

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

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“Yes,” Natalie replied with a smile.

“What kind of a guy is he? Must be a handsome lad, since you’re such a beauty yourself,” Sally cheekily asked with a tinge of envy in her voice.

Natalie was so beautiful that not only men were mesmerized by her. Even Sally was blown away by her beauty at times.

Natalie beamed proudly and teased, “Curious? You’ll get to see him for yourself tonight! Let’s get some lunch now.”

Her teasing reply further aroused Sally’s curiosity, and she couldn’t wait to meet Natalie’s mysterious brother that night.

The two ladies went to a quiet restaurant and ordered steak for lunch.

While they were eating, Sally suddenly blinked her eyes in disbelief and gasped, “Nat, isn’t that Hannah? Why is she working as a serving staff here?”

Natalie turned toward her back and saw Hannah, dressed in the restaurant’s uniform, clearing one of the tables. She was pulling a long face, obviously not enjoying her job.

After a quick glance, Natalie turned back and said, “Not all the models who participate in such international competitions are sponsored by their companies. Most of them are brought in by the designers themselves. Hannah was personally engaged by Jessie as her company wasn’t established enough to get such gigs for her. To put it bluntly, she was secretly freelancing for Jessie.”

“I know I’m one of the lucky ones. I was recommended to you by Mr. Shane, and I get paid on both ends! Hehehe!” Sally chuckled.

Natalie was tickled by her reaction. "Yes, you lucky girl! It's usually illegal for models to take on such freelancing jobs behind the company's back. Hannah's sole source of income for the past few months was from Jessie, as her company would likely not have a basic salary for her. Now that Jessie is in trouble, she's not able to pay Hannah anymore. So Hannah is stuck here without any financial support and with no money to go home. She can only take on whatever work she can get in order to earn money for survival."

These were the information she got from Shane when she inquired about Hannah after Jasmine was caught.

"Oh, so she's a victim as well." Sally was surprised to know that and felt sorry for Hannah. After all, it was Susan and Calanda, not Hannah, who knocked her out and locked Natalie in the toilet. Other than taunting them verbally at times, she had not done anything truly nasty to them.

"Leave her alone. Once her visa expires, she'll be deported and will get to go home." Natalie took a sip of her milk and refused to talk about Hannah anymore.

Sally could sense her unwillingness to prolong that subject of discussion, so she kept quiet as well.

From afar, Hannah saw them and was seething with anger at the sight of them.

She had had a bright future as a model, but that was ruined when she was sent away after Jessie got kicked out of the competition.

As she was dropped midway during an international competition, her reputation was affected, and many prospective jobs were lost too. When she approached some of the other potential companies for gigs, she was turned down for various reasons. The reasons they gave ranged from her not being well-known to insulting ones about her not having the qualities of a good model. Some even associated her with Jessie and deemed her as someone who would resort to underhanded means as well.

Out of desperation, she could only take on some low-end jobs that further ruined her reputation and destroyed her dream of being a

supermodel. She also had to work as a serving staff in the restaurant to make ends meet.

She blamed Natalie, Sally, and Jessie for her misfortune and vowed to make them pay for ruining her dream.

Hannah snorted and left with her tray of dirty dishes in anger.

Natalie had no idea Hannah was upset with her and now bore grudges against them. After settling the bill, she parted ways with Sally and went to the mental hospital by herself.

Well, she wasn't really by herself, as there were two bodyguards following her in their car.

Natalie went straight up to Jasmine's room upon reaching the mental hospital.

"Hi, Mrs. Thompson!" The nurse on duty recognized her and joyfully greeted her.

It was the same nurse she met the last time.

Natalie returned a big warm smile and asked, "Is she in the room?"

"Yes. She just woke up." The nurse nodded.

"Can I go in?" Natalie asked.

"Of course! Please enter, Mrs. Thompson." The nurse held the room door open for Natalie as she replied.

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Natalie entered the room and saw Jasmine was leaning against the headboard of her bed with her eyes closed.

Her eyes flew open when she heard footsteps. When she saw it was Natalie, she was instantly on the defense and screeched, "It's you!"

"Yes, it's me. I heard you're pregnant, so I thought I should visit you." Natalie smiled as her gaze landed on Jasmine's tummy.

"Oh, that's so kind of you!" Jasmine mocked.

One of Natalie's bodyguards pulled out a chair for her and she sat down. "Isn't that a fact? I do think I'm a kind person, quite unlike you. You conspired with the doctor and the teacher to swap the DNA samples of my kids, preventing them from finding out Shane is their father. I did you no wrong, but you did so many unscrupulous things to hurt us."

"What? Shane found out Sharon and Connor are his?" Jasmine shrieked. Her face fell upon hearing the news.

"Yes, he's aware now." Natalie nodded.

Jasmine suddenly laughed hysterically, but there was bitterness in her voice and tears in her eyes when she said, "This is so unfair! How can God be so unfair to me? I made so much effort to hide that fact from him, but in the end, he still found out. You must be elated that your two kids ended up being Shane's kids, aren't you, Natalie? You've finally secured your position as Mrs. Thompson."

"Of course I'm happy, but let me correct you on one point. I've always been Mrs. Thompson, and there has never been a doubt about it," Natalie retorted. She then added, "Anyway, I didn't come here to talk about me. I came to ask about your plans for your unborn baby."

"What do you want?" Jasmine shielded her stomach with her hand and moved away from Natalie.

"What did you think I would do to you? I only wanted to know if you plan to keep the baby. If yes, then by all means, keep it. However, if you plan to abort it, I can make the necessary arrangements for you," Natalie groused, exasperated by her reaction.

“Abort it! I want an abortion! I don’t want to keep this bastard!”
Jasmine suddenly became emotional, and there was much hatred in her eyes.

Judging by her hysteria, Natalie guessed the child in her was likely conceived unexpectedly from a non-consensual act.

Natalie had no intention of probing further to find out who did it or how it happened.

She only calmly promised, **“I hear you. I’ll arrange for the surgery as soon as possible.”**

Jasmine bowed her head in silence, hiding her emotions and thoughts from everyone.

Natalie bit her lip and added, **“Oh, there’s one more matter I reckon I should let you know.”**

“What?” Jasmine lifted her head and questioned.

“It has always pained and puzzled me as to why Harrison would chase our family out seven years ago when Jared and I, like you, are his children. I don’t understand how he could be so cold toward us while he spoils you with all his love. However, I’ve let go of that now. Do you know why?” Natalie asked with a smile.

“Well, what else could you do but let go? You know you can never replace me as his favorite, so letting go is the only thing you can do! Do you think you can win back his love?” Jasmine mocked triumphantly.

Casually flipping her hair, Natalie revealed a piece of shocking news. **“You’re wrong. I let go not because I can’t win his love; I don’t mind it anymore as I know he’s gotten his retribution. His most beloved daughter is actually not his own flesh and blood! That has to be the biggest slap to his face possible! How can I still bear grudges after knowing that?”**

The news stunned Jasmine, and she was left speechless for a long while. Finally, she found her voice again and asked in a quavering tone, **“What did you say? I’m not Daddy’s flesh and blood?”**

“That’s right.” It was an affirmative reply from Natalie.

“Impossible!” Jasmine broke down and yelled, unable to accept the fact that she was biologically unrelated to Harrison.

Although she wasn’t exactly fond of Harrison, it was still shocking to find out he was not her biological father.

During the past few years, she had had to bear with much gossip and despise from others, simply because she was his illegitimate child.

When Natalie revealed she was, in fact, not Harrison’s illegitimate child, she freaked out as that meant all the sufferings she had endured were pointless and unnecessary!

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“I knew you wouldn’t believe me, but that’s the truth.” Natalie shrugged off Jasmine’s reaction, having expected that.

“Show me the proof! You have no right to say I’m not Daddy’s daughter until you can produce evidence to back you up!” Jasmine demanded with a glare at Natalie.

“You want proof? Sure! I’ll show you. Other than to confirm your plans for the unborn baby, I came specially to tell you about your real identity, so I’ve brought along the proof that you want.”

With that, Natalie waved her hand, and the bodyguard standing behind her stepped forward and threw a folder onto Jasmine’s bed.

“Open that and take a look. The evidence you want is in there,” Natalie urged.

Jasmine had not expected Natalie could produce any proof, so for a moment, she flinched and instinctively backed away from the brown folder lying on her bed.

She did not wish to touch that folder, let alone open it.

She was afraid, afraid to face the so-called evidence in there.

Natalie was stumped momentarily by Jasmine's hesitation, but she soon figured out what Jasmine was thinking and let out a chuckle.

"You can run, but you can't hide from the truth forever. You have to face it sooner or later, so why go into denial? It's okay if you have no courage to open the folder. Dave, you help her with it."

"Yes, Madam." Dave, the bodyguard who threw the folder onto Jasmine's bed earlier, reached out to retrieve it.

Jasmine's eyes narrowed before she hurriedly grabbed the folder, not giving him a chance to take it.

Dave gave a disdainful snort, and with a forceful tug, snatched the folder from her hand.

"Show it to her, page by page," Natalie instructed.

Dave did as he was told. He took the paternity test results from the folder and held it before Jasmine's eyes.

However, Jasmine immediately closed her eyes and yelled, "I'm not reading it! No! Take it away! I'm not going to read it!"

Natalie smirked and ordered, "Erwin, lend her a hand!"

There was no way she was going to let Jasmine get her way.

Erwin went behind Jasmine, held onto her head with one hand, and used the other hand's fingers to pull down her eyelids, forcing her eyes open.

Jasmine's head could not move an inch, and she was forced to face the paternity test results.

When it came to the last page, and she saw that she was related to Warren, she let out a howling scream.

Warren! I'm actually Warren's daughter!

Jasmine had known Warren since she was young, and Susan had introduced him to her as her distant uncle.

Warren had treated her well and would look at her with fatherly love.

It was something that had puzzled the young Jasmine, but with this revelation, it was obvious that he knew she was his daughter all along.

Jasmine was in a sorry state, her face messed up by her tears and snot. She sat there, expressionless and with a blank look in her eyes.

Natalie knew it was a great blow for her, so she signaled the two bodyguards to release her and back away.

As soon as the bodyguards let go of Jasmine, she slumped onto the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling.

Natalie walked over and said to her, "So now you know the truth. Warren is your biological father, and you're not Harrison's daughter. Harrison isn't aware of this fact yet though."

"How did you find out?" Jasmine asked in a shaking voice. The truth had sunk in, and she seemed to have accepted it.

How ironic! I've always hated being Harrison's illegitimate child, but in the end, I'm not even that!

"When I accidentally saw your medical test report last time, I realized that based on your blood type, you can't be Susan and Harrison's daughter. As I had found out much earlier about Susan and Warren's affair and knew Susan had borne him a son named Donald, I started suspecting—"

“What? Did you say Donald is Susan’s son?” Jasmine suddenly sat up and screamed, her face contorted with disgust.

“Oh, so you didn’t know about it?” Natalie raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Jasmine spoke no more and merely sat quietly with her hands tightly clenched together.

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Jasmine finally knew why Susan had always been so overindulgent toward Donald and why she always insisted Jasmine had to be nice to her little cousin and share good things with him.

It turns out he’s my own brother!

It was an outrageous and cruel joke to Jasmine.

When Jasmine was young, Susan had never spent much time on her, as Susan only had eyes for Warren and Harrison. It was only after Harrison accepted her into the family that Susan started to show her some motherly love and attention.

Jasmine was aggrieved that both she and Donald were Susan’s biological children, but Susan had always favored Donald much more. All her love and attention were showered on him, leaving Jasmine with little of her motherly love as she was growing up. And to make it worse, Susan kept demanding Jasmine had to take care of and watch out for Donald.

Natalie was astounded by the hate in Jasmine’s eyes, and she couldn’t help but ask, “Do you hate your brother?”

Jasmine gave a harsh and twisted reply, saying, “He’s not my brother but a little bastard!”

Natalie frowned at that reply. Although she disliked Donald, he was just a little child, and she felt it was unnecessarily harsh to say such a thing about a child.

However, she decided to keep out of their family matters and nonchalantly consoled Jasmine by saying, "You should be thankful you had Harrison doting on you for more than twenty years."

Jasmine looked down dejectedly.

It was true that Harrison had given her all his love and attention for over twenty years, but would he continue to dote on her once he knew the truth?

She was positive he wouldn't.

Suddenly, she let out a cynical laugh and asked, "You're telling me these because you're jealous of me, aren't you, Natalie?"

"Me, jealous of you?" Natalie narrowed her eyes, puzzled.

"Yes. Jealous that I, someone with no blood ties with Harrison, got all his love and attention for so many years while you, his flesh and blood, got nothing from him!" Jasmine gloated.

"Indeed, I was jealous of you when I was younger, but I've accepted and let go of that a long time ago. The reason I'm telling you all these today is to let you know that after scheming for so many years and taking away so much from me, you still ended up with nothing in the end." It was Natalie's turn to gloat.

"You..." Jasmine was left speechless, unable to rebut Natalie. It was maddening for her.

Natalie gave her an indifferent look and continued, "Well, that's all I have to say to you. You take care of yourself and don't go crazy. Jacqueline is still out there."

With that, she turned and walk out of the room. Her two bodyguards, Dave and Erwin, quickly followed behind her.

After they left, Jasmine went mad and started yelling and shouting. At the same time, she ripped the paternity test result on her bed to pieces, venting all her hatred for Susan and the rest on the test result.

After leaving the mental hospital, Natalie drove toward the airport. While on her way, she dialed Shane's number.

It was six in the morning where Shane was, and he had just woken up. He immediately picked up his phone when he saw it was her calling.

"Hello!" His half-awake husky voice sounded very dreamy and melted Natalie's heart.

She shrugged to stop her mind from wandering and said, "Darling, I just visited Jasmine."

"So you told her?" Shane was still in his pajamas, and he walked toward the bathroom as he spoke with Natalie.

Natalie nodded and updated him. "Yes, I told her everything. I think her pregnancy is from an unfortunate non-consensual act, so she chose for abortion."

"Noted. I'll arrange for a doctor to do the necessary surgery," Shane replied.

He felt that was the right thing to do about the baby. Jasmine would likely spend the rest of her life in the mental hospital, so if she gave birth to the baby, he or she would end up in a welfare home for children. Susan and Warren would not be able to care for the baby either, as it was almost certain they were going to be imprisoned for poisoning Harrison.

If the baby was destined to end up in a welfare home, which wasn't the best situation for a kid, then it might be better off for the baby not to be born. It was a sad and unfortunate fate for the unborn baby, but that might be the best thing to do for him or her.

"Okay," Natalie answered.

"How are the two kids?" Shane mumbled as he brushed his teeth.

“They’re doing well! I didn’t leave Sharon in the hospital, and she’s being cared for by a doctor round the clock at the villa. As for Connor, his bum is almost fully recovered, and he’s overjoyed to be able to sit again,” Natalie updated.

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“That’s great!” Shane could imagine Connor’s joy, and he smiled at the thought of his happy mannerism.

“Darling, I have to hang up. I’ve arrived at the airport and will be heading in to meet Jared. I’ll chat with you again later.” Natalie had to end the call with Shane as she was about to enter the airport.

“Okay,” Shane acknowledged.

After ending the call, Natalie searched for an empty spot and parked her car. Then she grabbed her bag and hurried into the airport.

After waiting for about a quarter of an hour, Natalie saw Jared coming out with a canvas board on his back. His companions, people from all over the world, all had a canvas board on their back as well.

“Jared!” Natalie waved and called out to him in Chanaean.

Jared looked around upon hearing her voice, and his face lit up with a smile when he saw her. “Nat!” He waved back in excitement.

His companion saw Natalie and was quick to ask, “Is that your sister, Smith?”

“Yes.” Jared nodded.

"She's so pretty! Smith, you know I never knew how to appreciate the beauty of your country's ladies, but for your sister, I could instantly tell she's a rare beauty! I want to be your brother-in-law, Smith!" his companion commented with a straight face.

Jared did not welcome that kind of attention for his sister, but he maintained a smile and quipped, "You can forget it, James. My sister is married."

James clutched his chest and gave an exaggerated hurt look, whining, "Oh God! How could you do this to me? My love did not even get a chance to blossom."

Jared could not be bothered with James' acting and instantly ran toward Natalie after bidding his teacher goodbye.

"Nat!" He hugged her tightly as he greeted her.

Natalie patted him on his back and commented, "You've grown taller but also skinnier."

"I went through my growth spurt!" he happily announced.

He was twenty-three years old and one of those rare late bloomers who hit puberty only in his late teens.

Natalie gently eased herself out of his embrace, took his luggage, and urged, "Let's get going. My car is parked outside."

"Okay," he obliged.

The two happily walked out of the airport and got into Natalie's car.

On their way back, Jared shared many interesting happenings he encountered while he was living abroad. Natalie quietly but attentively listened to him.

After he finished updating her on his life, she started sharing her stories with him.

However, she chose to tell him only happy and interesting things so as not to cause him any worries.

There was one solemn news that she had to share with him though. She told him about Harrison and Jasmine, as she felt he had the right to know.

When Jared heard that Jasmine was not Harrison's flesh and blood, his eyes brimmed with tears of happiness.

Of course, that wasn't good news for Harrison, but it was for Jared. He felt it was Harrison getting his just retribution.

"Susan and Warren conspired to poison Harrison, so his health has deteriorated badly. We don't think he'll be able to last much longer. When it's about time for him to go, you should make a trip home to see him for the last time." Natalie hesitated for a while before deciding to say that.

Despite what he did, Harrison was their father after all. Even though he had not given them much love, he was the one who gave them life and raised them. She felt that since he brought them into this world, they should be there to give him a proper send-off when it was time for him to go.

"Okay. I'll do so." Jared nodded obligingly and agreed.

After that, Natalie said no more as she wanted to give Jared some quiet time to sort out his mixed emotions. She knew he would be happy to hear Harrison got his retribution, but at the same time, sad that his father was sick and dying. That was how complicated family ties were.

The two of them sat through the rest of the journey in silence, both lost in their own thoughts.

The silence was only broken when they arrived home at the villa. A figure rushed out in front of their car just as it stopped. It was Sally!

Sally hurried over to Natalie's side of the car and asked, "Where's your brother, Nat?"

Natalie was speechless yet amused at how her friend was so curious and intrigued by her brother.

Turning to Jared, she forewarned him, “My friend is a little over-the-top, so you may be overwhelmed.”

“Okay.” Jared nodded puzzledly.

“Let’s get out then.” Natalie unbuckled her seat belt and alighted.

Jared, who was in the back seat, followed suit.

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Sally stood up straight and looked toward the back door in anticipation as Jared emerged.

When she saw Jared, her eyes lit up, and she clasped her hands in admiration and exclaimed, “Mama Mia! I see an angel!”

Natalie slapped her hand on her forehead in exasperation and huffed, “Stop being such an airhead! This is my brother, Jared.”

She patted Sally on her back to wake her up from her swooning as she made the introduction.

Sally gulped and walked toward Jared, blabbering, “Hi Angel... No, I mean, hi, Jared. How are you? I’m Sally Oswald.”

Jared was a little overwhelmed by the passion in Sally’s eyes, and for a moment, he got scared and hesitated to shake her hand.

He spent most of his time either in the hospital or the art studio, so he was not used to socializing. Sally was the most bubbly girl he had met.

“That... I...” His face was red with embarrassment, and he did not know where to place his hands.

Sally giggled at that sight and gushed, "Your brother is so adorable and innocent, Nat!"

Natalie was also amused by Jared's reaction, as she had never seen him acting like this before as well.

Jared self-consciously hung his head low, afraid to meet their eyes.

"Okay, stop it, Sally. Stop teasing Jared." Natalie rolled her eyes at Sally and went up to hold Jared's hand to assure him. "Jared, this is my friend Sally. Don't mind her. She's crazy over hunks and reacted that way because you're good-looking. Simply ignore her," she said.

"Yes, absolutely! I was overwhelmed by your good looks and may have over-reacted! Don't be scared!" Sally chimed in.

"Okay!" Jared nodded.

"Come, let's go into the house." Natalie held on to Jared's hand and brought him into the villa.

Sally followed closely and started chatting with Jared. Natalie's words had assured him, so he was less nervous and able to converse normally with Sally after a while.

He managed to reply to her questions in a natural tone of voice and was no longer stuttering.

As soon as they entered the house, Natalie brought Jared up to meet the kids.

Sharon was lying on the bed, unable to move due to the many bandages she had on her head, arms and legs.

On the other hand, Connor had recovered well and could move around without any pain. He was seated next to Sharon with a storybook and reading to her.

Their eyes lit up when they saw Jared, and they happily greeted him.

Jared was elated to see them, but the sight of their injuries worried him. "Nat, what's with the injuries on Connor and Sharon?" he asked.

"It was an accident." Natalie's eyes darted about as she lied to him. She had decided not to tell him what really happened to the kids as he had lived in a sheltered and innocent world all his life. He would not be prepared for the dark and evil things that happened. She wanted to shield him from that and maintain his innocence.

Jared nodded and did not read too much into it. He believed everything she said as he trusted her.

After that, Natalie left him with the kids and went out.

The next few days were hectic for Natalie as she had to meet up with her teammates daily to discuss the designs for the competition.

It was a group competition, so everyone in the team had to give their best, and their designs and material used had to complement one another.

If one of the teammates did a lousy job or came up with a jarringly different design from the rest of the team, the overall score for the team would be affected.

Every single person could break or make the team, so they had to pay more attention to coordinating their efforts.

Time flew by, and soon, a week had passed.

They reached the final day of the competition, the decisive day for all.

Designing clothing for people with special needs was a huge challenge for the designers, and many had lost weight over the mere one week.

Natalie did not lose much weight, but she too, was obviously more tired-looking than usual, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

She had not managed to get much rest in the past week as she had to make amendments to the design and make alterations to the final pieces. On top of that, the team had to discuss the make-up and hair-do for the conjoined twins.

Finally, the show was about to begin, and the models were in the dressing room, getting ready for the first round of the catwalk.

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Natalie's creation was to be modeled during the seventh round, so she had some time to spare. She took a break, got a glass of hot milk, and sat down on the bench along the corridor for a rest.

Just then, a familiar voice rang out from behind her. "Why are you here by yourself?"

Natalie instantly sat up straight and turned around in disbelief.

Shane was standing there smiling and looking at her lovingly. She quickly put down her glass of milk, stood up, and threw herself into his arms. "Why are you here? I thought you said you wouldn't be coming this weekend," she asked.

Shane hugged her and whispered, "I wanted to give you a surprise."

"You're such a jerk!" She hit him on his back and chided, but the joy in his eyes grew.

"Stop hitting me. Doesn't your hand hurt?" He gently eased her hand from his back and massaged it.

"No. What about you? I may have hit you too hard. Does it hurt?" Natalie asked with concern too.

Shane leaned down and kissed her hand, assuring, "No, it doesn't hurt."

Natalie pulled Shane to the bench and urged, "Come, sit down." Then she asked, "When did you arrive?"

"Only just. I came straight from the airport," he replied while caressing her stomach.

She leaned back and let him stroke her stomach to his heart's content.

Although she was only three months pregnant and the bulge on her stomach wasn't too obvious, he could still feel the slight bulge when he caressed her.

By the feel of it, Shane could tell that the little fellow had grown quite a fair bit.

"So you haven't been to the villa to see Connor and Sharon yet, right?" Natalie said.

"No. I didn't have time to do so. Other than to visit you and the kids, this trip was also at the invitation of the Design Association. They invited the management of many international luxury brands here for a meeting," Shane revealed.

Natalie blinked her eyes in disbelief and exclaimed, "Oh! They spared no expenses in hosting this meeting! What is it about?"

"It has to do with your current competition on designs for people with special needs. Based on statistics from the world population census, people with special needs, including the handicapped, make up ten percent of the total population. That is a few hundred million people, so it's a really huge niche market," Shane elaborated.

Natalie lifted her head and confessed, "I somehow had a feeling that the Design Association could be getting involved in this. You just confirmed my suspicion."

“The Design Association needs to bring in money, so they would not miss out on such a huge potential market,” Shane conceded as he stroked her hair.

Natalie nodded in agreement, saying, “The fact that they invited all of you here means they’re already working on this segment of the market. There’ll be great changes within the international fashion scene soon, and the mainstream designs and designers will no longer monopolize the scene.”

“I reckon so. However, I think most designers would still focus on the general population, and those who choose to design for people with special needs would specialize in that. It would be two different segments, as not many would be able to do well in both at the same time. Moreover, it would be difficult and unfair to group both segments together for competitions and judge them with the same set of standards,” Shane added.

“That’s not a bad idea actually. I know not all designers would be keen to interact with and design for people with special needs. If the two segments don’t overlap, those who are not keen will not be able to impose their values and opinions on others,” Natalie shared her views. She had met many designers who thought they were a class above others and would only design for the rich and famous. These people would turn their noses up on the special needs population.

As such, they would be reluctant to accept the special needs segment as being part of their fashion scene. If the two segments were judged and managed separately, it would be easier for all to co-exist harmoniously.

“Other than fashion design, they’ll spark a revolution in jewelry design, and the design of accessories such as shoes and caps. This will be the trend that no one can stop,” Shane predicted.

Natalie nodded again and concurred, “That’s for sure! Clothes and accessories go hand in hand and must complement one another. If only the clothes were adapted and changed, but the rest of the accessories remained status quo, it wouldn’t look good.”

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Just then, one of Team A's designers walked over and informed, "Natalie, the seventh round is starting soon. You should be heading in."

Upon hearing that, Natalie looked at Shane and said, "Darling, I have to get back to the competition. I'll see you later."

Shane stood up and said, "Go ahead. I have to go for my meeting too."

"Okay." Natalie gave him a hug and left with her fellow teammate.

The show this time had attracted much more attention than previous rounds of the competition. The audience and media presence were almost thrice the usual. It was obvious that those people were there specially to witness the revolutionary fashion show.

Natalie stood together with her fellow team A designers to watch the models show off their collections.

Although the show this time was not as glamorous as many of the other major fashion shows, its visuals were stunning and mindblowing. The designers gave their all to come up with this unique range of clothing, but when it was worn on those special models, the end results were not ideal for everyone.

Some of the designs fitted the models perfectly, but others looked out of place on the models.

Natalie could hear many sighs and mournful cries from around her.

Eleanor, who was standing closest to Natalie, turned to look around, then whispered softly, "These people aren't mourning their designs."

Natalie nodded in agreement. "There was nothing wrong with their designs. On a regular person, those designs would look great! However, they were not suitable for the models on stage. That's why they're crying and blaming the models for ruining their designs."

"This is why I despise them. How could they blame the models for ruining their designs? We were supposed to cater to the models' unique needs and design specifically for them, not for them to cater to our designs! They themselves got it all wrong and had the guts to blame the models," Eleanor scorned in disdain.

Natalie just smiled and did not chip in with her own thoughts.

It was true those designers had not gotten their priorities right and had missed out on the most important criteria of that competition. Natalie could not fault Eleanor for her contempt for them.

Soon, the show was over, and the judges excused themselves to discuss the results.

All the designers were nervously waiting for the announcement of the results. Natalie was no exception.

However, she was more worried for her teammates than for herself.

There were three designers in their team that had no flair in designing for people with special needs. Their creations were bland and uninteresting.

She was worried about the scores for their creations, as they would have a direct impact on Team A's overall performance. It was a tough fight, and even a mere difference of one point in their scores could mean the difference between success and elimination.

After a tense wait, it was finally time for the reveal.

The host went on stage with the results in hand and started reading out the scores.

Natalie's team A had an average score of ninety point two eight. Team B's score was ninety point two seven, while team C...

As the results were revealed, Natalie breathed a sigh of relief. So far, no other team had a score higher than Team A. The host seemed to have done the announcement based on their scores in descending order.

Talent indeed made a difference. The results were not surprising as Team A had the best designers among all the teams, and so, their scores were the highest. Team B was a close second, and team E, being the weakest, was eliminated.

That marked the end of that special round of competition. The designers who could stay on cheered with relief and started planning for a night out to drink and celebrate.

Natalie did not join them. They were understanding as they all knew she was pregnant.

"Madam!" As Natalie stepped out of the competition hall, she heard Silas' voice.

Natalie turned around and asked, "You've been waiting for me?"

He smiled and revealed, "Yes. Mr. Shane told me to wait for you. He's still in a meeting and requested for you to wait in the car."

"I see. Thank you, Mr. Campbell." Natalie nodded with gratitude.

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"Don't mention it, Madam." Silas bowed slightly and showed her the way to the car.

While waiting in the car, her phone rang. Natalie could tell from the displayed incoming number that it was from the mental hospital. They were likely calling with regards to Jasmine.

She picked up the call and answered, "Hello."

"Are you Mrs. Thompson?" the nurse asked over the phone.

Natalie nodded and confirmed, "Yes."

"I'm calling with regards to Ms. Jessie Skye. Her operation at the other general hospital is over, and she has been transferred back to our hospital," the nurse reported.

"Thanks for the update. How is she?" Natalie asked while brushing her hand through her hair.

"She hasn't come out of the anesthesia," replied the nurse.

"Okay, thank you. Please take good care of her," Natalie urged.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Thompson. We will." And with that assurance, the nurse ended the call.

Just as Natalie put down her phone, the car door opened, and Shane joined her. "Who were you talking to?"

"It was from the mental hospital. They just called to update me that Jasmine had her abortion surgery done at a general hospital and was brought back to them after the surgery." Natalie kept her phone in her bag and asked, "Your meeting is over?"

"Yes, but I have another meeting in Irushea tomorrow," Shane replied with a nod.

Natalie let out a small sigh and muttered, "It must be so tiring for you."

Shane gave her a smile and urged, "Let's go home."

At the thought of home, Natalie beamed and said, "Sure!"

That evening, it was a happy gathering for the family of four. In addition, they had Sally and Jared with them, so it was a lively evening.

However, things went back to normal the next day.

Shane left for Irushea for his meeting, and Jared left too. His art exhibition there was over, and he and his team proceeded to the next destination of their exhibition tour.

As such, life went back to normal at the villa, which was still lively as there were two kids there.

That day, pushing Sharon in a wheelchair with one hand and holding Connor with her other hand, Natalie and the kids went to a nearby park for a breather.

Sharon had been stuck in bed for a prolonged period of time, and she was getting frustrated about it. As such, she was elated to be able to get out of the house.

After walking around the park for a while, Natalie got a little tired.

Sharon saw people going on pedal boat rides on the lake and pleaded to go as well. Natalie was initially reluctant to let her go but gave in after getting the puppy eyes from Sharon. She agreed to let Connor go with the little girl as she had recovered well and could walk by herself already.

Natalie sat in the pavilion by the shore of the lake and watched the kids closely as they went on their boat ride.

Suddenly, a hand appeared from behind and covered her eyes, blocking off her view of the kids.

“Can you guess who I am?” A low, flirtatious voice sounded from behind her.

Natalie instantly recognized that voice, and her body froze.
“Sean!”

“Oh my, that was quick! That shows you’re constantly thinking about me, Nat!” Sean removed his hands from her eyes and jested.

Natalie immediately stood up and backed away from Sean. “Why are you here?” she asked warily.

She was surprised he would show up near the villa at the risk of being caught by Shane’s men.

Sean laughed as he sat down where she had been seated earlier and teased, “I came because I missed you.”

Natalie dismissed him right away with a scoff. “Stop your sweet-talking. I won’t buy that.”

“That’s the truth! I really missed you, Nat. Why don’t you believe me?” Sean sighed.

“What a load of crap!” Natalie groused and turned to leave.

However, Sean called out to her, “Why are you avoiding me, Nat? That’s so hurtful. Can’t you sit and have a chat with me?”

“We have nothing to talk about.” Natalie continued walking away.

“Oh really? Why don’t you look in the direction of the lake before you answer me?” Sean stated with a smirk.

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His words gave her the chills, and she immediately turned toward the lake.

There were a few men in black in pedal boats, and they had surrounded the one Sharon and Connor were in.

The sight infuriated Natalie, and she was trembling with anger.

She stared at Sean with tearful eyes and howled, "You're utterly despicable! How dare you blackmail me with my kids!"

Sean was not bothered by her accusation and laughed softly instead. "You left me with no other choice. That's the only way to make you stay," he said.

"Get your men out and leave my kids alone!" Natalie yelled, clenching her fists tightly.

Sean shrugged and counter-proposed, "I'm afraid that's not possible. How about you sit and have a nice chat with me? I'll let them go after that."

Natalie could only bite her lip and bow to his demand. She could not imagine what he would do to her kids if she disobeyed him.

After all, he was a ruthless man who would resort to evil means to achieve his goals.

"Since you're agreeable, then come over and have a seat," Sean urged while patting the seat next to him.

Closing her eyes for a moment, Natalie took a deep breath to compose herself before walking over to him. However, she couldn't bear to be too close to him, so she sat two seats away from him.

Sean saw through her intentions, and his eyes narrowed. With a smile, he grabbed her arms and forcefully pulled her toward him.

"Ah!" Natalie shouted in shock as she fell into his arms.

He held her tightly and buried his face into her neck, his eyes closing dreamily as he took a deep breath of her scent.

That move disgusted Natalie, and she tried to struggle free, shouting, "Let go of me!"

He held her tighter instead and savored the sight of her struggling.

Sean playfully pinched her cheeks as he revealed, "Give up your futile fight. You can't struggle free, and no one will come to your rescue. My men have already taken care of that two bodyguards of yours."

"What do you want?" Natalie hissed through her clenched teeth.

Sean stared fixedly into her eyes and asked, "How about you be with me?"

"What? What did you say?" Natalie was stunned and could not believe what she heard.

Sean lifted her chin with his fingers and repeated, "Leave Shane and be with me. What do you say?"

He had specially planned a trip here to settle Jacqueline's matters, and more importantly, to see Natalie.

Natalie found that so ridiculous that she laughed. "Are you crazy, Sean? I'm your cousin's wife!"

"I know. But since ancient times, there have been many examples of fathers taking over their son's wife, so what's wrong with me taking over my cousin's wife?" He gazed at Natalie with besotted eyes and added, "I'm serious about you, Nat. So long as you're by my side, I promise not to pick on Shane anymore, and I can even give up on Wells Properties."

He had always been adamant about seizing Wells Properties, but he was willing to give that up for her.

"Over my dead body, Sean! Why would I choose to be with a sinister devil like you?" Natalie fumed.

"Devil? Is that how you see me?" Sean brooded.

"Am I wrong to call you that? Aren't you a devil? You kidnapped me, made me jump off the cliff, and even conspired with the doctors and nurses to force an abortion on me! Who would want to be with such a terrifying person?" Natalie gave him the death stare.

Natalie's words seemed to have hurt Sean, and he looked down dejectedly for a while. When he found his voice again, he said, "Yes, I kidnapped you and jumped off the cliff with you, but I was also the one who saved you! If I hadn't cushioned your fall, you would have been the one with broken arms and legs instead of me."

He seemed to think that it was a fair deal and could not understand why she hated him despite the fact that he had saved her.