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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 791

If Natalie didn't have that face, would it mean Shane would never have fallen for her?

At the thought of this, Jacqueline's heart raced and her eyes were full of madness.

But soon, Sean's warning echoed in her mind. Thus, she temporarily dismissed that idea.

I'll let her enjoy her life for a little longer. And then, I'll take my time getting rid of her.

Jacqueline's lips curled into a sneer and she left the emergency stairwell.

When night fell, Shane finally finished work and drove back to the villa.

The villa was brightly lit. As soon as he walked in, the sound of the children's laughter reached his ears.

Shane's expression instantly softened.

It had been quite some time since he heard them laughing so happily.

He felt guilty toward both Natalie and the children because of what happened during that period of time. At the same time, he was grateful that they did not blame him for it.

When he stepped into the living room, both children looked in his direction.

Connor stopped laughing and politely called out, "Mr. Shane."

Hearing this, Shane's eyes dimmed slightly.

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Luckily, Sharon called him “Daddy” right after that, giving him some comfort.

“Where’s your mommy?” Shane asked.

Sharon pointed upstairs and replied, “Mommy is talking on the phone upstairs.”

Shane glanced at the stairs before making his way to the second floor.

In the bedroom, Natalie was standing on the balcony, talking to someone on her phone.

As soon as Shane opened the door, he was met with the sight of a woman in a red maxi dress.

The dress was body-hugging and backless, displaying all of her perfect curves.

Shane’s eyes darkened with desire, and his throat went dry.

He tugged on his necktie and deliberately lightened his footsteps as he approached her. Then, he reached out to hug her waist from behind, pulling her tight against his chest.

The woman jolted in shock and let out a squeal, almost dropping her phone in the process.

Thinking something had happened, Joyce asked anxiously on the other end of the line, “What’s wrong, Nat?”

Natalie rolled her eyes at the man behind her and giggled into the phone. “Nothing. It was just a mouse.”

“A mouse?” Joyce exclaimed in shock.

Meanwhile, Shane’s face turned sullen.

Did she just call me a mouse?

Feeling aggrieved, Shane slowly moved his hands up along her waist and squeezed her bosom.

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A noise of protest followed next.

Joyce raised her brows again and queried, "Was that the mouse again?"

"Yeah. I gotta go catch it now. Talk to you soon. Bye."

Natalie ended the call quickly and looked down to pry away his wandering hands. Then, she spun around to glare at the culprit. "What was that for?"

Gazing at her intently, Shane replied, "You called me a mouse."

He was merely getting back at her for saying that.

Natalie pursed her lips in response. "Well, you didn't make a sound when you came in and just hugged me out of nowhere. You really gave me a scare."

"You're wearing too little. I hugged you because I was afraid you'd be cold," caressing her smooth back, Shane said in a hoarse voice.

Natalie rolled her eyes. "Do you really expect me to believe that?"

He was clearly taking advantage of me.

Ugh, I only just hinted that I'd forgive him tonight, but he shamelessly came onto me like that. Wasn't he afraid I'd reject his touch?

"Believe what you want." He shrugged, then asked with a cheeky glint in his eyes, "By the way, did you dress up for me?"

Natalie's eyes flickered, but she denied, "No. I just threw on a random outfit."

"Random, huh?" A smile played on Shane's lips. "You've never worn anything so sexy at home before, let alone applied makeup. And you're saying it's not for me?"

Natalie looked away slightly abashedly. "Since you already know, why did you even ask in the first place?"

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"I wanted to hear you say it." Shane lifted her chin up.

Natalie pushed his hand away and muttered, "That's enough now. Let's go downstairs to have dinner first."

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"There's no rush. We can go down a little later." Shane pulled her back into his arms and rested his forehead against hers. "I missed you so much."

Natalie was momentarily stunned. "Why are you saying this all of a sudden. I'm right in front of you, aren't I?"

"No. I'm talking about what happened a while back. I'm sorry." Shane retracted his arms and continued, "I didn't know how to face you because of my parents' deaths, so I stayed away from you and treated you coldly. But you were always on my mind, and I missed you so, so much. You have no idea how much willpower it took to stop myself from looking for you..."

This was the first time Natalie heard this man express his longing for her so frankly. Her heart clenched with pain as she recalled that period of time.

At last, she gently patted his back and comforted in a tender voice, "Forget it. It's all in the past now. I just hope that you won't do that to me again. If there's anything on your mind, just tell me. Don't keep secrets from me. Whatever it is, we'll face it together, okay?"

Shane kissed her forehead lightly. "Okay."

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Natalie pushed him away and waved her phone in front of him with a smirk. "You promised, and I recorded everything down. If you hide things from me, give me the cold shoulder, or doubt me again, I'll really file for divorce. I won't go soft and come back like I did this time."

"Okay." Without asking when she had started to record their conversation, Shane nodded seriously in response.

Then, he added as an afterthought, "Also, nothing happened between Jacqueline and me during that time. I only allowed her into the guest room and apartment because of the recovery banquet, but I'll get her to leave very soon."

After speaking, he peered at Natalie with a trace of nervousness in his eyes, as though afraid she wouldn't believe him.

Natalie let out a short chuckle before reassuring, "Alright. I believe you."

Shane instantly felt relieved. "Does that mean you'll forgive me?"

"Mm-hmm. I forgive you." Natalie put down her phone.

Shane was visibly emotional as he lifted her chin and sealed her lips with his.

Natalie wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

She initially thought that he would let her go after kissing for a while, then they would go downstairs for dinner.

But she thought wrong because the man became more and more passionate.

When Natalie felt the man's hand move to the strap on the back of her neck, her eyes flew wide open and she pushed him away. "Stop!"

Shane wiped away the saliva on the corner of his mouth with an unhappy frown on his face. "Why?"

He had not touched her in a long time.

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An amused smile made its way onto Natalie's lips upon seeing his pitiful expression.

Then, she took his hand and under his quizzical gaze, placed it gently on her lower abdomen.

Shane was startled. "What does this mean?"

Natalie smiled at him. "This is the real present I want to give you tonight—I'm pregnant."

Silence ensued.

Shane's eyes widened as he looked at his own hand in disbelief.

There's a child growing inside her belly.

My child!

Shane's Adam's apple bobbed. After a long time, he finally spoke in a shaky voice. "Am I... going to be a father?"

Natalie nodded. "Yes, you are. This time, it's yours."

Shane's mouth parted, as though to say something, but in the end, he merely pulled her into his embrace.

As Natalie leaned in his arms, she asked, "What's wrong? Aren't you happy?"

"Of course I'm happy. Thank you. This is the best present I've ever received." Shane lowered his head to breathe in her scent.

Natalie giggled softly. "Really? I thought you weren't happy."

"Of course not." Shane shook his head. "Thank you. By the way, how far along are you?"

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He looked at her belly in question.

"A month plus," answered Natalie.

Realization dawned on Shane just then. It seemed like he had already recovered more than a month ago.

"Oh, by the way." Thinking of something, Natalie abruptly raised her head to look at the man sternly. "Previously on the phone, I heard Dr. Baker saying something about putting you on medication. And I also remember seeing some medicine on the bedside table before. What were they for? What if it ends up affecting the baby?"

Grasping her meaning, Shane's expression turned somber. "They were for infertility. I'm not sure if it'll affect the baby."

"Infertility? Why were you taking drugs for that?" Natalie asked in surprise.

Shane cleared his throat awkwardly.

But his face turned icy the next second, and a trace of hatred appeared in his eyes. "It was Sam. He knew he couldn't steal Thompson Group from me, so he wanted to ensure I was unable to produce any heirs. This way, Thompson Group would eventually end up in his family's hands."

Natalie gasped in shock. "But he's your uncle. How could he do something like that to you? First, he killed your parents. Then he did something so horrible to you, his own nephew."

At that moment, Natalie's heart ached for him.

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It was close to a miracle that he managed to survive this far with Sam plotting against him at every turn.

"It's fine. I'm alright now. I'm just worried about the baby..." Shane clenched his fists in anger. "I'll consult Jackson about this."

"No, don't. Let's go to another hospital." Natalie tugged on his arm.

Shane's brows furrowed at that. "Why?"

Don't tell me she wants to go to the hospital where Stanley works at?

Having no clue of the man's train of thoughts, Natalie pursed her lips and said, "Dr. Baker is Ms. Graham's boyfriend. If we tell him I'm pregnant, Ms. Graham would end up knowing as well, and I don't want her to know. I'm sure you're aware that I don't like her. I feel like she's out to get me."

Shane's mouth twitched, but before he could say anything, Natalie pressed her index finger against his lips.

"I know you probably think that I'm being paranoid, but listen to this, and you'll know why."

With that, she fished out her phone and played the recording of the conversation she had with Alice at the prison in the afternoon.

There was apparent surprise written on Shane's features after he finished listening to the recording.

It took a while before he spoke in a hoarse voice. "You think Jacqueline was behind both attempts on your life, and that Mr. Gunn found out about it but covered up for her by getting Alice to take the fall."

"That's right, but I don't think this is all Jacqueline has done." Drawing a deep breath, Natalie continued with an expressionless face, "Connor's abduction and car accident, Stanley's car accident, the fire at my warehouse, the fabric switch; this was all Jacqueline's doing."

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Shane kept silent, but his heart was in turmoil.

Natalie studied his face and remarked, "I know this is a lot to take in, and you might have doubts about it. Let's first ignore whether Jacqueline was responsible for all the things I just mentioned, and just focus on the cat abuse incident Alice talked about. I think you can find out about it easily. Why don't you look into this first, then decide whether or not to believe that Jacqueline is guilty of all those things?"

"Alright," Shane closed his eyes and replied.

If he was being honest with himself, the recording she provided had really given him the shock of his life.

He knew that Jacqueline wasn't as kind and innocent as he had once thought, but he never imagined she would be this evil.

However, for Natalie's sake, he felt he really needed to get to the bottom of this matter. Hence, this would be the first time he investigated the person he had always regarded as his own sister.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Natalie looked past the man's shoulder at the door. "It's probably Mrs. Wilson calling us for dinner. Let's go."

Shane grunted in response. Locking away the unease in his heart, he held her hand and walked toward the door.

Upon opening the door, Mrs. Wilson immediately spotted their interlaced fingers. Stifling her smile to hide her delight, she asked, "Sir, madam, have you both reconciled?"

Natalie nodded with a smile.

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Mrs. Wilson was so happy that the corners of her eyes crinkled into a smile. "What amazing news! Come, come. Let's go downstairs for dinner, then we can cut the cake after that. The children have been whining about eating cake."

"Let's go. We don't want to keep the kids waiting now, do we?" With that, Shane led Natalie down the stairs.

Mrs. Wilson prepared a scrumptious meal.

The two children enjoyed the food and were satisfied by the end of their meal.

After that, Natalie brought over the cake, lit the candles, and asked Mrs. Wilson to switch off the lights.

The dining room was shrouded in darkness, with only the candle flames illuminating everyone's faces.

Under the prompting of Natalie and the two children, Shane made two birthday wishes, then asked Mrs. Wilson to cut the cake that the children had been so excited for.

Natalie glanced at the children who were leaning forward to look at Mrs. Wilson cutting into the cake before asking, "What did you wish for, Darling?"

Shane also gazed at them lovingly as he answered, "It's a secret."

Natalie pouted slightly in response. "Fine. Don't tell me."

Shane's lips curved into a small smile. "You'll find out one day."

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"Sure. Then I'll wait for that day to come." Natalie replicated his smile.

Shane accepted the piece of cake handed to him by Mrs. Wilson and placed it in front of Natalie. "You're traveling overseas tomorrow, right?"

"Yes. I'm taking the afternoon flight, so you'll have to take care of the two kids." Natalie's eyes filled with reluctance.

She really did not want to leave her children.

But for her dream and career, she had to.

"Don't worry. I'll bring them over there to visit you during the weekends." Shane squeezed her hand gently.

Natalie laughed in response. "There's no need for that. Won't it be tiring to go back and forth every week? Just come visit once a month will do, but..."

"But what?" Shane tilted his head slightly.

Natalie's face fell. "I hope you'll tell Dr. Baker to renovate the house quickly and have Ms. Graham move in. I don't feel comfortable leaving the two children with her."

"Alright." Shane nodded in agreement.

Natalie leaned across the space to plant a chaste kiss on his cheek. "Thank you, Darling."

Shane was obviously dissatisfied with merely a kiss on the cheek because he tapped on his mouth for another one.

Natalie felt amused upon seeing that. "Stop it. The kids are here. Here, eat some cake."

With that, she forked up some cake and fed it to him.

Although Shane wasn't a fan of sweet things, since she was personally feeding it to him, he opened his mouth and ate it anyway.

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Then, he raised his hand, indicating that one bite was enough. "That's enough for me. Have some yourself."

Knowing that he did not like dessert, Natalie did not insist and began eating her own piece of cake.

Shane brought a cup of coffee to his lips, sipping on it while watching her eat.

Even though this birthday was simple and not as grand as when his parents and grandfather were around, he felt especially warm with his wife and children by his side.

That night, he did not dare to touch Natalie because she was pregnant. Thus, he merely hugged her to sleep.

But even then, he was too afraid to move. He did not even dare to turn in bed for fear of crushing her belly.

As a result, one side of his body was numb when he woke up the next morning.

Natalie laughed in amusement and gave him a massage. After quite some time, his discomfort was finally alleviated.

"I'll see you off at the airport later in the afternoon," Shane said to Natalie when he dropped her off at the office.

After Natalie nodded in assent, Shane put the car into drive.

Natalie watched his car drive away before turning to head into the company building.

Time flew by, and afternoon arrived sooner than expected. Joyce came to fetch Natalie and Sally to the airport on time.

When they arrived at the airport, the others from the Design Association were already there.

As Natalie was representing the country in the competition, the Design Association naturally came to offer their support.

Natalie spoke to Mr. Horner for a while before the latter had to leave.

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After all, being the branch president of the Design Association kept him busy more often than not.

"Nat, isn't Mr. Shane here yet?" Joyce asked while looking around the waiting hall.

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Sally said while playing with her phone, "Relax. Mr. Shane is probably on his way here."

"I'm just worried he'd be late and Nat won't even get to see him for the last time," Joyce snapped back.

Sally almost choked when she heard that. "For the last time? Are you cursing Mr. Shane or Nat?"

Only then did Joyce realize her mistake. Smacking her forehead, she bemoaned, "What's wrong with me? Sorry, Nat. D*mn my mouth!"

"It's fine." Natalie shook her head with a chuckle. "Let's just wait. Sal is right. He's probably on the way here."

Joyce shrugged and stopped talking after that.

Suddenly, an annoying high-pitched voice reached their ears. "Why, if it isn't Sally and Natalie? Fancy meeting you both here. Where are you heading off to?"

Hannah sashayed over in a pair of shades and high heels.

Natalie frowned slightly, but decided to ignore her.

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Sally, on the other hand, got to her feet and countered, "What does where we're going have to do with you?"

"I was just curious, but based on your standards, I doubt you're going anywhere impressive. I, on the other hand, am participating in a national competition. It's one of the top events in the fashion design industry. I bet you're jealous, huh?" Hannah stifled a smug smile behind her hand.

Then, she clapped her hand, as though recalling something. "Oh, look at my terrible memory. I almost forgot that you're only a nameless designer, while you're a trashy model." She pointed at Natalie, then at Sally. "So both of you have probably never heard about this competition. I bet you have no idea what I was talking about."

The corners of Natalie, Joyce, and Sally's mouths twitched upon hearing that.

Especially Joyce and Sally, who were looking at Hannah like she was the world's dumbest wretch.

"This woman is a model from your batch, right? Is she cuckoo or something?" Joyce made a circular motion beside her head.

Sally nodded. "Yeah, there's no doubt about that. Otherwise, she wouldn't say something so stupid."

"Poor thing." Joyce sighed, then shot Hannah a contemptuous glance. "You should pay the doctor a visit if you have a condition instead of embarrassing yourself outside."

Although Natalie remained silent, a chuckle escaped her lips.

Her laugh only served to make Hannah feel insulted. The latter took off her shades and revealed a face that was contorted with anger. "How dare you call me crazy?"

"Aren't you, though?" Joyce shrugged. "You don't even know where we're going but you went ahead to make idiotic assumptions. What are you if not crazy?"

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"I know, right?" Sally sneered. "Sorry to burst your bubble, Hannah, but not only do we know what competition you're talking about, but we're also participating in it. Like you, I was also invited to be their model. And Nat is the designer representing our country."

Sally draped an arm over Natalie's shoulder and smiled tauntingly at Hannah.

Hannah backed away two steps and shrieked with a look of disbelief on her face, "That's impossible! H-How could you guys be participating in the competition?"

She pointed at Natalie and Sally.

Narrowing her eyes, Sally slapped her hand away. "Why is it impossible? Please, enlighten me. Are you saying only you're allowed to go but we're not?"

Hannah's chest heaved violently. "Natalie isn't even famous. How can she be representing the country in this competition? And you. You only walked for a few unpopular shows before. Why would they invite you?"

"Because of my good character. Besides, you yourself said I walked for a few unpopular shows, but what about you? You haven't even walked for a formal show since your training ended. You're even worse off than me. Even so, you were invited to the competition. I didn't even question you about that. Yet, you have the audacity to question me."

Sally rolled her eyes and continued, "Also, who said Nat isn't famous? She's the chief designer of Project Rebirth and Radiance, and also won the championship in a renowned fashion competition. You didn't even get your facts straight first before spouting nonsense in front of us. Weren't you afraid you'd turn into a laughing stock?"

"Yeah." Joyce nodded in agreement.

Natalie tucked her hair behind her ear but remained otherwise silent.

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