

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 156

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Shane did not stop her from doing so, hence Natalie walked out to the entrance of the factory.

When she reached the door, though, she noticed that the initially ajar door was now closed. A bad feeling suddenly rose in her heart as she looked at the closed door.

Don't tell me it's bolted from the outside?

The thought made Natalie dashed to the door and grabbed the doorknob. To her horror, the doorknob couldn't be twisted open at all.

They were really locked in for real.

Shane came over when he heard the noise. His face darkened when he realized the situation they were in. "The door can't be opened?"

Natalie nodded. "It's locked from the outside."

"I expected this." Shane was not the least bit surprised by the incident.

Hearing his statement, Natalie let go of the doorknob and turned to him. "You know the door has been locked?"

Shane nodded while tapping on the door. "The phone signal was still on when Joyce was here. Our signal only went off after she left. Obviously, someone doesn't want us to contact anyone outside of this factory. If I'm not wrong, a signal jammer must be installed outside of this room.

"A signal jammer." Natalie frowned at his deduction.

Shane then added while keeping his phone, "Most signal jammers available in the market will only work on one single floor, or one house. It shouldn't be able to block off phone signals on a large area."

"Then what should we do now? We can't go out, and we can't contact anyone now." Natalie pulled her hair in frustration.

Shane returned to the room instead. "Well, there's no use panicking now. We should be vigilant of what's going to happen later on."

Natalie felt her heart drop at his words. "Do you mean we're going to be in danger, Mr. Shane?"

"Very likely. Otherwise, why are we locked here?" Shane replied with a heavy tone.

Natalie followed him back with eyes full of regret. "I'm so sorry for dragging you into trouble with me, Mr. Shane."

"Oh, it's nothing. I'm the one who refused to leave, anyway." Shane flattened a used box and sat on it. He then patted the space beside him and asked, "Aren't you tired of standing all this while? Come and have a seat. Whatever danger that's going to come, we'll face it together."

Natalie let out a helpless chuckle before sitting beside him.

She had just taken her seat when Shane uttered, "This must be Susan's doing again."

"What makes you so sure about that?" Natalie asked while hugging her knees.

Shane chuckled at her question. "If I'm the one who got blackmailed and lost three million, I will also feel the same as her. I will think of all means and ways to get my money back. Even if I can't, I'll at least make the person's life hard instead of letting the person get away with it. Since the snatch theft attempt failed last night, she will definitely think of other ways to get back at you."

"But how does she know these machineries are mine?" Natalie clenched her teeth angrily.

It had been Joyce who was handling the buying of these machineries!

"It's not that hard to find out about it." Shane eyed her incredulously. "She could just check the transaction records of the three million, and she'll know everything."

"This..." Natalie smacked her forehead regretfully. "How could I forget about this."

"Well, there's no use regretting now. I suggest you think of ways to get back at her once we're out." Shane pinched his nose bridge tiredly.

"Oh, that's easy." Natalie chuckled.

"Oh? You have a plan?" Shane raised his brows at her.

"Of course! Just wait and see, Mr. Shane. Once I'm out, Susan will be finished for sure." Natalie's eyes glinted cunningly.

Her confidence brought a slight smile to Shane's face. "Sure, I'll wait for your good news then. But first, give me your hand now."

"Why?" Natalie obeyed despite not knowing what he wanted to do.

Shane's face turned uglier at the sight of her bloody palm from when she clenched her fists.

This woman. Didn't she feel any pain from clenching her fists so hard?

Natalie suddenly felt embarrassed by his stare and tried to retract her hand, only to be held by Shane firmly. "Don't move."

Natalie went still at his words.

After checking her hand, Shane let go of her and proceeded to take off his tie. He then tore the tie in half, which made Natalie wince.

"Mr. Shane, that tie of yours is a custom-made product by the renowned designer Mr. Landis. And here you just tore it in half! What a waste indeed!"

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But Shane merely lifted his eyelids and replied lazily. "I have plenty of them."

Natalie's lips twitched at his statement; she was rendered speechless at his words.

"Hold your hand still," Shane ordered.

Natalie could only follow his order obediently when she saw him trying to wrap the torn tie around her injured hand.

Oh, so he wants to tend to my wound. Natalie's heart raced at the realization.

Shane covered the biggest piece of fabric on her wound and started wrapping the remainder of his torn tie around her hand.

But being a man himself, his force was a tad bit too strong while bandaging.

"Ouch!" Natalie couldn't help but winced in pain.

"Bear with it," Shane uttered coldly.

Despite his words though, he did soften his strength and became gentler when bandaging the wound.

Natalie noticed the change and couldn't stop herself from chucking aloud.

"What are you laughing at?" Shane frowned at her laughter.

"I'm laughing at how much of a tsundere you are. You never mean what you say most of the time," Natalie said while staring at him.

Shane immediately got what she meant. Pursing his lips, he lightly pressed the wound on her palm vengefully.

"Ouch!" Natalie exclaimed in pain.

"I'm done." Shane threw her hand back when he was done bandaging.

Natalie pouted her lips. She knew he was trying to take revenge on her statement about him.

Hmph! What a vengeful man.

But hey, I didn't expect him to have such a childish side!

Natalie covered her mouth and laughed soundlessly, or else her boss would get unhappy again.

After some time, just when Natalie started to feel drowsy, footsteps were suddenly heard outside the factory. The next moment, something dropped from the sunroof and rolled on the floor loudly.

Natalie woke up instantly from the noise and pointed at the nearest bottle near her. "What's that, Mr. Shane?"

Shane did not answer her and got up to check the bottle. When he saw the label, his expression changed suddenly. "This is nitrogen gas. Quick! Cover your nose and mouth now!"

"What?" Natalie's pupils constricted in fear and she covered her nose and mouth tightly.

Just like what Shane had said, the person who locked them in indeed wanted to harm them.

But she didn't expect them to use concentrated nitrogen gas on them. Not only the gas smelled pungent, but it could also suffocate them to death after excessive inhalation. This person wants us dead indeed!

Natalie's eyes were red with rage and hatred when she realized the danger they were in.

Shane came back to her with his nose and lips covered. "Is there any water here?" he asked in a muffled voice.

Natalie shook her head. "No, there isn't. We've just rented this factory site not too long ago, so we've only had time for electricity installation and not water."

Hearing that, Shane's expression turned tense and serious.

Regret and guilt consumed Natalie after seeing his face.

If she hadn't blackmail Susan back then, she wouldn't have dragged Shane down with her.

This is all my fault.

"I'm so sorry, Mr.-"

“Don’t talk. Hold your breath,” Shane cut her off.

Natalie nodded in acknowledgement.

But it did not take long before she could no longer hold her breath. Her face was red and tears were brimming in her eyes. Her brain was getting drowsy as well, and her chest was tight and burning painfully.

“Mr. Shane. I... I can’t hold any longer,” Natalie panted.

Shane was not any better either. But when he saw her suffocated state, he forced himself to pull her up to him. Under Natalie’s confused gaze, Shane took her chin and crashed his lips on hers.

“Hmm!” Natalie widened her eyes as her mind went blank in shock.

Did he just... kiss me?

Realizing that, a hint of embarrassment flashed across her eyes.

She was about to push Shane away when she felt him blowing some air into her mouth cavity.

Her raised hands went limp at the realization. It turned out he was not kissing her, but transferring some breathable air from his mouth to hers.

No! How could he do that!

Natalie frowned at his reckless actions.

The factory is already filled with nitrogen gas and there’s not much fresh air left, and here he is transferring some of his air to me. Is he trying to kill himself?

The thought made Natalie bite his lips forcefully, hoping he would let go of her.

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But Shane merely paused at her bite and continued transferring his air to her. His hands were tight on her waist to stop her from struggling out of his grip.

Still, Natalie fainted out of lack of oxygen, despite having Shane transferring his oxygen to her.

Not long after she fainted, Shane staggered slightly due to the lack of oxygen. His usually sharp eyes now looked unfocused, obviously at the brink of fainting.

At that moment, Joyce's voice sounded from the entrance. "Nat! Are you inside?"

Shane's face lit up at her voice. With clenched teeth, he carried Natalie in his arms and staggered towards the door. He then gave the door a forceful kick to notify Joyce of their presence.

Joyce jumped at the sudden kick, but then swiftly took out her key and unlocked the door.

The moment she opened the door, a gust of pungent air rushed into her nostrils.

Joyce couldn't help but retch at the smell. "What the hell is this? Why is it so smelly?"

But Shane did not answer her and carried Natalie all the way to the lawn. Once he reached there, he put down Natalie and collapsed beside her while panting huge mouthfuls of fresh air.

Joyce rushed over to them frantically. "What just happened, Mr. Shane? How's Nat now?"

She asked while pointing the unconscious Natalie beside him.

Shane covered his eyes with his hand and explained everything breathlessly.

Joyce's face turned white at his words. "Goodness! This is so evil of them. How dare they try to kill both of you! Let me call the ambulance now."

She immediately took out her phone when Shane stopped her.

"No need for that. Nitrogen gas can suffocate a person to death, but we can recover easily after breathing in some fresh air."

"Oh, really? That's good to hear!" Joyce sighed in relief after hearing that.

Shane lied panting on the lawn for some time before his drowsy mind finally cleared. He then sat up in his place and massaged his temples. "How do you know we're still here?"

"I guessed it. Connor told me Nat hasn't returned and that he couldn't reach her phone. So he called me and I rushed over to check," Joyce answered in relief. "Luckily, I came in time, otherwise..."

Her voice trailed off in fear as she imagined the possible consequences that would occur on them both.

Shane nodded his head and carried Natalie to his car.

After that, he took out a torchlight and walked around the factory. He returned with a small electronic device in his hand.

Joyce exclaimed in shock when she saw the device. "It's a signal jammer! Where did you get it from?"

Shane did not answer her and only took out his handkerchief to wrap the device. He then tossed the wrapped device to Joyce and spoke, "Get someone to do a forensic check on the thumbprints found on this device."

"Alright." Joyce nodded immediately.

With that, Shane returned to his car and drove to Natalie's condo.

The next morning, Natalie was surprised to find herself lying in her soft bed instead of the factory. "I'm not dead?"

"Of course you're not! If I didn't rush there in time, you'll be lying in the crematorium now," Joyce replied loudly while leaning on the door frame.

"Joyce?" Natalie lifted her gaze to meet Joyce's.

Joyce strode towards her bed and dropped Natalie's pile of clothes on her head. "Yea, it's me. Time for breakfast, my friend."

Natalie hummed in reply and suddenly gave Joyce a bear hug. "I really thought I'll die, Joyce. Thanks for saving me."

Joyce stroked her head with a chuckle. "Enough, enough. Why are you being so clingy today? Let go of me this instant. Otherwise, someone else will think you're having a crush on me."

"Geez, you've got no fun." Natalie rolled her eyes at Joyce, but she was touched nonetheless.

She knew Joyce said so to relieve her fear from last night's event.

"Oh, yes." Natalie suddenly grabbed Joyce's hand worriedly. "How's Mr. Shane? Is he alright?"

"Don't worry. He's fine. He has better lungs than you and has recovered last night," Joyce replied with a shrug.

Natalie finally let out a sigh of relief. "Great! That's good to hear."

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Joyce sat down by the bed and changed her gangster look to a serious one. "I have figured out what happened last night, Nat. It was all Susan. Even the purse-snatching."

Natalie paused briefly when she heard Joyce but she continued to change her clothes. She did not seem surprised about the news. "I know. Mr. Shane and I guessed it last night. How did you find out, though?"

"I didn't do it on my own. I got help from the police and Mr. Shane. They discovered that the purse-snatcher and the thugs belonged to the same gang. The gang leader confessed that it was Susan when Mr. Shane and his men interrogated him."

"We owe Mr. Shane a big favor now," stated Joyce sleepily after yawning.

"Not just one." Natalie shook her head, for she knew very well that she could have died the night before had Shane not given her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

I owe that man my life!

Joyce fell into the bed. "What do we do about Susan now that we know the truth? She's not getting away that easily for ruining a three-million machine."

"No sh*t. You gather the evidence while I go visit the Smith family." Natalie threw the blanket off her and got out of bed.

Joyce then sat upright. "It's kind of dangerous for you to go alone, isn't it?"

"Don't worry. I'm not stupid. It's not like I'm going to barge in there unprepared." Natalie smiled.

Joyce was relieved to hear that. "Good! I'll send you the evidence later."

Then, she also got out of bed and went to Connor to borrow his computer.

Before long, Natalie received the evidence on her phone. After taking a look, the woman's expression hardened.

After breakfast, Natalie left her two children with Joyce and headed off to the Smiths.

That was the second time she went back to the Smiths after being kicked out.

The first time was five years ago when her brother, Jared, had to do a heart bypass operation. She went back to ask Harrison for money, but she was cruelly kicked out instead of getting the money.

It was raining back then, so she did not get a good look at the villa. Even when she did the second time she went back, she saw nothing familiar to her. Everything about the villa had changed.

After letting out a sigh, Natalie swallowed her emotions and pressed the doorbell.

"Who is it?" A woman in a servant's uniform appeared on display beside the doorbell.

"I'm Natalie, Harrison's daughter," answered Natalie politely.

“Mr. Smith’s daughter?” The servant was shocked and took a while to calm herself down.
“Please wait a moment. I’ll inform Mr. Smith now.”

Then, the display blacked out.

Natalie stood for a few minutes outside before the servant opened the door for her.

After thanking the servant, Natalie walked straight into the villa without the servant’s help.

Harrison and Susan were having their breakfast, but Jasmine was nowhere to be seen.

When Susan saw Natalie walked in, she remarked sarcastically, “Well, it is Natalie! To what do we owe the pleasure?”

“I’m here to speak to you, Dad.” Natalie looked to her father after glancing over Susan, but the man ignored her as if she were not even there.

Instead of being upset, Natalie just looked down and smiled faintly.

Susan took Natalie’s smile to be a bitter one and was glad to see it. “Spill it. What do you want?”

Without saying a word, Natalie directly threw the folder in her hand in front of the woman.

Slap!

Startled, Susan jumped a little. “What the hell?”

“Open it,” instructed Natalie after giving Susan a cold look.

Reluctantly, Susan set down her fork and knife to pick up the folder and pull out its contents. After looking at them, her face turned deathly pale, and sweat appeared on her forehead.

“What’s the matter with you?” Harrison could not help but ask when he noticed something wrong.

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Susan's jaw was still on the floor, so she could not answer the man.

Harrison then shifted his focus to the folder. "What's so shocking about it? Give it to me."

Susan leapt to her feet and hid the folder behind her when Harrison tried to take it.

"No, you can't look at it!" bellowed Susan.

Harrison furrowed his brows at her reaction.

"If she's not showing you, then let me tell you what's inside, Dad," sneered Natalie.

"You shut up!" Susan's pupils constricted in horror as she tried to stop Natalie, but the stepdaughter paid her no heed at all.

"Inside the folder is evidence that Susan hired robbers and assassins!"

"What?" Harrison's wrinkled face twitched in disbelief when he turned to Susan. "Tell me. Is that true?"

"Of course not! How can it be true?" Susan denied it immediately but could not hide the fear and guilt written all over her face.

Harrison's heart sank because the wise old man could easily tell that his wife was lying. "Give it to me."

"No."

Susan continued to resist, but Natalie squinted at the folder before snatching it from her stepmother. "Here you go." Natalie offered her father the folder with both hands.

After glancing at the smiling Natalie, Harrison took the folder.

"Harrison, please!" Susan started to panic.

Harrison ignored his wife and went through the documents in the folder. When he was done, he took a deep breath and pointed his shaky finger at Susan. "You vile woman! How dare you!"

Not only did Susan make deals with gangsters, but she also got those hooligans to rob Natalie. When they failed to do that, they even tried to suffocate her. This is unforgivable!

Natalie's my daughter. Even if she doesn't like her, that doesn't give her the right to kill!

Susan's lips trembled in terror when she noticed how furious her husband was. "She made me do it, Harrison. I wouldn't have done those things if she didn't blackmail me for three million. She left me no choice!"

Susan tried to blame it all on Natalie, so the stepdaughter crossed her arms and sneered, "I admit that I did take three million from you, but you should know why I did it. Would I have done such a thing if your distant cousin didn't harass me?"

"Distant cousin?" Harrison narrowed his eyes when he heard the words.

A glint flashed across Natalie's eyes before she nodded vigorously. "Yup! Susan sure knows how to treat her cousin. She just got him a Bentley of several million two days ago."

"So that's why you asked me for the five million. You told me it was for investing in Ms. Gale's beauty salon, but actually, you wanted the money to buy your cousin a car." Harrison angrily pointed his finger at Susan's nose.

Susan guiltily looked away. "Well... That's because he's my cousin."

"That's generous of you! You know our family is going through a tough time now, don't you? I squeezed out that five million for you because you told me that Ms. Gale's was running a lucrative beauty salon business!"

"That's not even the main point, Dad," interrupted Natalie before giving Susan a half-smile. "The main point is this cousin of hers. Why would she suddenly have a cousin? I thought she didn't have any relatives left."

"You're right!" Harrison was reminded of the fact.

Susan's face turned even paler and quickly came up with an excuse. "That was what I thought too, but then the man found me and told me that he's my uncle's long-lost son. Harrison, you know that I don't have any relatives left on my side, so it's only reasonable that I want to show some appreciation to my only cousin, right?"

"I guess so." It made sense to Harrison, so he nodded in agreement.

Susan breathed a sigh of relief before turning to glare at Natalie.

Instead of exposing Susan, Natalie just smiled at her stepmother, for she decided not to inform her father of his wife's affair just yet.