

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 691

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Natalie was silent for a moment. She then snapped the book shut and declared, "Fine, I'll go meet her, then."

After all, Catherine was Shane's aunt. Since she had taken the trouble to come all the way here, the least Natalie could do was to give her a polite greeting.

"Let's go, then," Natalie said impatiently. She got to her feet and straightened her dress before heading out of the room with Mrs. Wilson.

As they descended the stairs, Natalie saw Catherine sitting on the sofa, calmly sipping a cup of tea.

When Catherine heard the sound of footsteps behind her, she hastily set down her tea on the table and turned. When she glimpsed that it was Natalie and Mrs. Wilson approaching, she smiled sweetly and exclaimed, "You're here!"

Confronted with Catherine's beaming face, the only response Natalie could summon was astonishment.

The latter had been on the receiving end of Catherine's condescension before. She was now baffled by the woman's abrupt shift in attitude towards her.

However, Natalie concealed her bewilderment as best as she could and greeted politely, "Mrs. Thompson."

The smile froze on Catherine's face for a moment. Almost immediately, however, she checked herself and burst into a loud peal of laughter. "There's no need for things to be so formal between us! Call me Aunt Catherine!"

"Aunt Catherine," Natalie repeated tentatively.

"That's right," Catherine said approvingly. She reached out and clasped Natalie's hands within hers.

Natalie raised both eyebrows in alarm and almost instinctively pulled her hands back. She courteously resisted the urge to do and allowed Catherine to lead her over to the sofa.

"Nat! Can I call you that?" Catherine asked winningly.

Natalie felt goosebumps all over her arm when she heard the woman address her in such a familiar manner. Forcing her mouth into a smile, she said brightly, "You can call me anything you wish, Aunt Catherine."

"Fantastic! I'll call you Nat, then," Catherine exclaimed, patting Natalie's hand affectionately. "Nat, I never dreamt that we'd ever become family."

"Same here," Natalie said faintly, nodding her head. She vividly recalled her last encounter with Catherine. Catherine had haughtily accused her of seducing Sean, treating Natalie like a cheap wh*re.

Natalie, too, had never imagined that she would one day marry into the Thompson family.

"That's what destiny is all about, isn't it?" Catherine said cheerily.

Natalie gently extricated herself from Catherine's clutches, then asked, "Aunt Catherine, why did you come over today? Did anything happen?"

Natalie and Shane had been married for nearly two months. Even though their marriage was still undisclosed to the public, Sean had surely heard about it from the Thompson family.

Sean had not visited either Natalie or Shane or offered them any congratulatory wishes or gifts. It was as if he was still entirely oblivious to the fact that they had gotten married. Now that Catherine had suddenly appeared at their door, however, Natalie found his intentions were utterly suspect. Her brow furrowed as she awaited Catherine's reply.

Catherine picked up her cup of tea and took another sip before saying, "Right, Nat, there's a favor that I'd like to ask of you."

"What is it?" Natalie asked, arching an eyebrow.

"It's like this, Nat. Isn't Shane going after Sean? Can you speak to Shane and convince him to ease off?" Catherine asked anxiously.

A cold gleam appeared in Natalie's eye. Evenly, she intoned, "Aunt Catherine, are you here to ask Shane to stop pursuing Sean?"

"Yes!" Catherine nodded enthusiastically, a look of relief crossing her face. "Nat, you're part of the Thompson family now, and Sean's your brother-in-law. You'll agree, won't you?"

She looked at Natalie expectantly.

Serenely, the latter replied, "I'm sorry, Aunt Catherine, but I'm afraid I can't agree to that."

Catherine's face instantly. In a strangled voice, she repeated, "You won't agree?"

"That's right," Natalie said pleasantly. She subtly drew back, marking the distance between herself and Catherine. "Do you know why Shane is so intent on pursuing Sean, Aunt Catherine? It's because he kidnapped me."

"But you're fine now, aren't you?" Catherine asked, pursing her lips obstinately.

Natalie almost laughed at the sheer absurdity of Catherine's response. "I'm fine now, sure, because Shane rescued me. It doesn't change the fact that Sean kidnapped me, though. You understand, don't you, Aunt Catherine?"

Catherine looked flustered. "Even if Sean kidnapped you, you're fine now, so why don't you be generous and forgive him? Just let him go!"

Be generous and forgive him? Natalie couldn't resist and laughed out loud at the thought.

"Mrs. Thompson," she said with utmost courtesy. "I'm sorry, but I don't have such a forgiving nature. Why should I help someone who hurt me? Since you're asking this of me, Mrs. Thompson, then why don't I ask you the same question? If someone treated you as terribly as that, would you be able to forgive him just like that?"

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Natalie's sudden question stumped Catherine. Believing that the woman was intentionally humiliating her, Catherine's face took on a menacing look. In a nasty tone, she demanded, "Are you saying that you won't agree, then?"

"That's right." Natalie nodded, unfazed.

That answer made Catherine sniff disdainfully. "I didn't expect that you would be quite so petty. Why did Shane even fall in love with you?"

"You'll have to ask Shane that yourself. That isn't the only question you'll have to ask him, though. You can try persuading him to lay off Sean. The one who's bent on getting Sean is Shane, after all, not me. I'm afraid I can't be of much use," Natalie said calmly, taking a sip of tea.

Catherine scowled at her resentfully. "You're Shane's wife! He'll listen to you."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Thompson. I don't want to," Natalie replied frankly.

Sean's mother's chest heaved in agitation. "You really won't agree to it?" she repeated.

"That's right," Natalie replied patiently.

"You..." Catherine choked in anger.

At that moment, a gentle voice floated over, saying, "Ms. Smith, Mrs. Thompson is your aunt! How could you be so rude to her?"

Natalie whipped around in the speaker's direction only to see Jacqueline strolling down the stairs and crossing the room toward them.

The former's face instantly grew dark. Grimly, she retorted, "Ms. Graham, this is none of your business."

"It's none of my business, but I can't stand by idly and watch you talk to Mrs. Thompson like this," Jacqueline replied with a toss of her head. "It's been a while, Mrs. Thompson," she murmured as she approached Catherine.

Catherine looked at Jacqueline with a puzzled expression on her face. "Who are you?"

"I'm Jacqueline. Don't you remember me?" the woman asked cheerfully.

The look of confusion on Catherine's face cleared instantly. "It's you! I heard that you had regained consciousness but didn't know if it was true. Why are you here now, though?"

"I'm staying at Shane's temporarily," Jacqueline replied.

Comprehension dawned upon Catherine. "So that's the case. I always thought Shane would end up marrying you. It's a pity that someone else came in between Shane and you. I would very much prefer to have a daughter-in-law like you in the Thompson family."

Having proclaimed thus, Catherine seized Jacqueline's hand and gave her a winning smile.

It was exactly the same manner in which she had greeted Natalie earlier.

Natalie was unruffled. She knew Catherine was goading her on purpose because she'd been unwilling to acquiesce to the woman's multiple pleas for help.

The lack of subtlety, however, annoyed her. She rolled her eyes but continued to sip on her water nonchalantly.

Feigning embarrassment, Jacqueline looked apologetically at Natalie and hastily said, "Ms. Smith, I'm sure Mrs. Thompson didn't mean to offend you. I'm in a relationship with Jackie now and have no designs on Shane. Please don't take Mrs. Thompson's comments to heart."

"I didn't. She can't hurt me anyway. No matter what, I'm still the one Shane married," Natalie replied, smiling sweetly at Jacqueline.

At that, a savage look appeared in Jacqueline's eyes. She returned Natalie's smile forcefully and said, "That's true."

Jacqueline turned back to Catherine and said meekly, "Mrs. Thompson, I didn't get to overhear much of your conversation just now. Did you ask Ms. Smith a favor only to have her reject you?"

"That's true. I've never met anyone as cold-hearted as her," Catherine scoffed with an injured air, darting a bitter look at Natalie.

Natalie paid no heed to them and took out her phone, scrolling carelessly through it.

Seeing that her words had no effect on Natalie, Catherine glared at her with a hateful look in her eyes.

As Jacqueline watched the drama play out before her eyes, the corners of her mouth curled up cattily in satisfaction.

She was delighted to see Natalie and Catherine at such odds with each other.

Even though Natalie had managed to marry Shane in the end, she had not won the battle entirely until his family gave their blessing.

If the Thompson family continued ostracizing Natalie, the woman would not be able to endure staying in that household for long.

Pleased at the thought of Natalie's impending failure, Jacqueline turned to Catherine and said heartily, "Mrs. Thompson, why don't you tell me what it is? I'll try to ask Shane on your behalf."

"That's right!" Catherine's eyes lit up. "Jacqueline, you were once Shane's childhood sweetheart. I imagine that you'd have the best relationship with him! It's a pity that you didn't end up marrying each other, but let's not bring that up again. Jacqueline, you have to help me."

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"Do tell me, Aunt Catherine," Jacqueline pleaded.

Catherine suddenly looked sorrowful, taking out a handkerchief and dabbing at the corners of her eyes dramatically. "Shane's been trying to capture Sean lately, so Sean can't even come home. I came here to convince Natalie to call Shane off, but she refused. Jacqueline, please help to persuade Shane," Catherine begged.

"Oh," Jacqueline stated, a crafty gleam appearing in her eyes. She beamed at Catherine, saying, "Got it, Aunt Catherine. Don't worry. I'll do my best to let Shane know."

Natalie frowned but said nothing.

Upon hearing that, Catherine held Jacqueline's hands tightly and exclaimed with gratitude, "That's fantastic! Thank you, Jacqueline."

"Please, there's no need to thank me. I'm just doing what I can. After all, Sean took care of me last time. I'm just repaying the debt," Jacqueline replied modestly.

"You've got a conscience, Jacqueline, unlike some people," Catherine said, deliberately emphasizing the last two words. She cast a baleful glance towards Natalie as she spoke, her eyes like two daggers pointing at her.

The latter shook her head in contempt. She decided not to dignify them with a response, however and remained silent.

"All right, Jacqueline. It's getting late, so I'll be going home. I'll leave Sean in your hands, then. I'll be sure to invite you over some time," Catherine concluded, getting to her feet.

Jacqueline likewise rose from her seat and extended her hand towards Sean's mother. "Sure, Aunt Catherine. Let me see you on your way out."

The two of them then headed off towards the door.

Mrs. Wilson came over after Jacqueline and Catherine had left, bearing a plate of fruits in hand. Looking after them, she tutted, saying, "This Ms. Graham doesn't know her place. Does she think she's the owner of this house? How dare she send Mrs. Thompson off? It's your role here, Madam! She snatched it right away. She's the one with no manners."

"It's all right, Mrs. Wilson. She can do what she likes," Natalie said smoothly, nibbling on a slice of watermelon.

After all, Natalie was confident that she could defeat Jacqueline at any given moment.

Besides, Catherine had thoroughly irritated Natalie for the entire conversation, and she was in no mood to send her off. Let Jacqueline have the honors if she wants, Natalie thought contemptuously.

"She's... Forget it," Mrs. Wilson began as if she had something on her mind but shook her head gravely without continuing.

Natalie smiled at her. "It's fine, Mrs. Wilson. Please take a seat and accompany me."

Mrs. Wilson had finished her tasks for the day, so she sat down next to the woman.

Jacqueline returned at that moment and greeted them haughtily, "Ms. Smith, Mrs. Wilson."

"Ms. Graham, do you know that when you agreed to Mrs. Thompson's request, it was tremendously unfair to Madam?" Mrs. Wilson abruptly scowled in a trembling voice, unable to contain her outrage.

The smile on Jacqueline's face instantly faded. "Mrs. Wilson, what are you referring to?" she asked innocently.

"Mrs. Thompson came here to speak to Madam because she wanted her to persuade sir. Mr. Sean kidnapped Madam, and if she refused to agree, it would have been her business. You had no right to interfere!" Mrs. Wilson declared hotly.

It was exactly what Natalie had been trying to convey to Catherine. The victim was simply unwilling to forgive her abuser.

It was comical that a bystander should be able to forgive the abuser on the victim's behalf.

Natalie was surprised to hear Mrs. Wilson reprimand Jacqueline on her account. However, a warm feeling rose within her, and she looked at the housekeeper with deep appreciation.

Jacqueline, on the other hand, looked as if she had just tasted something nasty.

She fiddled with the hem of her shirt, saying feebly, "I was only trying to help Ms. Smith. She's the daughter-in-law of the Thompson family, and if she refused to help Mrs. Thompson, things might be difficult for her in the future."

"That's not up to you," Mrs. Wilson said coldly.

At that remark, Jacqueline's eyes turned red, and tears sparkled in them. She turned to Natalie and said mournfully, "Ms. Smith, do you think it was wrong of me to do that?"

"I think it was unnecessary of you to step in, Ms. Graham," Natalie replied curtly. "You knew what happened to me, but you ignored it and took the moral high ground, insisting that I was wrong for being rude to Mrs. Thompson. You even agreed to Mrs. Thompson's suggestion on my behalf. Do you think it was right of you to do so?"

"That's right. It didn't cost you anything to agree," Mrs. Wilson added.

Jacqueline bit her lip as tears streamed uncontrollably down her face. Sobbing, she turned away from the two women without another word and dashed upstairs.

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Mrs. Wilson looked at Natalie in indignation. "Madam, we didn't even say much to her, yet she ran off crying as if we bullied her. Why is Ms. Graham behaving in this way? She wasn't like this last time, was she?"

Natalie, who was eating some fruits intently, merely smiled.

Jacqueline was different from her former self because Natalie hadn't appeared on the scene. There was no need for the woman then to portray herself as the damsel in distress.

Now that Natalie was here, Jacqueline saw her as a fellow competitor for the attention she craved. If the latter didn't emphasize her feeble side, no one would rush to protect her or even notice her.

"All right, Madam. It's getting late, and I should start preparing dinner. Sir should be back home in a while," Mrs. Wilson said, glancing at her phone. She stood up and headed towards the kitchen.

Natalie was also eager to fetch Sharon and Connor back from school. She placed her fork neatly onto the plate, then got dressed and left the house.

It was still early when Natalie had finished bundling Sharon and Connor into the car.

She fished for her phone and dialed Shane's number.

The man answered almost immediately. Over the line, his deep voice said gruffly, "Hello?"

"Darling, have you ended work?" Natalie asked as she drove home.

In the back seat of the car, Sharon and Connor craned their necks forward eagerly, hoping to hear Shane's answer as well.

Shane looked at the stack of documents still sitting on his desk and massaged his brow. Wearily, he replied, "I might take a while."

"Shall I bring Sharon and Connor over to pick you up?" Natalie asked, glancing at her two children's eyes that had immediately brightened at her statement.

Shane arched an eyebrow at that question. "You're coming to pick me up?"

"That's right. You've always been the one driving us around. It's our turn to pick you up today," Natalie declared gleefully.

Shane was intrigued by the novelty of her suggestion. "Sure. Come on over, then."

"OK! See you soon," Natalie replied, then hung up.

Sharon clapped her hands together excitedly. "Mommy, are we really going to pick Daddy up?"

"That's right," Natalie said firmly while nodding.

"Yay! Let's go, Mommy!" Sharon cried out, brimming with joy.

Hearing that enthusiasm made Natalie smile, and she stepped on the accelerator, lurching the car forward.

At his office in the Thompson Group building, Shane put down his phone and called for Silas. "Prepare some children's snacks and toys," he ordered.

"Snacks and toys?" Silas stared at Shane in bewilderment, then seemed to come to an understanding. "Are Connor and Sharon coming over?"

"Yes," Shane said briefly.

"Got it. I'll go and prepare for that right away," Silas assured before he turned and left the room.

Shane lowered his head and buried himself in the documents before him once again.

Approximately half an hour later, Natalie and her children arrived at the Thompson Group building.

Sharon and Connor leaped out as soon as Natalie had parked her car and walked hand-in-hand with Natalie towards the elevator.

The elevator transported the trio swiftly to the top floor, where Shane's office was.

When Natalie, Sharon, and Connor exited the elevator, Silas was waiting there to welcome them.

"Mr. Campbell!" Sharon and Connor cried in unison, waving their hands frantically to him.

Smiling, Silas greeted them, "Welcome, here are some lollipops for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Campbell," the children chorused as they happily took the lollipops.

Sharon struggled with the sticky wrapper for a moment, then handed the lollipop over to Connor with a pout. "Help me, Connor!"

"You're so troublesome," Connor replied. He sounded annoyed but showed no reluctance in taking Sharon's lollipop and tearing its wrapper off carefully.

Meanwhile, Sharon eyed Connor like a hawk, as if afraid that he would take advantage of her vulnerability and eat her lollipop.

At the sight of her children's antics, Natalie's face relaxed. A smile hovered over her mouth.

"Mr. Campbell, thank you for being so thoughtful," she said graciously.

Silas immediately waved his hands humbly. "Please don't thank me, Madam. Mr. Shane was the one who had me prepare them for the children. I was merely the manager. Madam, would you like to head over to the office first?"

"All right," Natalie nodded. She took Sharon and Connor's hands and followed after Silas.

As it was their first visit to the office, Sharon and Connor looked around at their surroundings with visible awe and wonder on their faces.

"Mommy, this place is so beautiful!" Sharon exclaimed, her eyes widening.

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Connor silently nodded in agreement.

Natalie cast a gentle smile while stroking her kids' heads. "I'll bet Daddy's office looks even cooler."

"Really?" The children stared starry-eyed at her.

Before she could answer, Silas spoke first. "Madam is correct. World-renowned designers were in charge of setting up Mr. Shane's office. You'll recognize how exquisite his office is from the furniture as well as the fixtures. Right this way, please."

With that, he opened the doors to the CEO's office.

Sharon bounced around with glee as she entered the new space.

Even Connor let go of Natalie's hand and approached the ceiling-to-floor windows curiously.

The spacious office was suddenly bustling with the children's excited babbling.

"What do you think, Sharon, Connor? Isn't Mr. Shane's office spectacular?" Silas asked. He smiled at the two children while preparing some tea.

Sharon skipped over to the man and nodded, "Mmm-hmm! It's absolutely spectacular."

Unlike her, Connor stilled with one hand tucked in his pocket and the other pressed against the glass window. He raised his head while peering down at the bustling world below.

Skyscrapers shot up from the grounds while busy crowds and cars roamed the streets below like variously shaped insects.

The boy was utterly shocked by the view. It was the kind of shock when a person looked down from tall buildings, the kind that made their bodies rattle. Unlike most who felt fear from this, Connor's little body rattled with excitement.

Natalie assumed that he was afraid of heights. She wanted to usher him away from the window but was frozen when he suddenly turned around with bright, red cheeks and a wide grin. He said, "Mommy, Is this the view Daddy sees every day?"

"What?" Natalie replied in a half-daze.

Connor inhaled deeply, suppressing the roaring excitement in his chest. He then held his head high and declared, "Daddy gets to work at the tippy top while the rest of the world looks up to him from below. It feels like everything is within his command. Mommy, I want to be like Daddy when I grow up. I want to stand up here, have ultimate control, and be in power like Daddy!"

Natalie's lips parted in shock when she heard this.

They were only here to pick up Shane, so she hadn't expected this visit to spark her son's ambition.

Even Silas' eyes nearly fell out of their sockets.

The only person who reacted indifferently was Sharon. A bewildered expression appeared on her little face, indicating that she didn't quite understand what had just happened. However, this didn't bother her as she resumed chowing down on some chips Silas had prepared.

A crisp series of claps reverberated throughout the office. Then a proud voice boomed, "Bravo!"

Everyone looked toward the voice's source. Their gazes eventually landed on Shane, who had appeared outside the office door. He was clapping with delight.

Judging from his compliment, Natalie and Silas knew that he must have been standing there for some time. At the very least, he was there during Connor's ambitious monologue.

"Daddy!" the two kids called out obediently.

At once, Shane sauntered in whilst smiling intensely at Connor.

Little did anyone know, Shane was initially startled by Connor's words.

It wasn't long before the shock he felt turned into growing pride. He couldn't help but feel pleased to know that the boy idolized him.

He knew what he felt was illogical; he should've been alarmed and disgusted because the boy wasn't his biological son.

But he couldn't bring himself to resent the boy's admirable ambitions. Rather, he felt great relief as if he had finally found a worthy successor to his business.

Shane approached Connor, lowering his head to meet the boy's gaze. "I have no objections to letting you be the future head of Thompson Group. This company will be yours as long as you show me that you're capable of running it."

His words blew Natalie and Silas' minds away.

"Shane..." Natalie's brows furrowed, hinting at the man to take back his words.

Despite this, Shane butted in before she could refuse him. "I know what you're going to say. And, really, it's fine."

Then, his gaze snapped back onto Connor. "Are you capable of inheriting Thompson Group from me?"

Confidence sparkled in Connor's eyes. "Yes!"

"Good lad. Remember what you just said because Daddy will wait for the day you take over Thompson Group," Shane stated as he picked Connor up.

Silas inhaled sharply at that remark. He first looked at the two children, then at a distressed-looking Natalie before shuddering inwardly.