

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 629

“Okay.” Natalie nodded to show him she understood.

Shane led Jacqueline away. Natalie watched as they got into the car before leading the children indoors.

Shane did not return that night. Natalie called and was informed that Jacqueline was about to have surgery for her cornea replacement and that he was going to keep her company.

Though Natalie was not happy about it at all, she agreed for him to remain in the hospital.

As Natalie was about to send the children to school the next morning, Mrs. Wilson came hurrying out with a thermal food jar and a bag. “Madam, please could you pass this to Mr. Shane on your way there?”

Natalie received the items and noticed some of Shane’s clothes in the bag. “I will bring it over to him,” she promised. “We’re leaving.”

At that, she led the children out.

After dropping them off, Natalie headed for the hospital. Upon obtaining Jacqueline’s room number from the receptionist, she had located it without much difficulty.

Natalie was about to knock when the sight of the room within through the slightly ajar door rooted her on the spot.

Jacqueline sat up on the bed with a heavy swath of bandages around her eyes with her arms tightly around Shane. He did not push her away but was lightly patting her on the back whilst speaking softly to her.

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Natalie's lips trembled as her heart wrenched in pain at the sight of the scene before her.

She was able to tolerate him holding her as he helped her walk, but this embrace was too much for her.

She was not that forgiving as to allow another woman to hug her husband like that.

Natalie rapped twice on the door loudly to startle the couple within before making her entrance with a stony expression on her face.

Shane frowned and turned to find himself face to face with his wife. His deep eyes flickered before regaining composure. They broke apart as Shane strode over to Natalie. "What are you doing here?"

"Who is that, Shane?" Jacqueline called, with her hands on the quilt.

Natalie glared at her and answered flatly. "It's me."

"Ms. Smith, I see." Jacqueline recognized her voice immediately.

Without paying Jacqueline any mind, Natalie handed over the thermal food jar and the bag of clothes to Shane before turning on her heels to leave.

Faced with his wife's anger, Shane reached out and grabbed hold of her arm. "Are you leaving already?"

"Why would I want to stay and interrupt your cuddle session?" Natalie jeered.

Realization dawned upon Shane. "You've misunderstood. It was not what it looks like." He pinched the spot between his brows wearily.

"That's right, Ms. Smith," Jacqueline added for fear of being the cause of an argument. "I almost fell off the bed earlier but Shane had caught me just in time. There isn't anything between us, please don't misunderstand."

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Natalie frowned in disbelief. She glared at Shane. "Is it true, what she said?"

Shane gave a tiny nod. "Jacqueline had just woken up from the surgery. She felt scared at not being able to see and almost fell off the bed. I was hugging her to comfort her because she was in shock."

It was a very unfortunate coincidence that Natalie had seen it in the worst possible light and jumped right away to conclusion.

She was able to tell that Shane was in earnest. Her stony countenance relaxed as the knot in her heart eased.

Natalie retracted her arm from Shane's grasp as she turned toward Jacqueline. "Ms. Graham, how did your surgery go?"

"Thank you for your concern, Ms. Smith. It went very well." Jacqueline smiled with a nod.

"That's good to hear. Have a speedy recovery, I shall take my leave now." Natalie stroked her hair as she took her leave.

"I'll come with you," Shane said suddenly.

Even Jacqueline was stunned at the proclamation.

I just got out of surgery and you're leaving already?

"Shane, what would I do if you leave?" Jacqueline bit her lip and said in a small voice.

Natalie secretly rolled her eyes at the charade. "She's right, Darling," she said, to escalate the situation. "Ms. Graham needs you to..."

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"I have a very important meeting at work today," Shane interrupted. "I cannot afford to be late. Jacqueline will have Jackson and the nurses help her. Don't worry." The last sentence was directed toward Natalie.

Jacqueline was unhappy with the sudden turn of events but did not attempt to convince Shane to stay.

It would be asking for trouble if she had insisted that he stayed despite his announcement of having a meeting to attend.

"I understand." Jacqueline forced a smile. "Safe trip, both of you."

Shane and Natalie made their way out of the ward and departed.

As they walked along the corridor, Natalie caught sight of the dark circles beneath Shane's eyes and felt a twinge of pain in her heart. "Did you get any rest last night?"

"I did not sleep a wink." Shane rubbed his eyes wearily.

"Why not?" Natalie frowned.

"I've been going through some documents," Shane answered as he lowered his hand.

"Was that what you were doing all night?" Natalie pouted.

Shane nodded without comment.

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Natalie did not know what else to say. As soon as they had exited the building, she snatched the car keys out of Shane's hand when he fished them out of his pocket. "You shouldn't drive if you hadn't slept all night. You're endangering other road users, you know? Let me drive today. It's always me catching a ride with you to work, let me do it for a change."

She led the way to his car.

Shane chuckled softly and followed her, with the thermal food jar and bag of clothes in his hands.

Natalie dropped Shane off at his office before heading off to her own. As her own car was parked at the hospital, she made a mental note to arrange for someone to bring it to the office for her later that day.

Along the way, Natalie shot a glance at the figure on the passenger seat. "Mrs. Wilson had made you something in the thermal food jar. You haven't had your breakfast, have you? Why don't you eat something along the way."

Shane had not eaten since the night before and was feeling ravenous. At her suggestion, he dug in without another word.

To ensure that Shane had sufficient time to eat, Natalie deliberately drove slower than she normally would. The journey to Thompson Group which would have normally taken an hour from the hospital was stretched to an hour and twenty minutes.

"We're here," Natalie announced as the car slowed to a halt.

Shane had finished his breakfast just in time and was wiping his lips with a serviette as Natalie spoke.

"Would you like to head up with me?" He asked suddenly as he was exiting the vehicle.

Natalie was about to reject but it had occurred to her that she had not been here in a long time. In the past when she was employed under the design department of Thompson Group, she had befriended some colleagues and wished to see them.

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"Alright!" Natalie nodded with a smile.

I'd like to see how they're doing.

The couple exited the car and took the private elevator from the parking lot all the way up to the highest floor.

Silas was already waiting outside of the CEO's office. He was just about to greet Shane as he emerged from the elevator when the sight of Natalie behind him caught him by surprise.

"Madam, you're here today!"

Natalie smiled. "Good morning, Mr. Campbell."

"Good morning, Madam." Silas sank into a courteous bow before bringing a stack of documents over to Shane. "Mr. Shane, the meeting is about to begin. These are the points of discussion for today."

Shane grunted as he examined the briefs. "Is everyone here?" He said as he handed the documents back to Silas.

Shane pushed the doors to his office open as he strode in, with Natalie and Silas following suit.

"Yes, Sir." Silas nodded. "Everyone except for Mr. Moore."

"Why would Alfred have a meeting here at Thompson Group?" Natalie voiced her curiosity.

Silas was hesitant on whether or not he should answer her.

"She is my wife." Shane spoke up pointedly.

"Yes, Sir." Silas's face was grey with anxiety.

Shane's meaning could not have been clearer. Natalie was deemed privy to this conversation.

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“Mr. Moore had introduced a new type of fabric recently,” Silas explained. “Due to problems in our funds and the market for relevant machinery, it is unlikely that this fabric would be able to be mass-produced. The reason why he’s coming here today is to appeal to Mr. Shane to invest in his idea. This meeting was called to determine if this joint venture is worth a shot.”

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