

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1 - 5

When Natalie Smith opened her eyes, it was already 3 a.m.

A man was lying beside her with his face away from her, appearing to be deeply asleep.

Looking at his bare back, she recalled what happened a few hours ago. Just the thought of how he had taken her five times last night had her cheeks blushing a bright red in embarrassment. How does this guy have so much stamina? Ugh... great, now even walking will hurt.

She moved silently away from the bed while struggling to endure the pain shooting through her. Gritting her teeth, she put her clothes back on and slowly made her way out of the presidential suite, taking all her belongings with her. Just as she exited the room, a figure stepped in front of her and stopped her in her tracks.

"So how did it go? Is the deed done?"

It was her paternal half-sister – Jasmine Smith.

"Yup," Natalie replied with a nod.

"Are you sure he didn't see your face?" Jasmine pressed urgently.

After all, the man inside the room was supposed to be the chief judge of the Fashion Contest – Sid Luft, a man in his fifties.

Earlier, he promised Jasmine that she would be the winner of the contest, but on one condition – that she had to sleep with him for one night.

It just so happened that Natalie was in desperate need of money at that moment. Thus, she made a deal with Jasmine – that she would take her place in return for one million.

"Have you brought the money?" Natalie did not answer Jasmine's question. All she could think about now was her brother, who was still waiting at the hospital for her. That one million would be enough for him to get the surgery he needed.

Jasmine's lips curved into a smirk before she took out a bank card from her bag. Handing it to Natalie, she said in faux concern, "I hope your dear brother will be fine."

Natalie accepted the card, barely glancing at it as she kept it. Not wanting to waste any more breath on the other woman, she turned and left.

If she weren't so desperate for money to pay her brother's medical bills, she would never have considered selling her body! Not in a million years!

Once Natalie was gone, Jasmine slipped into the dark room. She took off her clothes and crawled into bed, carefully settling down beside the sleeping man.

When dawn rolled around, Jasmine took a peek at the man beside her. Seeing that he was still asleep, she gave the man a nudge while deliberately whining cooly, "You were such a beast last night. Even now, I'm still sore..."

In the dimly lit room, the man's eyes snapped wide open upon hearing her voice. His brain was still a little fuzzy from all the alcohol he had imbibed last night. Despite that, he vaguely remembered pinning a woman beneath him. That woman smelled wonderful – almost intoxicating and her skin was incredibly smooth and supple like that of a baby's. But among that, her best trait was her "flexibility."

"I'll bear responsibility for what I did."

The deep timbre of his voice rang out in the silent room, sounding particularly pleasing. Wait a second... that voice!

Noticing that something was amiss, Jasmine bolted upright in bed and hurriedly turned on the bedside lamp.

She then turned over to look at the man beside her. To her surprise, the sight that greeted her was not that of Sid's wrinkled old face, but that of a young and extraordinarily handsome man!

Even as she was utterly stunned at the revelation, she recognized that face.

It was none other than Shane Thompson – J City's most influential and powerful man!

“As repayment for saving me, I’ll give you anything you want.” While Jasmine was still processing the identity of the man before her, Shane had already climbed out of bed. He then headed straight into the bathroom to change his clothes.

When he emerged, his appearance was meticulously tidy and clean. He walked towards Jasmine as she continued to gawk at this Greek God of a man. Reaching into his jacket, he took out a glossy name card and handed it to her. “My contact number and address are listed here.”

Those two mesmerizing obsidians glint brightly as they stared out of a well-defined face. His sharp nose and thick brows complemented his eyes even more, with a gaze that was seemingly capable of drawing a person’s soul out of their body at any moment. Now, he had an indifferent expression while his suit jacket was slung over the crook of his arm.

Drawing in a sharp breath, one of Jasmine’s hands tightened its hold on the sheets while the other reached out to take the card.

But before she could get a chance to speak, he was already gone, like a wisp of smoke.

She looked down at the name card as excitement welled up like a fountain in her chest. Never in her wildest dreams would she thought that Natalie would be so lucky as to sleep with the wrong man, or in this case, the right man!

What made Jasmine even giddier was how fortunate she was that Shane mistook her for the one to sleep with him! And it was all thanks to Natalie! Forget about winning the competition, all of J City will be mine in the future!

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

A young woman was seen waiting anxiously outside an operating theatre for someone. Her eyebrows furrowed into a deep concern as she bit her lip and picked on her fingernails nervously. Every now and then, she would glance at the indicator above the operating theatre doors while muttering a silent prayer. Dear God, please help Jared pull through...

...

After four hours, the light above the doors finally dimmed, and the doctor, still dressed in scrubs, came out of the room.

As soon as the young woman saw the doctor, she rushed forward and said, "Doctor, I'm Jared's sister – Natalie. How is he?"

"Thank the heavens – Jared's surgery was a success. All that's left now is to rest more, and he'll be able to recover in no time."

At this, Natalie's eyes grew red. Her sacrifice had not been in vain then. Everything was worth it as long as it would save her younger brother. For him, I'm willing to do anything...

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 2

Five years later.

At an art gallery on the western suburbs of J City, a fashion show was currently ongoing.

The backstage was abuzz as models and staff scrambled around in preparation for the show. Since this was Natalie's debut fashion show, she was busy inspecting the outfits of the various models.

"Mina, could you come over and have a look at this accessory?" someone called out as they beckoned for Natalie.

"Sure!" She turned and headed in that person's direction.

Earlier, that person had called Natalie "Mina" instead of her real name. That was because "Mina" was now her moniker in the fashion designer world.

In the past five years, she had bloomed into a fine fashion designer. On top of that, she even gained quite the following of fans with her designs over the years.

After bustling around for some time, she finally stopped and took a break. As she was taking a moment to unwind, she gazed out at the audience and observed their reactions to her designs.

Suddenly, she spotted a familiar face in the crowd.

Hold on... Isn't that Jasmine! What is she doing here?

From where she was sitting in the audience, Jasmine appeared to be quite restless. She kept whispering to her assistant, "Well? Have you found out whether she's coming or not?"

Her assistant, Penny, replied, "Jasmine, from what I've found out, this is Mina's solo debut. Besides, I can also confirm that she's definitely back, so she'll appear for sure."

Despite what Penny said, Jasmine was not as confident inwardly. After all, Mina was quite the enigma. All this while, she always kept a low profile and never appeared in any public places. Thus, it was already a miracle that Penny was able to find out about her return.

Soon after that, all the models came back onto the runway for their final strut and lined up in one row, indicating that the fashion show was nearing an end. Yet, the center stage where the designer usually stood remained empty. Jasmine craned her neck and tried her best to see if Mina was walking out from backstage, but there was no sign of her anywhere.

As the models made their exits, the crowd gave their final applause, marking the end of the fashion show. However

, Mina was still nowhere to be seen.

After the audience left, only Jasmine and Penny remained, and at that moment, Jasmine's face was already purple with anger.

Nowadays, she was one of the most prominent members of the fashion industry. But at the same time, her fame was a hot topic of debate. That was because back then, she had only gotten first place in the Fashion Contest because of her connection to Shane.

Even with the support of the Thompson family, a lot of people still doubted the quality of her work. They did not think that she deserved her fame.

However, three years ago, Jasmine saw Mina's work for the very first time at Fashion Week and was instantly attracted by the latter's designs. Fortunately for her, Mina was still a small-time fashion designer at that time, so she began her journey of plagiarism. Ever since then, she had been copying Mina's ideas for the past three years. Slowly but surely, the comments coming from the fashion industry were changing for the better.

As a matter of fact, the moment she heard about Mina returning to the country, she had been eager to meet up with the woman. She had forged up a plan to hire Mina to work for her. After all, she could not keep on stealing her work.

But unfortunately for them, Mina was incredibly elusive, and they were not able to even catch a glimpse of her today.

With her head hung in disappointment, Jasmine headed to the washroom to freshen up. Just as she was exiting, she spotted a woman in casual clothing walking toward her.

The sight of that familiar face sent a tremor of shock through her.

Huh? Isn't that...

"Natalie? What are you doing here?"

On the contrary, Natalie had already seen Jasmine in the audience earlier, so she was not the slightest bit surprised to see her half-sister.

"I work here," she replied calmly.

When she left J City five years ago, she vowed to cut off all ties with the Smith family.

That was why she did not feel the need to say anything more to Jasmine now.

At the same time, it never occurred to Jasmine that Natalie and Mina would be the same person. Instead, she thought Natalie was just a random staff member here.

Thence, thinking about how different their statuses were from each other now, a haughty look crossed Jasmine's face.

"I honestly never thought we would meet again! By the way, is that sickly brother of yours dead yet?" Jasmine sneered. The words that left her lips were absolutely repulsive.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 3

Earlier, Jasmine thought such words would instantly set Natalie off into a fit of rage. But to her surprise, she actually smiled at her and answered politely, "Thanks for your concern. We're all doing fine."

Failing to provoke her half-sister, Jasmine raised an eyebrow and continued to mock, "You went from the daughter of a rich family to a homeless bumpkin overnight. Now, you're dressed in cheap clothes and working a menial job. Do you seriously think I'll believe you when you say you're doing fine?"

Despite the scorn that laced her taunts, Jasmine was unable to hide the jealousy that shone in her eyes.

The reason for her envy was that Natalie did not look the slightest bit defeated. On the contrary, she thought the way Natalie carried herself now was even more confident and graceful than before. Jasmine could see how flawless Natalie's skin was even without any makeup on her face. All that combined to make her look even more youthful as there was a sort of inner glow to her.

This was the kind of look that money couldn't buy.

Even with her heavily made-up face, there was no way Jasmine would be able to outshine Natalie's beauty.

More so, Natalie merely smiled in response to Jasmine's insults without saying a single word. Her smile was so confident that it made Jasmine feel profoundly unsettled.

"What are you smiling about?" Jasmine demanded.

"Nothing much. I was just thinking about how you should be spending your time on coming up with more designs rather than standing here and taking pity on me."

Although Natalie was abroad for the past few years, she had heard about some of the rumors going around the fashion industry – rumors about what Jasmine had been doing.

Looking at Jasmine, who was currently fuming in anger, Natalie knew her words had clearly hit a sore spot with her half-sister.

"You!" Jasmine yelled while balling her fingers into fists.

At the same time, a childlike voice called out sweetly, “Mommy! Mommy!”

From the other end of the corridor, two little kids suddenly appeared out of nowhere. It was a pair of twins – a boy and a girl.

Hearing her babies calling for her, Natalie did not waste any more time verbally sparring with Jasmine. She walked past her half-sister and headed toward the children.

The younger of the two, Sharon, lunged toward her mother and cooed, “Mommy, Aunt Joyce is looking for you.”

“Alright. Let’s go find her then.” Natalie stroked her daughter’s soft, silky hair. Holding on to one child in each hand, she led them away from that place.

Meanwhile, Jasmine was staring at the two kids in utter shock as she watched Natalie walk off. It’s been a few years since we’ve seen each other, but she actually has children now?

The boy, Connor, suddenly turned around to look at Jasmine, his dark orbs locking onto hers.

That gaze was so intense and familiar that Jasmine drew in a sharp breath as she came to the realization.

His face... looks nearly identical to Shane’s! In fact, that gaze of his is exactly the same! Don’t tell me these kids are his?

The color drained from her face at the thought. She did not expect one night was all it took for Natalie to get pregnant.

Right at that moment, a wave of terror and horror was threatening to drown her.

If Shane really is their father, their mere existence is a threat to me! No, that can’t be true! I have to get to the bottom of this!

For a moment, fear and anxiety filled her mind, overwhelming her whole being. She was unconsciously clutching her purse so tightly that her fingers went white as she tried to think of what to do. Spinning around, she was about to chase after Natalie when Penny’s shout halted her in her tracks.

“Jasmine, here you are!” When Penny noticed Jasmine’s pale face, she checked in concern, “Are you feeling unwell?”

“I’m fine,” Jasmine answered stiffly.

She did not want anyone else to know about what she saw earlier.

Since Jasmine refused to speak up, Penny wisely let the topic drop. She then reminded, “Jasmine, there’s a dinner in the city tonight. If we don’t leave now, you’re definitely going to be late.”

To get to the city center from here would take around an hour’s drive.

Hearing that, Jasmine was visibly unhappy about being ordered around by her assistant, so she snapped, “Since when do you get to decide my schedule?”

“Mr. Thompson is going to be there too,” Penny added in an exasperated tone, and Jasmine had nothing to say in response to that.

For the past five years, she had been painstakingly maintaining her image before Shane. Thus, she wouldn’t allow even the slightest flaw to ruin everything.

After weighing the pros and cons, she eventually decided it was not worth it. She gritted her teeth as she looked in the direction Natalie was heading to.

I’ll be sure to have my way, Natalie... trust me... I will...

A few seconds later, she reluctantly left with Penny.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 4

Meanwhile, Natalie headed backstage with her children.

All of a sudden, Connor lifted his head to look up at his mother. “Mommy, that bad woman was bullying you, wasn’t she?”

There was even a hint of certainty in his voice when he said that.

Natalie was stunned at his words. She lowered her head to observe her son, taking in his furrowed brows. To her surprise, her son looked rather angry.

She didn't think that they would witness everything earlier. At the same time, she was amazed at how observant he was despite his young age.

It was true though – Jasmine was not a good person by any means.

However, that was between the two of them. There was in no way she would let her children get affected by this.

“No, she wasn't. She was just lost.”

“You're lying.” Connor ruthlessly exposed her lie.

He clearly heard the woman calling his mother a bumpkin earlier on, and he was not happy about it.

“Oh, alright. Don't worry about that. I fought back anyway,” Natalie gulped. Her son was getting harder to deal with because he was just too smart for his own good.

Connor's knitted brows relaxed when his mother came clean. After that, he did not push the matter further.

However, he had saved that woman's face into his memory banks, not leaving any single bit of detail out. I won't let that bad woman get away so easily the next time!

“Sharon will protect Mommy! I'll stop any bad people from bullying Mommy!” Sharon promised. Even though she was not quite sure what was going on, she still smacked her chest confidently.

“Yeah! We'll protect you, Mommy!” Connor joined in, with his face full of determination. Natalie just looked at her two darlings with a smile, she felt the warmth swelling within her, knowing that they were so protective of her.

She was incredibly thankful she had decided to give birth to these two years ago. That was one of the best decisions she had made in her life.

After a while, they finally arrived at the backstage.

They had just entered the door when a round of thunderous applause greeted her.

“Congratulations, Mina! The show today was a resounding success!” Her assistant and best friend, Joyce Rivers, was chosen as the representative. She came forward with a bouquet of fresh flowers and presented them to Natalie.

Feeling extremely touched, Natalie accepted the bouquet before walking to the front. She turned to face the staff members present and gave a short but heartfelt speech.

“Today’s fashion show was a success only because of everyone’s hard work and preparations! While I’m not that good with words, I can promise all of you one thing. As long as you’re willing to stick with me, I’ll make sure that none of you will go hungry. Together, we shall accumulate a fortune for ourselves and live the dream!”

“Yeah!”

“Let’s do it!”

The crowd cheered at her speech.

Natalie felt her eyes grow wet with tears after seeing how excited and delighted everyone was.

Despite her words, she was not a materialistic person. It was just that the past five years had taught her a lot about life, and the most important was that – one could not do anything without money.

Thus, ever since what happened five years ago, she vowed to never stoop so low again just for the sake of money.

To celebrate the success of the fashion show, the crew had planned for a celebratory feast at Jerdale Hotel, the most luxurious hotel in J City.

Considering that the dinner would end pretty late, Natalie did not go with the rest as her kids would need to go to bed earlier. So instead, she drove back to the city center with Connor and Sharon.

The skies gradually darkened as night approached. Since this was the countryside, the roads here did not have any streetlights to illuminate them. Hence, Natalie drove incredibly slowly for everyone's safety.

As she cruised down the road, she suddenly heard a loud thud while the car jerked slightly. She seemed to have collided with something. Shocked, she immediately slammed on the brakes.

Thankfully, this was the countryside, which meant there were not a lot of vehicles around here.

After instructing Connor to keep an eye on Sharon, Natalie got out of her car to take a look.

To her surprise and horror, the thing lying on the road was not an animal or an object but a man!

The man was already unconscious while lying in a puddle of blood.

At that instant, Natalie's face turned as white as a sheet when she spotted the growing crimson stain.

Crap! Did I hit someone?

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 5

As this was the first time this had happened to her, Natalie was rather panicked and afraid. Nevertheless, she was quick to calm down. First, she called the emergency services to send an ambulance over. Then, she contacted Joyce, wanting her to come over and take the children away.

Ultimately, she did not want this accident to traumatize her children.

Soon after that, Joyce arrived, and so did the ambulance.

After stabilizing the man's injuries, the male paramedic muttered to himself, "Huh... That's weird. Why does this look like a stab wound?"

Although Natalie heard the soft mumble, she was too busy worrying about her children than to think much of it.

With that, she helped the paramedic carry the man onboard the ambulance.

Under the lights of the ambulance, she finally got a good look at the man's appearance.

The man lying on the stretcher had a tall and slender build. His features were chiseled and well-defined, which was a very distinguished look. With a face like that, there was no way anybody would be able to mistake him for anyone else. Even in his unconscious state, he exuded a noble and elegant air.

Her keen eyes noted the bloodstained royal blue suit he was clad in. It fit his body perfectly.

Obviously, this was not a normal store-bought suit; it was a bespoke suit.

In an instant, her heart sank to the bottom of her stomach at the observation.

Arghhhh! I'm pretty sure he's some rich kid from a wealthy family, and that's just going to make this situation a whole lot more complicated. These rich people are always very snooty when it comes to compensation – just my luck! But then again... what is a man like him doing all the way out here in the countryside?

Whenever the ambulance drove over the potholes on the uneven road, the jerky motion tugged on the man's abdominal wound. Pressing his lips into a thin line, his brows were furrowed slightly as he gritted his teeth and bore with the pain. Despite that, not a single sound left his lips.

Inexplicably, this reminded Natalie of her son's stubborn personality.

At the thought of Connor, she abruptly realized this man looked oddly similar to her son as well.

The agony of his abdomen injury was probably getting to the man as huge droplets of sweat began to dot his forehead.

At the sight of the injured man in distress, Natalie felt the guilt rising within her. Thus, she reached out, intending to wipe the sweat off him.

The instant her fingers brushed against his skin, his hand snapped up to clamp down on her wrist.

Jolting up in shock, she looked at the man, only to be met with his opened eyes.

Yet, the moment their gazes locked on each other, he fell unconscious again.

Unfortunately, his grip on her wrist did not loosen.

She tried to wrench her hand free several times along the journey, but all her efforts were futile. In the end, she gave up because she did not want to injure him further by accidentally jostling him with her struggles. That would only make things worse for everyone.

Thus, she had no choice but to be dragged along as they rushed toward the operating room. He did not let go of her even when the doctor was suturing his wounds.

His persistence and resolve shocked everyone around, even the medical staff.

As a matter of fact, some of them were wondering what the relationship between them was. Whatever it was, it was definitely not a simple one.

However, deep in her heart, Natalie knew the reason for his stubborn refusal to let her go. He must be worried that I'll run away!

Half an hour later, the doctor announced that the man was free from further complications, and his condition had stabilized. He was then sent to a normal hospital ward to recuperate.

And finally, the man's hand loosened its vice-like grip on her wrist.

As soon as he let go, Natalie's wrist was throbbing with pain while her fingers had gone numb. That was a testament to how much strength the man had been using to hold her.

"Are you the patient's family member? Please sign here." A nurse came over with a form that needed to be signed and handed it to Natalie.

"Um... I..."

Natalie trailed off. Originally, she had intended on denying she was a family member. But she changed her mind after casting a glance at the unconscious man on the bed. With a heavy sigh, she picked up the pen and signed the form.

Looks like this is on me now.

In the end, this was all her fault anyway. She could not hide from her responsibility.

Besides, there was nothing on the man that could prove his identity. That also meant there was no way of contacting his family.

Worried about his condition, she curled up on a wooden seat beside the bed. Eventually, she fell into a fitful sleep.