

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 633

"Yep, I know he's married. I'm his wife," Natalie pointed at herself and declared happily.

Isabelle refused to believe her. Rolling her eyes, she uttered, "You? Stop joking around. Without your looks, you are nothing. You don't even have a family that can be of help to Shane. There's no way he'll fall for you."

"You're wrong. I might not come from an influential family, but Thompson Group is huge. Shane doesn't need me to help him. That means he fell for my looks." Natalie caressed her own face deliberately to provoke Isabelle.

Clearly, Isabelle took her bait and scowled in jealousy.

"Ha! Nonsense. Aren't you afraid I'll tell Shane and his wife everything? If I do that, he'll get mad at you. His wife will surely teach you a lesson!" said Isabelle, her arms crossed in a challenging manner.

She thought Natalie would break down in tears and begged her to stay quiet, but to her surprise, Natalie's grin grew arrogant.

"Sure, go ahead. Tell Shane's wife that I spend every day with her husband. We kiss and sleep every day. Let's see if she'll teach me a lesson." Natalie gestured for her to make a move.

Isabelle was flabbergasted. "Are you mad? Did you just ask me to do that? Are you not afraid?"

"Nope," came Natalie's cheerful reply as she flicked her hair back.

Right then, a tall man strode toward them. "She's not afraid because she's Shane's wife."

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It was Sean.

Isabelle knew who he was. Hearing his words, her lips parted in shock. "How could that be? She can't be Shane's wife!"

Her finger was trembling as she pointed at Natalie in disbelief.

Still, there was no reason for her to doubt Sean's words.

"Yes, she's indeed Shane's wife." Sean caressed his jaw and stared at an obviously dejected Isabelle with amusement.

Isabelle opened her mouth and was about to say something but then changed her mind. She gave an angry stomp and shot daggers at Natalie before storming away.

The huge blow was clearly too humiliating for her.

After Isabelle stormed away, only Natalie and Sean were left at the scene.

Natalie looked at him. "Mr. Sean, why are you here?"

"The HQ ordered the subsidiaries to come here for a meeting. But the meeting isn't really related to the subsidiary I'm running, so I came out to stroll around. I didn't know I'd run into something this entertaining," replied Sean lazily with his hands stuck in his pockets.

Natalie looked up in realization. "I see. Well, I need to go."

"Wait." Sean stepped to his left, blocking Natalie's exit. "We haven't met in a while, but you're leaving this soon. This is upsetting."

He reached out to touch Natalie's hair.

Instantly, Natalie's gaze narrowed as she stepped back warily. "Mr. Sean, I'm Shane's wife, your cousin-in-law. Please mind your actions," she demanded sternly.

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Sean clicked his tongue as though that fact had just occurred to him and retracted his hand in disappointment.

As he wasn't going to do anything out of line, Natalie heaved a sigh of relief. "What is it, Mr. Sean?"

"It's about the will, of course. But if you want it to be something else, I shall welcome it with open arms," Sean replied with a grin.

Natalie knitted her brows and ignored his flirty tone. "I still haven't received any news about the will."

Sean's expression fell in response. "The deadline is fifteen days later. What have you been doing for the past month and a half? No news about the will? Are you messing around with me?"

He glared at her menacingly.

Fear and anxiety crept into Natalie's heart, but she balled up her fists and put up a calm front. "I am not messing around with you. When I tried to sound Shane out by asking if his grandpa left anything for him, his answer was no."

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"Really?" Sean glanced at her doubtfully.

Natalie took a deep breath discreetly before answering, "Yes. I don't think Shane knows about the will. You only realized there is one later on, right?"

Sean fell silent.

Indeed, no one in the Thompson family knew a will existed. He only found out about it by chance.

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Grandpa's assistant claimed there was indeed a will that only Shane could find. I need Shane's help to get it.

At that thought, he narrowed his eyes. "Natalie, I need to get my hands on the will before the deadline. I don't care how you do it as long as the result is in my favor. Even a clue will do. Otherwise, don't blame me for taking action."

He patted her cheek before turning back into his lazy self.

"Alright, Nat. I need to go. I'll be waiting for your good news!"

Once he had spoken his piece, he left.

Natalie staggered backward and leaned on the wall. She felt drained.

If I knew I'd end up with Shane, I wouldn't ask Sean to donate his blood to Connor in an attempt to hide Conner's real identity. I should've revealed everything and asked Shane to donate as a father.

Transfusions from family members may increase the risk of hemolytic disease in the transfusion recipient, but he could've donated a little to save Connor and find other suitable blood donors. Unfortunately, it was too late to regret now.

Natalie let out a bitter chuckle as she trudged into the elevator and left Thompson Group.

Perhaps she was affected by Sean's warning, for she remained dispirited the whole day.

After she made a few mistakes at work, Joyce came to her worriedly. "Nat, are you alright?"

Natalie shook her head to reassure her. "I'm fine."

"You're fine? Look at the discarded drafts on the ground and the mistakes you made. You're acting strangely," said Joyce as she pointed at the ground and Natalie's desk.

Natalie flung her pencil aside and covered her face. "Joyce, can you leave me alone?"

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As she seemed exhausted, Joyce nodded. "Alright. I'll be right outside, so holler if you need anything."

"Mm," came Natalie's reply as she forced a smile.

Joyce spun on her heels and left.

She had just stepped out when a tall figure appeared in her gaze. Immediately, she greeted him happily, "Mr. Shane!"

Joyce waved at him.

Ignoring the shocked gazes in the huge office, Shane strode toward her. "Yes?"

"Are you here to pick Nat up?" asked Joyce.

Shane inclined his head. "She isn't waiting for me by the road. She isn't answering her phone, too. I came to see if she's here."

"Yes, she's inside." Joyce pointed at the door behind her. "Mr. Shane, you came at the right time. You should go cheer her up."

Shane frowned at once. "What happened to her?"

His concern for Natalie was evident. Joyce exhaled and answered, "I have no idea. She isn't her usual self. I think something happened to her. But when I asked, she refused to say anything."

"Got it. I'll head in now," said Shane as he pushed the door open.

When Natalie heard the door squeaking open, she thought it was Joyce. Without even looking up from her computer, she said, "Joyce, I said I want to be left alone. Why are you—"

"It's me," a man's voice interjected.

Stunned, Natalie raised her head. She flashed a smile upon seeing Shane. "Why are you here?"

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"Normally, you'd be waiting for me downstairs. Today, you weren't there. Your phone was also switched off, so I came to see what's going on." Shane walked toward her desk.

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