Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1148

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He didn't like to owe others favors, so he would repay them soon as he could.

Natalie nodded then stood as she noticed Shane's dry, cracked lips. "I'll pour a glass of water for you."

"No need. There's one right here." Shane gazed intently on her lips.

Natalie got his hint. "You have just woke up, and you're already-"

Before she could finish, Shane grabbed her hand and pulled her onto the bed. She fell on top of his legs. He bent down to meet her lips.

Despite being surprised by his kiss, Natalie kissed him back. She tangled her hands over his neck to pull him deeper into the kiss.

Shane lifted his other hand with a cannula attached to an IV drip and wrapped it around her back.

Suddenly, feeling something was wrong, he paused the kiss to glance at her belly.

"Where's the baby?" Shane asked nervously.

She's only six months pregnant, so why is her belly flat?

I couldn't see it before with her loose outfits.

But having her in my arms, I can feel the baby is gone.

Natalie finally understood why Shane stopped.

He noticed the baby bump was gone.

I did ponder on how to tell him about Anders, but since he has noticed it already, I could just tell him the truth.

"The baby is doing well. I gave birth to him prematurely," Natalie said as she rubbed her belly.

Shane's eyes widened with shock. "Gave birth prematurely? Why? What happened?"

Natalie took a seat and started. "Well, that night you went missing, I got too emotional. It started my contractions and my water broke, so the baby had to be delivered early."

Despite the stabs of pain, as though a thousand needles had pierced his heart, he blamed himself more than anything else.

He wrapped his arms around Natalie tightly. "I'm sorry," he repeated with a husky voice.

It was all my fault. She wouldn't have had to deliver the baby prematurely if it wasn't for me missing then. It must have been hard for her to worry about my safety while being in a precarious situation herself.

"I'm sorry." Shane buried his face into the curve of Natalie's neck with guilt.

Natalie gently patted his back as she listened to his apologies. "It's fine. I don't blame you. Anders and I are safe and well."

"Anders?" Shane raised his head from her neck curiously.

Natalie glared at him. "Anders is your youngest son. It's a nickname I've given him. I'm waiting for you to name him."

A flash of disappointment crossed Shane's eyes. "It's a son."

Here I thought it was a cute daughter like Sharon.

"Why? Don't want a son?" Natalie frowned unhappily.

Shane shook his head vigorously with denial. "No. Gender doesn't matter. I love both."

"But why do I get a feeling that you prefer a daughter?" Natalie narrowed her eyes sideways at him.

Shane touched her forehead with his. "Because our daughter will look like you."

His sweet talk filled her heart with fuzzy feelings. Her cheeks blushed red as she gently and shyly pushed him away. "You and your sweet words."

"How's Anders?" Shane finally asked about Anders.

The sparkle in Natalie's eyes dimmed. "Anders is still in the incubator. He needs to stay there for three months to ensure his survival, so I can't bring him back with me. Sharon is also overseas at the moment, Mr. Campbell will be bringing her back today. Good thing you're awake. She will be happy to see you."

Hearing Anders needed to stay in the incubator for so long, his regret for Anders not being a daughter had vanished entirely.

It was all my fault. I feel so sorry for my baby.

When Anders can leave the incubator, I'll treat him really well.

"Come up with a name for him." Natalie stared at him with anticipation.

Shane shook his head. "I'll name him after he's out from the incubator."

"Why?" Natalie was confused.

Shane merely smiled mysteriously.