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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 776

Natalie left with the empty cup after saying her piece.

The kids didn't leave with her. Instead, they stood at the side of the bed and stared at Shane.

Shane felt terrible when he looked into their eyes.

There was a time when they would dash over sweetly and give him a hug. Sharon, in particular, always smiled when she saw him.

However, at that moment, neither of them hugged him, and even the way they addressed him had become more distant.

Shane felt like all his previous efforts were reversed, and time had turned back to when they first met each other.

"Kids, I..." said Shane. It seemed he had a lot to say.

Connor held Sharon's hand and interrupted him, "Mr. Shane, you should hurry and get up. Your breakfast is getting cold."

After that, Connor led Sharon out of the room.

Shane's lips curved into a wry smile as he watched the kids walked away.

At that moment, his wife was ridiculously polite with him, and the kids were no longer close to him. He felt lonely, like a widower.

I had it coming, though.

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Shane rested on the bed and closed his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose.

He took some time, but when he opened his eyes again, they shone with determination.

I must earn Natalie's forgiveness and love back no matter what. I will bring all three of them back home with me.

Shane pulled his blanket aside and put on his slippers before leaving the bedroom.

Natalie was already at the dining table. She was getting the kids to eat their breakfast. When she saw Shane there, she pointed toward the washroom. "I got a new toothbrush for you. You can go freshen up," informed Natalie.

Shane murmured an affirmative reply before heading into the washroom.

Natalie retracted her gaze and continued getting the kids to eat properly.

The children had already finished their breakfast when Shane finished freshening up.

Natalie held the kids' tiny bags and helped them put them on. After that, she checked her cell phone.

She was wondering why Joyce hadn't shown up when the doorbell rang.

"That's probably Aunt Joyce. Let's go," said Natalie as she led the two kids toward the door.

Shane hesitated a little before he followed along.

Natalie heard his footsteps and knew that he was following them, but she didn't care. I'll just let him be.

Joyce was standing behind the door when they answered it. "Hi, good morning," greeted Joyce.

"Morning," replied Natalie with a smile.

The kids greeted Joyce warmly and sweetly as well.

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Joyce reached out to pat the kids' heads. Just then, she noticed that someone else was standing behind Natalie. Joyce was so surprised that her jaw dropped before she blurted, "Mr. Shane?"

Shane nodded slightly in response.

Joyce stared at Shane curiously before turning to Natalie and asking, "Nat, are the two of you back together?"

"No," answered Natalie directly, shaking her head.

The glow in Shane's eyes turned dimmer, but he didn't refute.

She's right. We're not back together...

"Then why is he...?" asked Joyce as she pointed over.

Natalie urged her children to go to Joyce before reminding, "That's enough. It's time, and they'll be late for school if we keep talking. Please drop them off at their school, Joyce. I'll head over to work a little late today."

"Okay," replied Joyce before she nodded and led the kids toward the elevator.

Natalie closed the door.

Shane's lips parted and asked, "Are you busy today?"

"Yeah, the competition will start in a week. I have a meeting at the Design Association, so I don't have the time to drop the kids off. That's why I asked Joyce to come to pick them up," replied Natalie nonchalantly.

Shane didn't say anything else.

Natalie headed over to the dining table and put away the dishes she and the kids used earlier. She said, "Mr. Shane, your breakfast is ready. Here, you can eat up now."

"What did you just call me?" asked Shane, whose voice was getting a little thick.

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"Mr. Shane," replied Natalie without looking at him.

"I'm your husband," reminded Shane as he glared at her with a look of displeasure.

I'm her husband. Yet, she is addressing me like we're strangers!

Natalie put the dirty dishes down and looked right into his eyes. She said, "Not for long. I left the divorce paper in the room in the villa. I'm sure you've already seen it. Even if you hadn't, Mrs. Wilson will have already told you about it."

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"I've already tore it apart," shared Shane calmly.

Natalie frowned and asked, "What's the point? We've already reached the point where divorce is the only route. I honestly don't see any alternatives."

"Of course there is. I know that I made a mistake earlier and broke your heart because of it. It's only natural that you want a divorce, but that is no longer an issue, so why are you still insisting on getting a divorce?" demanded Shane as he clenched his fists. He simply could not understand why.

"It's simple, really," answered Natalie before she took a deep breath and smiled wryly. "I'm insisting on getting a divorce because the pain is etched into my heart. I can't pretend that nothing had happened just because the misunderstanding is cleared. Besides, this incident taught me something crucial."

"And what is that?"

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Natalie tilted her head down and replied, "Trust. We do love each other, but Shane, don't you see? There is no trust between us. You don't actually trust me, and that is the root cause of this incident."

"I know that I was wrong. I should've trusted you, but I promise that this won't happen again," declared Shane before he reached out to hold her hand.

Natalie stepped back and pointed out, "Don't be so certain. No one knows what will happen in the future. What if someone malicious comes up with something once more to cause a misunderstanding between us? I don't think that you'd trust me enough to not fall for their tricks."

What she needed was someone to trust her completely.

That was something she didn't think Shane could ever give her. He can't do it because his upbringing made it impossible.

Natalie understood that being in the Thompson family meant that one had to deal with schemes and traps from a young age. She believed that Shane would never trust anyone completely because that would mean putting the entire Thompson Group on the line. She understood that that was impossible for him, so she wouldn't force him to change.

That was why she thought that their best option was to get a divorce. By doing so, she wouldn't have her heart crushed because the man she loved can't trust her the way she needed him to.

Similarly, Shane would no longer need to struggle with whether or not he should trust her.

Thinking about all that prompted Natalie to smile at Shane and said, "That, Mr. Shane, is why we should get a divorce. Besides, I think that we were too impulsive when we got married. We just started dating at the time, and we don't know each other well enough to build a lasting marriage. All it took was one conflict to topple us. It's too painful to go through this every time a conflict arises, Mr. Shane."

"No, I will never sign those divorce papers," insisted Shane before he stepped forward and pulled her into his arms. He held her so tightly that it seemed like he wanted to meld her into his body.

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It hurt Natalie a little when he hugged her so tightly, but she didn't push him away. She simply let him hold her.

"Stop being so stubborn, Mr. Shane. Maybe this will turn out to be a good thing for the two of us," said Natalie as she rested her chin on his shoulder.

Shane buried his face in her neck and spoke in a deep voice. "No, this is not a good thing. All I know is that I can't live without you. If you really want to leave me, then you will have to kill me. Can you bring yourself to do that?"

He looked at her. His gaze was gloomy when his eyes met hers.

Natalie sighed and asked, "Why must you force my hand like this?"

"I am not forcing you to do anything. All I want is to take my wife home. What's wrong with that?" asked Shane as he squeezed her shoulders a little.

Natalie closed her eyes in exhaustion.

She was about to reply to him when her cell phone rang.

She pushed him away and checked the screen before quickly accepting the call. "Hi, Mr. Horner. Sorry, I will head over right away... Okay... Alright... Bye."

Natalie put her cell phone away and turned her attention to Shane one last time. She said, "Mr. Shane, I've said all I need to say. Please consider the divorce. Marriage is not something that can be maintained with just love. It also needs courage and trust to thrive, and there is no trust between us. A marriage like ours will only end badly even if we keep pushing."

Natalie walked over to pick up her bag from the sofa. "You can leave immediately after having your breakfast. I'll do the dishes when I get home later."

She turned toward the door after saying her piece.

However, Shane grabbed her wrist and pulled her back before she got to take another step.

"What are you... Mm..."

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Shane had sealed her lips shut before she got to finish her sentence.

Natalie was stunned for a second there, but she came around soon after. Anger filled her, and she pushed him to get away.

Unfortunately, Shane had already anticipated that, so he locked the back of her head in place. She couldn't break free no matter what she did.

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In the end, Natalie had no choice but to steel herself up and bite the guy.

Shane grunted in pain a little before letting her go.

Natalie backed away quickly. She glared at Shane and growled, "You..."

"You want me to trust you completely, and I can do that," said Shane to cut her words short. He was wiping his injured lip as he spoke.

Natalie's eyes bulged a little, but she was quick to regain her footing and refuted, "No, you can't."

"Yes, I can," insisted Shane with a sincere look on his face.

Natalie's heart stirred for a moment there, but she scoffed and reminded, "Some things are easier said than done."

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"I know. That's why I will work to prove my words. Just please, don't divorce me, okay?" said Shane as he stared lovingly into her eyes. His tone carried an obvious hint that he was begging her.

He's begging me! I can't believe that a man who is that proud will lower his stance to the extent that he is begging me to stay.

Natalie couldn't deny that she was touched for a moment there, but she clenched her fists tightly. The pain reminded her to keep a clear mind, and that stopped her from promising him anything.

That being said, she didn't reject him completely either. She simply turned around and left.

Shane didn't stop her. He watched as she left.

He knew that for her to not reject or accept him was the best result he could hope for at that moment.

At least she won't be in a hurry to get a divorce. All that's left is for me to prove my words. Maybe someday I will touch her heart and that'll convince her to stay. Everything will be alright, then.

Natalie pursed her lips as she traveled. She didn't know if she made the right choice by giving Shane a chance to make things right.

Indeed, she actually gave him a chance.

Shane had truly touched her with his persistence.

Even though Natalie had not given up on divorcing him, her heart was swaying.

That was why she gave him the silent treatment. It was her way of giving him a chance to make up for the pain he caused.

If he proved that he could be better, Natalie thought that she could forgive him for the sake of the baby in her womb.

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However, if he failed to do so, then she will no longer be dissuaded from getting a divorce. His failure would prove that they were not right for each other.

Shane Thompson, will you let me down this time? Or will you prove me wrong?

Natalie frowned. She wasn't confident in his success.

She left the building after her meeting concluded. She grabbed a quick bite before she went to the immigration office to register for a visa.

She would be leaving the country to participate in the competition on the following Wednesday. If she applied for the visa that day, she would get it before the following Wednesday.

Natalie got in her car and drove back to her office after she finished applying for the visa.

The first thing she noted the moment she stepped into her office was that every employee was staring at her in excitement.

The way they stared made her a little uncomfortable. She even thought that she might have some stain on her clothes, so she tilted her head down. However, she didn't see anything. Natalie couldn't contain her curiosity and asked, "What's wrong? Why is everyone staring at me?"

"You should head back to your office, Ms. Smith. There's a surprise waiting for you," teased an employee.

"A surprise?" blurted Natalie curiously. "What surprise?"

Perplexed, she walked to her office while everyone's gaze followed her closely.

Natalie opened the door to her office with everyone watching. The sight of the place instantly stunned her.

Red roses donned every inch of her office, making it almost impossible for her to walk. Her office was practically a sea of roses.

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Natalie covered her lips in astonishment. It took her some time to regain her senses and asked, "What is going on here? Who sent these?"

"Who else could it be? Your husband sent them," replied Joyce as she approached Natalie from the back.

Natalie turned around and asked again, "What? Shane sent these over?"

"Yeah," replied Joyce while nodding. She put the file she was holding away, then dragged Natalie to the side before asking, "Nat, what is up between you and Mr. Shane? Wasn't he being all passive-aggressive to you just earlier? Why is he going all out to get you back now?"

The guy sent so many flowers over and gave every employee a nice, little gift. He is obviously courting his wife and trying to get her back.

Natalie's lips twitched and replied, "He's acting this way because all misunderstandings have been cleared."

"It's cleared?" said Joyce as she blinked. After that, she cheered and said, "That must mean that Yulia is cleared of suspicion! That is the only reason why Mr. Shane would court you again."

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Natalie nodded and replied, "That's right."

"Ooh, give me the details. What actually happened?" asked Joyce excitedly as she dragged Natalie into the office. Natalie didn't know if she should laugh or cry about it, but she told Joyce everything, anyway.

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After hearing everything, Joyce sighed sorrowfully. "I see. Good thing you recovered your memories in a timely manner. If you hadn't, the two of you would've ended up like Stanley and me."

Joyce had been investigating the past, and she truly wanted to tell Stanley that her parents were innocent.

Unfortunately, her investigation bore no fruit.

There were times when she really wanted to give her investigation up, but she persisted because she wanted to clear her parents' good name.

"It'll be fine. I believe that there will come a day when the truth is revealed," said Natalie while patting Joyce's shoulders to offer some comfort.

Joyce nodded with a smile. "I hope you're right." She added, "By the way, are you still getting a divorce?"

Natalie leaned against the edge of her desk and replied, "I don't know. I was still adamant about getting a divorce this morning, but Shane begged me to stay, and I started swaying."

"That's what love is. You love him, and that is why you're swaying. This proves that, deep down, you don't really want a divorce, either," said Joyce, whose words hit a bull's eye to what Natalie was feeling.

Natalie didn't deny it. She simply flipped her hair a little and said, "Maybe. You saw the flowers in my office, didn't you? Given Shane's style, there is no way he'd come up with something like this to ask for my forgiveness. Someone must've been whispering into his ears and giving him suggestions. Do you think I can keep resisting him and remain angry at him if he repeatedly does something like this?"

"Definitely not," replied Joyce as she slumped her shoulders and added, "Women are emotional beings. A few romantic acts here, a few touching gestures there, and poof! We're right back in the arms of the guy we were mad at."

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"Oh, go to hell," complained Natalie while rolling her eyes at Joyce.

Joyce giggled and shared, "Honestly though, I think that divorce is not something you have to go through anyway, so why not just give him the silent treatment for a few days? Don't go beyond that because it might backfire, but I think he'll learn his lesson in a few days."

"I guess. Let's just see how persistent and sorry he is for now," replied Natalie, nodding.

Joyce asked again, "The only question is, what's your plan for the kids?"

"I'll keep the baby a secret for now and tell him about it in the future," answered Natalie as she caressed her tummy.

Joyce shook her head and clarified, "I'm not talking about the one in your womb. That's his flesh and blood, after all. I was referring to Connor and Sharon. Will Mr. Shane still accept them and treat them as his own?"

Natalie fell silent. That question touched a nerve in her heart because she never even considered that.

She bit her lip a little as anxiety gnawed at her.

She honestly didn't know if Shane would take the kids back in.

Even if Shane is okay with it, will Connor be able to accept it?

Shane had been distant to the kids during that period, and both kids experienced it firsthand. It wasn't possible that they weren't affected at all.

Joyce sighed when she noted how Natalie was lost in thoughts. "I guess the biggest challenge for you and Mr. Shane is the kids," commented Joyce.

"Yeah," murmured Natalie bitterly. "Perhaps I shouldn't make my decision based only on how sincere he is in apologizing. I'll have to see if he can still accept the kids as his own. If he can't, then a divorce is still the best course of action. I will not abandon my children."

Truth was, Natalie wouldn't blame Shane even if he couldn't accept the kids.

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They weren't his children, after all, so it was normal for him to not want to have them around. As their mother, however, there was no way she would leave them.

"Maybe test the water for now? Earlier, he was angry at you and the kids because of Yulia. It's not like he didn't actually like the kids. Now that the misunderstanding is cleared, I feel like he will accept the kids," said Joyce before she picked up her cup and sipped some water.

"We'll see," replied Natalie before taking a deep breath and instructing, "I should return to my office. Please send someone to move the flowers away. Place some around the company to decorate the place, and give out the rest so that we don't waste them."

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"No problem," said Joyce before she nodded and left to assign the task to someone.

It didn't take long before Natalie's office was left with only a few bouquets.

She spared them no glance and simply walked right to her desk.

She found a letter there, and that got her to raise her brows. When she opened the letter, she saw a cheesy poem in there and deduced immediately that it was not Shane's work.

I wonder who he asked to write this for him. Ugh, it's so cheesy that I'm getting goosebumps all over. I bet he never even read it. If he had, this poem would never have made it to me.

Natalie shook her head while grinning exasperatedly. She put the letter in her drawer after that and started working.

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Over the next few days, Shane came up with dozens of ideas to butter Natalie up and beg for forgiveness. His sincere and sweet gestures got even the onlookers to swoon.

Joyce was convinced as well, and her advice to Natalie was that the latter should just forgive the guy.

Natalie kept quiet, but she had softened her stance. At the very least, she didn't kick Shane out of the apartment when he asked to stay over. She simply refused to share the same room with him.

Shane was a little disappointed about that, but he didn't push. He knew that being able to stay overnight was already a huge improvement.

"Mommy, tomorrow is Daddy's birthday," reminded a cute voice. Natalie was in her room at the time. She was trying to get in touch with a model to invite the latter to join her in participating in the design competition.

The organizers changed the rules at the last minute and requested all participating designers to bring their own models along to showcase their outfits. In other words, the organizers would not be hiring the models.

That was why Natalie was working late into the night. Unfortunately, she simply couldn't find someone suitable for the job.

"Huh? How did you know?" asked Natalie with her brows raised when she turned to her daughter, who was dashing over.

She remembered that she never told the kids when Shane's birthday was.

"Daddy told me," answered Sharon while hugging Natalie's leg.

Shane hadn't just been sweet to Natalie over the past couple of days. He was also trying to earn the kids' forgiveness.

Connor hadn't reverted to calling Shane "Daddy," but Sharon switched sides on the very first day.

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Natalie was a little speechless about how quickly Sharon changed, but she was glad because it showed that Joyce was right. Shane accepts the kids and loves them.

That conclusion got her to sigh a breath of relief.

"Daddy told you that?" repeated Natalie as her lips twitched.

What is he trying to do? Who on Earth would tell others when their birthdays are? Is he hinting that he wants a present?

"Yeah," answered Sharon as she nodded her tiny head.

Natalie massaged her temples. She honestly didn't know if she should laugh aloud, but she asked, "What present do you want to get him?"

Sharon was sucking her thumb when she said, "I don't know. I don't have the money to buy him anything."

Natalie chuckled aloud and suggested, "How about this? You can perform a dance routine for his birthday."

"Okay," replied Sharon, nodding as a gleam flashed across her eyes. She asked, "How about you, Mommy? What would you like to give Daddy?"

"I don't know yet," replied Natalie as she looked at her daughter and added, "Maybe you can help me come up with something?"

At first, her gift for Shane was to tell him that he was the kids' biological father, but as it turned out...

Natalie smiled bitterly and shook her head. She stopped thinking about it.

"Mommy, I know what you can get for Daddy. He'll love it," whispered Sharon mysteriously.

Natalie raised her brows and got curious. "Really? Then can you tell me what it is?"

"Crouch down, Mommy," said Sharon while waving her tiny hand.

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Natalie crouched down while smiling. "Alright, no one can overhear us now."

Sharon tiptoed and whispered into Natalie's ears, "Here's a secret, Mommy. Daddy loves you the most, and he said that he wished that you'd give him forgiveness. Although... What does forgiveness mean, Mommy?"

Natalie didn't answer her daughter's question. She was simply rendered speechless when she heard her daughter ratting Shane out.

Natalie took a deep breath and forced a smile onto her face before asking for confirmation. "Darling, did your daddy tell you to get me to give him forgiveness for his birthday?" The girl nodded obediently. "Yep, Daddy said so himself." She didn't know that she had already ratted Shane out.

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