

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 801

Shane nodded and said, "Of course. He's Jacqueline's boyfriend, and he has the right to know these things. What he plans to do with that information is entirely up to him, though..."

But..."

"Mr. Shane, please continue."

"When you tell Jackson about this, make sure Jacqueline's not around."

"Got it, Mr. Shane. I'll be careful." Silas nodded in assent.

Massaging his temples, Shane was starting to believe Natalie's suspicion toward

Jacqueline.

Maybe Jacqueline is the true culprit. The sheer audacity of her actions is shocking, given

her age.

Suddenly Shane asked, "The Garcia family and the Gunn family are political rivals, yes?"

Silas' expression turned serious as he nodded. "They are. Why are you asking this?"

"There've been two attempts on Natalie's life; I had Mr. Gunn investigate both incidents. He

identified Alice as the final culprit, but now we know that the woman is innocent. Since then,

Natalie's been suspecting Jacqueline as the true culprit. I can't help but agree with her on

this."

Closing his eyes, he continued coldly, "If Jacqueline is indeed the real culprit, it would make

sense for Mr. Gunn to pinpoint Alice."

After all, Jacqueline is Mr. Gunn's great-granddaughter. He's not going to throw her to the wolves.

Silas inhaled sharply at that revelation. "If Ms. Graham was responsible for the crimes, isn't

Mr. Gunn breaking the law by protecting her?"

“Kinship can often trump the law,” Shane replied lightly. After some thought, he turned to Silas. “I heard that the Garcia family is planning to revitalize an old, cultural city for higher approval ratings. I know for a fact that they’re short on funds. Get in touch with them secretly and offer to cover the shortfall. In return, I want them to investigate Mr. Gunn for evidence that he covered up Jacqueline’s crimes.”

The best way to deal with a family in politics was to get their rival to do some digging.

The Garcias and the Gunns had been political rivals for many years. If the Garcia family caught wind of Mr. Gunn’s possibly illegal actions, they would jump at the chance to investigate the matter.

Aware of Shane’s strategy, Silas agreed to his plan immediately. “I’ll contact them immediately.”

“Don’t let Jacqueline or the Gunn family find out about this.”

“Leave it to me, Mr. Shane.”

Silas left after giving his reassurance, and Shane went upstairs, rubbing his temples in frustration at the complexity of the situation.

Meanwhile, Natalie and Sally had rested for two days after arriving overseas. Once they got over their jetlag, they attended the opening ceremony of the design competition.

The opening ceremony was but a fashion show displaying the designs of the judges for this competition.

Every judge here was a world-class designer. Some were still active in the fashion world, while others had already retired.

The impressive résumé of the judges only highlighted the prestige of this international competition.

“Nat, there are so many seasoned supermodels here,” Sally whispered excitedly.

Sally thought she could die happy after sharing the stage with these renowned supermodels.

“Hmph, someone’s been living like a country bumpkin. Aren’t you worried your naive exclamations are going to embarrass your countrymen?”

A shrill voice cut in before Natalie could answer her friend.

The two women rolled their eyes in unison.

Sally confronted Hannah with a scoff. “How is that any of your business? Some people don’t learn. I can’t believe you’re still picking fights you can’t win. Classic b*tch.”

“Y-you...” Hannah stuttered in anger. She raised her arm as if ready to slap Sally.

Fearless, Sally tilted her face closer to Hannah’s hand. “Go on; slap me. If you even lay a finger on me, I’m going straight to the organizers to complain about an assault by Koandria’s contestant. I’ll make sure you get disqualified.”

Shocked by her threat, Hannah paused and eventually retracted her arm in reluctance.

Sally put on a faux show of regret as she sighed, “What a shame. You should’ve hit me.”

“That’s enough; you can’t be serious about wanting her to hit you, right? She’ll suffer from the consequences, but so will you when you’re crying in pain,” Natalie teased.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 802

Shrugging, Sally giggled, saying, “What’s a little pain when I can kick her out of the competition?”

Hannah’s body vibrated with anger upon hearing their jokes.

Just then, Jessie walked over. Her gaze cooled at the sight of Natalie and Sally. She then

looked disapprovingly at Hannah. “Are you troubling Ms. Smith and her friend again?”

Natalie merely arched a brow in reply.

Wow, I can't believe she didn't confront me about bullying her precious Hannah first.

"I didn't." Hannah waved her hands in denial.

Scoffing, Jessie said, "I hope you're telling the truth. If I find out you're lying, you're dead meat."

Hannah lowered her head wordlessly as Natalie narrowed her eyes at Jessie.

Oh, Jessie's shrewd; I'll give her that. She didn't even confirm the truth in Hannah's words;

she glossed over the whole incident just like that.

"Ms. Smith," Jessie addressed Natalie and smiled. "Did my model bother you when you were watching the show?"

"It was no trouble at all," Natalie answered as she returned Jessie's smile.

Jessie stiffened at her words.

The words "no trouble" implied that Hannah did indeed bother them.

Jessie pretended that she did not understand Natalie's implication.

Instead, she grabbed

Hannah's elbow and began leading her away. "We'll be leaving, then."

"Hold on." Natalie stopped them. Frowning, Jessie paused and asked,

"Ms. Smith, can I help

you with anything else?"

Natalie bent over and rummaged in her bag for a small notebook. She passed it to Jessie as

she asked, "Ms. Syke, I believe this is yours?"

The impatience in Jessie's face immediately turned into anger when she saw the notebook.

Swiping it from Natalie's hands, she asked rudely, "Why do you have my stuff?"

"Hey, what's with your tetchy attitude? You were the one careless enough to lose your stuff.

We were kind enough to pick it up and keep it for you. You're being ungrateful." Sally glared

at Jessie.

Though Natalie remained silent, her chilly demeanor made her disdain for Jessie's attitude very clear.

Realizing she had overreacted, the woman smiled awkwardly and tried to appease them.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Smith. I didn't mean to behave that way. This notebook is very dear to me, so I overreacted. I-"

"That's fine. Since it's so important to you, I'd advise you to keep it properly. After all, you're not going to get a personal courier every time you lose it," Natalie cut in coolly.

Tightening her grip on the notebook, Jessie lowered her eyes. "You're right, Ms. Smith. If I

may ask, did you take a look inside the notebook?"

Natalie nodded, not seeing the point in lying. "I did. I'm sorry, my friend opened it. She meant no ill will; she was merely curious."

"That's alright. I actually want to know what you thought about the designs in it..." Jessie said in an indecipherable tone.

Natalie thought for a second before answering, "Do you want my honest opinion, Ms. Syke?"

"Of course."

She took a deep breath before answering Jessie, "Well, I'm not going to sugarcoat my opinion then. The designs are pretty outdated."

Jessie's expression stiffened momentarily. Nodding, she agreed with Natalie's assessment.

"You're right. They are pretty outdated."

"Ms. Syke, I'm puzzled. Why would you carry these designs with you? They seem pretty important to you as well," Natalie questioned.

Placing the notebook in her purse, Jessie said cryptically, "It has something to do with someone who's really important to me. She's not here anymore, so-" "I'm so sorry," Natalie apologized in a hurry. "I didn't know."

“It’s fine.” Waving her arm, Jessie continued, “Wait, did you think she was dead?”

Natalie asked in surprise, “Isn’t she?”

Didn’t see mean that?

Jessie’s eyes twinkled in amusement as she explained, “Of course not.

She’s still alive and

well, though she fell into a slump after some things that happened in the past. She’s getting

back on her feet now, so I’m actually expecting news from her any time now.”

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 803

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“Oh, I see. Sorry, I misunderstood.” Natalie flashed her a smile.

“Well, please excuse us if there’s nothing else.” After saying that, Jessie left with Hannah.

Beside Natalie, Sally commented, “For some reason, I find Jessie really strange. Everything

about her screams aberrant.”

Natalie nodded in agreement. “Me too. She gives off a strong sense of incongruity. Besides, she

seems to have popped out of nowhere.”

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Logically speaking, she can’t possibly have been a nobody when she possesses such great

talent in design. But the fact remains that there was never anyone named Jessie Syke in the

design industry in the past. She appeared out of the blue and swiftly made a name for herself in

the industry. No matter how I look at it, something just doesn’t add up. I’ve seen her designs before, and she has a strong personal style.

Without the mentoring of a

renowned designer, a young designer couldn’t have possibly established her own personal style

so early. After all, young people’s design styles oscillate as their talents aren’t at the zenith yet.

They may design something cool before switching to adorable. However, it’s different with her.

Her design style has never changed from the very beginning, so she must have been mentored by a renowned designer.

But I've asked Ms. Mackenzie, and she told me that the few top-notch designers in the world whose styles are similar to Jessie have never taken her as a mentee. So, who on earth did she learn from?

"What are you thinking, Nat?" Sally nudged Natalie lightly.

Her gaze flickering for a moment, Natalie snapped back to her senses.

"Nothing much. I was just wondering who Jessie's mentor is."

"Who cares? Let's watch the show." Sally had no interest in that matter.

Instead, she was staring

at the runway with stars in her eyes.

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Hearing that, Natalie was torn between amusement and exasperation.

Ah well, she's right. Whoever Jessie's mentor might be has nothing to do with me, so why should I dwell upon it?

The competition's opening ceremony went on for almost three hours before the curtains fell.

Next was a banquet open to all participants, judges, and models. It was basically a networking event.

Sally had been clamoring to get acquainted with the supermodels, so she hastened away with a

wine glass in her hand as soon as they stepped into the banquet hall.

Abandoned, Natalie shook her head. Holding a glass of fruit juice herself, she went to the

balcony for some fresh air.

All of a sudden, she heard a voice from the garden below. It was Jessie's voice.

Her voice sounded muted, seemingly having been deliberately muffled.

Nonetheless, it happened to be right beneath Natalie's feet, with only the flooring in between.

For that reason, she could hear Jessie's words loud and clear.

"Where are you now? I'll go and pick you up tonight."

Jessie was probably talking to an acquaintance of hers who came to look for her.

However, her tone was rather peeved, making it evident that the person on the other end of the phone had a contentious relationship with her.

As Natalie took a sip of fruit juice, Jessie again spoke. "Make sure you cover your entire face without any part of it showing. If the media recognizes you and investigates the reason you came here, we'll both be done for. Alright, I won't forget you when I win the competition.

Goodbye!"

After that, her voice abruptly cut off.

On the heels of that, the clicking of high heels against the ground rang out.

As Natalie dipped her head and looked down the banister, she happened to catch a glimpse of

Jessie's retreating back in an evening gown, her cell phone in hand.

Subsequently, she pursed her lips in puzzlement.

What did she mean by that? Why would she and the other person be done for if the latter is recognized?

While she was pondering upon it, Sally walked over. "Ah, you're here, Nat? I've been looking for you everywhere."

"What's the matter?" Suppressing the questions plaguing her, Natalie turned around.

Sally let out a sigh. "It's time for the participating designers to give a speech. Earlier, the organizer added a last-minute segment to the banquet to get the designers acquainted with each other. It requires the designers to give a speech, introducing themselves and their respective countries. Others have gone ahead, so you should quickly go as well."

"Got it." Natalie handed her glass to her before hurrying into the banquet hall.

The introductory segment went smoothly.

Although some designers looked down on Natalie because of her country of origin, they didn't dare question her capabilities upon hearing that her mentor was Mercede Mackenzie.

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 804

Natalie breathed a sigh of relief at the designers' change in attitudes.

In all industries, racial discrimination had always been a major issue in the international arena.

Back when she used the identity of Mina to debut in the design industry, she was often picked on by designers of other nationalities. After all, they looked down on designers from her region and felt that they were ignorant about fashion. Otherwise, Alfred wouldn't be the only top-notch designer from the region.

There were also few models from the region, and that contributed to the oppression from foreign designers.

She had initially thought that she would be confronted with some oppression during the competition and had braced herself to retaliate.

She never thought that her mentor's name would nip all crises in the bud.

Amused, she returned to the villa and planned to make a call back home. Hmm... It's almost eight o'clock in the morning back home, so Shane is probably awake, yes? At that thought, she gave Shane a call.

It seemed that the man had been waiting for her call, for he answered the moment the call went through. "Hello."

"You're awake, Shane?" Natalie asked, sitting on the sofa.

Shane lifted his chin a fraction. "Yup. Has the banquet ended on your side?"

Smiling, Natalie nodded. "Yeah."

"Are you tired?" Shane inquired in a voice colored with concern.

Hearing that question, Natalie massaged her shoulders. "Of course, I am. I'd been standing for almost the entire day, after all."

Shane was silent for a few seconds before he suggested, "In that case, I'll arrange for another person to go over and take care of you."

"No, it's okay. I was just joking with you," Natalie declined, torn between amusement and

exasperation.

However, Shane insisted, saying, "It's not just you, for there's still a baby in your belly. Did the baby torment you?"

Upon hearing that, Natalie lowered her head and caressed her stomach, her gaze tender.

"No, the baby is behaving really well."

Honestly, it's mainly because the morning sickness hasn't besieged me yet that I feel fine.

But... I might really suffer next week.

Having no inkling of her thoughts, Shane seemed to release a shaky breath of relief when he heard that. "That's great!"

"Are the children awake?" Natalie picked up the glass on the coffee table and took a sip of water.

Meanwhile, Shane shook his head slightly in response. "No, I'll ask Mrs. Wilson to wake them after our phone call."

"Okay," Natalie assented.

Subsequently, Shane changed the subject. "By the way, I've already investigated some of Jacqueline's past." His voice had turned much colder.

When Natalie heard that, she immediately straightened, her expression turning solemn.

"What did you find?"

"It's as you said. Jacqueline indeed tortured a cat, and it wasn't just once," Shane admitted while massaging his temples.

At that, Natalie snorted. "In that case, it's even more likely that she's the culprit behind my murder attempt, no?"

Without responding to that, Shane merely remarked, "I've already asked the Garcia family to investigate whether Mr. Gunn abused his power to cover up for a criminal. If the answer is affirmative, and it was Jacqueline he covered up for, then we'll naturally know the answer."

“If Jacqueline is truly found to be the culprit in the end, what will you do, Shane?” Natalie questioned mildly with her eyes lowered. Shane’s thin lips twitched, and he was just about to speak when the woman on the line asserted, “I want to hear the truth.” “If she did such a thing, she naturally has to pay the corresponding price,” Shane replied with an impassive expression. At his answer, Natalie smiled, the anxiety within her vanishing in a puff of smoke.

Phew! Fortunately, he didn’t disappoint me. “Okay, but remember you said that yourself, Shane. If Jacqueline is proven to be the culprit, I’ll put her behind bars, and you’re not allowed to save her. Otherwise, don’t blame me for severing ties with you.” Natalie’s eyes narrowed, and her voice was threaded with steel. No matter what, I’ll never let the culprit off the hook! Recalling how Connor almost died back then, her loathing toward the culprit blazed hotly, even more so than when she herself was the target. Clocking the determination in her voice, Shane’s avowed with a cold expression, “I won’t save her.” From the information I gathered, her personality itself is inherently flawed.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 805

Shane had also surfed the Internet for a bit, discovering that animal cruelty by a child that young was a typical symptom of a pathological offender. In other words, such a person was typically a psychopath. He or she was inherently selfish and vicious, ruining whatever they disliked or deemed dissatisfactory. Jacqueline is possibly such a person, so letting her roam free isn’t good for either others, society, and even herself. However, there’s currently no evidence to lock her up. If I were to

do so by force, I'm afraid it'll further stimulate her and make her do something irrational.

"I'm glad to hear that. But what about Dr. Baker?" Natalie was a tad worried.

At that, Shane's eyes darkened. "I'll handle things on Jackson's end."

"Alright, then. I'll leave it to you," Natalie concurred with a smile before she let out a yawn.

Hearing her yawn, Shane's voice softened, and he said, "Go and rest since you're tired."

"Okay." Natalie nodded in acquiescence.

His thin lips parting slightly, Shane murmured, "Take care."

After ending the phone call, he put down his cell phone. Then, he asked Mrs. Wilson to go

upstairs and wake the children.

The two children were very obedient, for they got out of bed at once.

After breakfast, Shane drove them to kindergarten.

It was Jacqueline's recovery banquet that night, so Shane had Silas drive him to the hotel

after entrusting the children to Mrs. Wilson.

As the protagonist of the banquet that night, Jacqueline wore a white tube dress. With a

hand on the arm of an elderly man with graying hair, she circulated among the guests with a

smile on her face.

Her eyes lit up when she caught sight of Shane. Taking the elderly man's arm, she hurried

forward. "You're here, Shane?"

Shane inclined his head at her a fraction before extending a hand at Silas.

All at once, his assistant placed a gift box in his hand.

Shane then handed the exquisitely wrapped gift box to Jacqueline. "This is for you."

"Thank you, Shane!" Beaming, the woman took it from him. She looked at him and asked,

"May I open it?"

"Of course." Shane nodded.

Thus, Jacqueline happily opened the gift.

The elderly man next to her stroked his beard and regarded Shane with squinted eyes. "It's been a long time, Shane."

"Indeed. It's been a long time, Mr. Gunn." Shane flashed the elderly man a faint smile.

In turn, Mr. Gunn chuckled. "Oh yes, aren't you married? Why didn't your wife come with you?"

I heard from Jacqueline that your wife is very beautiful, but I've never seen her."

Straightening his cuffs, Shane replied, "She has gone abroad for a design competition, so she's currently not in the country."

Mr. Gunn was stunned for a moment before he nodded in admiration. "I see. It's good that she's making the country proud. I wish her all the best in the competition."

"Thank you," Shane replied courteously.

By then, Jacqueline had already opened the gift. It was a blue diamond necklace that looked incredibly stunning.

She clapped a hand over her mouth in delight. "It's beautiful! Thank you, Shane!"

As she said that, she opened her arms and stepped forward to give him a hug.

In the past, Shane would've accepted the hug without dodging out of respect for Mr. Gunn.

But after reading all the information on Jacqueline, he could no longer tolerate it. Pressing his lips into a thin line, he took a step back and dodged her.

Hence, the woman's arms went around thin air. She was flummoxed at first, and she stared at him in aggrieve. "Shane..."

Shane's gaze darkened a shade. "I'm sorry, Jacqueline, but it isn't appropriate since I have a wife and you've got a boyfriend."

Jacqueline's expression stiffened for a moment.

She was just about to say something when Shane spotted Jackson. “Mr. Gunn, Jackson has arrived. I’ve got some business with him, so I’ll leave you both to talk,” he said to Mr. Gunn.

After saying that, he strode past the two of them and headed toward Jackson.

At that turn of events, Jacqueline clutched the necklace in her hand tightly with resentment written all over her face.

She could sense that Shane had suddenly become much more indifferent toward her.

While he hadn’t been as intimate with her after marrying Natalie, he still cared about her greatly. And that was precisely why she could cling to him in front of Natalie time and again.