

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 46 - 50

Silas noticed that Natalie was struggling with all the belongings in her hands, especially with her leg injury. It looked as though she was about to fall anytime. While he remained quiet about her demeanor, he didn't really want to see her fall. Hence, he extended his hand and offered to help. "Let me help you with the laptop."

"Thank you, Mr. Campbell." Natalie didn't find anything wrong with his behavior and handed over her laptop to him gratefully.

There were important documents relating to her drafts on that laptop. She wouldn't have to worry about dropping and damaging the laptop if someone helped her with it.

They arrived at the meeting room shortly after.

Following Silas' instructions, she sat down at a seat near the door.

Despite entering in a low-profile and quiet manner, she still managed to attract everyone's attention.

Jasmine was the first to spot her. The woman's gaze swept past her briefcase and laptop. For a split second, the corners of her lips curled into a slight smirk.

"Mr. Shane." Natalie looked at the man who was seated at the head of the table.

"Are you ready?" He asked as his gaze moved toward her.

She nodded in response.

"Let's begin then." Shane interlocked his fingers and placed them on the table, ready to listen to the presentation.

Natalie took a deep breath, opened up her briefcase, and pulled out a blue file from it.

However, her body froze when she opened up the file. "What is this!"

“What’s wrong?” Seeing the color drain from Natalie’s face, Shane narrowed his eyes and wondered what happened.

Natalie clenched her fists and uttered, “My drafts are missing!”

“Missing?” Shane raised his brows in suspicion.

Natalie nodded and showed him the contents of the file. “Look! It’s all blank paper! My draft has been stolen!”

“Stolen?” Jasmine pursed her lips and mocked. “Ms. Natalie, please don’t come up with excuses. I bet you didn’t even complete your drafts, did you? Who would steal them for no reason?”

“I wouldn’t be too sure about that!” Natalie turned her head and stared at Jasmine.

The latter twitched slightly and slammed her fists on the table. “What do you mean by that? And why are you looking at me? Do you think I was the one who stole your drafts?”

“I didn’t say anything yet. Ms. Jasmine, did you need to react like this?” Natalie’s face darkened as she remarked coldly.

Jasmine gulped and instantly got furious. She was about to retaliate when Shane interrupted.

The man could no longer watch this debacle continue. He commanded, “Alright! Enough!”

“Enough?” Jasmine pointed a finger at Natalie in anger. “Shane, look at her! She’s delaying the meeting, and...”

“Do you not understand English?” Shane cut her off. His demeanor was as cold as ice.

Frightened by his reaction, Jasmine dared not speak anymore.

Shane shot her a meaningful look before turning to Natalie. “Do you have scanned copies?”

“I do. I always make a copy and save it on my laptop. But I suppose that is gone too.” As she spoke, Natalie powered up her laptop and clicked on the file. Indeed, it was empty.

While she was quite angry, there was no surprise that this would happen.

After all, if the physical copy were already stolen, there was no way the thief would miss out on the scanned copies.

Shane fell silent upon this. At that moment, the only sound in the meeting room was the rhythmic tapping of his index finger on the conference table. Nobody could tell how the man felt.

After a while, he suddenly stood up and announced, "Let's end the meeting here today. We will talk about the drafts for Project Rebirth on another day."

Once he said that, the attendees of the meeting did not stay any longer and dispersed.

Within a few moments, only the three of them were left in the meeting room.

Natalie picked up her laptop with one hand and her briefcase in the other. "Mr. Shane, I would like to head to the CCTV room."

"I suppose you want to see who took your drafts?" Shane guessed her intentions almost immediately.

"Yes!" Natalie nodded and glanced at Jasmine at the same time. She wanted to see how her half-sister would react.

To her surprise, Jasmine was unusually calm. There was no panic to be seen on her face. It was to the extent that Natalie doubted her own suspicions.

Could it be someone else? Perhaps it wasn't Jasmine.

Just as she was engrossed in her thoughts, Shane spoke up and approved her idea. "Go ahead then," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Shane." Natalie shoved her thoughts aside, thanked Shane, and stepped out of the meeting room.

After she left, Shane narrowed his eyes at Jasmine and asked, "Tell me, did you do it?"

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Jasmine looked at Shane in disbelief. "Shane, do you not trust me?"

"It's not that I don't trust you. It's because you've done this before. You've targeted Natalie previously." Shane was referring to the things she did last time.

Jasmine stomped her feet in anger. She was annoyed at Shane's distrust for her. "Yes, I admit that I didn't like her and targeted her back then. But I swear it wasn't me this time! If it were me, I would have stopped her from reviewing the security footage!"

Shane froze slightly when he heard this. Then, he lowered his eyes and went deep into thought.

Upon noticing this, Jasmine knew that Shane was swayed by her words. A smirk crept onto her face.

However, she adjusted her facial expressions quickly and held onto his arm. Swaying it from side to side, she looked up at him and said, "Shane, you've got to believe me. After you told me not to make Natalie's life difficult, I listened to you! I would never disobey your words."

"Alright." Shane retracted his arm indifferently. He brushed the creases on his shirt and remarked, "I hope it really isn't you. Otherwise, I'll make you go back to your studio."

With that, he walked out of the meeting room without looking at her again.

Meanwhile, in the surveillance room, Natalie had her arms crossed and her eyes glued to the surveillance monitors. She was afraid to miss any clues and scrutinized every frame.

Shane walked over and stood beside her. They stood there and observed the recordings for a short while before Shane asked, "So? Did you notice anything?"

She shook her head and informed him with a serious expression, "No. This is my second time reviewing the recordings. No one even came close to my workstation from yesterday till this morning."

"Something isn't right." Shane furrowed his brows.

Natalie rubbed her chin with a puzzled expression. "Indeed, I feel the same too."

If nobody touched my workstation, why would my drafts just go missing? Even the scanned copies were deleted from my laptop.

Obviously, there's more to this!

But what did I miss?

Natalie bit her nails and lowered her head in thought.

Then, she suddenly thought of something. She told Shane, "Mr. Shane, I'm very sorry for ruining today's meeting. Please give me some time to sort this out. I'll definitely find out what happened. For me, and for you."

Saying this, she bowed slightly to Shane.

She would not let this matter go so easily.

Natalie had made up her mind to make the culprit pay for what they did.

"Are you confident about this?" Shane asked as he looked at her.

Natalie thought about her son and let out a laugh. "Yes!"

"Oh?" Her assertive response made Shane raise his brows. "Alright, I'll give you a day to sort this out. If you still haven't found out who did this by then, you'll have to redo your drafts, and they can't be identical to the ones you've drawn previously. Understood?"

"Yes! Clear as day!" Natalie straightened her back and responded.

Shane nodded and left.

Natalie didn't remain long in the surveillance room either. She made a copy of the security footage before heading back to the design department.

In the afternoon, she left Thompson Group's office and visited a private investigator's office. She handed over her laptop and mouse and asked them to check the items for fingerprints. After which, she took a cab to the kindergarten to pick her kids up.

"Mommy, where is Mr. Shane?" Sharon looked slightly dismayed when she didn't see Shane with her mother.

Natalie pinched her nose playfully. "Do you like him that much?"

"Yes, I do!" Sharon nodded enthusiastically.

Connor chimed in as well, "Mommy, why didn't Mr. Shane drive you today?"

"Mr. Shane is quite busy today. Also, Mommy's leg is almost healed. We don't have to trouble Mr. Shane any longer." Natalie spoke as she took her children's bags and hooked them to the crook of her arm.

Connor unwrapped a lollipop and placed it in his mouth. "When can we see Mr. Shane again then?"

"You will see him when we get the chance. Alright, get in the car now." Natalie nudged the two children into the cab.

Connor and Sharon climbed into the car as per their mother's instructions.

After they buckled their seatbelts, Natalie looked at Connor and said, "Connor, I need your help with something."

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"What is it?" Connor twisted the lollipop in his mouth.

Sharon blinked at her mother and added, "Mommy, I can help you too!"

"I know you are both very smart kids. However, Connor is able to help better this time. Next time, I'll ask Sharon to help. How about that?" Natalie tickled her daughter.

Sharon burst into a fit of giggles and nodded, "Alright. I'll help you next time then, Mommy!"

"What a good girl!" Natalie let go of her daughter and looked toward her son. "I need your amazing computer skills. Can you help me with my office's security footages?"

She suspected that someone had tampered with the footage.

"You want to review your office's security footage? Why?" Connor cocked his head to one side curiously.

"Because my drawings were stolen by someone." Natalie rubbed her forehead and replied in a rather lethargic manner.

Connor's face darkened the moment he heard this. His gaze turned sharp and stern as he asked, "Did someone bully you, Mommy?"

"Yes. That's why I need your help." Natalie held onto his adorable cheeks and looked at her son.

However, as she stared at her son, there was a complicated look on her face.

All of a sudden, she saw an uncanny resemblance between Shane and her son. He even looked identical to Shane when he was angry. How weird!

"Hmph, alright! I will definitely find out who bullied you, Mommy!" Connor promised and clenched his small fists in determination.

Natalie gave him a peck. "Thank you, Baby."

"Mommy, I want a kiss too!" Sharon pleaded with her lips pouted. Seeing her brother getting love from Natalie made her upset when she didn't get the same.

Natalie was speechless. She let go of her son and gave her daughter a peck on the cheeks. "Are you happy now, my princess?"

Instead of replying, she snuggled into Natalie's arms and buried her face in her chest.

Connor pointed at his sister and laughed. "Mommy, Sharon is embarrassed that you called her a princess!"

“Shh!” Natalie placed her index finger on her lips, signaling Connor to speak no more. She felt her daughter’s body stiffened in her arms for a second. If Connor continued, the girl would be too embarrassed to go out.

Connor, being the smart kid that he was, simply nodded and fell silent.

After a while, they arrived at the apartment.

Connor changed into his house slippers and ran toward his room.

On the other hand, Natalie took out some toys so that Sharon could play alone in the living room. She then poured a glass of milk and went to look for Connor in his bedroom.

The boy was seated in front of his computer, clicking away at his keyboard with a serious expression.

Natalie did not disturb him. She gently placed the glass of milk beside the computer and stood behind her son. Together, they looked at the computer screen, hoping for some results.

The screen displayed letters and alphabets that were jumbled together. It even flickered from time to time, making Natalie rather confused.

Despite having no idea of the technicalities, she was still very proud of her son.

A year ago, she brought her two children along to visit her mentor, Mercede Mackenzie. Mercede’s youngest son realized Connor’s talent and imparted his computer hacking skills to the young boy.

Within half a year, Connor became a top-notch hacker.

As a mother, she was worried that Connor was too young and might be manipulated by others for his hacking skills. Hence, she never allowed him to use his hacking skills.

For a brief moment, Connor paused and told his mother sternly, “Mommy, I managed to find something. Someone edited the security footage of your office.”

“I knew it!” Natalie pursed her lips in anger.

So, I was right! Why else would my drawings be missing if nobody touched my workstation? Turns out, there is indeed something wrong with the security footage.

“Baby, is it possible to restore the original footage?” she asked.

Connor placed the glass of milk down and licked his lips. He nodded confidently in response. “Of course! I can definitely do that.”

He then placed his hands back on the keyboard and started typing again. He was so fast that Natalie could not even catch up with his movements.

After a couple of minutes, Connor pressed “Enter” on the keyboard and exclaimed, “It’s done!”

Natalie leaned forward to take a closer look.

As she reviewed the original footage, her eyes widened in utter disbelief. “It’s her? How could it be!”

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“Mommy, who is this?” Connor pointed to the woman on the screen and asked. His face was solemn.

Slightly upset, Natalie shut her eyes for a brief moment. She told her son in a disappointed tone, “She’s my colleague and also someone I respect. Normally, she is quite nice to me. I can’t believe that she would do something like this!”

“Are her drawings any good?” Connor asked curiously.

Natalie didn’t know why he would ask that but replied anyway. “To be honest, her drawings are average. Otherwise, she would have been a manager at the design department already.”

“Well, I know why she wants to steal your drawings then. She must be jealous of you. After all, you are so amazing! Only losers like her would do something like this.” Connor tipped his head to a side and speculated.

Natalie chuckled and was about to respond when her phone suddenly rang. It was a call from the private investigator's office. "Ms. Natalie, we have gotten the results for the fingerprint swab. Unfortunately, we couldn't find any other fingerprints apart from yours on the laptop and the mouse."

"Alright. Thank you." Natalie's gaze darted back to the computer screen.

She noticed that the culprit wore gloves when the deed was done.

While there were no fingerprints, the original security footage was sufficient to show that the person was guilty.

She hung up, handed over a USB drive to Connor, and asked him to copy the footage into the drive.

Halfway into that, Sharon knocked on the bedroom door. "Mommy? Dad is here."

"Uncle Stanley is here?" Connor's eyes lit up upon hearing this. He jumped down from his chair and dashed out of the room.

Natalie blinked a few times, confused at her son's reaction.

What's going on with him?

Normally, he isn't this excited when Stanley visits.

Did Stanley promise to buy something for him?

Natalie furrowed her brows and headed out too. She stepped out in time just to see Stanley handing Connor a pocket file.

"Connor, what is that?" Natalie pointed to the file and asked with a faint smile.

The boy quickly hid it behind his back. "Oh! This is a collection of postcards that I asked Uncle Stanley to help me get. I want to show them to my friends at school tomorrow."

"Is that so?" Natalie threw Stanley a suspicious look.

The latter pushed up his glasses and flashed her a gentle smile. "Yes," he replied.

"Fine. I won't ask more about that. Why don't you keep Uncle Stanley company while I'll go and make us some food?" Natalie didn't probe further after receiving confirmation from Stanley. She headed to the kitchen to make dinner.

Sharon trailed behind her and offered to help.

Hence, only Stanley and Connor were left in the living room.

Connor quickly opened the file and scanned the document. When he saw the results, his eyes dimmed and he remarked with dismay, "Uncle Stanley, Mr. Shane isn't my father?"

"No, he's not." Stanley shook his head and denied.

"But we look so alike. How could this be?" Connor stuffed the document back into the pocket file and sighed in a rather adult-like manner.

Stanley's eyes flashed dangerously as he asked, "Do you want him to be your Dad?"

"A little. He is very nice to Sharon and me. Besides, we like him. But I guess there's no use since he's not really our father. I have to go and hide this now. Mommy will go bonkers if she sees this."

With that, he picked up the pocket file and ran back to his room.

As Stanley observed the boy's small silhouette, his lips gradually curled into a sly smile. However, that look disappeared from his face quickly, and he returned back to his usual gentlemanly self.

The next day, Natalie brought the USB to Shane's office and told him, "Mr. Shane, I know who stole my drawings."

"That was fast," Shane remarked with raised brows.

Natalie nodded and placed the USB in front of him. "This is the office's security footage. What we saw yesterday was already edited by someone. This USB here contains the original footage. I hope that you can come with me to the design department to confront the culprit."

"I suppose I should. As the CEO, I should deal with any employee that makes mistakes."  
Shane stood up and straightened his shirt.

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Natalie smiled at Shane gratefully before stepping out of the office with him.

Ding!

The lift arrived.

Natalie stepped forward, but she was too quick and tripped over the gap in the lift. At that moment, she lost her balance and fell forward.

Shane saw this and instinctively tried to grab her.

However, instead of regaining balance, he too fell on the floor with her.

They collapsed into the lift, and the lift doors closed.

A slight rumble could be heard, and the lift shook as it elevated.

Natalie was on the ground, and Shane fell on top of her.

Their eyes met and their bodies froze.

Natalie stared at the man in confusion.

Shane too, was stunned by the situation at hand.

He lowered his eyes and looked at her bright red cheeks and her slightly parted lips. His eyes turned slightly dark.

However, he recovered himself quickly and got up. He adjusted his attire and apologized, "Sorry about that."

"It... It's alright." Natalie also got up as she replied meekly. She dared not look at him at all.

Her heart was pounding frantically, and she could feel the hotness in her cheeks. It was literally impossible to calm herself down.

Apart from that fateful night five years ago, she never had such close contact with another man. She wasn't even this close to him the previous time they hugged. However, their lips were only millimeters apart earlier.

As she recalled the scene just now, Natalie lowered her head and peeked at the man's lips.

They were thin and pale but shaped beautifully. It looks kind of inviting.

Wait, what am I thinking?

Natalie covered her face in embarrassment.

I can't believe that I'm fantasizing about Shane!

He noticed her reaction and frowned. "What's wrong? Are you injured?"

"No, no, I'm alright!" Natalie quickly replied.

She was just ashamed of having fantasies about him.

He decided not to probe further upon hearing this and simply gazed down at her.

Natalie was afraid that he could read her mind. She quickly avoided his gaze, turned around, and cleared her throat awkwardly. "Uhh... Mr. Shane, are you injured?"

"No, I'm fine." He looked away too and replied nonchalantly.

"That's good then." She breathed a sigh of relief.

She knew that she was the reason why he fell down earlier.

If he injured himself because of her, she would feel really bad.

Ding! The lift came to a halt.

Shane stepped out of the lift first, followed by Natalie who quickly recollected herself.

They walked to the design department and Shane pushed open the door to Jasmine's office.

Jasmine was quite happy and surprised to see him. Getting up, she walked towards him and said, "Shane! What are you doing..."

It was then she noticed Natalie behind him. The smile on her face immediately froze.

What is going on?

Why are the two of them together?

Natalie pretended not to see Jasmine's furious expression. Instead, she turned to Shane and said, "Mr. Shane, I'll go and call her over here."

The man nodded.

With that, Natalie stepped out of Jasmine's office and went toward the main office.

"Shane, what are you doing here? Why are you with Natalie?" Jasmine tried to sound him out as she stared in the direction in which Natalie was heading in.

Shane went straight to her table and sat down. "Natalie found out who stole her drawings. I'm here to handle the matter for her."

"Oh? She found the culprit?" Jasmine's heart instantly skipped a beat. Her palms became sweaty and her forehead broke out in cold sweat.

How could this be?

The plan was supposed to be foolproof! How is it possible that Natalie found the culprit so quickly?

Could she be lying?

Meanwhile, at the main office.

Natalie walked over to Ashley and tapped on her table. "Ashley, how are you feeling?"

"Ah! hi, Nat. Thank you for asking, I'm feeling a lot better now." When Ashley looked up and saw that it was Natalie, she shifted in her seat anxiously.