

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 861

Jessie squeezed out a smile and was about to offer a few words of comfort to him when she noticed the side profile of the man sitting opposite Natalie.

Isn't that... Sean?

Why is he here? And it looks like the two of them are having a good time chatting with each other!

Doesn't Natalie know that Shane and Sean are on bad terms?

Jessie narrowed her eyes as an idea came to her mind.

A second later, she took out her phone and snapped a picture of Sean and Natalie before sending it to a number that she had already memorized by heart.

It was daytime back in J City and Shane had just arrived at the office.

Before he could settle down, his phone vibrated.

The man took a glance at his phone and saw that he had just received a picture from an overseas number.

Shane frowned as it was his personal number that only his friends and family knew of and it was unlikely for other people to get ahold of that number.

So who could this overseas unknown number belong to?

Shane narrowed his eyes as he opened the message. When he saw the picture, his pupils constricted at once.

In the picture, Natalie and Sean were seated across each other while having a meal together. It was probably nighttime as the sky outside seemed dark.

Does this mean that they were having dinner together?

Shane's expression turned cold at once and he gripped his phone tightly.

Why would Sean be there? And why would he meet Natalie?

Why would they be having dinner together?

A multitude of questions surfaced in Shane's mind at once.

He adjusted his tie and called Silas into his office, looking grim.

"Mr. Shane?" Silas looked at the man in confusion.

Shane passed Silas his phone and instructed, "Find out who this number belongs to."

When Silas took the phone, the first thing he saw was the picture and his eyes widened. "Mr. Shane, this..."

"I'm well aware of the sender's intention for sending over such a picture. It's the same as what Jacqueline did that time," Shane said coldly.

Shane remembered that previously, Jacqueline had sent Natalie a picture with the intention of angering her and creating a rift between the both of them.

Clearly, the sender of the text was thinking of the same thing.

That picture had indeed upset Shane, but he was not so foolish as to believe that Sean and Natalie had something going on between them just because they had a meal together.

It was also evident from the picture that even though Sean appeared to be very joyful, Natalie was expressionless. That meant that Natalie was not that happy to be there and there could be another reason for them to be eating together.

Silas immediately recalled the time when Jacqueline tried to sabotage Shane when Shane brought it up. With a serious expression, he replied immediately, "I'll investigate it right away."

He returned Shane's phone back to him and left the office.

After taking back his phone, Shane stared at the picture for a while before deciding to give Natalie a call.

He could not help but want to know the reason for her meeting Sean.

Meanwhile, at the other part of the globe, Natalie and Sean had already finished their dinner.

Sean had received a call and left in a hurry after hearing what the caller said.

However, before he left, he did not forget to tell Natalie that he looked forward to meeting her again.

In response to that, Natalie rolled her eyes without replying.

Just as she was walking out of the hotel, her phone rang.

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw who was calling. "Shane," she said when she picked up.

For some reason, she was feeling slightly guilty when she answered Shane's call immediately after meeting Sean.

Shane detected the discomfort in Natalie's voice and snorted before saying, "Are you feeling guilty?"

"Of course not," Natalie replied in a louder than usual voice as her eyes flickered.

Shane pursed his lips and asked, "Where are you now?"

"I'm outside. I've just finished dinner and I'm heading back now," Natalie replied.

Shane was slightly appeased when he heard what she said.

At least, she did not lie about her having dinner outside.

“Who did you have dinner with?” Shane looked toward the floor as he asked.

Natalie’s eyes flickered before answering, “Sal.”

Shane’s expression darkened and replied, “Was it really with Sally?”

Natalie’s heart skipped a beat when Shane doubted her words.

How could he possibly have known that I was lying?

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 862

As if Shane could read Natalie’s thoughts, he said in a low voice, “I’m sending you a picture now. Take a look.”

“Sure.” Natalie nodded.

A picture?

What picture? Soon after, Natalie received the picture from Shane.

Not knowing what to expect, she clicked on the message and opened the picture attachment.

It was a photo of her and Sean eating together in the hotel lobby. Natalie was shocked that Shane was in possession of such a picture.

When she regained her composure, she started to wonder who the photo was taken by.

“Have you seen the photo?” Shane asked.

Natalie rubbed her cheeks and answered, "I'm sorry, Shane. I didn't lie to you on purpose."

"Oh?" Shane narrowed his eyes before asking, "Then why did you lie, then?"

Natalie sighed and replied, "Fine. Since you've already seen the picture, I guess I can't keep it from you anymore. I didn't want to tell you because I didn't want you to worry. Earlier today, I bumped into some thugs when I was walking out of the magazine company after visiting the artists and I was almost..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she heard a loud thud on the other end of the line which sounded like a chair banging against something.

Natalie guessed that Shane must have bolted up from his seat when he heard what she said and that the chair had banged against the wall.

"Shane..."

Natalie called out his name but was interrupted by the man's nervous inquiry. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Natalie smiled and shook her head. "Don't worry. Sean was the one who saved me. Otherwise, I might have already fallen prey to those guys. I bought him dinner to thank him. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to worry and I also didn't want to divulge Sean's whereabouts, at least for now. After all, he did save me from harm and I reckoned I shouldn't rat him out."

Shane heaved a sigh of relief when he heard that Natalie was safe and replied, "Alright, I understand. However, have you ever considered the possibility that Sean and those thugs could be in cahoots with each other? Otherwise, why would he be there in such a timely manner?"

"It's not him," Natalie answered confidently. "Those two thugs have been active in the area for a long time. You can find news about them on the internet. So I'm pretty sure that Sean wouldn't

purposely get them to put up an act. I'm sure he has better things to do."

Shane pondered for a while and thought that it made some sense. "Where is he now?"

Natalie paused for a moment before replying, "He has already left. But Shane, can you just let him off this time around? After all, he saved me. We... "

"Sure," Shane replied before she could even finish speaking.

"Really?" Natalie smiled as she confirmed what she heard with the man again.

"Yup," Shane replied before continuing, "But just this once. I won't let him off the next time."

"Okay." Natalie nodded.

Natalie shared the same sentiments. After all, Sean had indeed saved her and she could not repay his kindness with ingratitude.

However, if they met again under normal circumstances, she would definitely not soften her stance again.

"But Shane, how did you get this picture?" Natalie asked, feeling puzzled.

Shane massaged his temples and sat down before replying, "An unknown overseas number sent it to me."

"Overseas number?" Natalie was confused. "Who could it be?"

"I'm not sure as well. Silas is checking on it and we should have an answer soon," Shane replied.

"I see," Natalie responded while nodding her head.

Natalie analyzed that the sender must be someone who knew both her and Shane and also knew that she was his wife.

But who could it be?

Just when she was deep in thought, a gust of wind blew past her, making her shiver. "Brrr."

"Are you cold?" Shane heard the sound she made and asked.

"Yeah, the wind is quite strong," Natalie replied as she rubbed her arm.

"You should head back soon," Shane gently urged.

"I will," Natalie replied and was about to end the call.

However, she suddenly remembered something and quickly called out to her husband, "Wait a minute, Shane! There's something else I need to tell you."

"What is it?" Shane held his cell phone up to his ear again.

With a serious expression, Natalie said, "It's regarding your parents. Just now, Sean told me that apart from his dad, there's someone else who caused your parents' death."

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 863

"What did you just say?" Shane's expression changed at once.

Natalie took a deep breath and spoke slowly. "Sean said that that person was in charge of luring your parents to that road so that Sam could arrange for his men to knock them down. It seems to be a well-thought-out plan. I'm not sure if he was telling the truth though."

Shane gripped his phone tightly and remained silent.

Natalie could hear his heavy breaths and asked worriedly, "Shane, are you alright?"

Shane's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. After what seemed like a long while, he finally replied in a hoarse voice, "I'm fine. I heard what you said and I'll verify the truth of it."

"Okay," Natalie forced a smile and replied.

After the call ended, Shane tossed his phone on his desk and placed a hand on his forehead. He was feeling rather disoriented and was at a loss.

A moment later, he grabbed his car keys and left his office, after which he drove straight to the Thompson residence.

Bang!

Shane burst through the door when he reached.

Sam and his wife, who were eating at the moment, got a shock when they heard the commotion.

Sam stood up immediately and his expression darkened when he saw Shane. "Why are you here?"

Shane marched over to his uncle and replied, "I want to know who else was involved in my parents' murder besides you!"

Sam's pupils constricted in fear when he heard that while Catherine's face turned ashen.

A while back, Shane had suddenly taken action against them and drove their family to bankruptcy for no apparent reason.

It was afterward when Sean called them that they got to know the actual reason for that. It turned out that Shane had gotten to know that they were the culprit behind his parents' death and he was avenging his parents.

Sam could not believe it at first. After all, they handled the matter discreetly and David had made sure that the evidence was destroyed. As such, it did not seem possible that Shane would find out about it.

However, Shane's confrontation had proven that what Sean told them was true.

Shane had indeed found out about what happened to his parents.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about." Sam's eyes darted sideways as he said that, unwilling to admit his involvement in the matter.

Shane narrowed his eyes and kicked over the dining table.

Catherine jumped up in fright and immediately hid behind her husband.

Sam was also shocked by Shane's sudden action. The color drained out of his face as he pointed at his nephew with a trembling finger and stuttered, "Y-You... you..."

"Are you not going to tell me?" Shane glared at Sam with eyes as cold as stone.

Sam could feel shivers running down his spine as he met Shane's icy gaze and replied, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Ha!" The corners of Shane's lips curled into a sneer and he lifted his long leg once again before landing it on Sam's stomach.

His kick sent Sam flying backward, together with Catherine, who was hiding behind him.

The couple landed on the floor with a loud thud and let out agonizing cries of pain, unable to get up.

"You... How dare you! I'm your uncle. How dare you hit me!" Sam hollered as he pointed at Shane.

With an indifferent expression, Shane looked down at them and replied, "Why won't I dare? You even had the nerves to kill your own brother. You're just my uncle. So why won't I dare hit you?"

Sam was at a loss for words as he heard that and his face was flushed red with embarrassment.

An impatient glint flashed across Shane's eyes as he asked again, "Are you still unwilling to talk?"

Sam supported his waist with his hand as he stood up with much difficulty. Grimacing in pain, he reiterated, "I really don't know anything about it."

"Is that so?" Obviously, Shane did not believe what he said.

Sam looked at him and said, "No matter how many times you ask me, my answer will still be the same. I admit that I was the one who killed your parents. I also admit that someone helped to lure your parents to that road, but as for who the person was exactly, I really don't know."

Shane saw the seriousness in Sam's eyes and realized that his uncle could indeed be telling the truth. His heart sank instantly and with a grim expression, he asked, "Sean said you received help and he also said that I wouldn't believe who that person was. That meant that he knew who your accomplice was. If that's the case, how is it possible that you don't know?"

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 864

Sam huffed, "Even if he knew about it, it doesn't mean I did. That person knew of my intention to kill your parents. So when your parents went for an interview, I received a message saying that their car broke down. The person said they would lure your parents down that road and asked me to send my subordinates there quickly. That's all."

Shane stayed silent.

Sam doesn't seem to know who the culprit was.

The only person who knows is Sean.

But why does Sean know?

A lot of questions crossed Shane's mind, but there were no answers to those questions.

Sam and Catherine could feel the tension emanating from Shane, so they remained silent.

After a long silence, Shane threatened, "I won't let you nor that person get away with it. I will find Grandpa's will."

Sam's face paled and his fists were clenched tightly by his sides.

Shane didn't want to waste any more time there, so he turned and left.

When he reached the entrance, he instructed the bodyguards guarding the house, "Watch them closely. Inform me if they make any moves."

"Yes, sir," the bodyguards answered in unison.

Shane then left in his car.

Those bodyguards were hired by him when he found out that Sam was the culprit. For the time being, they were there to keep Sam and his family under house arrest.

Now that Sean had escaped, he must have Sam in his control. Or else it would all be for naught if he managed to find his grandpa's will, but not Sam.

This was the reason why he needed to keep a close watch on Sam by putting him under house arrest.

"Darling, are you all right?" Catherine asked.

Sam rubbed his abdomen that was throbbing in pain and pushed Catherine away. "I didn't see you worry about me a while ago. How pretentious."

Guilt crossed Catherine's face. "That was because--"

“Enough. The reason doesn’t matter. It’s a fact that you weren’t worried about me a while ago,” Sam interrupted her.

Catherine pouted and fell silent.

Sam took a seat and glanced at the mess on the floor. “Seth’s family has always been a pain in my ass.”

Ever since we’re young, I had to grow up under Seth’s shadow.

Because he was sickly when young, Mom and Dad always favored him. My friends and relatives also liked him more. They all thought that he was smarter, more good-looking, and obedient than me.

Dad even named Seth as the Thompson Group successor.

What right does he have to be the successor when I’m the eldest son?

It was fine my parents had always favored him. But how could they appoint him as the successor to Thompson Group? Unwilling to accept such a prosperous notion, I challenged Dad about his decision, yet he said Seth was better than me, and that Thompson Group could only achieve new heights if it’s under Seth’s management.

I felt I was treated unfairly. I mean, how could Dad say that Seth was better than me when he didn’t even give me a chance to prove myself? And so, I fought to steal Thompson Group for myself.

What I didn’t expect was that when Seth and his wife passed away, not only did Dad not hand me the reins to the company, he actually gave it to Seth’s son, Shane instead!

Sam’s eyes were filled with hatred as he thought about the past. “Despite being dead, that old-timer still manages to spite me.”

“Exactly.” Catherine was furious as well. “Why didn’t David destroy all the evidence all those years ago? Why did he devise a will to restrain you?”

“Precisely. It’s infuriating. But the good news is that the old-timer didn’t tell Shane about the will’s location as well,” Sam replied.

Catherine was still worried. “What will happen if Shane finds the will? The only reason he’s letting us be for now is that he doesn’t have any evidence. If he finds the will, we-”

“That’s enough. Let’s not overthink this. I will find the will before him. As for you, I need you to call Sean and ask him about his plan. Why the hell did he tell Shane about the other culprit?” Sam irritably gestured.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 865

Catherine felt wronged. “How am I supposed to contact him? Have you forgotten that he was the one who contacted us every time? Besides, he kept changing his number. Not to mention Sean isn’t on the same boat as us. He has some other plans.”

“Indeed.” Sam’s head was throbbing dully.

Consequently, he waved his hand. “That’s enough. Clean up the floor first. I’ll go check the old-timer’s room and look for any hints for the will.”

Naturally, Shane, who had left, wasn’t aware of Sam’s discussion with Catherine.

Once he arrived at Thompson Group, Silas approached him immediately. “Mr. Shane, we found the number, but there isn’t any name registered to it.”

“It’s an unregistered number?” Shane frowned.

“Yes. The number was activated about a week ago, but it doesn’t have any name registered to it. It is common to use numbers like this to transmit discrete information, then discard it not long after. I tried calling it, but the number is now dead.”

“So we couldn’t find who it belongs to?” Shane pressed his lips into a thin line.

Silas nodded. “That’s right. I’ve contacted the communication company for more information, and they only told me that the buyer was a woman.”

“A woman...” Shane muttered under his breath.

Could it be one of the women who locked Natalie in the washroom and knocked Sally unconscious?

Shane asked, “How is the organizers’ investigation progress on Sally’s incident?”

“I haven’t asked, and they haven’t contacted me. I assumed there isn’t any result yet,” Silas replied.

Shane nodded. “Remember to follow up with them.”

“Noted.”

“All right. You may leave, then.” Shane waved.

Silas turned and left.

Shane headed to the balcony. As he stared at the scenery before him, he lit a cigarette and took a puff, his heart feeling heavy.

The next day, the competition had started.

Natalie and Sally arrived at the assembly hall.

All the models and designers were informed to attend a meeting held in the conference room.

Sally and Natalie were walking together when the former asked, “Nat, what do you think the meeting is about?”

Natalie shook her head, indicating that she had no idea as well.

Sally looked at the people around and recalled something. She leaned closer to Natalie and whispered, "Could it be that they're already done with the investigation for that incident?"

Natalie narrowed her eyes. "Maybe. We'll find out soon enough."

"You're right." Sally nodded.

Soon, the conference room was filled.

The host took center stage with a somber expression. "Has everyone arrived?"

"We're still missing Tiffanie and Amy," someone answered.

The host glanced at the two empty seats and continued, "They aren't coming because they are already in prison."

Everyone was stunned at his announcement.

Natalie and Sally exchanged a glance. It seemed they were right about their guess.

"Why were they sent to jail?" another asked.

The host answered, "Because they were jealous and did something unforgivable. Amy, who was jealous of Natalie's talent, locked the latter in the washroom, intending for her to miss out on the competition. Then, when Sally went to check the security footage, hoping to find the culprit, she was knocked unconscious by Tiffanie. Tiffanie even destroyed the security footage. We won't allow a designer and model with such horrible characters to stay on."

"So that's what happened." The crowd nodded.

Sally clapped her hands gleefully. "This is great, Nat. Serves them right."

Natalie merely frowned as she fell deep in thought.

"What's wrong?" Sally asked. Natalie bit her lip. "It's nothing. But I have the feeling that something isn't quite right here."

“Something isn’t quite right?” Sally blinked. “What do you mean?”

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 866

Natalie glanced around before she whispered, “I have a suspicion that it wasn’t them.”

Sally’s eyes widened in shock. “You-”

Natalie quickly covered Sally’s mouth. “Keep it down, will you?”

Sally nodded with her mouth covered.

Only seeing that did Natalie loosened her hold.

Sally tugged Natalie’s arm. “You think it wasn’t Amy and Tiffanie?”

Natalie nodded, “I never interacted much with Amy and Tiffanie. Besides, both she and I are in Team A. So in terms of capability, we’re on par with each other. There’s no reason for her to be jealous of me.”

“But her ranking in Team A was five places lower than yours,” Sally replied.

Natalie disagreed, shaking her head. “Yes, my ranking is higher than hers, but there are also four others who ranked higher than me. So those four are the ones Amy should be jealous of, not me.”

“But you were the only one in the washroom at that time, so maybe Amy thought she could deal with you first,” Sally added.

Natalie chuckled. “And that is why this is merely my assumptions. It could all just be my imagination.”

Alice’s incident has made me realize that sometimes the culprit caught isn’t the actual culprit.

However, Alice was merely a scapegoat that Mr. Gunn got to cover for Jacqueline. But here, there isn't any reason for the organizers to cover for the real culprit.

Maybe Amy and Tiffanie are truly the culprits.

Although that was what Natalie thought, she still decided to visit Amy and Tiffanie at the prison after the competition had ended.

Otherwise, she would not be able to let go of her worries.

After the meeting had ended, the crowd headed over to the competition venue.

Jessie walked by Natalie's side while on the way there.

"Ms. Natalie, it's great that the culprit that harmed you was caught." Jessie smiled.

Natalie couldn't be bothered to guess whether Jessie was sincere or not. As such, she smiled faintly and replied, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Jessie waved her hands.

I can't believe that person, despite having their name tarnished, was still able to get me a scapegoat.

This is great.

Now, I could finally be at ease.

The competition officially started.

Natalie's performance was perfect as usual. She remained in Team A.

The same goes for Jessie.

Natalie left the venue after the competition had ended. She and Sally were about to make a visit to the prison.

On the way there, Mercede finally replied to Natalie's message.

The latter frowned when she finished reading the reply.

Sally noticed that and asked, "Nat, what's wrong?"

"Do you still remember that when I came here, I asked my mentor about who Jessie's mentor is?" Natalie asked.

Sally nodded. "Yeah. But didn't your mentor say that none of the top designers was Jessie's mentor?"

"You're right. But now, my mentor is saying that she missed out on one designer, and that designer is Jessie's mentor." Natalie pursed her lips.

Sally asked, "Who is it?"

"It's Calanda Linde."

"Calanda Linde? She sounds familiar." Sally cocked her head, trying to recall.

Natalie chuckled. "Do you remember a designer that got caught in a fire and suffered burns to her face a few years ago?"

Sally instantly remembered. "Oh, so it's her."

"Exactly." Natalie nodded.

Calanda, like Mercede, was a top designer as well. Although the former was the youngest designer to be called as such, she had a bad character.

A few years ago, the news reported that Calanda fell in love with an actress's husband and interfered in their marriage. The actress had since exposed Calanda's doings to the public, smearing her name in the process. In turn, Calanda exacted revenge on the actress by messing with her gown. The actress was humiliated when she suffered from a wardrobe malfunction at an event.

In a fit of rage, the actress knocked Calanda unconscious and subsequently covered her head with a plastic bag before setting it on fire. If it weren't for a passerby who saved Calanda in time, she

probably would have died instead of merely suffering burns on her face.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 867

Even though the actress had paid the price, Calanda didn't fare any better either. The latter had lost her rights to be a designer when she messed with the actress's gown. In the end, the Design Association blacklisted her and removed her title as a top designer.

I never thought that Jessie's mentor is her.

So the woman beside Jessie that day at the restaurant was probably Calanda.

"Did Ms. Mackenzie come to find you yesterday because she wanted to tell you this?" Sally glanced at Natalie.

Natalie shook her head. "Of course not. Ms. Mackenzie said she's here to attend an old friend's fashion show and a seminar which she's now on her way to."

"I see." Sally nodded with understanding.

Just then, Natalie's phone rang again. It was from an unknown number.

Natalie thought for a short moment before picking it up. "Hello, this is Natalie speaking."

"Nat, it's me." Sean's deep voice sounded on the other end of the line.

Natalie frowned and instinctively wanted to hang up the call.

Sean seemed to have guessed her subsequent action because he quickly added, "Nat, I have something to tell you. It's about your baby. Are you sure you want to hang up?"

Natalie paused for a second and said, "What did you say?"

"The doctor told me that there was a slight issue with your baby yesterday. I was going to tell you about it, but I forgot. I just recalled it a while ago and called you instantly. Aren't I caring?"

Natalie gripped her phone tightly and ignored his last sentence. "Did you say there's a problem with my baby?"

"Nat, there's a problem with your baby?" Sally was so bewildered that she repeated Natalie's words.

Natalie didn't reply to Sally and instead focused all of her attention on the call. She waited anxiously for Sean's answer.

Sean eyes glinted. "Yes."

"What problem?" Natalie bit her lip.

Sean adjusted his glasses. "I'm not sure on the specifics, but you can consult the doctor for further clarification. All right. That's all I want to say. I'm about to leave, so I'll see you next time."

With that, he ended the call.

Natalie set her phone down, looking stricken.

Sally turned to her. "Nat, did that person say your baby has a problem?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded.

I don't believe Sean's words.

But he asked me to consult a doctor. Does that mean that my baby really has a problem?

"It can't be." Sally frowned. "The doctor didn't say anything when you were admitted into the hospital before. So, what changed?"

Natalie was slightly comforted by Sally's words, but she was still anxious.

Sally noticed the anxiety on Natalie's face, so she massaged Natalie's hand. "Relax. It's probably nothing. How about I accompany you to the hospital?"

"Sure." Natalie nodded with a pale face. "But let's head there afterward since we've already reached the prison."

She parked her car and got off with Sally.

Sally went to request visitation.

However, the statement from the prison gave Natalie and Sally a shock. It turned out that Amy and Tiffanie weren't there. They were transferred to a larger and higher security prison.

I heard the high-security prison also houses violent and dangerous offenders. So Amy and Tiffanie shouldn't have been transferred there.

There's obviously a problem here because they were transferred.

Sally's face was pale as she got into the car. After a long silence, she started, "Nat, maybe you're right. Maybe it wasn't Amy and Tiffanie."

Natalie grasped the steering wheel tightly. "Maybe they took the fall for the real culprit, who then sent them into a high-security prison so that nobody could visit them, thereby preventing them from telling the truth."

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 868

"Oh my gosh! That is way too scary." Sally rubbed her arms. "Nat, who do you think the real culprits are? They must have incredible connections to transfer Amy and Tiffanie to a high-security prison."

Natalie pursed her lips. "I don't know. But this definitely isn't the end. I'm not sure if the organizers are aware of this."

“If they knew, that means the organizer is on the same boat as the culprit.” Sally somberly stated.

Natalie pinched her nose bridge. “All in all, it’s better if we don’t tell the organizer about this. If the organizers are covering for the culprit, and we tell them about our assumptions, it will piss them off. The organizers might make things hard for us.”

“Then what should we do?” Sally frowned.

Natalie tapped on the steering wheel. “Let’s investigate it privately. We’ll head to a detective agency later.”

There should be some findings within three months.

Sally nodded. “I guess that’s all we can do. Anyway, let’s go to the hospital now.”

Natalie nodded.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

Even though it wasn’t the hospital Natalie previously went to, this hospital was still one of the largest in the area.

Natalie and Sally went to register at the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department.

One of the nurse’s eyes glinted when she saw Natalie’s name. “Miss, please follow me.”

“Sal, I’ll be going then.” Natalie passed her purse to Sally.

“Go ahead. I’ll wait for you here.”

Natalie smiled and followed the nurse to the examination room.

A doctor was already waiting there.

The nurse introduced, “Dr. Pitt, this is Ms. Smith.”

An almost undiscernible gleam flashed across the doctor's eyes at the nurse's words. "All right. You may leave."

The nurse left the room.

Dr. Pitt gestured for Natalie to lie on the examination bed.

After laying on the bed, Natalie exposed her belly by pulling her shirt up.

Dr. Pitt started checking her belly with an ultrasound.

Natalie looked at the monitor that was showing her pregnancy condition.

It had barely been a few months since she got pregnant. As such, the baby was still a small lump and had yet to develop any limbs or brain.

Nonetheless, Natalie's heart melted as she stared at the screen.

That's my baby.

Not long after, Dr. Pitt ended the checkup.

Natalie sat up and got off the bed. "Doctor, how is my baby?"

She didn't ask whether there was any problem with the baby. She wanted to hear what the doctor would say first.

Dr. Pitt returned to his desk. His brow was slightly furrowed and his expression grave.

Natalie's heart dropped when she noticed his expression. She unconsciously balled her fists.

Could it be that my baby really has a problem?

"Doctor?" Natalie urged when Dr. Pitt stayed silent.

Dr. Pitt sighed, "Ms. Smith, I'm sorry to say that your baby is deformed."

“What?” Natalie was thunder-struck by his comment. Her face paled significantly. “Deformed? Are you saying that my baby is not developing normally?”

“That’s right. It’s very likely that your baby won’t develop normal limbs or intact organs. Do you understand me?” Dr. Pitt looked at Natalie intently.

Natalie’s body swayed, and she almost fell but managed to hold on to the table.

“How did this happen?” Natalie bit her lip and stared fixedly at Dr. Pitt. “When I had my checkup earlier, my baby was fine. There wasn’t any problem, so how is it-”

“Anything could happen during the early stages of pregnancy. There are many examples of babies who were healthy in the first few months but didn’t make it to delivery.” Dr. Pitt interrupted her.

Natalie’s entire body was shaking like a leaf. She couldn’t accept his words.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 869

Dr. Pitt sighed. “Ms. Smith, I know you’re absolutely devastated, but you really can’t keep the baby you’re carrying. It’s your responsibility toward your child. You don’t want your child to be subjected to people’s scornful looks when he or she is born, do you?”

Natalie said nothing as she clutched her stomach tightly with both hands. A chill engulfed her.

Argh! Why did this happen? Why would such a misfortune befall my child? I didn’t eat anything I shouldn’t have eaten!

Her eyes gradually turned red as her heart twisted in agony.

At her grief-stricken expression, Dr. Pitt lowered his eyes a fraction to mask the guilt in them. He again persuaded her, asserting, "Ms. Smith, your pregnancy is less than two months now, so this is the best time to abort the baby. If you were to abort during a later stage in your pregnancy, it'd affect your health. If you're amenable, we can perform the operation for you right away."

Hearing that, Natalie shot to her feet. "No! I'm not going to abort..."

"The baby is deformed," Dr. Pitt interrupted, his voice solemn. "If you insist on delivering the baby, missing organs and limbs is the least of your concerns. There's also the possibility of the child being born comatose or stillborn in more severe cases. Do you understand that?"

What? Comatose? Stillborn?

Natalie's lips trembled, and she could no longer say that she wanted to keep the baby because she couldn't accept either of those possibilities.

Even the possibility that the child would be missing limbs or organs wasn't something she could bear. It wasn't that she disdained the child, but she was afraid that the child would grow up with low self-esteem and despise himself or herself.

A greater fear was the fact that others would discriminate against the child.

Thus, she really couldn't keep the child. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to consent to aborting the child either.

All at once, she plunged into a dilemma.

Noticing her reluctance, Dr. Pitt didn't continue persuading her.

After all, it would only arouse suspicion if he were to come on too aggressively.

"I don't think you can make a decision right now, so why don't you go back and consider it carefully, Ms. Smith? Come back when you've made up your mind," he murmured with a gentle smile, placing his hands on the table with his fingers interlocked.

Forcing a smile, Natalie nodded. "Sure, I'll do that. Thank you, doctor."

"You're welcome," Dr. Pitt replied smilingly.

Natalie trudged out of the examination room with her head hung low to meet with Sally outside.

The moment Sally spotted her coming out with a dejected air about her, a sense of foreboding rose within her.

"What's with the gloomy face, Nat? Don't tell me your child is really..."

Sally didn't finish her utterance, but her meaning was already more than apparent.

Natalie stared at her a moment before hugging her and wailing, "What should I do, Sal?"

Seeing her fragile state, Sally patted her back in anguish. "It's okay, for everything will be fine. I'm here with you, so don't be afraid."

Natalie buried her head against her shoulder and wept mournfully.

After sobbing for a few minutes, she slowly ceased her tears.

Dragging her out of the hospital, Sally seated her by the flowerbed and bought two cups of hot milk at a nearby milk tea shop.

"Here." Sally handed one of the cups to Natalie.

Natalie took it from her before thanking her weakly.

Subsequently, Sally sat down beside her. "Nat, what exactly is the problem with the child?"

Natalie cradled the cup of milk. It was very hot and warmed her palms, yet the warmth couldn't penetrate her heart at that moment.

Taking a deep breath, she answered in a voice colored with pain, "The doctor said that my baby is deformed. If I insist on delivering it, he or she will either be missing limbs or organs. Worse still, he or she might be born comatose or end up stillborn. The doctor advised me to abort the baby."

"What?" Sally was entirely stumped.

Oh my God, I didn't expect things to be this bad!

"Have you consented, Nat?" she inquired, her eyes fixated on Natalie's stomach.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 870

Natalie shook her head. "I couldn't bear to abort the child, so I didn't consent. But considering the condition of the child, there's obviously no other choice."

"That's true." Sally nodded, biting her lip.

At that, Natalie closed her eyes for a moment. "What should I do now, Sal? I don't even know how I should tell Shane about this. Will he blame me when he learns about our child's condition?"

Ultimately, the baby was deformed in her womb, so she was at fault in the matter.

Right then, she was truly afraid that Shane would look at her with condemnation in his eyes.

Patting her arm, Sally assured, "I don't think he'll be angry. He loves you very much, so he'll only feel distressed on your behalf upon learning about the child's condition."

"Really?" Natalie looked up at her.

Alas, Sally's gaze flickered for a moment. Chuckling, she admitted, "Um... I don't dare say for certain since I don't understand him all that well, but it's likely the case. Don't worry, Nat."

Natalie smiled bitterly. "Never mind, I deserve it even if he blames me. At the end of the day, I'm indeed the one who caused our child to end up in such a condition. But I just don't understand why this problem suddenly came up when the baby was perfectly fine before this."

Upon hearing that, Sally blinked. "Could it be that the hospital made a mistake?"

"I don't think so, since both the hospital yesterday and the one earlier said that the baby is deformed. It can't be a mistake." Natalie shook her head.

How I wish it's all a mistake, but it doesn't seem likely right now.

However, Sally refused to accept the truth. She pulled Natalie up. "Nothing is absolute, so there's a possibility that they made a mistake. Come, we'll go to other hospitals."

As she said that, she dragged Natalie along and climbed into the car.

Two hours later, Sally led an even paler Natalie out of the third hospital.

At that moment, she could no longer claim that the hospital made a mistake.

After all, two hospitals might have made a mistake, but five hospitals had given the same diagnosis.

"Nat..." Sally eyed Natalie worriedly.

Shaking her head wearily, Natalie murmured, "I'm fine. Every doctor said the same thing as Dr. Pitt, so it seems that I truly can't keep this child anymore. But the thing is, I don't know how to tell Shane about this."

"Just give it to him straight. I think he'll understand." Sally heaved a sigh.

Natalie's lips twitched, but she said nothing further.

That night, she gave Shane a call.

It was morning back in the country at that time, right after dawn.

When Shane heard the ringing of his cell phone, he snaked a hand out of the covers and groped for his phone on the bedside table. Without opening his eyes, he brought it to his ear. "Hello?"

Hearing the man's tired and groggy voice, Natalie bit her lip. "It's me. Did I wake you?"

Shane's eyes popped open at once, and he brought the phone closer to him for a look. When he saw that it was indeed Natalie, he massaged his temples and answered with a chuckle, "No, don't worry about it. Why are you calling me so early in the morning?"

"I miss you," Natalie admitted, sitting on the sofa.

This time, Shane's eyes went wide. He hung up the phone and made a video call over.

Natalie was wondering why he suddenly hung up, but she giggled upon seeing the incoming video call. She promptly answered it.

As soon as she glimpsed the dark circles under the man's eyes, her brows creased. "Did you not rest well?"

Shane's eyes flickered slightly. Just when he was about to speak, Natalie cut him off, asserting, "You're not allowed to lie. Tell me the truth. Did you not have enough rest?"

When Shane saw that she was peeved, he had no choice but to tell her the truth. "Somewhat," he admitted.

He had been restless after learning about the existence of another culprit.

Truth be told, it was because he was investigating his parents' interpersonal relationships and their enemies last night that he didn't have enough rest.

"What time did you sleep last night?" Natalie asked.

Shane averted his gaze in discomfiture. "Four o'clock."

Sucking in a breath, Natalie instantly saw red. "So, you've only slept for two hours now?"

Nevertheless, Shane chuckled nonchalantly. "It's enough."

"Enough my foot! You're already an old man in your thirties! Do you think that you're still a young man in your twenties that you can still stay up late and risk premature death?" Natalie furiously shot daggers at him.