

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 101- 105

Suddenly, a designer showed up with two police officers behind her. She pointed at Natalie and said, "It's her."

Consequently, the police officers approached Natalie and showed her their identification tags. "Hello, Ms. Smith. We received an anonymous report alleging that you have intentionally hurt a person, causing the victim to suffer from a concussion. You are under arrest for first-degree assault. We need to take you into custody. Please cooperate with us."

She knew she wouldn't be able to talk her way out of this and would have to make the trip with them no matter what. Thus, she nodded in agreement.

Nevertheless, Natalie was shocked because Susan's injury was way more serious than she expected. As Natalie thought about it, she couldn't help but shudder. It seems like Jasmine was planning to push me to my death. I was lucky to have evaded her attack.

In the end, the police officers brought her away while everyone had their eyes glued to Natalie's retreating figure.

After they reached the police station, a police officer confiscated her phone and brought her into an isolated room.

Natalie's heart skipped a beat the moment she caught a glimpse of the nameplate on the door. She was about to say something, yet the police officer pushed her into the room violently.

As a result, she staggered and knocked her tummy against the table edge in the interrogation room. She gasped and started to break out in cold sweat due to the excruciating sensation. Yet, the police officer turned a blind eye to her plight and took a seat opposite her.

He knocked on the table and instructed, "Hurry up and take a seat! I need to get your statement!"

Holding on to her tummy as she glared at the police officer, Natalie refused to give in to his demand and rebuked, "Sir, I'm merely here to assist you in the investigation. Why did you bring me to the interrogation room when you have yet to prove me guilty?"

He stared at her wide-eyed because he didn't expect she would rebuke him. "Well... Does that mean you're trying to defy my instructions? Why did I bring you to the interrogation room? Isn't it obvious? How are you going to prove yourself innocent now that you are already in the police station?"

Natalie was taken aback by his absurd statement. It took her a few seconds to snap out of her bewilderment. The frustrated woman yelled, "What kind of joke is this? I'm convicted because I'm in the police station? If that's the case, does that mean those who have been brought back to the police station are criminals? Where's the chief of police? I need to speak to him!"

Once she made herself clear, she strode towards the entrance.

The police officer cast a stern gaze at Natalie and brought himself up from his seat. He rushed over and assaulted her from the back with his baton.

Natalie shrieked in pain and fell to the ground. She endured the pain and stared at the police officer in disbelief.

Meanwhile, he looked down on her as he warned, "You better behave yourself because we have received instructions from a certain someone. As long as we do not go overboard, we're free to teach you a lesson as we see fit!"

Natalie was utterly dumbfounded upon hearing his words because he seemed to have been bribed by someone else and was given the task to force her into submission.

That must be the reason why she had been brought into the interrogation room right after she reached the police station.

As for the one who had bribed the police officer, she couldn't think of anyone else apart from Jasmine.

After Natalie calmed down, the police officer cast his baton aside and confronted, "Why don't you tell me about the motive behind your action? Why did you push the victim?"

She brought herself up from the ground and rebutted in a hoarse voice, "I didn't! I wasn't the one who pushed her!"

He was about to take her statement, yet he stopped and looked at her. "Are you still trying to deny your responsibility?"

"What do you mean? Why should I admit to the things I didn't do?"

"You!" The police officer was rendered speechless by her words.

In the end, he resorted to all sorts of interrogation methods at his disposal, but Natalie insisted she hadn't pushed anyone.

He scratched his head in confusion because he had run out of methods to deal with her.

Although the mastermind said it would be fine to teach her a lesson, he couldn't possibly resort to violence to force her into submission.

Since there wasn't anything else he could do, he had no choice but to throw her behind bars for the time being.

Natalie, who had been thrown behind bars, stood right next to the entrance of her cell and demanded to be set free, but the police officers that had passed by the cell behaved as though they couldn't hear her.

Eventually, she got exhausted and returned to the bench to take a seat.

She couldn't get in touch with anyone else since she didn't have her phone with her. There wasn't any clock available in the cell. Thus, she had to wait in silence because she was certain they couldn't keep her behind bars forever.

After some time, the temperature inside the isolated cell dropped drastically. Natalie started to tremble in cold. A few seconds later, she felt lightheaded as though she would soon pass out.

As she could barely hold herself together, she lay on the bench in an attempt to keep herself conscious.

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Before she lost consciousness, she could detect the sight of the door being opened as a familiar and gigantic figure made his way into the cell.

Natalie, who was on the verge of passing out, asked, "Mr. Shane?"

The person who had entered the cell remained silent.

She groaned in pain and wanted to open her eyes to figure out the person who had entered the cell, yet she couldn't bring herself to open her drowsy pair of eyes. In the end, she couldn't take it anymore and passed out in front of the man.

The figure of the fragile woman could be seen through the reflection of Sean's glasses. He looked at her and lifted her up.

As soon as they made their way out of the police station, a black Maybach pulled over and stopped in front of them.

Shane alighted from the luxurious vehicle and frowned when he saw Natalie between Sean's arms.

However, the moment he realized Natalie seemed to have passed out with her face flushing, he decided to put his emotions aside for the time being. "What's wrong with her?"

Sean sized Shane up and replied nonchalantly, "She has caught a fever. What are you doing here when you're supposed to keep Jacqueline company? She's about to go through a surgical operation, right?"

Shane ignored him and stretched out his arms, instructing indifferently, "I'll take care of her from now onwards."

Holding Natalie in between his arms, Sean took a step back and asked rhetorically, "What if I refused to?"

Truth be told, Sean had rushed over to her rescue because he wanted her to owe him a favor. This would give him a reason to approach her and achieve his ulterior motive.

Hence, he wouldn't allow Shane to get in his way and ruin his flawless plan.

Since Sean had no intention to hand Natalie over to him, Shane narrowed his eyes and yelled, "Silas!"

"Yes!" Silas got out of the car immediately and rushed over to Sean's side and rendered him incapable of movement.

"What are you trying to do?" Sean's face puckered in irritation.

Narrowing his eyes, Silas denoted, "Mr. Sean, allow me to advise you to stay still. Otherwise, you're going to drop Ms. Smith and hurt her."

Initially, Sean was about to retaliate against Silas, yet the moment he heard the latter's warning, he remained static and had no choice but to allow Shane to bring Natalie away from him.

As soon as Shane got his hands on Natalie, he returned to the car. Just when he was about to board the car, Sean yelled, "You know what? You're behaving as though you're jealous!"

Shane felt a chill running down his spine for a moment there, but he regained his composure soon. He turned around and explained, "I'm sure you're overthinking this because I'm merely trying to prevent you from getting your hands on her. Why else would you want to win her over all of a sudden? Isn't it obvious? You're trying to get something from her, right?"

As soon as Shane finished his sentence, he boarded the car before Sean could even reply to his query.

Immediately after Silas moved away from Sean, he returned to the car and departed right away.

Staring at the departing Maybach, Sean stretched his arms to loosen up his muscles.

Shane, it's obvious that you have fallen in love with her, yet you're trying to deny the affection you have for her. If that's the case, don't blame me for what's to come because I will get my hands on everything you possess by hook or by crook! I will definitely win Natalie over. I'm pretty sure it will be an interesting sight for Natalie to address me as her husband and the children to address me as their father in front of you!

As he thought about it, he started laughing hysterically in the middle of the street.

Meanwhile, Silas queried as he continued driving, "Mr. Shane, where are we heading to?"

Shane took a peek at Natalie and instructed, "Drop by the nearest apartment."

Meanwhile, the unconscious woman leaned against the door. She had curled up into a ball while crossing her arms, trembling.

She began to murmur, "I-It's so cold..."

He hesitated for a few seconds before removing his blazer and placing it on her to keep her warm.

Just when Shane was about to move away after covering her with his blazer, Natalie reached over and wrapped her arm around his waist all of a sudden. Eventually, she leaned over and nestled in his arms. Finally, she stopped moving around after she found a comfortable spot.

Naturally, she wasn't aware of her actions at all because she desperately wanted to keep herself warm.

On the other hand, Shane's body stiffened due to Natalie's actions.

He lowered his gaze and looked at the woman who was hugging him with his abysmal pair of eyes.

Similarly, Silas, who was supposed to focus on driving, got anxious and couldn't focus on the road anymore.

It was already baffling enough, to begin with, for Shane to carry Natalie into the car. Now that he witnessed the scene, Silas was shell-shocked when Shane didn't push Natalie away.

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After all, even Jacqueline did not have the privilege to engage in such an intimate session with Shane.

All of a sudden, Silas recalled Sean's words and gave them a thought.

Judging by Shane's response, Sean seemed to be right because the former insisted on having Natalie in his care the moment he saw her in between Sean's arms.

Oh, God! Does that mean Mr. Shane... It can't be, right?

Silas gulped and dared not probe further.

Throughout the journey, they remained silent in the car. Soon, they finally reached to the apartment.

Shane laid Natalie on the couch and instructed Silas, "Get Jackson over here at once!"

"Yes!" Silas took note of his instruction and proceeded to get in touch with Jackson.

After a short while, Jackson showed up with a first-aid kit to check on Natalie's condition.

Shane, who was by their side, asked with a serious expression, "How is she?"

Jackson assembled a syringe and pushed the piston to remove large air bubbles. He turned around and replied in a calm manner, "It's not a big deal. In addition to extreme fatigue, she caught a cold. That took a hit on her immune system, hence, the fever. She'll be fine after this jab."

Finally, Shane returned to his usual calm and collected self after he heard Jackson's words.

After Jackson finished administering the injection, he threw the syringe away and stared at his friends with an odd smirk. "I have been wondering about the reason you left the hospital in such a hurry. It turns out she's the reason, huh?"

Shane didn't bother to deny his speculation because it was the fact. While serving Jackson a glass of wine, Shane said, "I can't possibly leave her alone when she was thrown behind bars because of me, right? How did Jacqueline's operation go? Is everything fine?"

Jackson rolled his eyes and said, "Ha! I thought you have completely forgotten about her! Everything is fine since we have Stanley, the pioneer in the field of neurology, in charge of her operation. He managed to complete the operation within three hours, which would otherwise require five hours."

Shane was irritated by the mere mention of Stanley. In the end, he placed his glass of drink aside and denoted, "Alright! I believe it's time you return to the hospital as well. Please get in touch with me as soon as Jacqueline regains consciousness."

"Fine." After Jackson finished his glass of drink, he departed with his first-aid kit.

Natalie woke up a few minutes after Jackson departed.

"Where am I?" She massaged her temples and sat upright on the couch.

Shane, who was on the couch opposite her, answered to her query, "We're in my apartment."

Finally, she noticed Shane was in the room when she heard his voice. "Mr. Shane."

He hummed in return and handed a glass of water to her. "You must be thirsty, right? Why don't you have a glass of water? I have brought you back to my apartment because I can't locate your key and you caught a fever."

"T-Thanks..." The drowsy woman took it over and gulped the glass of warm water down within a few seconds.

She felt a heartwarming sensation deep down because the man who had shown up when she needed someone the most was Shane.

Suddenly, Shane told her, "I have heard of the entire incident from Silas, and I'm aware that Jasmine was the one who had sent Susan to create a scene back then."

Upon hearing his words, she held on to the glass of water and looked at him in the eyes anxiously. "Mr. Shane, do you think it was me who pushed Susan as well?"

He got up from the couch and put his hands in his pockets. "I have no idea, but I'll definitely get to the bottom of this. If you aren't the culprit, I'll definitely ensure justice is served."

Natalie beamed her reply, "Thank you so much, Mr. Shane."

Although she was slightly disappointed because he didn't seem to have faith in her, she was grateful he didn't jump to the conclusion and blame her.

“You should get some rest and call it a day. I’ll return to the company for the time being.”
Shane walked out of his apartment after he finished his sentence.

By the time he returned to the car, Silas looked at him with a serious expression and denoted, “Mr. Shane, I have sent our men to the police station. They found out that the police officers have been bribed by someone to interrogate Ms. Smith. They wanted to force her into submission and admit she was the one who had pushed Susan.”

Shane put on a stern front and asked indifferently, “What? Has she given in to their absurd request?”

Silas shook his head and said, “Nope.”

Shane clenched his fists with all his might and instructed with his face puckered in an awful manner, “Let’s go!”

“Y-Yes...”

As soon as he returned to his office, Shane summoned Jasmine to meet him in his office. Staring at the woman in front of him, he confronted, “Jasmine, did I not make myself clear? I told you not to go after Natalie anymore! It seems like you can’t wait to return to your studio, huh? How dare you lie to me and go against your promise? I must say you’re quite a smart one because you have been hiding behind the scene and let Susan be your scapegoat instead!”

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As Jasmine had already anticipated the confrontation, she had long figured out a way to get herself out of the nasty situation. She put on a pitiable front and started wailing as she pursed her lips. “She’s the one to be blamed! She shouldn’t have bothered you and insisted on having you tagging along with her children to the theme park! Isn’t it obvious she’s trying to seduce you and take over my position? Why can’t I defend myself?”

He got increasingly frustrated and repeated himself once more, “What sort of nonsense are you talking about? I want you to tell me the truth immediately! Did Susan fall on her own, or did Natalie push Susan?”

Actually, just like everyone else, he had never once suspected Jasmine.

After all, Susan was her biological mother. No matter what, she would never put her mother's life at stake.

Jasmine's heart skipped a beat when she heard Shane's question. Nevertheless, she remained calm and put on a determined front as she replied, "It was Natalie!"

He looked at her in the eyes and enunciated his question for one last time, "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure! In fact, everyone from the design department can vouch for me!" Jasmine pinched herself hard to pull off a genuine pained expression to go along with her act in a bid to deceive Shane.

He stared at her with a poker face because he couldn't figure out if she were telling the truth. "Silas has dropped by the design department and interviewed a few of your colleagues, but they said by the time they saw Susan, she had already passed out. They couldn't be sure if Natalie were the one who pushed her either. I will investigate this incident and get to the bottom of it."

She avoided his gaze and started cursing in her mind because her colleagues promised her they would side with her and vouch for her.

However, the moment Shane sent someone to them, they changed their minds and went against their words, telling Silas they weren't aware of the truth.

She was infuriated because he would have believed her if they had vouched for her and said Natalie was the one who pushed Susan.

As Jasmine lost herself in the process of thought, Shane placed his hand on the table and asked once more, "I have another question for you. Are you the one who bribed the police officers and instructed them to interrogate Natalie brutally?"

Her eyes widened in disbelief when she heard his words. "No! I didn't!"

Since when did I do such a thing? Indeed, I want Natalie to be kept behind bars for the time being, because once I get Mom to accuse Natalie after she regains consciousness, Natalie will be doomed! I don't have to bribe the police at all! Who's trying to frame me?

Shane, who had been watching Jasmine's reaction, noticed she seemed to be confused. Therefore, he knew she didn't lie to him.

As his heart sank to the bottom of his stomach, he waved at her and instructed, "Alright. That's all. You are free to take your leave now."

After Jasmine walked out of his office, Silas entered and said, "Mr. Shane, the shareholders demand an audience with you."

Frowning, the confused Shane asked, "Why? What do they want?"

"I believe it has something to do with the incident with Ms. Smith. They said she has adversely impacted the company's image. Therefore, they wish to terminate her."

Shane scoffed, "Adversely impacted? They must be kidding me, right? Do they have any idea of the impact they have brought upon the company due to their messed-up life? Who the hell do they think they are to terminate the service of Project Rebirth's chief designer?"

After he finished his statement, he walked out of his office and made his way over to the conference room.

It took him an hour to sort things out with the so-called shareholders.

After he wrapped up the conference, he instructed Silas as he walked towards the elevator, "I want you to send someone to keep an eye on Susan. Once she regains consciousness, ask her if she can recall the incident? If she does, ask her if it was an accident or if she can identify the person who has pushed her? This has to be carried out discreetly!"

Since there wasn't any surveillance camera installed, that was the only method he could think of to figure out the truth behind Susan's misfortune.

"Alright!"

After he delivered his instructions, he checked on his phone and gave it a thought for a few seconds. In the end, he decided to drop Natalie a text because he wanted to figure out if she had offended anyone else apart from Jasmine. Perhaps, another one of her foes was the one who had bribed the police officers.

Meanwhile, Natalie was about to head to the kindergarten to pick her children up when she received the text.

She was taken aback by the content of the text message because Shane was implying that Jasmine wasn't the one who had bribed the police officers.

However, she was confused because Jasmine and Susan were the only ones who held a grudge against her.

She decided to tell him the truth and told him there wasn't anyone else whom she could think of to resort to such a brutal act.

After a while, the woman, who had been anticipating a reply from the man, heaved a long sigh of despair because she didn't receive it.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

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"Who could it be?" Natalie put her phone aside and rushed over to answer the door.

A middle-aged man, who seemed to be in his mid-fifties, showed up at her doorstep in a suit and a delicate walking cane with dragon figurine as its handle.

The moment she saw the man, her expression changed as she thought about all the love and hatred surrounding their relationship.

In spite of the mixed emotions, Natalie cleared her throat and brought herself to greet him, "D-Dad..."

To her surprise, Harrison slapped her in the face without a second thought. "You unfilial daughter!"

Natalie fell to the ground and all she could hear was the buzzing noise in her ears. After a few seconds, she finally returned to her senses. Holding on to her swollen cheek as her eyes brimmed with tears, she looked at her father in the eyes. "Dad, what's wrong with you!"

It had been seven years since they last encountered one another, yet instead of greeting her courteously, he slapped her in the face.

Harrison pointed at Natalie with a look of disgust. "I'm the one who should ask you that question! Am I not supposed to slap you? Why have I given birth to such a shameless daughter? Forget about your illegitimate children! How dare you seduce your sister's fiancé and hurt your stepmother? Have you no shame at all?"

The infuriated woman brought herself up and rebuked, "Dad! What do you mean by illegitimate children? They're your grandchildren! How could you despise your own grandchildren?"

Is this the way he's supposed to behave as my father and as their grandfather? Does he really consider us part of the family?

She could forgive him for accusing her of seducing Shane, but she couldn't tolerate him insulting the kids. Not to mention, the person was his father, of all people.

"Is there anything wrong with my statement? Do you really think I'll consider them as my grandchildren when you're not even aware of their father's identity?"

Natalie clenched her fists with all her might to suppress her wrath. If the man in front of her wasn't her father, she would have long sent him to hell.

She walked over and asked rhetorically, "You're not aware of their father's identity? Are you sure, Dad? I'm pretty sure you know who Connor and Sharon's father is, right?"

Her father's jaw dropped open when he heard her words, but he regained his composure and put on a stern front soon. "What sort of nonsense are you talking about? How am I supposed to be aware of the things you have done behind our back? Forget about it! I'm not here to discuss these with you either! I want you to drop by the hospital and apologize for the things you have done. Apart from that, I want you to resign from Thompson Group and leave with your children at once. You owe it to Susan and Jasmine."

Her daughter turned him down resolutely. "Never! Dad, you should forget about it and leave because I won't apologize for the things I have never done!"

He got increasingly infuriated because he didn't expect she would defy his words. "Does that mean you're trying to go against me?"

“Didn’t you just call me an unfilial daughter? Since I’m an unfilial daughter, why would I listen to you? Dad, you should leave me alone! Otherwise, I’ll get Mom to tell me your dirty secrets. I’m sure it will be able to ward you off easily!”

“Y-You!” Harrison’s face puckered in irritation. In the end, he had no choice but to leave because he felt threatened.

After his departure, she could no longer pull herself together. Natalie got down on her knees and started weeping because she couldn’t figure out the reason behind her father’s favoritism.

She couldn’t believe he just addressed her beloved children—his grandchildren—as illegitimate children.

After a while, the weeping woman heard the cheerful voices of her two children closing in as she had left her door open.

“Mommy, we’re back!”

As soon as she heard the voice of her beloved children, she stopped crying and quickly wiped her tears dry.

She didn’t want her children to figure out she had been crying, but she was a few seconds late because they had reached the entrance and caught sight of her wiping her tears.

The cheerful children were dumbstruck for a few seconds. Sharon rushed into the living room and caressed her mother’s hand to comfort her.

Although Connor decided not to poke his nose into her mother’s business, he couldn’t help but stare at her in the eyes to express his concerns.

Caressing her beloved children’s back in return, Natalie forced a smile and assured them, “I’m fine! How did the both of you get home? I was supposed to go pick you guys up.”