

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 631

"I see." Natalie nodded in comprehension. She felt rather excited at the possibilities of this fabric should it come to fruition. "What kind of fabric is it?" She asked curiously.

"Rumor has it that it has photo reflective qualities," Silas explained as he recalled his first interaction with the prototype. "If its production is successful, it could be used to achieve some degree of invisibility."

"Invisibility?" Natalie exhaled in excitement. However, a frown soon creased her brows. "If that's the case, its applications are potentially endless. It wouldn't be confined to the fashion industry anymore. It would be useful for swimming pools, and even the military..."

Natalie pointed upwards as everybody nodded wordlessly, suddenly aware of the ominous possibility of being under surveillance.

Silas's expression was serious. "That's right. That is why the meeting today is of utmost importance. There will be a high-ranking governmental official in attendance as well."

With the immense possibilities of this newly discovered fabric, the government would never allow the private sector to manufacture it if it were not properly disclosed through the proper channels.

"Alright, Natalie. Why don't you have a seat in my office while I attend the meeting," said Shane as he turned off his computer and got to his feet.

"I was hoping to go down to the design department and meet some old colleagues." Natalie shrugged. "I'll head straight to work after that."

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“That sounds fine too.” Shane nodded without attempting to force her. He then turned to leave with Silas.

“Wait,” Natalie called out suddenly.

“What is it?” Shane stopped in his tracks and turned around.

“Your tie is crooked,” Natalie pointed out as she walked up to Shane to adjust it for him.

“That looks good.” Natalie stepped back after she was done, out of Shane and Silas’s way.

Seized by an impulse, Shane grabbed her suddenly by the waist and hugged her.

“What are you doing?” Natalie cried as she stiffened up.

Shane did not answer. He gazed at her red lips and kissed them passionately.

Natalie was stunned as she was not prepared for him to kiss her like that.

Silas was as stunned as Natalie. He stared at the couple with his jaw hanging wide open.

I haven’t even managed to excuse myself and these two are already going at it! I don’t think they even care that I’m still in the room!

Silas rolled his eyes at that thought.

Natalie had regained her senses. As she suddenly recalled Silas’s presence, she blushed furiously and shoved Shane off of her. “Look at what you did. Silas has seen everything,” Natalie muttered with her head hanging in embarrassment.

Shane whipped around and glared at Silas.

It took a moment for Silas to realize that he had been a voyeur in this situation, and soon it was his turn to blush. With a start, he shook his head in horror as he muttered, “I didn’t see anything. Really, nothing at all!”

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"That's enough. Let's go." Shane averted his eyes as he resumed his brisk demeanor.

Silas sighed in relief and hurried out of the office after his employer.

After the men had left, Natalie's scalding hot cheeks had returned to their usual shade.

She let out a breath and left Shane's office for the design department.

The staff in the design department had their jaws hanging open in shock at the sight of her arrival.

"Mrs. Thompson, you're here! Did Mr. Thompson drag you along with him to work today?" A designer asked excitedly.

There were a few of them who had fond memories of Natalie and were pleased to see her.

Though Natalie was young, it was common knowledge amongst the designers in Thompson Group that her talent and keen sense of fashion far outweighed their own.

In her brief month-long tenure in the design department, the others had learned a good deal from her. As a result, they were thrilled with her potential return.

Natalie had to disappoint them. "I'm only here today to see you guys," she said with a smile.

"Oh, no!" The general enthusiasm was visibly dampened.

Natalie consoled them in a few sentences.

The designers wasted no time consulting her on their respective tasks in the hopes of gleaning some useful knowledge off of Natalie while she was still there.

Natalie knew at once what they were up to but was glad to help them out all the same.

It was due to that that her original plan to stay for half an hour had ended up doubling in length.

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As she bade farewell to her warm ex-colleagues, she heaved a sigh and made plans to leave Thompson Group for her own company.

As she arrived at the lobby, a figure emerged out of an elevator causing her to jump in shock.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 632

It was Isabelle Moore, Alfred Moore's granddaughter.

Isabelle was clearly surprised to see Natalie here, too. Her surprise quickly turned to fury. "It's you?"

Natalie smiled and nodded. "Yes, it's me. Long time no see. Are you an employee here, Ms. Moore?"

She glanced at Isabelle's staff ID on her neck and arched a brow.

Why is Isabelle from the Moore family working in Thompson Group? This is strange.

"That's right!" Isabelle's chest puffed up proudly. "You're not exactly right, though. I'm not just any employee. I'm a designer at the design department."

Oh. That's why she came out of this elevator.

"Designer?" Natalie's eyes widened incredulously. She gave Isabelle the once-over and asked, "Are you a costume designer?"

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That's impossible! Alfred wants his granddaughter to become a designer, but she isn't talented at all. Her drawings are practically kids' scribbles. How did she qualify to be a designer?

"Why? Can't I be a costume designer?" Isabelle retorted furiously upon seeing the doubt in Natalie's gaze.

Yet, she couldn't stop guilt from spreading in her heart as she knew she wasn't qualified to be a designer.

She only wanted to be one after being crushed by Natalie a few times so she could defeat Natalie in her own field.

Alas, she wasn't talented at all. After she begged her grandfather, he asked Shane for a favor and got her into the company.

Alfred told Isabelle to learn from the designers here, but she wasn't talented at all and couldn't even understand anything. Hence, she spent her days playing games and sleeping. She was also often late for work.

Right now, she had just arrived at work.

"No, no. That wasn't what I meant." Natalie waved her hands. "Everyone has a choice to choose their jobs. I'm just curious as to why you chose this job, Ms. Moore. That's a foolish move, I think."

She flashed a mocking smile in Isabelle's direction.

Isabelle knew Natalie was mocking her. Gritting her teeth, she declared, "That's none of your business! I remembered what you did to me. One day, I shall return everything to you! I'll make sure to crush you in your field. Hmph!"

"Oh?" Natalie's smile widened. "So can I assume you became a designer to defeat me?"

Isabelle stuck her chin up and replied smugly, "Yep! That's my goal!"

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Natalie didn't want to hurt her pride, so she stifled back her laughter and said, "If that's the case, I wish you the best of luck!"

With that, Natalie stepped past her to enter the elevator.

Isabelle grabbed her arm. "Wait. You didn't say why you are here."

"Well—"

"Oh, you don't have to say anything. I got it," Isabelle interrupted and harrumphed. "You must be thinking of returning to Thompson Group as you couldn't survive. You're planning to seduce Shane, right?"

Natalie rolled her eyes and ignored Isabelle.

As she said nothing, Isabelle thought it was a silent admission. Her eyes reddened in anger. "I was right. You're here for Shane."

"Yes. Satisfied?" Natalie pried her hands off coolly.

Isabelle's face contorted in fury. "Dream on! You have no right to get Shane. That fool Jasmine was engaged to Shane for five years, but she failed to marry him. Don't you know Shane's married?" she announced, her heart full of jealousy.

Isabelle thought she would have a chance after Jasmine died.

However, before she could take action, Shane got himself married in a jiffy. She couldn't help but brood over that fact. If I find out who his wife is, I won't show her any mercy!

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