no. That woman will not let you off." Jasmine laughed menacingly.

A lump had formed in Natalie's throat. She stood up and asked, "That woman... do you mean G?"

"Looks like you do know a little about her."

Hearing her response, Natalie couldn't help but inch closer. "So it is her. Who exactly is she? What do you know about her?"

Jasmine rejoiced at her panic state. "You wanna know? Well, I won't tell you. All I'm saying is, she's a lunatic! Since you've caught her attention, don't expect to have a happy ending."

With that said, Jasmine was escorted away.

Natalie could only watch her back getting smaller. She tried one last attempt at getting through her, "Is G Jacqueline?"

Jasmine remained unresponsive; there was not even the slightest hesitation.

Natalie wondered out loud, "She didn't even flinch at her name. Could it really not be her?" Before she could brood on it further, she received a call from Joyce.

"Nat, congrats! I saw it on the news, Jasmine had been found guilty of her charges. Shall we go for some celebratory drinks tonight?" She sounded very excited.

Although Natalie was not feeling her best, she couldn't bear to reject her. "All right. I'll see you tonight."

"Great! See you tonight, seven p.m. at our usual place. Oh! I gotta go help Stanley with his hospital discharge now. See ya!"

"Wait! He's discharged? That soon?"

"Yea. The doctor says his ribs are growing right, and that he could recuperate at home."

"That's good to hear! Maybe we should throw him a party in a few days' time."

"Sounds great! Let's discuss more later." With that, their conversation ended.

Natalie walked out of the courthouse. Just as she was about to get into her car, Harrison stopped her.

He seemed to have aged a lot since he last saw her. Despite so, she had no intention of showing him pity. Her voice calm. "Is there anything I can help you with? If you're here to curse at me for what happened to Jasmine, then don't bother. I couldn't care less about what you think."

"Her verdict's decided. Is there any use in blaming you now?" The mockery in his tone was clear as day.

Natalie ran her fingers through her hair in frustration. "Then, why are you here?"

"How's Jared?"

How dare he! "The nerve of you to ask! Have you forgotten how you treated him seven years ago? You looked down on him for having a heart defect and suspected he wasn't your son. Stop it with your hypocrisy. What are you up to this time?"

Although Harrison was slightly taken aback by her outburst, he remained focused on his goal. "I want to groom Jared to be our family's successor."

"What? Successor?" Natalie couldn't believe her ears.

Harrison nodded. "Yes."

"Mr. Smith, is this a joke? What will become of your precious Jasmine?"

Harrison tightened his grip on his walking cane. "I've never intended for her to succeed our family. She's bound to marry anyway. There's no way I'm giving our assets to her future in-laws."

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All he ever wanted was to lead the Smith Group into achieving greater strides.

Noticing the ambitious gaze in her father's gaze, the corners of Natalie's lips curled into a thin smile. "So you're saying that you want a son to become your successor, right?"

"That's right!" Harrison replied as he rubbed against his walking cane.

Natalie pursed her lips into a thin, hard line. "Mr. Smith, why does it have to be Jared? Why don't you just ask Susan to bear you another son?"

The man was hit by a pang of guilt at the mention of it and cleared his throat. "She's not young enough to bear me a son."

"Yeah, right" Natalie waved her hands to dismiss her father's notion.

Susan had another child just a little over two years elder than Connor with another man. How is she infertile?

You're the one who's impotent.

At the thought of it, Natalie eyeballed Harrison.

Her father caught onto her stares and thought that his daughter was mocking him. Furious, the man berated at her, "What's with that look on your face?"

Natalie shrugged. "Nothing."

Harrison's lips twitched in anger. Then, he handed over his cell phone and egged her on, "Forget it. Give me Jared's number. I'll talk to him myself!"

Natalie merely looked at the phone and did not have the intention to take it. "Mr. Smith, why are you so confident that I'll hand over Jared's contact to you?"

"Were you planning not to?" Harrison glared at his daughter.

She tucked her hair to the back of her ears and replied, "You're right. I don't plan on giving it to you, and I won't let Jared become the successor of the Smith family. The Smith family is nothing more than a minor business right now and is even on the verge of bankruptcy. Why would I let my brother take over this pile of mess?"

"You..." Harrison's hand shook from fury.

Pressing down on her car keys to unlock her car, she continued, "Besides, I vividly remember that seven years ago when Jared suffered his heart attack, you said that he was not your son. Oh, your disdainful manner's clearly etched in my mind. Now that you're in trouble, you suddenly want him back? Mr. Smith, have you no shame?"

She disregarded Harrison's grimaced face, opened the car door, and drove away right after.

After half an hour, Natalie reached downstairs of the Thompson Group building. After parking the car, she took out her cell phone and dialed Shane's number.

He picked up the call in a heartbeat. His captivating low voice rang in her ears, "What is it?"

"Mr. Shane, I've done the designs for the apparel of game characters we collaborated on last time. Do you have the time to take a look at the designs? I can come up right now." Natalie rolled down her car window and lifted her head to take a look at one of the windows on the highest floor.

Shane sprung up from his chair. "Are you downstairs right now?"

"Yes."

Shane walked over to his balcony and took a look downstairs over his French windows. Noticing the red Mercedes parked by the sidewalk, his features softened. "Hold on, I'll let Silas come pick you up."

"Sure." Natalie nodded her head.

The man put down his phone and turned around to head back to his office. He called Silas who was in the room next door and sent him to pick her up.

Silas brought Natalie up just moments after.

Pulling out the chair across the desk right opposite Shane, Natalie fished out a file and handed her design drafts to Shane with both her hands. "Mr. Shane, kindly review these drafts."

Taking over the drafts, Shane ordered, "Silas, please make some tea."

"Yes, sir," Silas replied.

After Silas left, Shane took a good, hard look at each of the blueprints.

He tilted his brows at the sight of them after he was done.

Natalie felt her heart sank, and the confident smile on her face slowly dissipated into thin air. "Mr. Shane, is there anything that is not to your liking?"

"I think the design is fine, but the materials you remarked here for the actual models of the designs are going to cause a dent in our costing. Frankly speaking, this is not necessary for the apparel design for game characters." Shane's slender finger pointed at one of the design drafts as he commented.

Natalie managed an awkward smile. "I see. I'm sorry because I'm not well-versed with games. I just had the best material in mind when designing these and had not taken into consideration of other aspects..."

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Her mistake was a common weakness among all designers.

Every fashion designer would strive to use the best material available for their designs, and soon it became a hard-wired habit.

"It's alright. You just need to amend the materials used," Shane crossed his fingers on the table and said.

Natalie bit her lip in apprehension. "But what material should I swap it for? If I don't get this right, then it might get troublesome for the model to turn out well. This will, in turn, affect the presentation of the graphics, and may well result in graphic glitches."

Shane contemplated for a moment after listening to her. Then, he pulled open the drawer and took out some documents. "This is the details of the game that the gaming company has sent me. They've provided some details on the character models as well as suggestions for materials for the apparel. You may want to take a look to see if there are any substitutes in there."

"Sure." Natalie took over the documents and started to flip through them.

Silas got the tea ready and laid it out before the two. "Ms. Smith, enjoy your tea."

"Thank you." Natalie gave him a polite smile and reached out to take the cup of tea.

To her dismay, the cup slipped off her hands.

The cup of tea spilled over as the hot liquid splashed all over the desk, soaking some of the documents wet.

The back of her hands was scalded red. She turned pale from the pain as beads of sweat rolled down her forehead. Natalie shuddered from the sudden turn of events.

Despite the tears brimming in her eyes, she bit down on her lip and did not let out a cry.

Shane and Silas were taken aback.

Shane was the first to respond. His handsome face tensed as he hurriedly held Natalie's wrist. "Follow me!"

"Where to?" Her eyes were red as she choked back her tears.

Shane did not reply as he pushed open the door to the restroom.

He dragged her hands right under the faucet and ran cold water over her wound.

Natalie could feel the cold water slowly wash away the scalding pain, and she heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm sorry for the trouble, Mr. Shane." Natalie apologized with her head low, guilt-ridden for the inconvenience that she had caused.

I'm such a butterfinger. Ugh, why can't I even hold a cup properly?

Shane closed the faucet slightly so that the water wouldn't get on her. "It's alright, just be careful next time."

"But those documents..."

"They're not that important anyway. I'll just ask them to send over another set," Shane leaned against the side of the sink and said impassively.

Natalie's lips twitched, feeling even more apologetic for what she had done.

How could he say that it's not important? He's the most important person in this company. No trivial documents will ever reach his table.

He just doesn't want me to feel too bad about it.

"Mr. Shane, I've gotten a cooling pad from the infirmary." Silas's voice could be heard coming from the other side of the door.

Shane pushed the door open and took over the blue cooling pad that Silas brought over. He made his way back to Natalie's side and said, "Give me your hand."

She cast a gaze at her hand which was still under the running water and hesitated for a moment. In the end, she relented.

It would be difficult for her to single-handedly apply the cooling pad anyway.

Noticing her meek manners, Shane's eyes glinted with warmth. He turned off the faucet and took a dry towel hanging aside. After wiping her hand dry, the man tore open the wrapping of the cooling pad and gently applied it to her hand. "It's done."

"Thank you, Mr. Shane." Natalie felt the cooling pad around her hand and thanked the man.

The man threw the packaging into the trashcan aside and said, "Let's head outside."

"Sure." Natalie nodded and trailed behind him.

They were greeted by the sight of Silas cleaning up the office. He paused as he noticed the duo coming out of the restroom and said, "Ms. Smith, I'm really sorry for the boiling cup of tea."

She waved her hands to dismiss the man. "It has nothing to do with you, Mr. Campbell. I was being clumsy, so I should be the one saying sorry."

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Shane walked over to his desk and interrupted the two as they apologized to each other. "It was an accident. Just be more careful next time. You may head out now, Silas. Please bring me fresh copies of these documents later."

"Yes, sir." Silas nodded and removed the soaked documents.

Only Shane and Natalie were left in the office.

Natalie picked up the document that Shane handed to her previously and studied it. After she was done, the woman pointed to one side of the document and said, "Mr. Shane, I think this material should do. I'd suggest that we make a figurine out of it to get a more

comprehensive overview. Even though it's not as premium as the material I targeted but I think it shouldn't make too much of a difference."

Shane took a look and nodded his head slightly. "Sure. Let's go with this, then. I'll ask the gaming company to contact you. The balance of your payment will be wired to you before noon tomorrow."

"Noted, Mr. Shane." Natalie nodded and smiled.

Shane kept all the documents sprawled on the desk.

Natalie noticed the time on the lower right of the man's computer with the corner of her eyes. She got up to bid goodbye. "Mr. Shane, it's getting late. I should go to the kindergarten to fetch my children."

"Let's go together," said Shane as he closed his drawer.

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Natalie was stumped. "Mr. Shane, it's still not the time for you to get off work right?"

The man would send the kids to the kindergarten in the morning these days while she was in charge of fetching them home in the evening.

Shane took his coat and said, "I'm going back to the apartment to take my passport for tomorrow's overseas trip. It's just along the way anyway."

"Overseas trip?" Natalie was taken aback.

Shane put on his coat and stood up. "A jewelry company under the Thompson Group has lost a batch of jade stones. I'm going to the quarry to check it out myself."

"Oh, I see." Natalie nodded.

As he made his way over to his office's entrance, Shane mentioned, "So I won't be able to get the kids to the kindergarten in the coming two days."

"No problem. I can send them myself. Besides, since you've been sending them to school recently, and the other kids should have seen you. They won't make fun of the twins for not having a father anymore," Natalie trailed behind him and joked.

However, Shane abruptly stopped in his tracks. "What do you think about my suggestion last time?"

"What suggestion?" Natalie did not expect the man to halt in his tracks, and she almost bumped into him.

Shane turned around and said, "About looking for a father for the twins!"

Natalie was stumped. She lowered her head in an attempt to conceal her feelings. "I'm so busy lately that I haven't given it much thought. Let's talk about this sometime later."

Does he really wish for me to get married that soon?

Oblivious to what Natalie had on her mind at that moment, Shane made no comment after listening to her. He pushed the door open and headed out.

At night, Joyce called and urged her, "Nat, are you out the door yet?"

Natalie was standing before her wardrobe, trying to pick out an outfit. She hurriedly replied, "Not yet. I'm getting dressed."

"Alright, hurry up. Stanley and I are already here," Joyce said as she flipped through the menu.

Natalie thought she heard her friend wrong and asked, "What did you say? Stanley is there too?"

"Yeah, why?" Joyce cast a look at Stanley who was sitting opposite her.

The woman picked out a red dress and tossed it on her bed as her brows creased. "What why? He's just been discharged from the hospital and you're inviting him for a drink?"

Joyce smiled. "You misunderstood, Nat. Of course, I'm not letting him drink any alcohol. Duh, I'm not dumb. He's only going to have fruit juice. It's just nice to have more people around for a celebration, you know."

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief. "Sure, I'll get there right now."

She hung up the phone and changed into the red dress that she picked out. After putting on some light makeup, she headed out of her room.

"Connor, Sharon," Natalie called in the direction of her twins' bedroom.

The two kids held each other's hands and walked out of their bedroom. "Yes, Mommy?"

Natalie packed her handbag as she reminded the duo, "I'm going out to have dinner with Aunt Joyce and Uncle Stanley. The two of you have to be good and stay home. Get into bed when it's time to sleep, alright?"