

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

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Lionel Walker pushed his glasses up his nose. With a smile, he nodded. "Yes, that's right. I am indeed here to settle Mr. Smith's will."

"You got it right on the mark." Natalie elbowed the man beside her gently.

With a smirk, he replied, "Well, he's dead. The only reason he would arrange for a lawyer before death is to allocate his assets. What else could it be?"

"So, tell me then. How is he planning to split his inheritance?" Natalie asked as she poured Lionel some tea.

Lionel took out a stack of documents from his briefcase. "This is the entirety of Mr. Smith's assets. There are seven houses, two villas, six shophouses, several valuable antiques, and some cash. Please, take a look."

Hearing the entirety of his wealth, Natalie was very surprised. "It seems like he kept more riches than I thought even after Smith Group went bankrupt."

"It's nothing unusual. He bought most of those before the company went out of business. Plus, that only happened because of my pressure. In terms of cash flow, he was still doing well. Hence, it's not surprising that he still has a fair amount of assets to leave behind," Shane explained as he flipped through the charts.

If Harrison had gone bankrupt in his finances, then all these assets would have long been seized by the bank.

"Mr. Walker, who is he planning on giving all these to?" Natalie asked as she set down the real estate documents.

Jared looked up at Lionel as well.

“Mr. Smith wants to give five houses to Mr. Jared, and two to you, Mrs. Thompson. Additionally, each of you will get one villa. As for the antiques, seventy percent of it will be allocated to Mr. Jared, while the remaining thirty percent goes to you. Of course, please don't think that Mr. Smith is biased toward Mr. Jared. He has his reasons for doing so.”

“What is the reason?” Hearing the allocation, Natalie was not upset. In fact, Jared was the one who felt dissatisfied.

In his heart, he was on equal grounds with his sister.

Therefore, the inheritance should have been split between them equally.

“Enough, Jared. Don't get mad. Let's just hear what Mr. Walker has to say for now.” Natalie patted him on the shoulder. She found it quite comical, but at the same time, she was touched.

How could she not be when her brother was so caring toward her?

At this moment, Shane shot a glance toward Natalie.

Jared was getting so much more of the inheritance, but he was not happy about it. On the contrary, he wanted to share it evenly with his sister.

It was rare to have a brother like that.

Shane knew that no matter poor or rich, or how close siblings were, when it came to inheritance, none of it mattered.

Even if they did not fight, the sibling that got more out of the inheritance would never want to share it with the others. After all, who would want to share something that could benefit them?

Hence, Jared's actions really made Shane think more highly of him.

“Mr. Smith said that since Mrs. Thompson already has her own family, and that she married rich, she has no reason to worry about her future. On the other hand, Mr. Jared is different. His physical health is weak and he is still a bachelor. Hence, Mr. Smith insisted on allocating more to Mr. Jared. Please, I hope you take no offense to the matter, Mrs. Thompson.” Lionel tried his best to advocate for Harrison’s wishes.

“I’m not offended at all. He is perfectly right in doing so. However, I don’t need my share of the inheritance. I would like to give it all to Jared.” As she spoke, she pushed the documents on the table over to Jared.

He was stunned. “Nat, you don’t want any of it?”

“She won’t need it.” Before Natalie could answer, Shane wrapped his arm around her waist and answered for her. “I can provide her with anything her heart desires. None of this matters to me.”

Shane looked down at the documents in disdain.

Meanwhile, Jared pursed his lips, seemingly to be deep in thought.

Hmm... I can’t argue with that logic. Shane is rich, so it’s not surprising that he doesn’t see the point of receiving the inheritance.

However...

“Nat, Harrison wanted you to have all this. I can’t take it away from you. I really hope you will just accept it. If not, then at least pass it on to Sharon and Connor. As their unofficial grandfather, it can be his gift to them,” Jared said solemnly.

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Natalie’s lips quivered. She seemed to be considering his suggestion.

In the end, she still decided to push the documents back over. The only thing she kept was the deed to the two houses. "I'll keep these two houses for Connor and Sharon. You take the rest, Jared. Treat it as a gift from me to you."

"Nat..."

"Just listen to me!" Natalie shot him a glance and interrupted him. Jared did not dare to say anymore. He had no choice but to accept her offer.

Seeing the two siblings come to an agreement over the inheritance, Lionel took out his recorder and notebook. "Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Jared, have you both agreed on how to split the inheritance?"

Jared opened his mouth to say something.

Seeing this, Natalie cut him off. "Yes, we have."

"That's great. This recording will act as proof. I will alter the transfer documents accordingly. Once it is ready, you won't be able to change it again. So, I urge you to consider your current agreement carefully."

Natalie nodded. "I've already considered all I need to."

"Very well. I will get the documents ready as soon as possible. Will the two of you please sign here? I'll be on my way now."

After that, he gathered the array of documents on the table and stood up to leave.

Just as he stood up, the document on top fell from his hands onto the table. It just so happened to land right in front of Jared.

Jared picked it up and noticed that the document had Susan's name on it. Out of curiosity, he flipped it open. "Huh, is this the inheritance he left for Susan? I didn't think he would leave her anything."

Hearing this, Natalie frowned. "He left something to Susan?"

Susan was already a dead woman. There was no point in leaving her anything. In the end, it would all go to Donald. In fact, the ultimate benefactor would be Warren.

Shane was wondering if Harrison had lost his mind as well. Considering what Susan did to him, why would he let her inherit anything?

"This will is no longer in effect," Lionel explained.

"No longer in effect?" Natalie raised her head to look at him.

Lionel nodded. "Yes. This was written by Mr. Smith before he was hospitalized."

"Oh, I get it. You mean before he found out about all the things that Susan had done." Jared smirked. "In that case, if he never found out about it, this will would still be effective, right?"

Lionel nodded his head awkwardly. "Yes, I'm afraid so."

Jared snorted. "He wanted to give Susan seventy percent, and the remainder to my sister and me. I guess in his heart, Susan still came above us. He only changed his mind to give it all to us after he found out about how Susan mistreated him. Pfft. How insincere."

Lionel acted as if he had not heard him.

Truthfully, he himself felt that Harrison had been very insincere as well.

However, Harrison was his boss. Even in death, he did not find it appropriate to speak ill of him.

After all, the dead deserved some respect.

"Enough. Anyway, it's no longer valid. There's no point in treating it as such. Mr. Walker, do you mind giving me this will?" Natalie said as she picked up the document.

Lionel nodded. "Sure thing."

"Thank you." Natalie smiled in gratitude. Then, she let Jared send Lionel off.

After that, Shane and Natalie were left alone in the living room.

He looked at her. "What do you want to keep this for?"

"It'll come in handy." Natalie smirked mysteriously.

Seeing that she did not want to answer him, he did not question her further.

When it was time to know, he would. Hence, there was no need to grill her about it now.

"By the way, when is Susan's execution date?" Natalie suddenly asked.

Shane pondered for a moment. "In three days."

She nodded to indicate that she had noted it down.

After that, another thought crossed her mind. She looked over to Shane. "Sam's final trial is coming up soon too, right?"

The moment he heard the name "Sam," Shane's body instantly exuded a cold aura.

He nodded stiffly. "In a week."

"Do you plan on attending?"

Shane grunted. "Of course. I want to see what happens to Sam with my own eyes."

"I'll go with you." Natalie grabbed his hand.

During Susan's trial, Shane had been by her side constantly.

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Of course, she was the same.

Shane held Natalie in his arms as he planted a kiss on top of her head. "All right."

"Mommy, Daddy, you're both kissing again," a soft voice said, interrupting the couple's romantic moment.

The couple looked up simultaneously and saw their kids standing by the staircase. They were holding hands as they watched the couple with a smile on their faces.

Natalie's face instantly went red in embarrassment.

She couldn't get over the fact that her kids witnessed her getting intimate with Shane.

Yet, Shane waved his hand and gestured them to come forward.

"Coming." The kids descended the stairs happily.

Once they reached the bottom of the stairs, they hurriedly ran toward the sofa and sat between the couple.

"Daddy, Sharon and I overheard your conversation earlier. Did Grandpa leave something for us?" Connor asked.

Only Natalie and Jared could call Harrison by his name. As for the kids, they could only address him as grandpa but not in his presence.

"He left each of you a house." Shane decided to hide the truth that the house was initially meant for Natalie. He picked up the two files placed on the table and handed them to Connor.

Connor took it and flipped through the pages.

Sharon couldn't understand most of the words, but it didn't stop her from reading them.

"Oh, it's a flat-roof suite in the city center." Connor raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Shane rubbed Connor's head and said, "I promise I'll get you something better than this for your birthday."

"Oh come on, Shane, really?" Natalie teased.

Natalie was actually surprised when she knew that Harrison wanted her to have the flat-roof suite.

The flat-roof suite was located in the heart of the city and consisted of four buildings. Each building contained two units, while each unit was approximately four hundred square feet and priced at three hundred thousand per square feet.

Although the flat-roof suite was incomparable to a villa, it was luxurious.

"I'm not jealous. I just want the kids to know that I can give them something even better," Shane replied seriously.

Natalie shrugged and said nothing.

Just admit it. You are jealous. You noticed how happy the kids were and didn't want Harrison to overshadow you. You even made an excuse to cover yourself up.

"All right, now let's keep these files in a safe place, shall we? These will be yours in the future," Natalie explained to the kids.

The kids hugged the files to their chest and nodded their heads. They were clearly ecstatic about this gift.

Time passed in a blink of an eye, and it was two days later.

Natalie was in a discussion with Joyce about the collection for the upcoming season in the office when she received a call from Susan, who was in prison.

Yet, Natalie saw it coming.

She had a feeling that Susan might want to meet her, and she was right.

"I got it. I'll come over at noon," Natalie said through the line and hung up.

Joyce leaned in and asked, "Hey Nat? Let me guess, was that Susan?"

"Yup." Natalie nodded.

"What does she want?" Joyce was curious.

Natalie shook her head. "I don't know. I guess I'll have to find out."

"Well then, why don't I go with you?" Joyce suggested.

"Okay, sure," Natalie agreed.

Then, Natalie and Joyce headed to the prison at noon.

Once they had registered themselves, the duo went to the reception area.

It didn't take long before Susan arrived with a correctional officer by her side.

However, Susan looked like a completely different person.

Even Joyce was taken back by the drastic change.

Susan was once a beautiful woman with milky white skin and an hourglass-shaped body.

Yet, she looked like an old woman in her sixties or seventies now. She had short hair and sunken eyes. Furthermore, she was as thin

as a rake with a yellowish skin tone. She looked nothing like the Susan they once remembered.

“Nat, what happened to her?” Joyce gulped.

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“Her body is failing due to overthinking, and the fear she has in her heart is eating her up from the inside.”

“Oh, I see.” Joyce nodded.

Natalie took a few steps forward and stopped in front of the glass window. Then, she picked up the phone receiver.

Susan, who sat behind the glass window, also picked up the one on her end.

“You wanted to see me? What is it?” Natalie asked.

Susan did not say a word as she held the receiver and stared at her coldly.

Natalie frowned at the woman before her. “If you have nothing to say, then I’m leaving.”

With that, she gestured to hang up.

Susan tightened her grip on the receiver when she realized Natalie meant it. “Wait,” she called out.

“I guess you do have something to say.” Natalie put the receiver to her ear.

Susan took a deep breath. “How’s Harrison?”

Natalie raised an eyebrow. "I'm surprised you even mentioned him. I thought you hated him for what he did to you."

"You're right. I do hate him. But, I want to know if he's dead or not," Susan replied with a scowl.

Natalie's eyes darkened. "Well, my question is, do you think he's dead? Or rather, do you want him dead?"

"Aren't you stating the obvious? Look at her face. I bet she hopes your dad's long gone," Joyce interrupted.

"Yes, I how I wished he was dead. Why should I be imprisoned here and face a death sentence while he's out there living a free life! That's so unfair!" Susan's hand trembled slightly.

"I disagree. Although Harrison isn't a good guy, he has never done anything against the law. Even Warren, too, didn't. You got yourself into this mess, so you deserved to be locked up in here and no one else. How dare you speak of fairness before everyone else?" Natalie stared at her coldly.

Susan's expression went grim. "Yes, I was behind everything! But you forced me into it! If it weren't for you..."

"Oh, cut that crap!" Joyce rolled her eyes. "What do you mean Natalie made you do it? Did she force you to become a mistress? Did she force you to have an affair with Warren? Did she also force you to drug Harrison and strangle him to death? No! You did all of that based on your own decision! So, stop putting the blame on others!"

"Joyce's right. Your greed led you to your downfall. Even if you didn't go after Harrison and weren't Harrison's mistress, your greed for money would have made you do the same thing. The only difference would be the guy you'd go after. You would still be a mistress to another man, drug him, attempt to inherit their assets, and go to jail."

"That's not true!" Susan yelled at Natalie angrily.

"You'd know all too well if I'm lying or not. Just admit it. This is your true self. It doesn't matter who the guy is; you'll still end up

in prison. So, don't go blaming others because you can only blame yourself for what you have done. Greed is your ultimate enemy."

"No... No..." Susan shook her head repeatedly.

Yet, she couldn't deny the fact that Natalie was right. Even if she didn't go after Harrison twenty years ago but someone else, her fate would still be the same.

"Forget it. There's no point talking about this now. Since you're here and you're facing the death sentence tomorrow, I'll tell you what you want to know. Harrison's dead," Natalie said in a deep voice.

"What did you say? Harrison's dead?" Susan looked up in disbelief.

"That's right. He died a couple of days ago," Natalie replied as she clenched her hands around the receive.

Joyce could tell that Natalie wasn't as cold as she seemed.

She was definitely saddened by Harrison's death. He was her father, after all.

Joyce then patted Natalie's shoulder as a sign of comfort.

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Natalie turned to face her and grinned, signaling she was okay.

On the other hand, Susan snapped back into reality and laughed aloud. "That's great! Oh my, I'm so happy! I can't believe he's dead! In fact, he died before me! My plan succeeded in the end! Hahaha!"

"You're right. Your plan didn't fail. So, what's with the tears?" Natalie asked.

Susan was stunned.

Tears? What does she mean? Am I crying?

Susan lifted her hands to touch her eyes and realized they were wet.

She was confused about what had happened and didn't understand the reason behind her tears.

She also wondered why there was an uncomfortable feeling forming in her heart.

Just when Susan was bewildered, Natalie's words sent her heart into a panic. "I guess you really don't have any feelings for Harrison."

The truth is, Natalie knew that Susan had feelings for Harrison. If not, she wouldn't have reacted like so after learning about Harrison's death.

After all, they had been together for two decades. They were like family to each other despite growing out of love.

"No, that's not possible. How could I have feelings for Harrison?" Susan was trembling. "That old man has a bad temper. He was also stubborn and dominant! How could I ever fall in love with someone like him?"

Joyce crossed her arms. "Oh really? Then, tell me why you know so much about him?"

"We've been together for more than twenty years! How could I not understand him? Understanding him doesn't mean I've developed feelings for him. I only married him for his money. Wait a minute, didn't you say he's dead?" Susan stared straight into Natalie's eyes. "What about his inheritance?"

"Did you really think he'd still give you his inheritance after what you tried to do to him?" Joyce sneered. "Harrison hired a lawyer

to draft his will before he died. All of his inheritance was given to Nat and Jared.”

“He gave everything to you both?” Susan’s expression darkened. “Why? Although I sought to harm him, I’m still his lawfully wedded wife! How could he leave me with nothing? I should be the first in line to inherit his fortune. Natalie, hand over what belongs to me now!” she roared.

Natalie let out a chuckle. “Yes, you were the next in line to inherit the fortune. However, that was the plan before he drafted his will. He then drafted the official will before his death, and it specifically states that his inheritance would be passed down to us. Similarly, a will is far more superior than natural succession, get it?”

“I don’t understand whatever that means. I just want my money!” Susan screamed wildly.

If I’m left with nothing, how is Don going to survive?

“I’m sorry, but I’m afraid you can’t have a single cent of it. The Smith family wouldn’t have become what it is today without my grandfather’s help. Consequently, my Mom was in charge of the Smith family. So, the money is rightfully ours. You have lived in luxury at the expense of our fortune for over twenty years, and I believe your time is up. How dare you think of inheriting our fortune? Dream on,” Natalie curled her lips and stated sarcastically.

Susan gave her a death stare when she heard her words.

Natalie wasn’t afraid. “Oh, I almost forgot. You could have inherited my father’s fortune if you avoided jail time.”

“What?” Susan’s face went pale.

What does she mean by that?

“What do you mean?” Susan was enraged at this point. “It means Harrison drafted the will before he found out you had an affair with Warren. The will clearly states that you’d received seventy percent of his inheritance while Jared and I would inherit the

remaining thirty percent. It happened on the second day of his hospitalization,” Natalie answered indifferently.

Susan widened her eyes in shock. “That’s impossible!”

Harrison prepared the will ready in advance and left seventy percent to me? That’s impossible!

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The old man took his money very seriously. He’d never tell me how much he had and where he’d store his fortune. To add on, he was a penny-pincher in every aspect one could think of. Hence, it was impossible that he’d draft his will in advance and left me with so much.

Besides Susan, Joyce was surprised too. “Nat, are you sure?”

“Yeah.” Natalie took out her phone from her purse and clicked into her photo gallery. She whipped out a picture of the will and placed her phone on the glass window. “The drafted date of the will was the second day after Harrison collapsed. He was aware that he had no time left, so he decided to prepare the will.”

Natalie purposely asked Lionel for the will as she knew she would meet Susan sometime in the future. So, she took a picture of it only to present it to her at this moment.

Susan stared at Natalie’s cell phone as she scanned through the date and the percentage distribution of the property written in the will. She was so stunned that she fell back into her chair.

I can’t believe it’s true!

She even saw Harrison’s signature on the will. She knew Harrison’s writing all too well and could immediately make out that it was real.

So, Harrison did plan to give me so much.

Natalie removed her phone away from the glass window when she saw Susan's shocked expression. "Harrison wasn't aware of your affair with Warren; neither did he know that you were the cause of his downfall. The signature you saw earlier was signed before he was hit with the stroke. Mr. Walker has a video proof to testify against that. Therefore, if you didn't pick up Warren's call in front of Harrison, perhaps you would have inherited his fortune by now."

Susan's lips trembled and seemed like they were moving, but no words could be heard. Her heart was filled with regret as she recalled the incident once again.

Damn it. If I held myself back then and ignored his call, I wouldn't be in jail now, waiting to face a death sentence. In fact, I would probably have lived a happy life with Warren and Don.

Natalie didn't know what was going through Susan's mind. Or else she'd called her naive.

Even if Warren wasn't aware of Susan's evil deeds, I am, and I won't let her get away from this. Her fate is set no matter what she does.

"Besides the inheritance, my dad was worried you might not have any children to take care of you. So, he also made arrangements with a nursing home so you'd be well taken care of in the future. He actually does care about you," Natalie said.

Joyce turned her head in surprise. "Wow, he's thought through it all, huh?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded.

Susan looked at Natalie in disbelief as tears began to stream down her face.

I can't believe that Harrison did all that just for me! I definitely regret what I did to him for the sake of inheritance, but I didn't expect all of these! Although he was stingy, bad-tempered, and dominant, he would still fulfill my wishes when I asked. And that

was something Warren couldn't. Warren was gentle, and he'd always cheer me up, but he couldn't give me what I wanted. I was always the giving one!

I've never compared Warren to Harrison before. I always thought that Warren was a man who understood me and treated me with gentleness. He was the man of my dreams and incomparable to a guy like Harrison. But, my question is, is Warren really the man I want to live my entire life with?

I wonder if he would be as gentle as he is now if I didn't support him financially? I doubt so.

Perhaps Warren wasn't in love with me because if he did, he wouldn't allow me to seduce other men for money. He would have worked hard for us to live a comfortable life instead of lazing around.

Everything seemed to make sense to Susan at this point. She was quickly overcome by remorse.

I shouldn't have drugged Harrison, which led to his death. I also shouldn't have had an affair with Warren while I was with Harrison all this while.

"I...I..." Susan sobbed uncontrollably.

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Joyce leaned in to Natalie and asked, "What's wrong with her?"

Natalie sneered, "I bet she's finally regretting her actions."

"Pfft, well, it's too late to turn back time now." Joyce pursed her lips.

Natalie smiled at her but didn't say a word.

Susan stopped crying after some time and stared at Natalie with hatred. "You did it on purpose, am I right?"

Natalie's eyes twinkled. "What are you talking about?"

"You're telling me all this now just to make me regret, right?" Susan screamed.

Natalie smiled. "Of course, I am. As the saying goes, torture a man's heart rather than sever his body. I'm here to tear your heart into shreds and make you live the rest of your life in remorse and guilt. I don't want to see you die in peace."

"You..." Susan was speechless.

It took her some time to calm down as she slumped into the chair like a deflated balloon.

Besides that, the hatred look on her face was gone. All that was left was sadness and pain.

"You win, Natalie. You did kill my heart. I admit defeat," Susan said in a raspy voice.

Natalie pursed her lips and remained silent.

Susan closed her eyes and swallowed the bitterness she had stored in her heart before she looked back at Natalie. "There's something else I want to know, which is why I called you to meet today."

"What is it?"

Susan tightened her grip around the receiver and said, "H-How's Don? Where did you send him off to?"

"An orphanage," Natalie responded.

Susan gritted her teeth. "How could you send him to an orphanage? Do you have any idea what sort of place that is? He's going to suffer there! You know he's a sick kid and has never suffered. How could you—"

“Why not? You’re about to die while Warren is in jail. So, the best option would be to send him to an orphanage. Did you think I would raise him as my own? Just like another child of the Smith family?” Natalie snapped back.

She’s right. Don isn’t a child of the Smith family. It wouldn’t make sense for her to raise him.

“Why didn’t you send him to Jasmine? She is his biological sister, after all,” Susan continued.

“You’re right. Jasmine is his biological sister. But, you must have forgotten the fact that she’s in a mental hospital. So, how can she raise him in such circumstances? I don’t want to sound rude, but even if Jasmine weren’t in the mental hospital, she wouldn’t have taken responsibility for him. She already knows that Donald is her brother and hates both you and him.” Natalie laughed.

“What?” Susan was stunned. “Jas hates me?”

“Yes, she said it herself. She was always bullied because she was an illegitimate daughter, and you’ve never cared for her. You only had your focus on Warren and Harrison. So, she hates you. However, Donald is also an illegitimate child of yours, but you paid so much attention to him instead. That made her think of her childhood days—the times when she was bullied, and no one was there to protect her from harm. So, what makes you think that she’d take good care of Donald?”

Susan opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out because she knew Natalie was right.

She’s right. Jasmine wouldn’t take good care of him and would probably abandon him. Oh God, this is all my fault.

Susan was helpless as she smiled bitterly to herself.

Natalie observed her for a little while before hanging up and leaving.

Once the duo exited the prison, Joyce pointed ahead of her. “Nat, look who’s here.”

Natalie looked up and smiled when she noticed the man approaching her.

“What brings you here?” Natalie looked up and asked.

Shane grinned. “I went to pick you up at your office and noticed you weren’t there. I also tried calling you, but you didn’t pick up. So, I called Connor to trace your location via your phone number, and it led me here.”

“I’m sorry, the signal here is blocked. So, no calls in and out,” Natalie said apologetically as she whipped out her phone.

Shane lifted her chin and said, “I know. Did you come here to meet Susan?”

“Yes, she wanted to meet me. Hence, I decided to pay her a visit.” Natalie nodded.

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“Would you like to go home now?” Shane asked.

Natalie hummed in response.

Shane didn’t even ask about her chat with Susan as he was uninterested. He merely placed his hand around her waist and guided her to his car.

“Mr. Shane, Nat, I’m going to give you both some space and head back on my own.”

Shane gave her a “good job” look.

Natalie caught sight of that and chuckled. Then, she fished out her car key from her purse and threw it to Joyce. “Here, take my car.”

“Thank you.” Joyce caught the key and nodded.

After that, Natalie and Shane got into their car and left.

During their journey back home, Natalie turned and asked, “Was there something important that you wanted to talk about? Was that why you came to my office?”

“Yes, we’re supposed to pay our respect to our ancestors back in Thompson residence today. I came to pick you up so we can participate in the ceremony,” Shane explained.

Natalie smacked her forehead in realization. “Oh my, you’re right! Mrs. Wilson told me about it yesterday, but I forgot. I’m so sorry, Shane. I—”

“It’s okay. Don’t sweat about it. It’s just a small ceremony, not a big one. So, it doesn’t matter even if we don’t attend. Furthermore, I’m here now to pick you up, right?” Shane replied gently.

Natalie tucked her hair and responded, “Thank you.”

“Let’s head straight to Thompson residence. Connor and Sharon are already there. Mrs. Wilson and Silas are looking after them,” Shane continued.

Natalie nodded in acknowledgement.

Soon enough, the couple arrived at Thompson residence.

The kids rushed out to meet them as soon as they heard Shane’s car pulling up in the driveway. “Daddy, Mommy, you’re finally here.”

Shane carried Sharon in his arms. “Have you been a good girl?”

“Of course, I have! Mrs. Wilson said not to run around, so I didn’t. I’ve done a good job, haven’t I, Daddy?” Sharon flashed him an adorable toothy smile.

Shane gave her a kiss on her cheek and replied, "Yes, you're the best!"

Sharon chuckled as she clung her hands around Shane's neck.

Sharon had almost recovered from her injuries after so many days. Besides the wounds on her arms, the wounds on her head had healed entirely, and she was back to her active self.

Sharon's speedy recovery brought so much joy to Natalie.

"All right then. Let's get inside," Natalie reminded the father-daughter duo as she held Connor's hand.

Shane nodded. "Let's go."

Then, the family entered the Thompson residence.

Mrs. Wilson and Silas greeted both Natalie and Shane as soon as the couple entered the house.

Shane sat down with Sharon in his arms and asked, "Where is that woman?"

Natalie had also sat down alongside Connor.

She knew that Shane was referring to Catherine.

Even though Sam was caught, Catherine was still around.

Shane did some investigation on his own and knew that Catherine didn't do anything besides having an affair. At least, she wasn't involved in the assassination of Shane's parents.

Hence, Shane did not put her in a difficult position. He merely trapped her in the Thompson residence and forbade her from stepping outside of the premises.

He planned to let her off after Sam's death.

"She's in her room. I was worried she might harm the kids, so I asked the bodyguard to take her up to her room," Mrs. Wilson answered.

Shane nodded. "Thank you."

"Daddy, shouldn't we pay our respect to Grandpa and Grandma now?" Sharon asked out of a sudden.

"How did you know?" Natalie smoothed her hair.

"Connor told me. He said the ceremony means that one should pay our respect to our ancestors who are no longer here," Sharon replied.

"That's right. Let's go then! I'll take you to see Grandpa and Grandma. I believe they'll be happy to see you both!"

"Yay!" The kids jumped off the couch excitedly.

Shane held Natalie's hand as the family headed to the shrine.

It was the first time he brought his wife and children to pay their respects to his parents.

He didn't know that both Connor and Sharon were his children back then. Hence, he only brought Natalie in the past.

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However, this time he had his entire family with him.

Two hours have passed after they've paid their respect.

Then, Shane, Natalie, and the kids left the shrine.

Silas was waiting outside for some time now and hurried over when he saw the family emerging from the shrine. "Mr. Shane."

"What is it?" Shane asked calmly.

“Mrs. Thompson wants to see you.” Silas sighed.

“She wants to see me?” Shane narrowed his eyes.

Silas nodded. “Yes, it seems like she wants to have a word with you.”

Natalie took hold of Sharon, who lay in Shane’s arms, when she noticed the frown on Shane’s face. “Go ahead. Perhaps she has something important to tell you.”

“All right, I’ll make it quick. I’ll have Silas take you all to my old room while I’m gone.” Shane rubbed his temples.

Natalie nodded. “All right, off you go then. Kids, say goodbye to your daddy now.” She turned and looked at her kids.

Both Connor and Sharon waved their little hands. “Goodbye, Daddy.”

“Come back soon! Mommy, Sharon, and I will be waiting,” Connor added.

Shane stared at them as his heart was filled with warmth. He nodded gently. “All right, I’ll be back in no time.”

Then, he headed toward the other direction.

Silas glanced at Natalie and offered to lend a hand. “Madam, why don’t you hand me one of the kids?”

He stretched out his hands as he stared at Sharon with longing eyes.

Mr. Shane’s kids are so adorable, and I’ve always wanted to hold them in my arms. However, I’ve never gotten a chance to. But my time has come, and I won’t let this opportunity slip away this time!

Natalie knew what he was thinking and chuckled. “You seem like you’ve wanted to do this for a long time now. So, why don’t you get married and have a child of your own?”

“That’s not possible. I don’t even have a girlfriend.” Silas smiled awkwardly.

“Then, hurry up and get one!” Natalie responded.

Silas scratched his head. “That’s challenging, and I don’t know if I’m ready for that. Madam, please allow me to carry either of them.”

“All right, but I’ll have to ask them.”

Natalie lowered her head, and she eyed Connor and Sharon. “So, which one of you would like to give Mr. Campbell a chance to carry you?”

“Not me. I’m far too old for that. Perhaps Sharon would like to.” Connor waved his hand.

Sharon loved the idea of someone carrying her in their arms. Hence, she instantly nodded and stretched out her hands in Silas’ direction. “Carry me, Mr. Campbell.”

Silas’s eyes shone in excitement as he quickly carried Sharon in his arms.

As they made their way to the room, Silas and Sharon were giggling and laughing as they followed Natalie from behind.

Natalie led Connor in the front and would look back from time to time to check on them. She couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight of them.

I guess I should remind Shane to give Silas some time off. That way, he’d have time to date and start a relationship. After all, he’s in his thirties already.

On the other hand, Shane arrived at Sean’s living quarters in the Thompson residence.

He noticed Catherine was standing by the door as the bodyguard stopped her from leaving the room. Shane stood before her and asked coldly, “What do you want?”

“Shane, could you please let me go?” Catherine begged.

Shane frowned. “Let you go?”

“Yes, I didn’t do anything. It was all Sam’s fault. You can’t do this to me. I want my freedom,” Catherine pleaded.

“I know you didn’t do anything, and I do have plans to let you off. However, it is not the right time yet,” Shane replied emotionlessly.

Catherine’s eyes glimmered with hope when she heard his words, but the glimmer was instantly diminished when he said she had to wait. “So, when would that be?”

“The moment Sam dies,” Shane answered.

Catherine shuddered at the thought of it.

After Sam’s death? Only God knows when he will die! What if he dies after two years? Doesn’t that mean I’d be trapped here for another two years?

Catherine couldn’t accept it as she stretched out her hand to grab Shane’s arm.

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Shane quickly took a step back and avoided it in time.

Catherine was also held back by the bodyguards and could not go anywhere near Shane.

“Shane, I beg you! Please don’t keep me here. I—”

“Enough, I’m going to say this again. I’m not letting you off anytime soon,” Shane interrupted her.

Catherine's face was as pale as a ghost. "But I'll go mad if you continue to keep me in here. Perhaps you'd let me off if I divorced your uncle? Then, I would no longer be a part of the Thompson family. How about that?"

She looked at him with hopeful eyes.

Shane narrowed his eyes. "You want to divorce Sam?"

"Yes, I've thought of doing so for months now." Catherine nodded.

I was once madly in love with him. Thus I couldn't accept the fact that he cheated on me with other women. Nonetheless, I've learned to gradually let go of my feelings for him as I had my fun with other men. So, I have no feelings left for him and didn't think it was fair to keep me in because of his wrongdoings.

I want a divorce and leave the Thompson family as far away as possible. I need not worry about money and will live my own life the way my heart desires. Why should I suffer for someone like Sam?

"Shane, this is why I insisted on meeting you. I want to divorce Sam," Catherine said out loud as she grabbed the bodyguard's arm.

Shane was surprised at first but slowly realized that it made sense.

Sam's dying, so it'd make sense that Catherine wants a divorce.

"You don't have to divorce Sam. You'll become single again once he's dead," Shane rejected her request.

Catherine was stunned for a brief moment before she became emotional. "Who knows when will he die? I can't stand another moment here. I want to leave the Thompson family this instant."

Shane looked at her as if she was about to go crazy. He pursed his thin lips and said, "All right, you can have it your way. But you

have to tell me where Sean is in exchange. You're his mom, so you should know where he is, right?"

Catherine's brow knitted together as she heard Shane's words. "Mom? He never treated me like his mom. He'd call me mom when he's in a good mood. Otherwise, I'm nothing to him. Hence, how would I know where he is?"

"You don't?" Shane wasn't convinced.

Catherine nodded. "I have no idea. I don't know him as well as you do. In fact, it's my fault we're strangers. I didn't fulfill my duties as a mom to care for him and get to know him. Similarly, he has never thought of me as his mom."

I've always been so busy with exposing Sam and his affairs with other women that I've neglected him. In fact, I've even blamed him for not supporting me as I fight for Sam's love. For that, I've taken my anger out on him in the past.

It took me a long time before I let go of my feelings for Sam and was reminded of Sean. However, it was already too late when I wanted to mend our broken relationship as mother and son. Even though he would still call me mom, I know he is very disappointed in me. He would abandon me without any hesitation.

Therefore, I can only care for him with words and nothing else, for I know I am in no place to do so either.

"Well, you really did fail to fulfill your duties as a mom," Shane responded sarcastically.

Catherine could not snap back as she knew he was right.

I really did fail miserably.

I'm pretty sure Sean knows what's going on here, but he hasn't shown up to rescue me. That is a clear representation of a failed mother and son relationship.

I have no one but myself to rely on. The only thing in life that wouldn't betray me is money and my heart.