

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 1101

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Indeed, no matter how arrogant one was, the media could always bring them to their knees.

The media had brought down numerous glorious and haughty international superstars, ruining their careers. In the end, these international superstars did not even dare to leave their homes.

Annette and Lacey would soon follow in their footsteps.

The organizers cleared the runway and politely asked the models and other designers to leave.

Then, the host got onto the stage again and said calmly into the microphone, "The team of judges, the organizer of this competition, and the National Design Association have jointly agreed to disqualify Annette and Lacey and ban them from participating in any competition for three years."

Upon hearing this, Lacey smiled bitterly but did not object.

What's the use of objecting now?

Annette, on the other hand, reacted strongly to the announcement and wanted to protest. After all, Sally was fine. Therefore, Annette could argue that they had touched the dress and jewelry out of curiosity but did not do anything to it.

However, before she could say anything, Natalie mouthed the words, "The dress and jewelry that you tried to destroy was fake."

When Annette finally understood what Natalie was saying, she opened her mouth wide but did not say anything.

So, this is what happened. No wonder Sally is fine. It turns out that the dress and jewelry that Lacey and I sabotaged were fake.

Natalie deliberately put them there to trick us. She expected us to do something, so she prepared that in advance. Then she turned on the surveillance camera and pretended to leave so that she could catch whoever wanted to sabotage her. Lacey and I were like idiots coming to the dressing room and doing something to their dress and jewelry under the surveillance camera. We even thought that our plans were flawless and were confident that we could eliminate them. But while we were celebrating, Natalie and Lina were probably laughing at us for falling into their trap.

At this moment, Annette was completely disheartened. She could only accept the penalty meted out to her.

What's the use of fighting? Can I win over them?

In the end, Annette and Lacey were led away.

The host had even made the security team lead them to walk before the other designers.

It was to warn the other designers to abide by the rules. Otherwise, they would end up just like them.

Although Annette and Lacey's penalties were similar to Julian's, they had it worst. The media and the audience watching the live stream now remembered their faces. Annette and Lacey could never hope to appear in public again.

Meanwhile, Julian was shamed only in her own country. Compared to Annette and Lacey, she was slightly better off.

"It feels wonderful. We finally got rid of those two." Lina smiled and placed her hands on her waist as she watched Annette and Lacey leave.

Natalie nodded. "I know."

Right then, the host approached her and said, "Natalie, Ms. Mackenzie would like to speak to you."

Natalie smiled. "Okay, I'll go to her immediately."

With that, she turned to Lina and said, "I'm gonna go meet my mentor for a while."

"Go ahead." Lina nodded.

Natalie placed a hand on her abdomen and went to the judges' area. There, Natalie chatted with Mercede for more than ten minutes. After that, Mercede and the other top designers left the competition venue.

Natalie returned to Lina.

Lina held her arm and asked, "What did you and your mentor talk about?"

"Nothing much. We just talked about our thoughts on what happened just now. She advised me to be careful with my words," Natalie replied with a smile.

Lina nodded. "We do have to be careful with our words. Otherwise, something similar might happen again."

"Yes, let's return to the dressing room. By the way, where is Sal?" Natalie suddenly glanced around to look for Sally.

Lina smiled. "She left with Mr. Campbell after changing her clothes."

"So, that's where she went." Natalie shook her head and chuckled.

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Upon arriving at the entrance of the dressing room, Lina suddenly received a call from her mentor, so she stepped aside to pick up her phone.

Natalie pushed the door open and went in. The two little ones greeted her sweetly, "Mommy, you're back."

“Yeah, I am.” She nodded at them with a warm smile. Then she turned to look at Shane. “What are you reading?”

“It’s the analysis report of the evening dress.” He handed the document to her.

Natalie’s expression turned solemn. Immediately, she took the document from him and read it carefully.

It turned out that Annette and Lacey had sprinkled some colorless and scentless resin powder on the dress and jewelry in the bag.

Ten to thirty minutes after the skin got in touch with the powder, it could cause extreme itchiness, and rashes and bumps would break out all over the skin.

In some severe cases, the person might even suffer from a respiratory infection and kick the bucket.

Natalie gasped at the discovery. Clutching the document in her hand, she grumbled furiously, “This is too much! How could they put such a thing on the dress? Thank God Sal is fine, or else...”

Her voice trailed off.

Shane handed her a glass of honey water. “The colorless and odorless powder is completely unnoticeable. If anything happened to Sally, no one would suspect there was something wrong with the dress and jewelry. They would think it was only an allergic reaction.”

“They’re so evil. If we hadn’t installed spy cameras in the dressing room, we wouldn’t have found out they’re the culprits.” Natalie rubbed her temples.

The man nodded his head without commenting.

After drinking a mouthful of water, she stifled her rage and said, “Take this to the police station. The three-year ban is way too lenient. They even tried to murder Sal!”

"I know. I've asked someone to send over the report. This one is a photocopy." Shane took the document from her and placed it on the coffee table.

Natalie breathed a sigh. Before she could say another word, Shane's phone rang.

Taking out his phone, he glanced at it and saw that it was a call from a manager from the headquarters.

"Excuse me, I have to take this call." The man stood up.

She bobbed her head and hummed in response. "Go ahead."

He marched toward the balcony.

Just then, someone knocked on the door of the dressing room.

Connor hopped onto the floor from the couch. "Mommy, I'll answer the door."

There were bodyguards outside the room. Since the person could go past the bodyguards and knock on the door, it must be someone they knew.

With no worry, Natalie nodded in agreement and let him do it.

Soon, Lina and Connor came in hand in hand.

"Nat, my mentor has found out about what happened on the runway just now and is on his way to settle the scores with Annette's mentor," Lina said, looking excited.

Natalie moved aside so that the woman could sit next to her. "It seems like your mentor treats you really well."

"Of course, I'm his only female disciple. Now that I've been bullied, he surely won't let the bully off the hook. Besides, he has some grudges against Annette's mentor, so he's using this issue as an excuse to settle the scores with them," Lina said with a wide grin.

Thereafter, she spotted the document lying open on the coffee table. Her eyes gleamed. "Is that the analysis report?"

“Yeah.” Natalie nodded slightly.

Lina reached out to pick up the document. After reading it, she slammed the coffee table in annoyance. “Wow! How vicious! They even make use of such harmful powder. Thank God Sal is fine. Otherwise, we—”

“Yeah, we’d be so guilty if that happened.” Natalie sighed.

Right then, Shane came back with a grim expression.

Staring at the man, Natalie seemed worried. “Shane, what happened?”

“Mrs. Wilson was admitted to hospital,” he announced in a husky voice.

Not knowing who Mrs. Wilson was, Lina did not chime in.

Natalie jumped to her feet right away. “What? Mrs. Wilson was admitted to the hospital?”

The two children became anxious as well. “Daddy, how’s Mrs. Wilson?”

“She’s fine. She’s out of immediate danger for now.”

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“Out of immediate danger? Does that mean Mrs. Wilson has been in a critical condition?” Natalie balled up her fists. “Shane, what exactly happened to her? Has she fallen sick or something?”

Shane’s expression hardened, and his gaze was as cold as ice. “She was pushed down the stairs and was severely injured. That’s why she’s in the hospital now.”

“What?” Natalie’s eyes widened. “How did it happen?”

“Someone broke into the Thompson villa last night and rummaged around our bedroom and study, looking for something but to no avail. The man went downstairs and bumped into Mrs. Wilson as she was going upstairs, and he pushed her down. Fortunately, she had only climbed up a few steps, or else she would have been killed given her old age,” Shane answered.

The woman bit her lip. “How severe are her injuries?”

“Her back was hurt, and she hit her head. Other than that, she’s fine. The man was in a hurry to make a run for it, so he did not murder Mrs. Wilson. Fortunately, shortly after she was knocked out, the security guard saw that the door was open, so he came in to check if everything was fine. He found Mrs. Wilson unconscious and sent her to the hospital. Since her phone was not with her, the security guard could not get in touch with me, so he called the company and the manager contacted me.”

“I see...” Knowing that Mrs. Wilson was not gravely injured, she heaved a sigh of relief.

The two children felt relieved as well.

“Was it Sean’s man?” she asked while looking at the man.

His lips were pressed into a hard line. “Yes. After Mrs. Wilson woke up, the manager sent people to the Thompson villa to look into the matter and check if the man had stolen anything. No valuables were missing, but a lot of Wells Properties’ information had been taken away. I guess Sean had sent someone to search for the share transfer agreement of Wells Properties.”

Since he was out of the country, Sean had seized this golden opportunity to break into the villa.

“He’s quite relentless.” Natalie snickered.

“I need to go back,” Shane said.

The woman nodded in agreement. “Sure. Please check on Mrs. Wilson.”

"I will." He pulled her into a hug. "I'll be back soon."

Resting her chin on his shoulder, she mumbled gently, "Okay, I'll wait for you."

That very night, Shane left.

This time, he had asked Silas to stay instead of bringing him along.

Because of that, Sally was really grateful to Shane, as though he were a god.

Natalie burst into fits of giggles at her reaction.

Soon, Silas came into the villa and interrupted the three women's chitter-chatter. "Madam, the police have replied."

Natalie quickly turned to look at him. "What did they say?"

"They've done Annette's record and discovered that many who took part in the same competition as her previously had allergic reactions as well. The police contacted those designers and found they had never eaten or touched any allergens. Hence, the police suspect that Annette had used the same powder against them."

"Hah! She's actually a repeat offender," Lina scoffed. "Well, she wouldn't have been so calm if that had been her first time doing it. She must have done it before, but she covered it up so perfectly that no one ever caught her."

"Did those designers suffer from other symptoms?" Natalie turned to glance at Silas.

The latter nodded. "Yes, one of them had a respiratory infection. He made it to the hospital in time, but his limbs became so stiff that he could no longer draw any design drafts and make clothes."

"What? So his career is ruined?" Lina was taken aback.

Silas sighed. "Yes."

"Damn Annette! She's such a b\*tch!" Lina's face reddened in rage.



Natalie patted her hand to calm her down before turning to look at Silas. "Did Annette plead guilty to these offenses?"

"Not yet. I rushed over to inform you right after the police found out about it just now. However, there's solid evidence, so there's no way she can deny it. She's doomed."

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Natalie bobbed her head. "I'm glad to know that. Has Lacey done this before?"

"No, that was her first time. She did it because she feared Mr. Shane. She thought you'd abuse his influence to win the competition, so she wanted to get rid of you first."

Lina let out a sardonic laugh. "Hmph! Yes, Shane is indeed influential, but it doesn't mean that Nat would depend on him to win the competition. She is where she is now solely because of her own capabilities. I don't think she has no idea how talented Nat is, but she turns a blind eye to it and adamantly believes that Nat is playing dirty. How despicable! Has she been through any unfair treatment previously?"

Silas let out a dry cough. "You're right. Lacey said that her country had organized a design competition the year before. Initially, it was obvious that she would win the championship, but an average and incapable designer snatched the title from her using his prominent background. Since then, she resents people with prominent backgrounds."

"In short, she detests the rich." Sally pursed her lips in disdain.

Natalie sighed and shook her head. "There are thousands of reasons to hate someone. How about Annette? What was her reason for doing so?"

"Madam, she is not against you, but..." He turned to gaze at Lina.

Stupefied, the latter pointed at herself. "Me?"

"Yes, she did it to go against you. She said the resources you received in the previous jewelry design competition were supposed to be hers. The sponsor approached her first but collaborated with you after going through your products. That was why she held grudges against you."

Lina's lips twitched. "I did not know the sponsor had looked for her before approaching me."

No wonder Annette seems so sullen and resentful every time she sees me. I always thought that was just how her personality was, that she looked down on foreign designers. After all, many people here are rather racist, so the local and foreign designers do not see eye to eye, and there has always been bad blood between the two groups. Never had I thought that the resources are the reason Annette hates me. Well, I can put myself in her shoes. If I were her, and my resources and sponsor were snatched from me by another designer, I would be pissed too even if the designer did not do it on purpose.

"Nat, tell me. Have I done wrong?" Lina asked tentatively.

Natalie shook her head. "Of course not. That's just how things work. You did not steal the resources from her. The sponsor was no fool and would definitely choose to collaborate with a more outstanding designer instead. You don't have to feel guilty about it."

Sally agreed at once, "Yes, Nat is right. The sponsor did not sign any agreement with Annette before looking for you, so it was not against the rule. She should blame herself for not being able to outshine you. Besides, even if you did not receive those resources, she would still have gone against other designers. Otherwise, she would not have harmed so many of them."

"You're right." After the two assured her, Lina was no longer guilt-ridden.

I did not snatch those from her intentionally. Why should I blame myself then?

"All right, Mr. Campbell. Thank you for informing me. You may leave now," Natalie said while looking at Silas.

Sally stood up right away. "I'll go with him."

Natalie giggled. "Sure."

The two left the villa arm in arm.

Lina stood up too. "Nat, I'm going to the police station."

"Are you going to visit Annette?" Natalie could guess her intention in an instant.

Lina hummed in agreement. "I have something to talk to her."

"Go head." The other woman bobbed her head.

After Lina went out, the palatial living room in the villa was left with Natalie alone.

Glancing at the clock, she assumed that Shane's plane had already touched down, so she picked up her phone to call him.

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Soon, the phone got through, and Shane's weary voice sounded on the other side. "Hello?"

"Darling, didn't you rest during the flight?" Natalie's brows knitted in frustration.

Rubbing the bridge of his nose, Shane made his way out of the airport and got into the car sent by the manager. "Yeah, I didn't. There were some documents that I needed to deal with myself, so I was busy."

“But it is daytime in the country now. I’m sure you won’t rest.”  
Natalie sighed.

Knowing she was concerned about him, Shane couldn’t help but smile faintly. “Don’t worry. After visiting Mrs. Wilson at the hospital, I’ll take a rest.”

“You’d better keep your words, or else I’ll call the company to check on you. Hmph!” she warned.

The glint of joy in Shane’s eye got brighter. “Sure.”

At his words, a contented smile spread across Natalie’s face. “Good. Are you on the way to the hospital now?”

“Yes, I’m going to check on Mrs. Wilson now.” Shane nodded.

“Okay, tell me how she is afterward. I’m worried about her.”  
Natalie heaved a sigh.

Mrs. Wilson is such a kind-hearted woman. She treats me and the children really well. It upsets me to know she’s injured.

“I will,” he replied.

The two chatted for a while before hanging up the phone.

Right after the call ended, Shane’s phone rang again.

It was a call from the manager of the company. Shane’s expression turned surly, and his voice became stern. “What’s the matter?”

“Mr. Thompson, the manager of Wells Properties just contacted me, saying that someone had ransacked Wells Properties as well. Perhaps he’s looking for the share transfer agreement,” the manager replied.

Unfazed, Shane let out a snigger. “I’m not surprised. Since Sean couldn’t find it at my place, he would surely think of sneaking into Wells Properties. He wouldn’t miss out on any place where the agreement could possibly be. I bet he has even asked the bank about it.”

“Would you like me to call the bank and ask?” the manager asked.

Shane rubbed the bridge of his nose. “No, there’s no need to do so. I’m the bank’s most valuable customer, so Sean won’t be able to pry any information out of them. Besides, the share transfer agreement is not in the bank now.”

He had actually stashed it away in a safe in the bank but had moved it to another place afterward.

Shane glanced at his watch and said, “All right, I’m going to the hospital now, and I’ll be at the company two hours later. We’ll discuss when we meet.” “Sure, Mr. Thompson,” the manager acknowledged him.

Then Shane put down the phone and continued going through the remaining documents.

Half an hour later, he arrived at the hospital.

The man pushed the door open and went in. Mrs. Wilson was still asleep, while her daughter-in-law was sitting by the bed.

As soon as she saw Shane, she stood up hurriedly. “Mr. Shane, you’re here.”

Shane nodded at her. “How’s Mrs. Wilson?”

“She had a backache throughout the night until the doctor injected her with painkillers. I guess she’s about to wake up soon,” she said while gazing at the old woman on the bed.

Shane pursed his lips. “I’m sorry to have let such a thing happen to Mrs. Wilson.”

The woman quickly waved her hands. “No, no, no... It’s not your fault, Mr. Shane. She doesn’t blame you but those heartless people, so please don’t feel bad about it.”

The man massaged his temples. “No matter what, Mrs. Wilson got injured at my place, so I’ll pay for all her medical expenses.”

“Thank you, Mr. Shane.” She gave him a grateful smile.

Though her family was not on their uppers, they were far from being wealthy.

Apart from that, she had two sons. One was studying for a master's degree, while another one was going to college soon. She had a lot on her shoulders, so she was glad that Shane was willing to take up the responsibility.

Suddenly, the ringing of her phone broke her out of her reverie.

She fished out her phone and glanced at the screen, saying bashfully, "Excuse me, Mr. Shane. My husband is calling me, so I have to answer this call."

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"Sure." Shane nodded in agreement.

The woman made her way to the balcony with her phone.

Pulling a chair over, Shane sat beside the bed.

About two minutes later, the elderly lady on the bed whimpered and opened her eyes suddenly.

The man stood up right away. "Mrs. Wilson, you're awake."

"Mr. Shane?" Thinking it was an illusion, Mrs. Wilson blinked her eyes several times, but she saw that he was still here, next to her.

Only then she was sure this was not an illusion.

"Mr. Shane, it's really you. When did you come back?" Ecstatic, Mrs. Wilson tried to sit up, but the man gestured to her to stay still.

"Mrs. Wilson, you've yet to recover, so please lie down and don't move about."

She nodded. "Sure, sure, I won't move around. Mr. Shane, why are you alone? Didn't Madam come back with you?"

The woman glanced behind him. Disappointment filled her gaze when she realized Natalie and the children did not tag along.

Ever since Harrison passed away, Madam has gone overseas with the two little ones for a competition. It has been three months since I last saw them.

She missed them so much, especially the two little ones, whom she regarded as her own grandchildren.

Her heart melted every time the two children called her name during a video call.

"Natalie is going to take part in the finals soon, so she couldn't come back, and I feel worried about bringing the kids back. That's why I'm back alone. Don't worry. When morning comes on her end, I'll make a video call so you can see them." He took a seat again.

With a warm smile, Mrs. Wilson said, "It's all right. The competition and the children's safety are more important. By the way, Mr. Shane, did you run into Sean when you were overseas?"

"Yes, I did." The man's expression turned sour at the mention of Sean.

Mrs. Wilson sighed exasperatedly. "How can he be so wicked?"

"Mrs. Wilson, can you tell me what exactly happened when the intruder broke into the villa?" Shane gazed at her.

Though the manager had told him about it, there might be some missing details since he had yet to hear it from Mrs. Wilson herself.

Perhaps she knew something that nobody else knew.

The woman nodded. "Sure. The night before, I was in the laundry room when I heard some noise. At that time, I thought you and Madam came back, so I called out to you, but there was no

response from upstairs. Then I sensed that something was wrong and went upstairs to check it out. I was so shocked to see an intruder in the house.”

Mrs. Wilson glowered as she added, “The man pushed me off the stairs when he rushed down and bumped into me. Mr. Shane, I saw his face when I fell. He was Sean!”

“What?” Shane narrowed his eyes.

Sure enough, Mrs. Wilson was the only one who knew the incident inside out.

She did not tell the manager due to distrust. After all, he was not like Silas, who had been by Shane’s side for a long time.

“Mrs. Wilson, are you sure it was Sean himself?” Shane questioned in a low voice, clenching his fists.

Immediately, the woman answered, “Yes, I’m sure it was him. Though he disguised himself, I could still recognize him, but he... He even...”

She just could not bring herself to utter those embarrassing words.

His brows drew together. “What did he do?”

Mrs. Wilson met his gaze. After a moment of hesitation, she finally said, “He... He took a lot of Madam’s belongings.”

Shane’s expression turned gloomy at her words. His murderous aura could make the people around him feel suffocated.

“Sean Thompson!” Infuriated, he clenched his fists so hard that they were quivering, and the veins on the back of his hands were bulging.

Sean had held a revolting affection toward his mother. And after she passed away, he had diverted those feelings to his wife.

Any man would be enraged by such a thing.



One day...

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## Chapter 1107

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One day, I will tear Sean into thousands of pieces!

Shane's bloodshot eyes looked so terrifying.

It worried Mrs. Wilson a lot. "Mr. Shane..."

Taking a deep breath, the man tried his best to stifle his smoldering fury. He closed his eyes and finally managed to simmer down. "I'm fine. Mrs. Wilson, take care. I'll come and visit you again tonight."

"Sure, Mr. Shane." She gave him a smile.

Marching out of the ward, he bumped into Jackson in his white coat.

It had been months since he last saw this man.

Jackson had looked for him before, but he could not forgive his betrayal and that he had let Jacqueline off.

Not only was Jacqueline the culprit who wanted to harm his wife, but she was also involved in the murder of his parents.

Therefore, he could no longer stay friends with Jackson.

Meeting Shane unexpectedly stunned Jackson for a second. In the next second, a grin broke across his face. "Shane, when did you come back?"

Ignoring him, Shane averted his gaze and strode forward.

Knowing that the man was still reluctant to forgive him, Jackson quickly called out to him, "Shane, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" Shane stopped in his tracks and gave Jackson an indifferent sideway stare.

Jackson's youthful face became solemn. "Jacqueline got in touch with me a few days ago."

"What?" Shane narrowed his eyes at him. "Why did she contact you?"

"She asked me for some medicines."

"What medicines?"

"Some dangerous drugs." Although Jackson did not mention the names of those drugs, it was apparent that Jacqueline was up to no good.

"Did you give it to her?" Shane's expression fell.

The other man shook his head. "No. She's like a time bomb now. How can I give such dangerous drugs to her? Who knows what she's going to do again?"

Shane's expression softened at those words. "In what way did she ask you to give them to her? Is it by post or is she coming to get them herself?"

"Not by post." Jackson shook his head. "She only requested me to put those drugs at a place. I guess she wanted to get them from there or send someone to do so. One thing for sure, she's in J City now. I've checked the number she used to call me. The IP address showed that she's in J City now."

Shane was not surprised as he had already expected her to return.

She was with Sean. How could she not be back when Sean was?

"But I'm surprised you told me this. Don't you love her deeply? Why did you expose her whereabouts?" Shane questioned in an impassive tone while staring at him contemptuously.

Jackson flashed him a rueful smile. "I regret letting her go. Do you believe me?"

Shane remained silent.

Jackson could tell that he did not trust him.

Despite knowing Jacqueline was a psychopath, he still let her off. How could Shane trust him then?

"I mean it. I really regret it. When I let her go, I didn't know she murdered your parents. All I knew was that she tried to harm Natalie twice but to no avail. I thought she would turn over a new leaf after she was freed. Never had I expected her to make a move against Connor and Sharon." Jackson removed his glasses and covered his face in shame.

He had been living in remorse these days. He had always wanted to apologize to Natalie and the two children.

Nevertheless, he never had the chance since he could not see them. Withholding his remorse and self-loathing made him tense up. Over the past three months, the hospital had even prohibited him from performing any surgery.

Hence, he really yearned to do something to make up for his mistake. Most importantly, he did not wish to see Jacqueline homeless and continue going down the wrong path.

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"Do you think Jacqueline has only hurt my wife and my parents, huh?" Shane snapped, breaking Jackson's reverie.

"W-What do you mean? Did she hurt anyone else?" Jackson stuttered, dumbfounded.

"Yeah, her parents," Shane enunciated every word slowly.

To Jackson, those simple words were like a wall that came crashing down on him.

After what felt like an eternity, he finally recomposed himself and asked hesitantly, "Do you mean to say that Jacqueline has something to do with her parents' death?"

"According to my investigation, she could be the one who orchestrated everything, causing the death of Mr. Graham and his wife." Shane's words sent Jackson into a tizzy.

Undoubtedly, orchestrating was even more petrifying than getting involved. One's involvement in someone's death might be an indirect or unintentional act. But with orchestration, it was totally different. In other words, Jacqueline could have committed the crime of attempted murder.

Right that instant, Jackson felt his blood run cold. Blood drained from his baby face as he mumbled, "How could it be..."

He shook his head frantically and was reluctant to accept the truth. "How could she harm her own parents?"

"Why not? There's nothing the ruthless woman can't do. Look how she repaid my parents' love and care for her."

Jackson was at a loss for words. Shane's parents did not treat her well? No, it's the opposite. I saw it with my own eyes how they treated her as though she was their own daughter.

Shane's parents had treated Jacqueline just like how Kenneth had treated her. Nonetheless, she had the heart to inflict harm on Shane's parents, who had loved her dearly as though she were their own daughter. And because of that, it would not be a surprise if she had done the same to her own parents.

"How could it be..." A horror-stricken Jackson staggered backward and almost slumped onto the ground.

Shane gazed at him frigidly. "This is the truth."

"It's my fault! It's all my fault! I was wrong!" Jackson crouched down, pulling his hair remorsefully.

He regretted falling in love with such a horrendous devil. Not to mention he had let go of her impulsively. She's a freaking cold-hearted devil who killed her own parents! Damn it! Why did I let go of such a devil? Imagine what kind of heinous act she'll commit again when she's on the run!

Jackson could barely breathe as he felt a rush of suffocating remorse. He pulled his hair even harder in anguish as though he could not feel any pain at all.

Nevertheless, Shane did not feel like giving any words of comfort to the man who was crying over spilled milk.

He only has himself to blame, no?

The next moment, Shane shifted his gaze away from him and strode away.

Only then did Jackson come to himself. He stood up right away and yelled, "Shane, let me join you."

"What did you say?" Shane narrowed his eyes as he froze in his steps.

Jackson looked intently at him with a hint of determination in his eyes. "Let's arrest her together!"

Shane's lips contorted into a smirk. "Are you sure? She's the woman you're deeply in love with, isn't she?"

Jackson shook his head resolutely at Shane's mockery. "I have no idea how I can continue to love such a malicious woman. Let me put it this way. I should arrest her myself just because I love her very much. She has to take responsibility for her actions and atone for her sins."

"That's not what you had in mind when you let her go."

Jackson smiled self-deprecatingly. "Yeah, I can't deny that. I was clueless about how heinous she was when I let go of her at that

time. I thought she would feel guilty and turn over a new leaf. But now I know her hands have been stained with blood long ago and that she has no thought of getting her life back on track again.”

Shane’s eyes darkened at the sight of his determination. “Well then, go ahead and arrest her. But I will not let you join me. Who knows if you’ll change your mind and ruin my plan?”

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Jackson nodded in understanding. “It’s all right. I will go my way and update you when I have any clues.”

He understood that Shane would not trust him again after his previous betrayal.

Shane gazed at him for quite a while, then turned around and left without uttering any words.

Jackson took a deep breath and put on his glasses. After that, he bowed earnestly in Shane’s direction and made his way to the resource room with a determined look.

I bet Shane must have assigned his men to trace Jacqueline and Sean’s whereabouts. Well, I have my way too. I’m going to make use of the records in the DNA storage.

Regardless of how a person’s appearance had transformed, the gene and blood type would never change. On top of that, biometric fingerprint systems and iris recognition were widely implemented in this advanced era. Thus, he presumed that he might be able to trace Jacqueline’s current location based on her fingerprint in the DNA storage. As long as she had used any iris recognition or biometric fingerprint system elsewhere, her whereabouts would be traceable.

Meanwhile, Natalie, Lina, and Sally had gone to the competition hall for the semi-finals.

This current round was deemed the eliminatory round before the final round between the champion and the second place. At the end of this round, one of the groups would be eliminated and announced as the winner of third place.

“Nat, which group do you think will be eliminated this round as the third place?” Lina whispered as she glanced at the other two groups.

Natalie shook her head. “How would I know? We won’t be able to predict the result until the end. No matter what, let’s just try our best.”

“You’re right. But I wonder if you feel the same too. Perhaps because we’re the last three groups, it seems that we’re not as nervous as we were earlier,” Lina said. Natalie smiled. “It’s because all of us are equally matched. In other words, none of us has the confidence to defeat the others and become the final winner. So what’s the point of getting nervous? Besides, our performance might be affected if we can’t cool our heads off. Most importantly, we’re already basking in the limelight as one of the top three in this international competition. It doesn’t really matter even if we’re not the champion.”

Lina nodded. “That’s true.”

“Of course, it’d be nice if we won. But even if we didn’t, there’s no doubt that you’re one of the top three young designers in the world!”

Lina chuckled. “Yeah, that’s why I can barely feel the hostility from everyone. It’s as though we’re back to the first round of the competition.”

Natalie patted her on the shoulder. “Let’s just do our best.”

Lina nodded again, feeling motivated.

After that, both of them listened attentively as the host explained the theme for the next round.

It was not a fixed theme this round. Designers were requested to design their dresses and jewelry by incorporating the traditional elements of their own countries' dresses and jewelry.

Undeniably, every country had its unique elements for its traditional costume and jewelry. Thus, it was not solely on how the organizer would assess the designed gowns and jewelry precisely with utter fairness. After all, it was just wishful thinking to have absolute justice in everything in the world. Instead of wasting time brooding over it, Natalie would rather spend time figuring out how to incorporate the uniqueness of their nation's elements on their next designs.

The three groups of designers started to discuss among themselves.

All the designers were from three different countries. And coincidentally, designers of the same country had joined the same group.

If the group consisted of designers from different countries, it might be challenging for them to work well with each other on that. Since every country had unique traditional elements, both designers would have different ideas, and they might end up designing dresses and jewelry which could not match each other's styles. Subsequently, they would have to be eliminated from the competition and that explained why the organizer had set such a challenging theme.

Lina scratched her head in bafflement. "Nat, do you have any idea about the so-called element of our country's traditional jewelry? I grew up overseas and I'm used to designing modern jewelry, mainly with various types of diamonds. I bet diamonds are not considered as one of the elements of our country's traditional jewelry."

"We have crystals which are of similar transparency as diamonds. Nevertheless, I don't think it's a good idea for you to use crystals. I fear that it might lead you into thinking of diamonds and that you would end up sketching a piece of modern jewelry unknowingly."



# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 1110

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Lina nodded again. "You're right. Can you give me a suggestion?"

"The so-called traditional is actually retro. You will be surprised to know that there is a wide variety of traditional elements for jewelry in the ancient days of our country. For instance, pure gold jewelry, jade, pearl, and the integration of flowers and feathers."

Lina's smile froze at once. "My goodness! It never crossed my mind that there is such a long list! Oh, my! What should I use then?"

After pondering for a while, Natalie responded, "It depends on the style of my gown then. For the traditional costume of our country, one of the most common elements should be embroidery. However, we have to bear in mind that we are designing a premium, lavish gown. It will turn out low-class if we use a piece produced by the embroidery machine instead. Too bad, the time is insufficient for us to obtain a handmade piece of embroidery for the gown. We have to really think it through."

Hearing that, Lina said nothing as she fell into deep thought.

Not only them, but the designers from the other two groups were discussing among themselves as well.

Then minutes later, the host announced that they could leave.

Natalie took her bag and walked out of the conference room with Lina.

"Natalie!" someone called out to her the moment she stepped out.

She stopped and turned, only to see that it was Jayson, the designer who had caused her to trip over previously.

Natalie stared at him and asked coldly, "How can I help you?"

Jayson was not the slightest bit displeased by her grimness. He bowed at her and apologized sincerely, "I'm sorry!"

Natalie was flabbergasted.

Lina's eyes widened in disbelief. "Nat, am I hearing things? He's apologizing to you!"

Natalie nodded at her, implying that she was aware of it. She cleared her throat and asked, "Why are you apologizing to me?"

Jayson stood straight and replied guiltily, "It was me. I did that on purpose. I shouldn't have caused you to trip over that day."

Natalie raised her brows, astounded by his words. So he's admitting that he did it on purpose!

Folding both her arms across her chest, Natalie glared at him. "No doubt, I know you did that intentionally, but I could not find any evidence. That's why I haven't taken any action against you. You can actually continue to keep mum about it, no? After all, there's nothing I can do without any evidence. I'm curious though. Why are you willing to admit it all of a sudden and even apologize to me now?"

Jayson lowered his head and replied sheepishly, "I guess it's because of what happened to Julian and the others. I'm scared stiff. Even though I'm convinced that you can't do anything to me without any evidence, I can't say for sure that you won't seek me out for payback right after the competition."

"So you're apologizing to me now because you're afraid that I will settle the score with you after the competition and you want me to let you off?" Natalie narrowed her eyes.

Jayson nodded in embarrassment. "Precisely."

Lina rolled her eyes and scoffed, "What a coward! I almost thought you were really sincere and guilty of what you've done. Guess I looked too highly of you."

Jayson's face flushed red at her words, but it was not visible due to his dark complexion.

"Natalie, will you forgive me?" Jayson felt a prickle of anxiousness when Natalie remained in silence.

Natalie gave him a glacial look. "Why should I forgive you? If Tina had not pulled me at the eleventh hour, do you know what would have happened to my baby and me?"

Jayson gulped and was rendered speechless. He never intended to harm her baby. He was merely thinking of the possibility that she might withdraw herself from the competition after sustaining a minor injury. He had totally overlooked that she was pregnant!

In fact, after the incident, he had been living in remorse. He regretted being so impulsive.

Natalie gazed at him; her tone was icy-cold as she said, "Be frank with me. Who instructed you to do that to me? Was it a man or a woman?"

Thunderstruck by her question, Jayson replied hastily, "A man."

"What kind of man? Do you recall how he looked?" Natalie questioned.

Jayson nodded in an instant. "He resembles your husband, and he wears glasses."

"I knew it!" Natalie clenched her fists. "How did he instruct you to deal with me?"