

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 456

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As soon as the security heard that there was a paparazzi, they immediately gave chase in the direction Natalie took off.

“Quick! Don’t let her escape! Catch her!” Warren bellowed as he ran behind the bodyguards.

Meanwhile, Natalie put on a burst of speed when she heard the stampede of footsteps behind her. However, she grew all the more anxious as she ran.

This is the television station, and I’m not familiar with the place, so I’ll be caught in the end no matter how fast I run!

Just when she was at a loss, a pair of hands abruptly shot out from one of the rooms along the corridor and grabbed her hand, yanking her into the room before closing the door.

Thinking that she’d been nabbed, Natalie’s eyes brimmed with panic. She was just about to scream when a hand clapped over her mouth.

“Quiet!” A man’s low and solemn voice sounded from behind her.

Upon hearing this exceedingly familiar voice, Natalie’s eyes went wide. All at once, she calmed down. Then, she hastily whimpered softly to signal the man to release his hold on her.

For the first time ever, the man understood and dropped his hands.

Having regained the freedom of movement, Natalie whirled around. When she saw that it was indeed Shane who had saved her, her heart that had lodged into her throat finally settled back into her chest.

As she breathed a huge sigh of relief, she poutingly shot the man a glare. “You almost gave me a heart attack, Mr. Shane! I thought I’d been caught.”

At this, Shane pursed his thin lips. "What did you do that the television station's security was pursuing you?"

He'd just stepped out of the exclusive elevator after a meeting with the television station's director when he saw her being chased. Thus, he found an unoccupied office and waited in there so that he could save her when she went past.

Besides, he also ordered Silas to go to the security room and erase all security footage of her.

"Don't remind me of that. I was framed," Natalie panted, her face flushed from exertion.

"Framed?" Shane's gaze darkened, and his expression turned grave. "Who did that?"

"Warren Litch." Natalie then darted her eyes around. When she caught sight of the water dispenser at the corner of the office, she ambled over and got herself a cup of water with a disposable cup.

After guzzling it down, she calmed her breathing before explaining, "He's Susan Sullivan's lover. I saw them meeting each other just now, and they made me. And that's the reason for the scene you witnessed earlier."

"Just because you saw them meeting each other?" Shane narrowed his eyes, obviously not believing that the matter was so simple.

At this, the corner of Natalie's mouth twitched. "Sure enough, nothing gets past you, Mr. Shane. Well, I also overheard their conversation."

"What did they say?"

After flattening the disposable cup, Natalie flung it into the trash can. "Their conversation is really enlightening. It turns out that Jasmine isn't Harrison's daughter, but theirs."

"You mean, Susan Sullivan and Warren Litch's?" A flash of surprise flittered across Shane's jet-black eyes.

"Yup. Susan said it herself, so it must be true." Natalie nodded. "I always thought that she'd only gotten together with Warren Litch in the past few years. Never had I thought that they'd

been together for over twenty years now. This means that she had Harrison take the responsibility instead after she got pregnant with Jasmine.”

Speaking of that, it’s truly ironic. Hah! Harrison Smith kicked his own wife and his biological daughter out because of Susan and her daughter, then pampered another man’s daughter to the skies! I wonder if he’ll pass out from fury when he learns the truth!

At the sight of the schadenfreude gleaming in her eyes, Shane could tell Natalie’s thoughts. Unbidden, his thin lips curved upward slightly. “Are you planning to tell Harrison Smith about this?”

“Of course!” Natalie nodded. Subsequently, the expression on her face turned wintry. “But I won’t be the one telling him that. I’ll let my mother tell him personally when she comes back.”

Never would I ever forget that day seven years ago. Mom laboriously cooked a feast to celebrate her twentieth wedding anniversary with Harrison Smith, but it was precisely on that day that he brought Susan Sullivan and her daughter home, causing Mom to pass out and triggering Jared’s heart attack that he almost died!

Knowing that she wanted to let Yulia personally take her revenge on Harrison, Shane didn’t ask further, merely dipping his chin in acknowledgment.

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“Oh yes, I forgot to ask why you’re here, Mr. Shane.” Natalie finally remembered this question, and she stared at him.

After adjusting his cuffs, Shane replied, “I came over for an interview with a finance segment.”

“Oh, I see.” Natalie nodded in understanding. Then, she shifted her gaze to the door. “The security has probably left, yes?”

Instead of replying, Shane walked over to her. Under her baffled gaze, he abruptly bent down and grabbed the bottom of her dress before forcefully ripping it.

In the next moment, the sound of fabric ripping rang out. Natalie was entirely stunned even as she felt a chill assailing her. A long time passed before she finally snapped back to her senses. Opening her mouth, she demanded, "What are you doing, Mr. Shane?"

She gaped at the man in utter astonishment.

Why did he tear my dress out of the blue?

However, Shane didn't answer her. After throwing away the piece of white chiffon strip he'd ripped off, he straightened. Then, he started unbuttoning his suit jacket.

Upon seeing this, Natalie's petite face flamed at once, and she couldn't help backing toward the door.

As her face turned increasingly flushed, she asserted in a shaky voice while retreating, "We're at the television station, and this is someone else's office, so please restrain yourself, Mr. Shane!"

"Restrain myself?" Shane quirked an eyebrow. When he then spotted the twin spots of red on her cheeks, he knew that she had misunderstood. Nonetheless, he stalked toward her after having slipped off his jacket. "What will you do if I refuse to do so?"

"I... I will..."

Before she'd finished speaking, Shane whipped his jacket over her head and draped it over her shoulders.

Startled, Natalie's gaze shifted between the jacket and him, seemingly at a loss as to what he was trying to do.

Ruffling her hair, Shane explained, "While they didn't see your countenance when you made your escape earlier, they certainly saw your dress. If you don't make any changes to it, you'll definitely be made."

Upon hearing this, understanding instantly dawned upon Natalie.

So, he didn't do all that because he wanted to force himself on me. Rather, it was to help me disguise my dressing!

Her face turned as red as an overly ripe tomato at once. However, it wasn't because of shyness but mortification from her misguided thoughts.

But this isn't entirely my fault! He's also partly at fault for not explaining things from the beginning!

At the thought of this, Natalie again shot him a glare.

Shane, however, arched an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"Nothing." Natalie shook her head. Then, she tied her hair up. "Let's go, Mr. Shane."

Unexpectedly, Shane stretched out a hand in front of her. "Let me check whether there's any security outside."

"Okay." Natalie stopped in her tracks.

Thus, Shane opened the door and walked out, glancing up and down the corridor. After ascertaining that there was no security, he turned back and called out, "You can come out now."

Dipping her head a fraction, Natalie tightened the jacket around her and stepped out.

In the next moment, Shane wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

Natalie stiffened at once and was just about to speak when he cut her off, saying, "The employees here know me, so they'll only relax their guard when they see that we're on intimate terms."

After saying that, he forcibly kept his arm around her and left the television station.

When they'd gotten into the car, Natalie shrugged off the jacket and returned it to him. "Thank you, Mr. Shane."

Shane took the jacket, but he didn't put it on. Instead, he draped it over her lap. "Your dress is too short, so use it as a cover. Silas will be joining us later."

He wouldn't mind her current state if it'd only be the two of them in the car throughout the drive, but since Silas would be here in a while, he wouldn't allow him to feast his eyes on her thighs.

As Natalie stared at the jacket that was draped over her lap, a sense of mirth welled up within her.

Although my dress is indeed a tad short after he'd ripped a strip off, it's not that short that I'm flashing others.

However, she found his insistence rather amusing, and a sense of warmth suffused her at his concern.

Soon, Silas came. Pulling open the car door, he slipped into the passenger seat. When he turned around and glimpsed Natalie, he greeted her without the slightest hint of surprise. "Ms. Smith."

Natalie flashed him a smile in return. "Mr. Campbell."

Silas nodded in acknowledgment, then shifted his gaze to Shane. "It's done, Mr. Shane. I've erased all traces of Ms. Smith from the security footage, so the television station's employees won't be able to find Ms. Smith."

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The moment Natalie heard this, her eyes went wide.

It turns out that not only did he help me escape the security in the nick of time, but he also did all this for me!

"Mr. Shane..." Natalie called out Shane's name to say something or other after biting her lip for a moment.

However, Shane squeezed her hand and murmured, "I know. What about Susan Sullivan and that man..."

"Warren Litch," Natalie hurriedly reminded.

At that, Shane nodded. "Yes, Warren Litch. What about them?"

"Warren Litch has been summoned by the director of the television station. After all, he ordered so many security personnel to pursue a so-called paparazzi yet didn't manage to catch her but made everyone at the television station panic instead. Thus, he'll definitely be reprimanded."

Silas then started the car. As he drove, he continued, "As for Susan Sullivan, she has already left the television station in a hurry."

"She must have gone back to Smith Residence to see whether the person who'd eavesdropped on their conversation has told Harrison Smith the secret. If it hasn't gotten to his knowledge, she can still prevent it in advance," Natalie mused, her eyes narrowed.

"What secret?" Curiosity was etched on Silas' face.

Hearing that, Shane shot him a look, seemingly chiding him for being such a nosy person.

All at once, Silas gave a cough. Touching his nose, he then focused on his driving without asking anything further.

Natalie then took out her cell phone and rang the detective, Mr. Malone, who was keeping an eye on Jasmine. She instructed him to figure out a way to get Susan and Jasmine's hair as well as Harrison and Warren's.

Upon hearing that, Shane lifted his eyebrows a fraction. "You're planning to have a DNA test done on them?"

"Yes. I want to have one on each of them," Natalie admitted as she placed her cell phone down.

It's only by doing so can I be certain whether Jasmine is Susan Sullivan and Warren Litch's daughter!

Shane propped his hand against the car door, and suggested, "At that time, have Jackson do it for you. You can get the results in two hours at the earliest."

"Sure. Thank you, Mr. Shane." Natalie didn't decline but thanked him with a smile.

In turn, Shane lifted his chin a fraction in acknowledgment. "Where are you going next?"

"Back to the studio. I'm rather busy since I've just accepted a project recently." Natalie patted her handbag.

After getting an answer from her, Shane looked at Silas. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," Silas answered immediately.

In no time, they arrived at the studio.

Natalie then picked up the jacket on her lap and returned it to the man.

This time, the man took it and slipped it on right away.

Thereafter, Natalie shouldered her handbag and opened the car door.

She'd just swung a leg out when she seemingly thought of something and stopped short.

After two seconds had passed, she turned around and stared at Shane for a long while. All of a sudden, she leaned over and pecked him on the cheek.

Shane's pupils instantly constricted.

Silas, on the other hand, gaped at her with his jaw hanging wide open. "Ms. Smith, you..."

Before he'd finished speaking, Natalie lowered her flaming face and swiftly bolted out of the car.

Then, she slammed the car door shut. Sprinting into the building, she then quickly disappeared from sight.

Meanwhile, Shane touched his face in a daze, right at the spot where she kissed earlier. His Adam's apple bobbed as his mind whirred.

As Silas' gaze alternated between the direction in which Natalie had left and his CEO, who was in a trance, he couldn't resist whistling even as he teased, "Congratulations for finally winning the lady over, Mr. Shane!"

“Winning the lady over?” Shane thin lips parted slightly, and his voice was threaded with a hint of puzzlement.

At this, Silas nodded. “Yup. You’ve been pursuing Ms. Smith recently, but she hasn’t agreed to be your girlfriend, no? But just now, she voluntarily kissed you, so it proves that she has lowered her defenses and is willing to date you!”

At that remark, a flicker of something flashed across his eyes, and he straightened imperceptibly. “Is that so?”

“Of course! Why did she kiss you otherwise?” Silas nudged his glasses.

Despite having never dated anyone, I’ve read tons of romance novels, so I know this much!

However, Shane didn’t quite believe him. “Perhaps she was just thanking me for having helped her earlier,” he murmured placidly as he lowered his eyes.

“That’s impossible!” Silas smirked. “Mr. Shane, I’ll be frank with you. You’ve saved Ms. Smith numerous times, but when has she ever kissed you in return?”

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Upon hearing that, Shane’s thin lips twitched slightly, but he said nothing.

Thus, Silas continued persuading him, suggesting, “So, why don’t try confessing your feelings for Ms. Smith again, Mr. Shane? Who knows, you might succeed this time!”

At this, Shane dipped his eyes, seemingly contemplating the matter.

A long moment later, he lifted his head and looked at the building in front of him, his gaze profound. “We’ll see how it goes tonight. Drive.”

“Understood,” Silas replied.

Meanwhile, in the studio, Natalie stood on the balcony in her office, looking down. It was only when she saw the Bentley downstairs drive away did she return to her table with her hands over her burning face and sat down.

In reality, she had gotten used to being with him after all the time they had been spending together in the past few days. Most importantly, he had always appeared whenever she was in trouble and protected her, so she wanted to try dating him.

But I'm just not certain whether he understood that I'm agreeing to date him by kissing him.

"Nat!" Joyce barged in while she was still engrossed in her thoughts.

All at once, Natalie straightened and dropped her hands from her face. Sitting upright, she stared at Joyce. "What's the matter?"

Joyce squinted in suspicion. "That's my line. You hastily adjusted your posture when I came in, and your face is even flushed red as though you'd done something wrong. Don't tell me you've been doing something reprehensible just now?"

"Of course not!" Natalie shot daggers at her. "Alright. Why are you looking for me?"

"Here. These are the monthly drafts sketched by the designers. Take a look and see which ones have to be amended." Joyce handed her the stack of design blueprints in her hands.

Natalie reached out and took them. "Okay, thank you."

"Also, there's another thing." Joyce propped her hands against Natalie's table.

Hearing that, Natalie lifted her eyes and looked at her. "What is it?"

"A fashion magazine is having a selection for their cover outfit design. Shall we participate as well?" Joyce inquired.

As Natalie sifted through the blueprints, she asked, "What magazine is that?"

"Beauty Fashion. It's a mid-level fashion magazine in the fashion industry," Joyce answered with a shrug.

A so-called mid-level magazine meant that it couldn't be all that bad even if it wasn't considered good. Generally, it was graced by slightly popular models and C or D-list celebrities.

Natalie then put down the blueprints. "I've heard of Beauty Fashion. It's not too bad, but the management is too pedantic, so the attires they choose are overly plain each time. It doesn't match my standard, so I'll pass. Let Lily and the others take part instead. It's quite in line with their styles."

"Okay. I'll go and tell them about it right away." Nodding, Joyce then pivoted and left.

Natalie, on the other hand, lowered her head and continued looking through the remaining blueprints.

When she'd finished going through all the blueprints, it was already time to get off work.

After distributing the blueprints that needed to be amended to the respective people, she turned off her computer. Then, she got to her feet and left the office to pick up her children from the kindergarten.

However, just after she'd stepped out of the studio, the cell phone in her handbag rang.

Nevertheless, she didn't stop but continued striding toward the elevator. As she walked, she fished out her cell phone.

When she'd taken it out, she gave it a cursory glance. As soon as she saw that it was a phone call from the detective, she answered it without a moment's delay. "Hello."

"Ms. Smith, I've gotten the hair samples you want," the detective declared cheerily through the cell phone.

"That's quick!" Natalie's jaw dropped open in astonishment.

At this, the detective chuckled. "They aren't people of high statuses, so it doesn't take much effort to get their hair."

"Ah, so that's how it is. Got it! Where are you now? I'll go over and meet you." Natalie pressed the call button for the elevator.

The detective then promptly gave her the location.

After a moment's deliberation, Natalie lifted an eyebrow.

Isn't that the coffee shop nearby? It turns out that he's already here. Great! I don't need to make another trip.

Hanging up the phone, Natalie placed her cell phone back into her handbag before stepping into the elevator.

A few minutes later, she arrived at the coffee shop.

From afar, the detective waved at Natalie.

Spotting him, Natalie nodded and walked over.

Subsequently, the server came over with the menu.

Natalie then proceeded to order a glass of milk for herself and a cup of coffee for the detective.

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After the server left, Natalie asked with a serious expression, "Where are the hair samples?"

"Here." The detective took out four ziplock bags from his briefcase and handed them to her.

Natalie took them with both hands. She then noticed that the four ziplock bags were labeled with the names Jasmine, Harrison, Susan, and Warren respectively. Beaming in satisfaction, she blurted, "Thank you very much!"

"You're welcome. I'm paid to do this, after all." The detective waved a hand in a dismissive gesture.

When Natalie had put the hair samples away, the server came over with the milk and coffee.

After taking a sip of milk, Natalie queried, "How's Jasmine doing these days?"

"She has been discharged, but her condition isn't too good. She's ruined, and her legs are also crippled."

As the detective stirred the coffee, he tsked and continued, "Also, the police is already aware that she has been faking her mental instability and extended her sentence for another two years. Logically speaking, she should be taken back to prison after being discharged, but for some reason, the police have no plans to do so. Instead, they seem to be planning to have her stay at the mental hospital."

However, Natalie wasn't at all surprised upon hearing this since Shane had already told her about it.

What was more, it because he'd negotiated with the police that Jasmine didn't have to return to prison.

But little did anyone know that Jasmine's days in the mental hospital would definitely be far worse than her being in prison.

"Got it. You don't need to keep an eye on Jasmine anymore. Instead, I want you to investigate Susan Sullivan and Warren Litch. I want to know the entirety of their past," Natalie declared as she placed the glass of milk down.

The detective nodded with a smile. "Don't worry. As long as the price is right, everything is possible."

After saying that, he guzzled down the coffee in a single go. Then, he got up and left.

Conversely, Natalie was in no rush to leave. It was only when she'd finished the milk languidly did she get to her feet, going over to the cashier to pay before leaving.

At night, they had dinner at Natalie's apartment.

The two children wanted to try out the hot pot, so she bought plenty of ingredients to cook hot pot for them.

Shane came for dinner as well. He'd never had hot pot before, and his striking face was all red from the heat. Not only that, but his eyes had also turned red.

His reaction made it evident that he seldom ate spicy food.

"Have some water." Natalie handed him a cup of iced water, her eyes dancing with amusement.

Putting down his fork, Shane took it and gulped down several mouthfuls successively before he finally managed to take the edge off the fiery spiciness in his mouth.

"Do you feel better now?" Natalie asked while staring at him.

"Yup, much better," Shane murmured while massaging his temples.

Upon seeing this, Natalie giggled again. Then, she took some vegetables and rinsed them in plain water to wash off the chili coating them before placing them into his bowl. "Eat this. This isn't spicy."

Shane's expression instantly turned tender as he looked at the vegetables she took for him. "Okay."

After dinner, the two children pestered Shane to play Lego with them. Meanwhile, Natalie cleared the table and went to the kitchen to wash up.

Halfway through, she suddenly heard footsteps from behind her. In the next instance, a pair of arms stretched out and wrapped around her waist from behind, hugging her.

Natalie stiffened slightly for a second, and her movement slowed, making it glaringly obvious that she was very much unfamiliar with such an intimate embrace. But surprisingly, she didn't struggle. Instead, she even leaned back and rested against the man's chest.

At this, Shane tightened his arms around her and hugged her all the tighter. Then, he even rested his chin on her shoulder. "Silas said that the kiss indicated your agreement to date me, and it turned out that he was right."

Dipping her eyes, Natalie chuckled softly. "So, you're now hugging me because you wanted to ascertain whether he was right?"

Nevertheless, Shane merely grunted noncommittally. "I'll give him a bonus tomorrow."

At his response, Natalie snorted. "He deserves it. If he hadn't reminded you of this, would you not have thought of it?"

"Perhaps." Shane nodded honestly.

At this, Natalie glanced over her shoulder and threw him a pouting look.

Her looks were exceedingly beautiful and stunning, so it was simply pure temptation now that she was wearing such an expression.