

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 171 - 175

“Do you understand now?” Shane looked at Jasmine with a condescending look.

“But I... “ Jasmine opened her mouth but was at a loss for words, so she went quietly with Silas.

As for the guilty staff member, a bodyguard brought him to the police.

Before long, Shane and Natalie were the only ones left in the lounge.

After looking at the time, Shane suggested to Natalie. “Let me send you home.”

“Okay.”

The two walked to the parking lot one after the other.

Natalie glanced at Shane several times before finally speaking up. “I’m sorry, Mr. Shane. Even though it wasn’t Jasmine, but she was right. I may have other enemies, and... “

“May it’s not your enemy,” interrupted Shane as he lowered his head.

Natalie blinked. “You mean... “

“It’s possible. The perpetrator could be gunning for me or the Thompson Group,” responded Shane with narrowed eyes.

As the person in control of the Thompson Group, it was only natural that Shane had enemies, whether in business or privately. Sean was one of them.

Maybe Sean was the perpetrator.

When he thought of that, Shane made a fist with the hand in the pocket. “I will get to the bottom of this and give you an explanation.”

“Okay.” Natalie nodded.

The two reached Natalie’s apartment an hour later.

Shane parked his car outside the building. “Get a few hours of rest, and don’t be late for tonight’s party.”

“Got it.” Natalie then waved to the man.

Shane rolled his window up and started the engine.

After watching him drive away, Natalie turned and headed into the building.

When she reached her apartment, Joyce welcomed Natalie at the door along with the two children.

“Nat, you’re back!”

“Hug me, Mommy!” The two children came running at Natalie with their arms open.

The mother then squatted down to embrace her children. “Have you been good and be nice to Aunt Joyce?”

“We sure did!” The two nodded together.

Natalie ran her fingers through their hair. “Good! Now, go play. I have things to discuss with Aunt Joyce.”

“Okay!” The two held hands and went back to their room.

Now, only Natalie and Joyce were left at the door.

After changing her shoes, Natalie went to the living room with Joyce.

She poured her a glass of water before asking excitedly, “So did Jasmine get punished?”

Natalie shook her head. “It wasn’t her.”

“What? Who is it then?” exclaimed Joyce.

“We don’t know yet. That’s why I wanted to ask you. Do you think it could be our enemies abroad?” inquired Natalie after taking a sip.

Joyce pondered for a few seconds before shooting down the idea. “I don’t think so. I haven’t heard anything about them coming here.”

“I see.” Natalie sighed and said nothing else.

She did not have a lot of enemies. Besides Jasmine and her mother, she only ever had conflicts with her classmates abroad. They hated her because they were jealous that she got picked to be their teacher’s apprentice.

If they’re not here, and it’s not Jasmine or her mother because she’s not capable of that; then it really could be Shane’s enemies. What a terrible feeling to be caught up in other people’s grievances!

Natalie rubbed her head, for she could feel a headache coming.

That evening, Natalie left her children with Joyce once again and changed into a dress before heading to the party.

It was a grand one to celebrate Project Rebirth’s success. Besides the employees of the Thompson Group, critics and models were also there.

As chief designer of Project Rebirth, Natalie got a lot of attention that evening. Many brand owners walked up to socialize with her.

In just ten minutes, she already had a stack of business cards in her hand.

“Ms. Natalie.” Silas suddenly approached her from behind.

After putting the cards away, Natalie turned to the assistant. “Mr. Campbell.”

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“Mr. Shane would like to see you.” Silas pointed to the front.

Following the finger, Natalie saw Shane holding a microphone just next to the stage. He was saying something to a waiter. "Okay, I'll be right over." Natalie nodded before walking towards Shane.

"Mr. Shane," Natalie called out softly when she reached the man.

Shane stopped talking to the waiter and looked sideways. "How long have you been there?"

"For a while. Anything, Mr. Shane?" inquired Natalie.

Shane did not answer the question. Only after adjusting the volume of the microphone did he speak. "Get ready for your reward."

When the man went up to the stage, the hall became quiet, and all eyes were on him.

Shane cleared his throat before getting started. "Welcome to our celebration! As you all know, the show today was a huge success, and I believe some of you deserve a reward for it. The first on the list is Natalie Smith!"

The crowd immediately burst into applause.

Smiling, Natalie walked up to the stage and stood beside Shane.

Shane then handed her a check.

Natalie was taken aback when she saw the amount on it. "Mr. Shane, don't you think the amount is too much?"

She expected to get some sort of reward at the party, but she never thought it would be five million.

"Not really. The show's success meant that our apparel company would soon become a new blue-chip company under the Thompson Group. In other words, you've just created billions in value for the group and tens of billions for the subsidiary. This check is nothing compared to that contribution."

Natalie felt better after Shane's explanation, so she happily accepted the check. "Thank you, Mr. Shane!" She was so happy that her eyes crinkled into tiny crescents.

Shane could not help being amused by Natalie's response. A smile flashed across the man's face before he moved on to reward the next person.

After coming down from the stage, Natalie smiled and thanked those who congratulated her.

She got tired of socializing after a while, so she came up with an excuse to go to the lounge.

However, before she could even reach the room, someone called out to her.  
"Congratulations, Nat! You'll be a famous designer from now on."

Natalie straightened her back and snapped her head around when she heard the voice. The woman froze as she stared at two people holding each other.

"What brings you here, Mr. Sean?" Natalie asked Sean curiously.

The man adjusted his glasses. "Well, I am a senior executive of the group. Of course, I have to join in on the celebration."

So that's why!

Natalie put her wine glass down when the realization dawned on her. "Enjoy your time here, Mr. Sean. Please excuse me."

She was ready to leave and go somewhere else because she did not want to be in the same room as Sean.

However, the man suddenly grabbed her arm and smiled deviously. "Are you leaving because of me? Do you really fear me that much?"

Natalie pulled her arm away in disgust. "I don't appreciate the physical contact, Mr. Sean. Please refrain from doing that again, or I will sue for harassment!"

"Wow!" Sean whistled arrogantly. "Your temper sure has gotten a lot worse since the last time we met."

Natalie dusted her arm off to show her disdain for the man. "My temper depends on the person I'm dealing with."

"I can tell." Sean held his chin as he nodded. "You're good to everyone but me, so that makes me special, doesn't it?"

The man then pointed at Natalie's chest.

She scowled at Sean. "Don't be so sure. You don't have a place in my heart."

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Amused, Sean burst out laughing before taking his glasses off for wiping. "Is that so? Then, I would like to give it a try."

"Be my guest," responded Natalie coldly.

Sean stared at her with eyes like those of an eagle for a while before looking away. "Oh, I will, but now is not the right time. So I heard that you're not an official employee of the Thompson Group. Is that true?"

Natalie nodded. "Yes. What's the matter?"

It was not a secret, so naturally, she had no need to hide it.

Sean leaned in close to Natalie. "Do you want to work for me then?"

"What?" Natalie took a step back. "What do you mean by that, Mr. Sean?"

"I'm going to start up an apparel company myself, and I'd like to hire you. You just need to say 'yes,' and the design director position is yours."

So he's trying to poach me.

Natalie played with her hair. "Sorry, Mr. Sean. I have no intentions of moving on to another company."

"Why? Are you satisfied with being a small time designer for Shane?" Sean squinted and seemed displeased that he got rejected.

Natalie parted her lips and was about to say something when she heard Shane's voice behind her. "Of course not. With her ability, the design director position is not even her final goal."

"Mr. Shane!" Natalie turned to look at him with exultation.

She was glad that Shane came along because it would be dangerous for her to face Sean alone.

When Shane noticed how happy Natalie was to see him, he nodded slightly at her. That was gentleness in his eyes when he looked at Natalie, but it quickly disappeared when he turned to Sean. "Go look somewhere else if you want a designer, but you leave my people alone!"

Natalie's heart pounded wildly when Shane called her his, and her eyes twinkled when she looked at his stern profile.

Although she knew Shane meant that professionally and not in any other way, her heart could not help but throb wildly.

"What if I only want Nat and nobody else?" Sean spread his arms and acted like he was troubled.

"Do you want to work for him?" asked Shane coldly as he turned to Natalie with a hardened expression.

After coming back to her senses, Natalie shook her head. "Of course not. I've just turned him down. Besides, I'm not stupid enough to work for someone with ill intentions."

Satisfied with Natalie's reply, Shane lifted the corner of his mouth as his face softened.

Sean looked at Natalie bitterly. "How can you say that, Nat? You broke my heart."

Natalie knew the man was just making fun of her, so she ignored him.

Shane took a few steps forward and hid Natalie behind him. "Did you hear that? She's not going anywhere with you."

"So what? I don't give up that easily." Sean stared at Shane without a flinch.

While the two men were still engaged in a staredown, Natalie's phone suddenly rang.

The two then turned their attention to Natalie at the same time. Smiling awkwardly, Natalie took her phone out. "Please excuse me."

With that, she walked towards the balcony, leaving the two of them in the room.

Shane narrowed his eyes as he questioned, "What's your purpose for offering her a position at your company?"

"What do you think? I noticed how talented she is because of today's show. Isn't it normal for companies to poach talented employees from one another?" responded Sean with a shrug.

Shane scoffed at the man. "I might believe you if you didn't do those despicable things to her."

Light reflected on Sean's glasses. "It's not like I succeeded."

"You should be glad that you didn't. Otherwise, you wouldn't be standing here in one piece!" Shane glanced over Sean coldly.

Sean chuckled. "Shane, don't you think you care just a little bit too much for her?"

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"What does that mean?" Shane's face turned grim.

Sean spread his hands. "Nothing. Here she comes."

The man then gestured at someone behind Shane.

When Shane turned around, he saw Natalie walking back with a big smile on her face. It seemed that she had received some good news.

"I have to go, Mr. Shane," informed Natalie apologetically in front of Shane.

"What is it?"

"I need to go to the airport to pick up someone very important," answered Natalie after checking her watch.

"Who?" asked Shane instinctively.

Very important?

Could it be the children's birth father?

The thought made Shane feel uncomfortable.

Natalie had no idea what he was thinking. She was about to reply when Sean interrupted her gleefully. "Forget about Mr. Shane, Nat. Just leave."

"Okay. I'll be leaving now." Natalie smiled apologetically at Shane once again before grabbing her purse and hurried away.

After arriving at the airport, Natalie could see a beautiful woman sitting in the waiting hall, so she waved at her. "Mom, I'm here!"

The woman pulled down her sunglasses the moment she heard Natalie's voice. Her eyes lit up as she stood up and hurried out of the hall. "Oh, how I've missed you, my Baby Girl!"

"I miss you too, Mom." Natalie opened her arms, and the two hugged each other tightly.

With eyes full of motherly love, Yulia sized up her daughter. "You've gotten skinnier, and don't get me started on those dark eye circles. Have you not been getting a lot of rest lately?"

Natalie took her mother's suitcase. "I've been busy with the fashion show for the past few days, so I didn't get much rest, but I'll have two days off starting tomorrow to catch up on sleep."

"Good!" Yulia nodded.

After walking out of the airport, the two got into a cab and returned to the apartment. Overjoyed to see their grandmother, the children kept asking her to play with them until Natalie sent them to bed at ten.

"I'm definitely not getting any younger. I've only played with the children for a short while, but my back is already killing me," complained Yulia as she sat down on the couch with a bitter smile.

Natalie put a cup of tea on the coffee table for Yulia before massaging her mother's back. "Nonsense! You're as young as ever. I bet people think we're sisters when we stand side by side."

Yulia chuckled. "Where did you learn to butter your mother up like this?"

Natalie rested her chin on her mother's shoulder. "I'm not, Mom. I'm just telling you the truth."

"Okay, Baby Girl. I know better than to argue with you." Amused by their mother-daughter banter, Yulia patted her daughter on the shoulder.

Natalie suddenly bolted upright when she thought of something. "Oh ya, the present! Wait here, Mom. Let me go get the present I promised you."

With that, Natalie dashed to her room and returned with a folder.

Yulia looked at the folder in puzzlement. "What's inside?"

"Open it." Natalie handed the folder to her mother.

Under her daughter's expectant gaze, Yulia opened the folder, and what she saw inside made her jump to her feet. "Is this true, Baby Girl?"

"One hundred percent!" Natalie nodded.

Yulia slammed the table in satisfaction. "This is such wonderful news! Harrison cheated on me all those years ago, and now karma has finally come around to bite him in the \*ss. Baby Girl, you didn't tell Harrison about this yet, did you?"

"Nope," replied Natalie before popping a grape into her mouth.

Yulia sat back down. "Good! We'll keep him in the dark for the rest of his life. Only when he's on his deathbed will we tell him. Then, he'll know exactly how I felt back when he betrayed me!"

“Okay, Mom.” Heartbroken for her mother, Natalie embraced Yulia and comforted the hurt woman.

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Suddenly, the doorbell rang, so Natalie let go of Yulia and pulled a couple of tissues when she saw how red her mother’s eyes were. Natalie then went to get the door after handing Yulia the tissues.

Standing outside was Silas waving at her. “Sorry to bother you this late, Ms. Natalie.”

“It’s fine.” Natalie shook her head before asking curiously, “Is there anything I can help you with, Mr. Campbell?”

“Oh, Mr. Shane and I came here to pick up something very important, but we couldn’t get the box opened, so I was wondering if you have the superintendent’s contact number.” Silas adjusted his glasses and tried to peek into Natalie’s living room as if he were looking for something.

However, Natalie did not notice the man’s peculiar behavior. She just smiled and nodded. “I do. Just give me a second. I’ll go get you his card.”

With that, Natalie turned and went back to the living room.

“Who is it, Baby Girl?” Yulia glanced at the door.

Natalie was squatting in front of the coffee table looking for the business card when she answered her mother, “It’s my boss. You should go to bed, Mom. I’m sure you’re jet-lagged.”

“Sure.” Yulia dropped the grapes and dusted her hands off before going to the bathroom.

Natalie returned to the door when she found the card and passed it to Silas.

After thanking Natalie, Silas did not seem to be in a hurry to leave. Instead, he pretended to be curious. “You have a guest, Ms. Natalie?”

“Oh, no. That’s my mother,” replied Natalie with a smile.

Silas let out a sigh of relief. "That's good to hear!"

"What?" Natalie gave the man a puzzled look. "Why do you look so happy to hear that, Mr. Campbell?"

"Do I?" Silas looked away and played coy. "You must've misread my expression, Ms. Natalie. I'll go now. Goodbye!"

With that, Silas walked away with the business card and entered the opposite apartment.

After closing the door behind him, Silas sighed as he looked at the card in his hand and smiled bitterly.

Mr. Shane's face has been darkened ever since Ms. Natalie left the party. I know he must be concerned about the person Ms. Natalie was going to pick up. Otherwise, I wouldn't have come here.

For Mr. Shane's sake, I had no choice but to knock on Ms. Natalie's door. I'm sure he'll be relieved to hear that she went to pick up her mother and not a man.

Silas then proceeded to the study with the business card.

"Mr. Shane," called out Silas at the door.

Sitting on a chair, Shane lifted his head to look at his assistant. "Where did you go?"

"Ahem, didn't you say that you had trouble opening the mailbox? So I went to Ms. Natalie to ask for the superintendent's business card."

Instead of responding to the man, Shane looked down in thought.

Silas cleared his throat. "Ms. Natalie's mother seems to be in excellent shape, Mr. Shane."

"What?" Shane straightened his back slightly.

A smile flashed across the assistant's face before he continued, "I was talking about Ms. Natalie's mother."

"You mean, the person at Natalie's is her mother?" Fiddling with his pen, Shane finally seemed a little relaxed.

Silas was contemptuous on the inside, but he nodded on the surface. "That's right."

Shane pursed his lips. "Why are you telling me this?"

"No reason. I just want to share with you what I saw," answered Silas with a smile.

Why? To make you happy. That's why!

"Fine. Just leave the card there. Any result from the investigation?" asked Shane with a deep voice as he put his pen down and crossed his fingers on the desk.

After placing the card on the desk, Silas turned serious. "Not yet, but I can confirm that it's not Sean."

Shane tapped on the desk. "If it's not him, then check the group's other enemies."

"Yes, sir!"

Shane then stood up. "Let's go back to the villa."

"You're not staying here tonight, Mr. Shane?" inquired Silas with a brow raised.

A glint flashed across Shane's eyes before he shook his head.

Since the man had already made up his mind, Silas decided not to say anything else about it. He left the study with Shane and walked behind the man towards the apartment door.