

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 597

"That's all we can do." Joyce shrugged.

After that, she left to work on her tasks.

Natalie continued watching the fashion show, and after she finished with it, she closed the website and started sketching and creating the design drafts on her sketchpad.

When it was time to clock out, she received a text message from Shane which read: I have another meeting later. Silas will pick you and the children up.

In response, Natalie typed: Alright. You get back to work now and come home earlier.

Shane acknowledged with a brief 'okay' and nothing else.

Natalie let out a sigh and put her phone back in her bag.

Out of the blue, someone knocked on the door.

Natalie squeezed her fingers, and as she exercised them, she answered, "Please come in."

The office door was pushed open and in came Silas. "Madam."

"Mr. Campbell." Natalie raised an eyebrow in amazement.

She didn't expect that he would be there so soon.

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"Mr. Shane asked me to send you back to the villa," Silas added as he pushed his glasses up.

Natalie left her seat. "I know. He told me. Let's go then."

"Yes, Madam," Silas answered. He then drove heading to the kindergarten to pick up the children.

When they reached the villa, it was already seven o'clock, and dinner was readily served by Mrs. Wilson.

At the table, Mrs. Wilson turned to Natalie several times, looking like she had something to say but reverted to silence eventually.

Even Natalie felt uneasy under her gaze, so she put down her fork and asked, "Mrs. Wilson, why are you looking at me like that? Is there something on my face?"

Upon listening to that, the two children turned to look at Natalie's face in unison.

"There's nothing on it. Mommy looks fantastic." Sharon put her palms together under her chin which produced a blossoming gesture.

Natalie was amused by her adorable posture, and she reached out, patting her head affectionately.

Connor was very clever. He squinted exactly like how Shane would and asked, "Mrs. Wilson, do you have something to tell Mommy?"

Mrs. Wilson nodded.

Natalie smiled and replied, "Mrs. Wilson, just say it. I'm all ears."

"Actually, Mr. Shane called home today and asked me to clean up a room for Jacqueline," Mrs. Wilson said tentatively as she observed Natalie's expression.

Natalie understood her words in an instant. Mrs. Wilson is worried that I'll be angry.

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Taking a spoonful of the soup nonchalantly, Natalie answered, "Ah, I see."

Seeing Natalie's reaction to that, Mrs. Wilson couldn't help but be taken aback. "Madam, won't you—"

Anticipating what she was going to say, Natalie put down the spoon and answered with a rather disconsolate expression, "What purpose would it serve even if I'm furious about it? Can I possibly stop Jacqueline from coming over to stay?"

Mrs. Wilson was tongue-tied hearing that.

Connor moved his eyes around. "Mommy, did you just say that Ms. Graham is coming to stay with us?"

"No, I don't like Ms. Graham; I don't want her to stay with us." Before Natalie could answer, Sharon started throwing tantrum and slammed her spoon on the table.

Natalie's expression darkened, and her voice turned extremely stern. "Sharon, pick it up!"

"No." Sharon was so upset she looked like she would break into tears any second then. "Unless you kick that Ms. Graham out and don't let her come here."

Vexed, Natalie laid her palm to her forehead. "That's enough, Sharon. Stop messing with me. How can Mommy kick her out? It's your Daddy who agreed to it."

"Then I'll talk to Daddy," as she said that, Sharon got up from the chair and was ready to give Shane a call.

Connor stopped her and said, "Don't."

"Why?" Sharon pouted in displeasure.

"Because we're in no position to do that. Do you understand?" Natalie turned to look at her.

To Shane, Jacqueline was his childhood friend with ten to twenty years of friendship, while Natalie and the children only knew him for not more than six months.

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How could she ask him to refuse to let Jacqueline move in?

Nevertheless, Sharon wasn't clued about the complicated reasons behind it. Biting her lip, she pressed, "Why not, Mommy? Aren't you Daddy's wife? Plus, Connor and I are Daddy's children; we're the people who are closest to him. If we aren't in a position to do so, then who is?"

Natalie lowered her gaze.

Connor swing his calves as he said, "Sharon, that's different. Mommy is Daddy's wife; you're right about that, but we aren't Daddy's biological children, so we're not in a position to make such a request to Daddy. Do you understand?"

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"We're not Daddy's biological children..." As though she had been struck by lightning, clouds of gloom hang over her adorable and pretty little face. "I understood now. I'll not say anything like not allowing Ms. Graham to move in anymore."

"It's okay. I don't like Ms. Graham either." Connor took his sister into his arms. "When Ms. Graham moved in, we can just ignore her."

"Sure." Sharon gave him a firm nod.

The children's response pained Natalie.

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She couldn't help but reflect if her decision to conceal the truth from the children was right at all.

Should I reveal it to them in advance? In that way, Sharon and Connor wouldn't feel inferior anymore just because they aren't Shane's biological children.

Just as Natalie was hesitant, a commotion broke out in the living room.

"What's happening?" Connor asked in puzzlement.

Natalie shook her head. "I don't know either. You continue having your meal, and I shall go take a look."

With that, she got up and headed to the living room.

She came to the living room just to find several people carrying a few luggage as they walked in whereas Mrs. Wilson was standing at the side, giving them instructions to carry the luggage upstairs.

"Mrs. Wilson," Natalie called out to her.

Mrs. Wilson paused and turned around to Natalie. "Madam."

"These are..." Natalie pointed at the luggage in their arms.

With a sigh, Mrs. Wilson returned, "It's all because of that Jacqueline. These are all her luggage. Isn't she moving in? She's having people moving her luggage beforehand."

"I see." Natalie squeezed her fingers.

Jacqueline wouldn't be discharged until next week, but she's already moving her stuff here.

She really can't wait, huh?

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Natalie wasn't in the mood to continue watching them move the luggage, so she returned to the dining room.

Connor looked at her as he asked, "Mommy, what's happening outside?"

Natalie told him the truth without hiding anything.

After listening to her, Connor didn't say anything, but Sharon snorted in irritation.

The dinner ended in an unpleasant atmosphere.

Connor went back to his study to do revision whereas Natalie brought Sharon back to the room and played with her.

When it was around ten o'clock, Natalie put the children to sleep before taking a bath.

After that, she started blow-drying her hair with the hairdryer in front of the mirror. Without warning, the bathroom door behind her opened and a towering figure trod in with light steps.

Natalie didn't notice until the man appeared behind her, and she saw him from the mirror.

"You're ba—"

Before she could even finish her sentence, he reached out to hold her in his arms from behind.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, he dug his head in her shoulder and collarbone. Sniffing deeply, he started in a hoarse voice, "So fragrant..."

Not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, Natalie rolled her eyes at him. "That's the scent of the shower gel."

"I know, but it's more aromatic coming from your body than from the bottle." Shane drew her closer to himself as he tightened his arms around her.

Natalie switched the hairdryer off. "When did you get back?"

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"When you were taking your bath," Shane looked up and answered.

"Natalie looked at him from the mirror. "Have you eaten?"

"Yes, I've had dinner at the company." Shane pecked softly on her cheek.

Natalie cringed a little. "Alright now, let go of me. My hair isn't dry yet."

"Let me help you."

With that, his huge palm took the hairdryer from her and turned it on, starting to blow her hair dry for her.

As though afraid of hurting her, his movements were very gentle.

Lying meekly on his chest, Natalie let him move his fingers about her head.

Soon, her hair was completely dry.

Shane put down the hairdryer.

Just as Natalie was about to put the hairdryer away, Shane turned her body over abruptly to face him.

"What's wrong?"

"I want to kiss you." Shane looked at her with a deep gaze.

Considering that she had indeed neglected him over the past few days due to the incident with her mother, Natalie stood on her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around his neck before she proceeded with taking the initiative to kiss him.

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