

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

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“No, you’re not.” Shane held Connor’s hand in his and spoke in his usual calm voice, betraying nothing. “But why are you calling at such a late hour? Is something up?”

Natalie pulled the blankets to herself as she sat up and leaned against the headboard. Her forehead was covered with a sheen of sweat, and her face was rather pale as well. “I had a nightmare.”

“A nightmare?” Shane narrowed his eyes.

“Yes. I had a dream that Connor and Sharon were kidnapped and I was jolted awake. I’ve been feeling dreadful ever since and thought maybe calling and hearing their voices might help me feel better.”

Shock flashed in Shane’s eyes.

The kids just landed in misfortune, and she had a dream that something terrible had befallen them at the same time?

Although the details between her dream and how the events unfolded were different, Shane was astounded by the coincidence nevertheless.

Perhaps this is what people mean when they talk about the natural bond between mothers and their children...

“Don’t worry, the children are fine. Dreams are most often the direct opposite of reality,” Shane comforted her.

On the other end of the line, Natalie’s smiled faintly and let out a small laugh. “I know that, but for some reason, this dream feels different. I can’t seem to get over this unsettling feeling it just gave me. Will you put the children on the line please, Shane?”

She reckoned she would not have peace of mind without hearing their voices.

Pursing his lips for a moment, Shane answered, "The children are in the villa. Why don't you call Mrs. Wilson instead? She could put them on the line."

"All right," Natalie responded.

After that, the two proceeded to chitchat about other stuff for a bit before ending the call.

Shane turned to Mrs. Wilson immediately. "Nat's about to call you. Be careful and make sure you cover up."

"Sure." Mrs. Wilson nodded.

Then, Shane's gaze shifted toward Connor.

Before he could say a word, the boy spoke first. "Don't worry, Daddy. I won't let Mommy notice a thing."

An apologetic look swept across Shane's face as he looked at them both. "I'm so sorry that I have to make you do this."

Shaking his head, Connor replied, "You don't have to feel sorry for that, Daddy. We all want to help Mommy achieve her dream. It's all right."

Mrs. Wilson's phone rang as soon as he finished speaking.

"It's madam," stated Mrs. Wilson after glimpsing at the caller's name displayed on her screen. She picked up the call.

"Are Connor and Sharon at home with you, Mrs. Wilson?" Natalie asked the moment the line got through.

She knew the kids should be home since it's the weekend and they did not need to attend school.

Glancing at Connor, Mrs. Wilson answered, "Yes, they are."

Natalie let out a sigh of relief at once. "Then could you put them on, please?"

"Yes, but only Connor's here. Sharon's gone to bed."

A smile graced Natalie's lips. "That's all right. I'd be happy just to hear his voice."

"Okay. Please hold on while I go upstairs." With that, Mrs. Wilson took a few steps on her spot and pretended as if she was indeed going up the stairs.

Hearing the sound of footsteps coming on the line, Natalie could not help but feel something off about it.

However, she did not have much time to mull over it, for Connor's voice soon came on the phone, "Mommy!"

"Baby!" The worry that had been nagging at her finally vanished from her heart after she heard her son's voice. "What's wrong, Mommy?" asked Connor, who was sprawled out across Shane's lap. He faked a yawn as he spoke.

As his sweet but tired voice landed on her ears, Natalie's lips curved into a wee smile. "Nothing's wrong. I just missed you both so much."

"I'm sorry, Mommy, but Daddy's really busy this weekend. That's why he didn't take us to visit you," Connor responded apologetically.

Warmth instantly spread through Natalie's heart. "I understand."

"Well, if that's the case, shall we talk another time? I think I'm going to bed, too." Connor faked another yawn into the phone.

He was desperate to end the call as soon as possible, in case Natalie suddenly changed her mind and asked to change the call to video mode.

Fortunately, Natalie wasn't the least bit suspicious when she heard that Connor was ready for bedtime. "Okay. You go on to bed then. Good night!"

“Good night, Mommy!”

“Bye!” Natalie hung up.

Connor returned the phone to Mrs. Wilson who took it.

Just then, the sound of hurried footsteps came from afar, and Jackson soon appeared before them, still clad in his white doctor’s coat.

“What happened to Connor and Sharon, Shane?”

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Handing Connor over to Mrs. Wilson, Shane stood up and swiftly landed a punch on Jackson’s face.

Caught completely off guard, Jackson was struck right across the corner of his mouth. He immediately fell on the ground, while his glasses were sent flying.

This sudden turn of events left Mrs. Wilson and Connor utterly dumbstruck.

“M-Mr. Shane... Y-You...” Mrs. Wilson stuttered incoherently.

Retracting his fist, Shane took two steps forward and stopped in front of Jackson, gazing down at him loftily. “It’s all because you let Jacqueline out that she went to the villa and hurt the children.”

“I-I...” Jackson’s eyes widened in shock.

So that’s what happened!

Half an hour ago, Silas had gone to him and asked him to come to this hospital.

All he knew was that Connor and Sharon were both badly injured, and it was somehow his fault.

He felt very puzzled at that time and could not figure out how he would fit into the picture, but he came anyway.

He had not expected this to be the reason.

For goodness sake, Jacqueline!

His heart wrenched with regret. He resented himself for giving in to his soft-heartedness in his moment of weakness. By releasing her, he had only enabled her to create this disaster.

“Shane...”

Before he could say another word, Shane sent another kick toward his abdomen, and he fell back onto the floor after only just sitting up.

“Do you see that operating room?” Shane pointed at the entrance to the operating room as he continued glaring at Jackson. “Sharon’s been in there for almost two hours, and Connor here almost fractured his tailbone. All this happened because of you.”

“I’m sorry.” Jackson bowed his head and did not even attempt to deny Shane’s accusation.

Clenching his fists tightly, Shane went on. “You’re sorry? So what? Your apology does nothing to make up to these kids!”

Jackson remained wordless. He knew Shane was right about this as well.

“If it weren’t for the fact that you and I have been friends since we were young, I would have killed you.” Shane’s voice was cold as ice.

Raising his head toward Shane, Jackson could not see his face clearly, but he could feel the iciness that was radiating from him.

"I admit it's mostly my fault that all this happened, Shane. I promise I'll bear the responsibility for the children's injuries." Jackson struggled to stand up, his hand clutching at his abdomen.

Shane scoffed and was about to make another remark when suddenly, the red light above the operating room began to flash rapidly.

"What's going on?" Mrs. Wilson asked in shock.

Connor, too, became anxious. "Daddy?"

Shane squeezed the boy's hand as a form of reassurance that there was no reason to worry about. Then, he turned toward Jackson. "What does that flashing light mean?"

Jackson's expression had changed dramatically as well. "Usually, when the red light of the operating room starts flashing, it means the patient, who was in the operation that was just about to end, had just fallen into critical condition."

"What?!" Shane's face instantly paled.

Does that mean Sharon's in critical condition? No, that's impossible. The nurse who came out just now just said that she'll be fine once she receives a blood transfusion! So, what's happening now?

"I'll go in to have a look." With that said, Jackson picked up his crushed glasses and bolted into the operating room.

Seeing him, the doctors and nurses in the operating room reprimanded him at once, "Which hospital are you from? How did you get in here?"

"My name is Jackson Baker. I'm a doctor from Baker Private Hospital," Jackson introduced himself briefly as he glanced at Sharon.

She lay on the operating table, breathing through a ventilator. Both her eyes were shut tight, and her face was completely drained of color. It was a heartbreaking sight.

“How’s the girl?” Jackson turned toward the lead surgeon.

Recognizing that Jackson was one of the most renowned surgeons in the country, the lead surgeon dismissed the thought of kicking him out of the room. “She just underwent a blood transfusion but just went into hemolysis.”

“Hemolysis?” Jackson immediately frowned at the absurdity of the statement. “But that only occurs if the patient receives a blood transfusion from a parent. Whose blood did she just receive?”

What are the chances that this hospital’s blood bank stores the blood supply that came from the children’s birth father? And what are the odds Sharon just received a blood donation from her birth father himself?

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“The blood donation came from the man outside the operating room,” one of the nurses answered.

Jackson was utterly stunned by her words.

The man outside the operating room? But that’s Shane! Unless...

Taking in a sharp breath, Jackson felt his hand trembling slightly as he spoke the following words. “Will you please perform a DNA paternity test for this child and the man outside?”

“We’ve already informed the testing lab to do so. It’s in the process,” came the lead surgeon’s reply.

The moment the hemolysis occurred, he had asked the nurse to contact the testing lab.

Because Rh-negative blood type was rare to come by, the hospital had taken the liberty of drawing slightly more from Shane earlier

for their blood bank, so that it might save other patients' lives in the future.

Just a moment ago, the nurse had sent Sharon's blood sample to the testing lab and instructed the lab technicians to perform a DNA paternity test for it with the blood that Shane had just donated. She had also labeled it as an urgent case so that the process could be expedited.

"Good. That's good." Jackson's hands trembled uncontrollably.

At that moment, a nurse entered the operating room with two bags of blood in her hands. It was the Rh-negative blood that she had just procured from the blood bank. "Here's the supply from another donor."

Seeing the two bags of blood, Jackson felt relieved that there was hope for Sharon after all and left the operating room.

"Dr. Baker, how's Sharon doing?" Mrs. Wilson came to him anxiously.

Jackson opened his mouth to say something but could not seem to find the right words.

What he had just heard was simply astonishing, and he still had not recovered from the shock.

Shane's heart sank when he saw Jackson at such a complete loss for words. "D-Did Sharon..."

Jackson shook his head quickly. "She's fine now."

A glint of joy flashed across Shane's eyes. "Really?"

"Yes," Jackson affirmed with a nod.

A smile broke across Connor's face as well. "Thank goodness she's all right!"

"Yeah!" Mrs. Wilson was so happy that tears of joy poured down her cheeks.

Shane turned to Jackson. "If that's the case, then what happened just now?"

"Sharon was showing signs of hemolysis after receiving your blood. Do you know what that means?" asked Jackson.

At first, Shane only stared at him with a perplexed look. Then he caught on, his eyes widening in disbelief. "H-Hemolysis... That means S-Sharon..."

Parents and children could not donate their blood to each other, or hemolysis would occur.

That was general knowledge that most people knew.

Thus, Shane was shocked to the core by what this recent turn of events implied.

Nodding, Jackson went on, "That's right. Sharon is very likely your biological daughter."

"B-But..." Mrs. Wilson was so astounded her jaw almost dropped to the ground. "D-Dr. Baker, did you just say Sharon is actually Mr. Shane's daughter?"

"Yes, it's highly possible. That's the only way to explain why she went into hemolysis after receiving his blood," Jackson explained.

Connor stared at them, just as dumbfounded. "No, that's impossible. If Sharon is Daddy's biological daughter, then why did the paternity test result between me and Daddy turn out negative?"

It did not make sense to him.

Daddy's not my birth father, and Sharon is my twin. How could it be possible that we have different dads? There's no way this could be true unless Mommy lied to us, but she would never have done that.

Hearing Connor's words, the three adults instantly fell silent.

A moment later, Jackson began mumbling to himself, “He’s right. If Sharon is Shane’s daughter, then Connor should be his son as well. Then how come both times, the paternity test results came back negative?”

Shane’s expression turned somber as if he was suppressing something in his mind.

Glancing at Connor, he asked, “Would you perform another DNA paternity test with me?”

“Yes.” Connor nodded.

He wanted to know the answer as much as his father did.

At that, Shane carried him and went to the testing lab.

The lab technicians were in the midst of performing the paternity test between Shane and Sharon.

Seeing Shane bringing another child forward for the same test, they plucked a hair from both father and son, and then promptly took the samples off to carry out the test.

Then all there was left to do was to wait for the results.

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Mrs. Wilson went back to wait for Sharon outside the operating room. She was worried about leaving the little girl all alone.

As for Shane, Jackson, and Connor, they stayed outside the testing lab to wait for the test results.

Connor spoke up. “The first time I saw Daddy, I realized we looked very similar and suspected he was my birth father. That’s why I

plucked two strands of his hair and sent them for a DNA paternity test with a strand of my own.”

“Was that during the first time I visited your apartment? The time you pulled my hair with your toy?” Shane glanced at the boy.

Connor looked embarrassed as he gave a small nod. “Uh-huh. I’m sorry, Daddy. I just wanted to-”

“It’s fine,” Shane reassured him, patting his head. “But the results showed that I’m not your birth father, didn’t they?”

“Yeah. After that, I stop believing that you’re my birth father anymore.”

Shane pursed his lips and admitted, “I’ve done the DNA paternity test twice as well.”

Blinking at him, Connor responded, “I know that. I overheard the argument between you and Mommy the other time. You said you’d done the test twice before, but both the results came back negative.”

“That’s right. Not only did the test results say that you’re not my biological son, but it showed Sharon isn’t my biological daughter either.” Shane narrowed his eyes as he explained that.

Indeed, he had done the test twice before, and both tests had proven that he was not the birth father of Connor and Sharon.

Yet, the hospital was now telling him there was a high possibility that Sharon was his biological daughter.

That could only mean one thing. It means all three DNA paternity tests that had been done previously were questionable.

“Jackson, the two tests that I asked to be done were handled by you. Did you manipulate the results to fool me?” Shane shot a sharp glare at Jackson, almost as if he was trying to pierce through the latter’s entire being with a look.

"I swear, I have never done anything like that," Jackson answered promptly, a frown forming on his forehead. "I definitely haven't altered the results of the tests."

This was what stumped him as well.

He was certain that there was nothing wrong with the tests he had handled before. All three came back showing the same negative results.

However, the hemolysis that had just occurred to Sharon clearly proved otherwise.

He simply could not figure out what went wrong in this entire matter.

Seeing that Jackson was obviously telling the truth, Shane remained silent for a few seconds before speaking again. "The fact that you haven't done anything to manipulate the test results doesn't mean someone wouldn't do it. But we won't know that for sure until the current test results are out."

With that, he simply lowered his gaze and said nothing else as he waited.

Noticing his tightly clenched fists, Jackson knew Shane was undoubtedly overcome by anxiousness.

Most likely, he was nervous about the test results that would soon be revealed.

In fact, even Jackson felt rather nervous himself.

If the test results that would come out later contradicted the previous results, that would mean the tests he did earlier had indeed been messed with.

It'd mean there's someone around me who has gone to great measures to ensure Shane and the children never find out the truth about their relationship.

At this thought, Jackson felt a wave of cold running down his spine.

They sat there waiting for almost half an hour, but the test results were still pending. Just then, Mrs. Wilson came over.

“Mr. Shane, Sharon’s out of the operating room and has just been sent to the ward.” She was smiling from ear to ear.

Shane’s frown instantly relaxed when he heard the news. He gave her a slight nod, saying, “All right. You go ahead and stay with Sharon. I’ll go over once the test results are out.”

“Okay.” Mrs. Wilson nodded briefly before hurrying off.

Soon after she left, the doors to the testing lab swung open, and a nurse appeared in the doorway. “Shane Thompson?”

Shane’s chest tightened slightly when he heard his name called. Handing Connor over to Jackson, he stood up and went over. “I’m here.”

The nurse handed him a document. “This is the report on the DNA paternity test that was just done on you and the two children.”

Glancing at the document in her hand, Shane shut his eyes for a moment and tried to calm himself down before taking it over.

“Flip straight to the last page,” urged Jackson.

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The beginning of the report was not so important. Only the results at the end mattered.

With lips pursed tight, and under Connor’s anxious scrutiny, Shane flipped the report to the final page. It read: Shane Thompson’s DNA profile is 99% similar to that of Connor Smith and Sharon Smith. The relationship is parent-child.

He rolled up the report and clutched it with clenched fists, his eyes reddening as a whirl of emotions surged through him.

So these two children are biologically mine!

Seeing Shane's trembling hands gripping the report so tightly, Jackson felt his heart skip a beat. "What does it say, Shane?"

He wondered if it was possible Shane was quivering from disappointment at a fourth negative result.

"Daddy?" Connor called out in a soft voice.

Taking in a deep breath, Shane turned to Connor with a softened gaze.

He had wondered numerous times before about how it was possible Connor's features resembled him so much if he was not his biological son.

Now, the truth was out. Connor bore such a striking resemblance to him precisely because he was his biological son.

"Connor..." Shane lifted the child into his arms and held him in a tight embrace.

My son! This is my son!

Sensing the overwhelming emotions flooding Shane's being, Connor could more or less guess the reason for that. His voice sounded like he was on the verge of crying when he called out, "Daddy!"

That single-word utterance that just came out of his mouth was devoid of the usual formality that normally came with it.

All this time, Connor had thought Shane was not his birth father. Even though he was used to calling him "Daddy," he did not genuinely feel close to the man as a son.

However, now that it was confirmed that Shane was truly his father, the sense of distance when he called him "Daddy" had vanished, replaced by the love and admiration of a son toward his father.

He knew the man before him was no longer his stepfather but his birth father, whose blood also flowed in his veins.

“Daddy’s here. Daddy’s here...” Shane muttered as he kissed Connor repeatedly on the forehead.

Witnessing this heart-warming scene at their side, Jackson felt as if he understood what was going on as well.

However, he took over the paternity test result in Shane’s hand to check it himself to confirm his guess.

Once he saw the results with his own eyes, he felt happy for Shane, but his heart was also filled with rage at the same time.

“It looks like you were right, Shane. The tests that I did for the previous two times had been tampered with, not on the test results, but on the DNA samples themselves.” Jackson looked straight at Shane.

The test reports had been handled by him alone. He had not taken his eyes off them throughout the entire process, so there was no way that anyone could have altered the results.

Thus, he concluded that the only reason the results turned out wrong must have been because the DNA samples had been switched. “I’m definitely going to get to the bottom of this.” Shane’s expression clouded over, and a grim aura exuded from his very being.

Jackson nodded. “I understand, and I’ll work with you to investigate this matter.”

Because of his incorrect test results, Shane and his children took so long to recognize the relationship.

Even though it was not his fault, he was still involved in the matter.

“I just don’t understand how the culprit behind this managed to switch the samples, and how did they know beforehand that you were performing a paternity test with those two children?” Jackson wondered out loud, scratching his head in puzzlement.

Shane's voice remained chilly as he spoke. "Maybe whoever it was overheard that I wanted to do the tests and planned it in advance."

Not only did the culprit know he was the birth father of the two children, but they had gone to great lengths to prevent him from finding out the truth as well.

It could be Sam and his family...

.Sam had been eyeing Thompson Group for a long time. Previously, he had even drugged Shane so that the latter would not be able to bear any offspring to inherit the corporation, and he was planning to use that as an excuse to take over the corporation

Shane figured it was possible Sam screwed with the paternity tests so that he could never find out he was the actual father of two children.

"Overheard you?" Jackson thought about Shane's statement with a stern expression on his face.

Shane gazed at him. "Stay out of the investigation of this matter. I'll handle it myself."

"All right." Jackson could sense that Shane no longer trusted him, and a trace of bitterness rose in his heart.

Looks like he's completely cut me off ever since I let Jacqueline out.

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"Daddy, the DNA test that I did last time should have been handled by Uncle Stanley," said Connor.

"Uncle Stanley?" Shane repeated with narrowed eyes.

Connor nodded. "Yes. Uncle Stanley's a doctor, so I gave him your hair and mine and asked him to do the test, but he..."

"It's okay. Don't let that upset you. Those test results in the past were all false. Only this one here is real." Shane tousled the little boy's hair fondly. Although his voice was gentle, his eyes were filled with a dangerous chill.

Of course, he knew why Stanley had done that.

Stanley had always been attracted to Natalie.

He was probably afraid that if the truth got out that Shane was the birth father of the two children, Shane would use that as a reason to marry Natalie.

In fact, he would definitely do that.

Even if he did not love Natalie at that time, if he had known he had fathered two children with her, he would still have married her for that reason.

Knowing that Stanley had gone to the trouble of producing a fake DNA report for Connor in an attempt to prevent that from happening.

Shane made a mental note to himself not to let Stanley get away with such a dirty act, then he carried Connor and headed toward Sharon's ward.

Jackson suggested for Sharon to be transferred to his hospital so that he could personally be in charge of her recovery, but Shane disregarded the suggestion.

Right now, he simply could not bring himself to trust Jackson.

Thus, Jackson only smiled bitterly in response. Then he returned to his hospital alone and continued to be monitored by Shane's men.

He knew Shane blamed and loathed him for what happened to Sharon. The only reason Shane had not taken any revenge yet was that Jacqueline was not caught yet.

The moment he captured Jacqueline would be the moment he execute his revenge.

As for Jackson, he only wished the moment would arrive sooner. Only then would his sense of guilt and self-blame be reduced.

He knew full well he had been foolish to release Jacqueline, and the two children had only gotten injured because of his actions.

Huh! His eyes teared up as he thought about it.

Meanwhile, Shane and Connor had just entered Sharon's room.

Her tiny figure lay on the huge bed, and her usual florid complexion was pale as a sheet. It was a heart-wrenching sight.

After placing Connor on the couch, Shane dashed straight to her bedside and gazed at her quietly.

My daughter.... she is truly my daughter!

Lowering his head, he planted a soft kiss on her forehead. His eyes, which were usually cold and emotionless, were suddenly imbued with the love and warmth of a father toward his daughter.

Before this day, although he loved the two children, he had always held back slightly as he thought they were not his own.

However, now that it was confirmed they were none other than his, the fatherly love that he had been suppressing in his heart flowed out like a waterfall toward them. From this day onward, he would love them with all his heart and give them only the best of everything to make up for the six years that he had not done so.

"Mr. Shane," Mrs. Wilson's voice sounded from behind him.

Standing up straight, he turned to her.

She had just entered the room, holding a thermal container in her hand, asking hurriedly, "Are the test results out, Mr. Shane?"

Shane nodded. "Yes."

"And the results..."

He glanced at Connor, who was dozing off on the couch and then at Sharon, who lay on the bed, sound asleep. His eyes gleamed pleasantly as he confirmed, "They're mine."

Mrs. Wilson was so overjoyed she immediately cried tears of joy and almost dropped the food jar in her hand. "Oh, that's great! That's great news! I knew it! Connor and you are a spitting image of each other. Of course, you'd have to be related by blood!"

The corners of Shane's lips lifted as he listened to her words.

Now that the children were confirmed to be his, that could only mean the woman he had slept with that night five years ago was Natalie and not Jasmine. That woman had tricked him.

Just then, Silas arrived. Shane had called him to come over on his way here from the testing lab just now.

"Have you managed to trace Jacqueline's escape route?" asked Shane coolly as he covered Connor with a blanket.

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Silas sighed. "After checking the security cameras around the villa, I did manage to trace her route but lost her once she reached Highland Street. That district's rather under-developed, and there are no security cameras there."

"So, now we've lost all traces of her?" Shane narrowed his eyes.

Lowering his head, Silas nodded. "Yes, but I've assigned some men to inspect the area. There should still be some clues left there. Besides, she hasn't left J City. As long as we do a full sweep of the city, we're sure to capture her."

Shane pinched his nose bridge wearily. "Sure, just go ahead with what you suggested. And there's something else I need you to do as well."

"Yes, Mr. Shane?" Silas looked at him questioningly.

"I need you to check the footage of the security camera outside my office on the ninth of July, as well as the footage outside Jackson's office on the tenth of September."

Those were the two days that he had mentioned he was going to perform the DNA paternity tests.

He remembered the ninth of July vividly, as it was the day he asked Silas to organize a health checkup at the children's kindergarten to obtain Connor's and Sharon's blood samples. The security cameras outside his office should have caught anyone eavesdropping on their conversation that day.

As for the tenth of September, he was in Jackson's office when Jackson expressed his surprise that he had the same rare blood type as Connor and suggested that he did another paternity test, to which he agreed. It was possible that someone outside the office had overheard that conversation as well.

"Is there anything particular about these two dates?" Silas asked in puzzlement.

Shane's expression softened as he explained, "Those two were the dates the children and I did the DNA test. I just did another DNA paternity test just now. Do you know what I just found out?"

Silas shook his head wordlessly.

Shane went on. "They're both my children."

His statement came as a total shock to Silas, who gasped in response and stammered, "Y-You mean you're their b-birth father?"

"That's right." Shane nodded.

Gulping, Silas said, "But previously Dr. Baker did the test a-and..." He suddenly thought about the security footage that Shane just asked him to check, and instantly put two and two together. His expression turned serious as he continued, "Mr. Shane, are you suspecting that someone overheard you wanting to perform the tests and then proceeded to manipulate the test results?"

Shane did not correct him that it was the DNA samples he suspected were tampered with instead of the test results. He simply nodded and added, "Exactly. Now, go ahead and get it done as soon as possible. Let me know immediately if the footage has been deleted. I'll have Connor recover them."

"Understood." Silas left at once to carry out his instructions.

He could not believe the truth had stayed hidden for such a long time and was determined to find out the culprit responsible for it.

After Silas left, Shane remained by Sharon's bedside until the sun went down.

It was morning where Natalie was.

She descended the stairs drowsily. Seeing the tired look on her face, Sally exclaimed in shock, "My goodness, Natalie. Did you not sleep well last night? Look at those dark circles under your eyes!"

Taking a seat at the breakfast table, Natalie nodded as she answered, "Yeah, I had a terrible nightmare last night."

After she woke up from the dream, she had called Shane and asked to speak to the children.

However, even after she had confirmed that the children were safe and sound, she still felt deeply unsettled and was unable to fall back to sleep.

Thus, she had stayed up all night, drawing new designs till the sun rose from the horizon.

“That ‘nightmare’ must have been a powerful one, huh?” Sally teased her.

Natalie rolled her eyes at her. “Enough of that. Let’s eat quickly and get ready for the competition.”

“Yeah, all right.” Sally nodded.

After breakfast, they left the villa together and headed toward the venue of the competition.

On their way there, Natalie thought of calling Shane at first, but remembering that it was nighttime over there, she decided against it.

She figured it would be more appropriate if she called later in the evening after the competition ended.

However, her performance in the competition turned out subpar that day, and she nearly dropped to Team B.

After the competition ended, Sally came to her. “Nat, what’s wrong with you today? What’s gotten you in such a low mood?”

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Natalie rubbed her temples. “I’m not sure. I’ve been feeling restless all morning. Something’s bugging me, but I don’t know what it is. That’s why I can’t seem to focus on my designs.”

“You’re not sick, are you?” Sally asked in concern.

“I don’t think so...”

The other woman glanced at her friend's stomach. "Maybe it's a symptom of pregnancy," she speculated. "The baby's causing your hormones to go haywire, and that's why you're feeling off."

Natalie smiled slightly, shaking her head. "I don't think that's it, either."

She was eight weeks into her pregnancy, but it had yet to stir up any nausea or discomfort, much unlike the time she had been expecting the twins. That particular pregnancy had her throwing up all day, every day.

By comparison, this little bun in her oven was incredibly docile and had never caused her any problems.

"Well... Then I'm out of guesses," Sally said, still wearing a concerned expression.

"It's probably nothing." Natalie shrugged, trying to lighten the mood, though the knot in her stomach persisted. "Maybe I'm just tired because I didn't sleep well last night. I'll be fine tomorrow."

Her friend nodded in understanding. "Rest early tonight, then," she suggested.

"I will." Natalie offered a small grin. "All right, let's head back—"

Her cell phone buzzed suddenly before she could finish her sentence. The screen flashed with the notification of a newly-received message from an unknown number.

For some reason, the unsettling feeling returned with full force. Frowning, Natalie opened the message. Her eyes widened immediately as she read the text: I got out. Just you wait, Natalie. I'm about to start my revenge, and your daughter is the first on my list!

This was followed by an emoji of a knife.

Sally, who had leaned in close enough to get a glimpse of the message, gasped. "Who would send such a thing? Is this some sort of a prank?"

"I'm afraid not," Natalie muttered as she stared at the screen with a grave expression. The text says "I got out," which means it has to be from Jacqueline. What does she mean by Sharon being the first? Is she going after my daughter?

Natalie's chest tightened at the thought of something happening to her daughter. With shaky fingers, she dialed Shane's number and waited anxiously for him to pick up her call.

The latter was currently sitting beside Sharon in the ward, dozing. He snapped awake at the incoming call. Upon seeing Natalie's name on the screen, he hesitated for a brief moment, thumb hovering above the answer button.

Eventually, however, he answered it. "Natalie?"

Natalie cut right to the chase. "Shane, where's Sharon?"

Does she already know? Shane's heart sank.

"Why would you ask that?" he asked with faux lightness.

"I just received a text from an unknown number, but I have a feeling it's from Jacqueline. She said she got out and vowed revenge. Sharon is the first she's going after," Natalie said in a rush. "Shane, be honest with me. Is Sharon all right?"

Lips pressed into a thin, tight line, Shane had no answer to offer her.

He and Connor had decided to keep this a secret from Natalie. Ignorance was bliss, after all. The latter would be able to focus on her competition this way. They had wanted to tell her after she returned from the competition. By then, Sharon would have recovered, and it might be easier for Natalie to accept the fact that her daughter had been attacked.

There was, however, a fatal flaw in that plan of theirs. It had not crossed Shane's mind that Jacqueline would contact Natalie and so brazenly announce her intention to harm Sharon.

The silence from the other end spoke volumes. Natalie gripped the phone so tight that her knuckles turned white. "Shane," she said, voice cracking, "something happened to Sharon, didn't it?"

The man sighed, knowing that the jig was up. "Sharon was... She was hurt, Natalie. I'm sorry. Jacqueline threw her to the ground and she hit her head. She just came out of an operation four hours ago."

It was as if the world was suddenly deprived of its supply of oxygen. Natalie found herself having trouble breathing. Her world spun as her mind turned blank, leaving behind a single thought playing on repeat in her head. It's true. My nightmare came true. Something has happened to my baby!

The news was too much for her. Eyes rolling back, Natalie collapsed.

Fortunately, Sally caught her. "Nat? Nat!" she called in alarm, patting the latter's cheek.

Natalie showed no sign of regaining her consciousness. With some effort, Sally managed to carry her friend to the nearby lounge area before returning to retrieve the cell phone that had dropped on the ground.

The call was still connected. "Mr. Shane?" Sally spoke into the receiver.

"Is Nat okay?" Shane asked, voice tight with worry.

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"She fainted," Sally said reproachfully. "What did you say to her that shocked her so much? Don't you know that pregnant women should be treated with care?"

Shane did not mind the admonishment in the least. She was, after all, doing this because she cared about Natalie.

Instead, he said, "I told her something happened to Sharon."

“Are you serious?” Sally was immediately concerned. “Is she all right?”

“She is now,” the other said and left it at that.

“Thank goodness.”

“Let me know when Nat comes to. Take care of her for me, please.” While there was nothing Shane wanted more than to be by the side of his beloved, he knew he was needed here with the children.

“Don’t worry, I will,” Sally assured.

“Thanks.” Ending the call, Shane’s expression darkened as an icy look appeared in his eyes. Jacqueline Graham, I’ll make you pay for what you did!

Meanwhile, Sally had placed the still-unconscious Natalie on the backseat of the car, ready to drive them both back to where they were staying.

It was then that the latter’s eyes fluttered open.

“Airport!” she blurted out, face still as white as a sheet. “I need to be at the airport.”

Bewildered, Sally raised her brows. “Nat, are you thinking of flying back?”

“Yes,” her friend said, red-rimmed eyes shining with an almost frenzied conviction. “I have to go back to Sharon.” I have to see my little girl at once.

“But what about the competition?”

That was the last thing on Natalie’s mind right now. “There’s no competition—none—in this world that matters more to me than my child, especially when she needs me,” she said firmly. “Sal, I’m a mother. Do you see where I’m coming from?”

Sally took in her determined look wordlessly before nodding with a smile. "I understand. Okay. I'll drop you off then." She started the car and steered it in the direction of the airport. "We have three days off after this round anyway. You can just come back after the break."

Natalie only nodded half-heartedly. She looked out the window with a dazed expression, her mind swimming with the thoughts of her two children.

Two hours later, Sally saw her friend off at the departure terminal. On the drive back, it occurred to her belatedly that in the rush to get Natalie to the airport, she had forgotten to update Shane as promised. "Oops..." she muttered to herself. I suppose it's okay since Nat is already on her way back. If anything, her arrival will be a nice surprise for Shane.

After an eight-hour flight, Natalie arrived at the international airport in J City. Without a moment to lose, she hailed a taxi, dialing Shane's number as she got into the car.

It was eight in the morning in J City. Shane, who had stayed by his daughter's bedside overnight, was just rousing from his fitful slumber. The first thing he did after opening his eyes was to check on Sharon. The little girl was still unconscious, having yet to recover from the effects of the anesthetic. Connor, too, was still asleep on the couch in the corner of the ward, his head resting on Mrs. Wilson's lap.

Shane's phone rang with an incoming call, jerking Mrs. Wilson awake. "Ah, Mr. Shane. You're up."

Shane hummed in acknowledgment as he reached for his phone.

Mrs. Wilson gently removed herself from the couch without waking Connor. "I'll go get everyone some breakfast," she said softly and left.

Seeing that the call was from Natalie, Shane hurriedly answered it.

"Shane!" Natalie's voice floated over before he could say anything. "Which hospital is Sharon in?"

The question, along with the noise of traffic from the other end of the line, was telling enough for Shane to deduce what had happened. "Are you back in J City?"

"Yeah, I just got out of the airport. Where should I go?"

"Stanford Hospital."

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Natalie nodded. "Okay. I'll be right there." She hung up after that.

Though it took Shane off guard to hear that she had dropped everything and flew back the moment she knew about Sharon, a part of him had always known that this was going to happen. She loves the twins wholeheartedly, after all.

He smiled at the thought and made a call to Mrs. Wilson. "Natalie's back. Please buy her some breakfast too."

"She is?" Mrs. Wilson asked in surprise.

"That's right."

"Okay, I understand, Mr. Shane."

After the call, Shane went to the couch where Connor was lying prone and drooling slightly into the fabric. He nudged the boy gently, trying to get him into a more comfortable position.

Connor stirred. "Mm... Daddy?" he mumbled sleepily, opening his eyes to peer blearily at his father.

"Hey... Do you want to get up?" Shane ran a soothing hand through the boy's hair. "If you want to sleep some more, change position and lie on your side, okay?"

"I'm getting up..." the boy said, yawning. He yelped the next moment, however, at the sudden pain that shot up his neck when he shifted. "Daddy, it hurts..."

"What's wrong?" Shane asked in alarm.

"It hurts here when I turn my head." Connor pointed at the side of his neck.

His father placed a large hand on his neck, thumb rubbing gently and feeling the stiffness of the muscles there. "You strained your neck," he told him. "Let me massage it a little, and you'll feel much better."

"Okay. Thanks, Daddy." Connor closed his eyes, feeling safe and secure in his father's arms. He enjoyed the massage with a happy smile blooming on his face.

Now that he knew that Shane was his real father, he felt even closer to the man than ever, and he was also less shy about showing his childish side to his father. He's my real daddy, and nothing can take him away from me!

The massage did wonders to Connor's neck. Several minutes later, he could once again turn his head without feeling the pain.

Shane patted him on his head. "All right, go wash up now. Mommy will be here soon."

His son's eyes lit up immediately. "Really? Mommy's coming?"

"That's right," Shane said, smiling. "She found out about the two of you and flew back at once because she wants to see you. Now, go wash up, okay?"

Nodding, Connor hurried to the attached bathroom in the ward.

His father, on the other hand, approached Sharon's bed. Tenderly smoothing away a wisp of hair that had fallen on the little girl's pale face, he then headed toward the bathroom to help Connor with his ablutions.

Meanwhile, Natalie had arrived at the hospital. She walked briskly all the way to the ward, driven by the single-minded focus to see her two children.

Pushing the door open, she immediately zeroed in on the hospital bed in the room and the figure currently lying in it.

Sharon was small and still under the covers. The rise and fall of her chest were the only indications that she was still living and breathing.

The sight nearly broke Natalie's heart. She walked toward the bed with uneven steps and bent down to brush a finger across her daughter's pale cheek.

The tears she had been trying so hard to rein in throughout her journey were finally falling freely. "Sharon..." she called in a choked-up voice. "Mommy's here."

The bathroom door opened, revealing Shane and Connor. Father and son had mirroring looks of delight upon seeing her arrival.

"Mommy!"

"You're back."

Natalie looked at Shane with unshed tears in her eyes. "Sharon... Is she...?"

"Don't worry. Sharon's okay now," the man said, tone low and soothing. "She just needs plenty of rest for her wounds to heal."

The twins' mother breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, that's good to know. You said 'wounds,' plural. Was she hurt elsewhere besides her head?"

"There were some bone fractures," Shane said. "But those were fixed too."

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The reply had Natalie crying all over again. That must have hurt an awful lot! Sharon can't stand pain—she cries at even the smallest bruise. I can't imagine how scared she was when Jacqueline threw her to the ground and how much pain she had to endure!

She gripped her daughter's hand tightly. "I'm sorry, Darling," she sobbed. "Mommy's so sorry for not being able to protect you." I shouldn't have left the kids for the competition. Sharon wouldn't be in this state if I were there to watch over her.

Shane picked Connor up and placed the boy on the foot of the bed. Then, he placed a comforting hand on Natalie's shoulder. "Don't blame yourself. It's not your fault. Nobody saw this coming."

Through her tears, Natalie saw her son lying on his stomach on the bed. She looked at Shane uncomprehendingly. "Why doesn't Connor sit up?"

"He was kicked twice by Jacqueline in the process of trying to save his sister. His backside was pretty bruised. I was applying medication on him in the bathroom earlier when you came in," the man explained.

Thunderstruck by this revelation, Natalie pulled off her son's pants to check his injury for herself. Her eyes widened as large patches of bruises filled her vision. The shock melted away, quickly replaced by a hatred directed toward the person who did this.

"Jacqueline Graham," she spat, voice dripping with venom.

She would not have been so angry and upset if Jacqueline had come after her. However, that woman chose to target her children, and that had turned Natalie into a ferocious mama bear, ready to bare her fangs at any and all who hurt her cubs. I'll get you back for this, Jacqueline!

"Didn't you keep Jacqueline under lock and key? How did that woman escape?" Natalie bit out, looking at Shane with a frown. The latter knew that in her angered state, she was lashing out and was mad at him for letting this happen.

Before he could say anything, however, Connor cut in. "Mommy, don't blame Daddy. It's not his fault!"

Warmed to see his son standing up for him, Shane shot him a smile. That's my boy.

"What do you mean, Baby?" Natalie asked.

"Daddy didn't let that woman out. She escaped because of Mr. Jackson!"

Natalie was surprised. "Jackson? Jackson Baker?"

Shane nodded in affirmation. "Yes. He let her out. I had no idea that he's so head over heels for Jacqueline that he'd help her escape."

He had initially agreed to let Jackson visit her out of the friendship he had with the man. However, he did not foresee that Jacqueline would succeed in convincing his friend to help her escape.

Shane sighed. What's even more ironic is the fact that Jackson, for all of his medical knowledge and expertise, believes that a psychopath like Jacqueline would repent and gain the ability to empathize.

Natalie fisted her hands. "I see... So it was him."

Connor chimed in, "Daddy even punched Mr. Jackson!"

Some of the anger dissipated at her son's words. "Serves him right," she said firmly. Turning to her husband, she asked, "What do you plan to do with Jackson after this? He's responsible for that woman's escape, which in turn caused harm to my children. I'll be frank—I don't want you to be friends with him again. If you don't think you can do that, I would like us to divorce."

Shane's lips thinned. He disliked the ultimatum but could understand where Natalie was coming from. Even if Jacqueline had not harmed the twins, he would still have ended his friendship with Jackson.

“I’ve already cut off all ties with Jackson,” he said. “But I have yet to dish out any punishment for him. He has many patients under him, after all. They still need him to perform his duties as a doctor. Let’s wait till after we apprehend Jacqueline.”

What he said was true. He and Jackson were no longer friends the moment he came to know that the latter was responsible for Jacqueline’s escape.

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Jackson had betrayed his trust and friendship, and there was nothing more that Shane hated than betrayals.

Natalie accepted her husband’s response with a nod. “Okay. Do you think we can find Jacqueline again?”

Knowing Shane, he would have already acted to bring Jacqueline back as soon as she laid a finger on the twins. However, a day had passed and the woman was still at large. Hence, Natalie surmised that it would not be easy to find her.

Shane was quiet for a few seconds. “We will,” he said with conviction. “I’m sure of that.”

He would search every corner of the world for that woman’s whereabouts. It would only be a matter of time before he made her pay for what she did.

Appeased by his words, Natalie turned her attention back on her daughter, staring at the supine figure with saddened eyes.

Just then, Mrs. Wilson came back with a big paper bag filled with breakfast items she had procured. “Madam, you’re here,” she greeted.

"Mrs. Wilson." Natalie forced out a smile.

"Would you put the breakfast on the table, please, Mrs. Wilson?" Shane asked.

Answering in the affirmative, Mrs. Wilson headed to the coffee table in front of the couch and started taking out the items from the paper bag.

Shane carried Connor over before heading back for Natalie. "Come and eat something," he cajoled.

His wife shook her head, gaze never leaving her daughter. "I don't have the appetite. You go ahead."

Shane frowned in disapproval. "I know you're worried about Sharon, but you need to eat. Don't forget you're pregnant. It won't do the baby any good if you don't take care of yourself."

Unable to rebuke, Natalie lowered her head.

The man reached for her hand and pulled her to her feet. "Come on. There's a surprise waiting for you after breakfast."

"What is it?"

Shane smiled mysteriously. "You'll see."

Curiosity piqued, his wife followed him to the table without further probing.

After breakfast, Mrs. Wilson took Connor to the bathroom to brush his teeth. Meanwhile, Shane went to retrieve a folder which he handed to his wife.

"Here's my surprise," he said. "Open it."

Natalie shot him a confused glance before removing the contents from the folder. It was the result of a paternity test.

She raised a brow. "Is this the test between Jasmine and Warren?"

“Not quite,” Shane said, slightly amused. “Their results will come out soon, either today or tomorrow.”

“Oh. Whose are these, then?”

He looked at her deeply. “Mine and the twins.”

Natalie thought she had heard wrong. “Yours and...?”

Her husband nodded. “Turn to the last page,” he told her warmly.

Despite her confusion, Natalie complied. She gasped out loud when she saw the concluding statement on the page that confirmed Shane was the biological father of her two children.

“But... That’s impossible!” she muttered disbelievingly. He’s the father of the twins? Their actual birth father? How can this be?

“Why’s that?” Shane smiled.

Natalie tried to organize her disoriented thoughts into words. “You... There were other paternity tests that said otherwise, remember? You did it twice. Connor did it once, and even I went and tested for you and the children. The results of all those times were negative. So this can’t be real...”

“But it is,” the man said firmly. He then told her of the hemolysis that had occurred when he tried to give blood to Sharon.

Lips quivering, Natalie fell silent. So this test is real?

“Then... Why did the previous tests come back negative?” she asked softly, voice cracking.

“I have reasons to suspect that Sam hired someone to meddle with the results for the tests that I did. They could have switched the children’s DNA samples in advance. As for Connor’s test, I think Stanley might have something to do with it. You know how he feels about you. He was afraid that you would marry me if I was the biological father of the children. I don’t have an explanation for the test you did, though.”

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Natalie bit her lip. "I remember now. The day I went to request the paternity test, my bag was snatched away by someone. It could be intentional. Someone could have switched the hair samples in my bag..."

She had no idea there were so many people out there who had plotted against them, all to ensure that the truth about the relationship between Shane and the children would never see the light of day.

At the same time, she was also secretly glad to know she had never been with any other man besides the one who was currently by her side. It turned out that Shane Thompson had been her one and only all this time.

The hotel's security footage that I've seen is legit, so that means I've only ever been with Shane.

Her husband drew her into an embrace and dropped a tender kiss on her forehead. "I won't let anyone who's involved in this off the hook," he promised solemnly. "They'll get what they deserve. I already told Silas to launch an investigation. It won't be long before we know for sure whether Sam was behind the two negative tests."

Natalie pressed her face into his shirt and nodded.

A sudden question popped into Shane's mind. "Can I ask you something?" At the other's inquiring look, he continued, "I want to know what happened five years ago in that hotel. It was you who was in bed with me that night. Why did it become Jasmine when I woke up?"

On that fateful night, he had been drugged by Sean, who had made arrangements for two women to bed him in the hotel room.

The man had also tipped off the reporters in order to create a scandal, the goal of which was to blackmail Shane into submission.

However, when Shane realized that he had been drugged, he used what remained of his rationality to book a different hotel room and went there to hide from Sean's schemes. Before he could call for Silas to get a doctor, however, the aphrodisiac in his body was already in full effect, robbing him of any rational thought. It was then that a woman—Natalie—came in. Unable to help himself, he tumbled into bed with her.

When he came to his senses, it was Jasmine who was lying next to him, and he had assumed that she was the one who saved him. He could have died of heart failure if left unattended as the aphrodisiac that Sean fed him was quite the potent drug.

This was why he had put up with Jasmine's shenanigans over the past five years. Not only was she his savior, but she was also his fiancée as arranged by his grandfather.

Little did I know, she was neither. Shane clenched his jaw at the thought of the lies spun by that woman. It's fortunate that everything turned out all right. I've found the right girl in the end.

He squeezed Natalie's hand, grateful to have her at his side.

His wife squeezed back with a smile. "Well... It's a long story. You know that my father cheated on my mom, right? He abandoned her, Jared, and me seven years ago."

"I'm aware," Shane said gently.

He had only come to know about this earlier in the year when he grew suspicious and investigated to find out if Jasmine was indeed his fiancée. Before that, he only heard through the grapevine that Harrison and Yulia got a divorce, and their daughter changed her name to Jasmine, while the Smith family son went overseas to further his studies. At the time, he had no idea that none of it was true.

"We didn't have any money with us back then," Natalie explained with a bitter smile. "Jared has had heart problems since young. Five years ago, his condition worsened and the doctor said he'd

need surgery to live. The cost of the surgery was too much for us to afford. After discussing with my mom, I decided to go to Harrison. I figured he'd help. However much of an a*shole he is, he's still Jared's father. But then..."

"What happened then?" Shane asked.

Natalie chuckled, but it was not a happy sound. "I never got to see the man. Susan made sure of it. She insulted me and told me to get out of her house. It was then that Jasmine came to me with an offer. She was taking part in a fashion design competition at the time and had hooked up with one of the organizers in order to win."

Shane's expression darkened. He could tell where this was going. "She pimped you out."

The woman nodded. "That guy told Jasmine he would let her win if she slept with him. Jasmine offered me enough money to save Jared if I took her place. I went to the hotel that night but ended up going into your room by mistake."

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She took out her cell phone from her bag as she spoke and passed it to him. "This is the security footage from when I entered the wrong hotel room five years ago. You'll understand after you watch it.

Shane took it and watched the footage, then smiled. "It seems as if our destiny was written in the stars. Even before we were engaged or had even met, we crossed paths in various ways."

Natalie smiled back at him. "You're right. That's why I was terrified when the profile showed that you weren't the father of my two children since I'd never knowingly slept with another man."

"I'm sorry. It was my fault for not checking thoroughly," Shane replied while hugging her, feeling utterly guilty.

Natalie shook her head. "It wasn't just you; even I fell for it. Those people did everything they could to stop you and the kids from reuniting. But everything's okay now. No matter what they do, they won't be able to get in our way anymore."

"That's true," Shane said, chuckling softly.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Shane let go of Natalie and called out, "Come in."

The door opened, and Silas walked in with a flash drive. "Mr. Shane, I've looked into the matter as you instructed. Here's the security footage from those two days."

Silas handed Shane the flash drive.

Because they were in a VIP ward, there was a computer in the room.

Shane strode over to it at once, plugged in the flash drive, and pulled up the security footage.

Natalie stood next to him, watching curiously.

Shane clicked on the earliest security footage, which showed the corridor outside his office.

The corridor was empty, but soon there was the sound of high heels clicking on the floor. Then, all three of them saw an unmistakably familiar figure appear. It was Jasmine.

Jasmine placed her hand on the doorknob, looking like she was about to enter Shane's office.

But then, she let go immediately and pressed her ear against the door.

They could clearly see the expression change on Jasmine's face as she eavesdropped. She looked surprised at first, then panicked. Finally, she had a steely look of determination on her face, as if she had come to a decision.

Suddenly, something seemed to have shocked her. She looked around frantically before dashing into the secretary's office next door.

The security footage ended there.

Clenching his fists tightly with a chilling look on his face that was frightening to behold, Shane hissed, "It was her!"

I thought it was a spy that Uncle Thompson had planted. After all, I've weeded out many of his spies before. He even tried to bribe Silas! I can't believe I was wrong. It wasn't him, but Jasmine!

"It never crossed my mind that it would be her either. When I saw the security footage, I was stunned," said Silas.

Natalie pursed her lips. "I'm not all that surprised. I had a hunch."

"All right. Let's watch the next one." With that, Shane clicked on the other security footage that showed the corridor outside of Jackson's office.

People were hurrying to and fro, which was a stark contrast to the deserted corridor in front of Shane's office.

Soon, a suspicious figure appeared.

They recognized the person at one glance. It was Jacqueline.

She was wearing a hospital gown and a wig. Instead of entering Jackson's office, she leaned next to the door with her back against the wall. She kept her head slightly bowed, so they could not see her expression clearly.

Jacqueline looked up two minutes later. Apart from biting her lip, there were no drastic changes in her expression. It was nothing like how Jasmine had reacted.

All she did was take a deep breath and rub her hands together before leaving quietly.

After watching the footage, Shane clenched his jaw.

Once again, his guess was incorrect.

I thought it would be Uncle Thompson again, but it turned out to be Jacqueline.

Even Natalie was astonished. "So, Jacqueline knew early on that Connor and Sharon were yours, but she pretended like she didn't have a clue. When we were giving each other the silent treatment, she even advised me to divorce you because it wasn't fair for you to raise another man's children."