

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

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“That’s it?” asked Shane, frowning deeply.

Sam nodded. “Yes, that’s all it said. The letter wasn’t hand-written but was typed out using a typewriter. There was no way for me to trace who it was from or how they found out about my intentions. I worried about it for two days and then received yet another letter.”

He let out a long sigh of resignation. Knowing he no longer had any hopes of survival, he decided to tell Shane everything he knew. “This time, the letter sender said they wanted Seth and his wife dead as well and asked me to collaborate with him. He said he could lead them to a specific spot where I could send someone to kill them in a car crash. If I agreed to the suggestion, I could contact the sender. The letter ended with a phone number that I could call.”

“Go on.” Shane lowered his gaze, shielding the look in his eyes, but the chill that radiated from his being was terrifying, to say the least.

Sam cast a glance in his direction. “Back then, I’d just produced a proposal that was inferior to Seth’s, and my father chastised me severely for my poor performance. The hatred I felt toward Seth had reached the breaking point. Thus, I called the number stated in the letter, but once the line got through, the person on the other end of the line hung up without a word. After that, he sent me a text, instructing me to send the men to that street and await his orders. So, that was what I did. That’s all. What else do you want to know?”

His voice had begun to sound quite feeble, and a bleak look entered his eyes.

Shane pinched his nose. “No, that’s about all I wanted to know. Good luck to you.”

With that said, he turned and was about to leave when Sam hollered at him, "Stop, Shane! I'm your uncle!"

Hearing that, Shane halted in his tracks and turned back, piercing him with a cold gaze. "So what?"

"Help me this once! I don't want to die! I don't mind being imprisoned for life, but I don't want to die! I—"

"My parents didn't want to die either," Shane uttered coldly, cutting him off.

Sam's mouth gaped open as he struggled to think of what to say next, but he remained at a complete loss for words.

Shane went on, "Yet, they still did, and by your hands, too. And now, you're telling me you're my uncle and that I should show you mercy on account that you're family? Then what about my parents? Were they not your brother and sister-in-law? Did it not cross your mind that they were family when you killed them?"

"I-I..." Sam couldn't find a response.

"Good luck atoning for your sins with my parents later," stated Shane as he immediately left the visiting room.

By the time he got back to the Thompson villa, it was already afternoon.

Hearing the sound of the car, Natalie guessed that he was back. She dropped the sketchbook in her hands and went out to greet him.

He opened the door and came in just as she arrived in the lobby.

"You're back." Natalie smiled at him.

The tension that had been weighing his heart down instantly evaporated, and his gaze softened as well. "I'm back."

"Welcome back." Natalie smiled.

Shane then pulled her hand and led her into the living room.
“Where are the children?”

“They just went for a nap. Jared’s at the Smith residence, clearing Dad’s old stuff to see if there’s anything we could give away.”

Shane nodded in understanding.

Just then, Mrs. Wilson came in with two glasses of water.

“How was Sam, Mr. Shane?” she asked, handing them a glass each.

The gentleness in Shane’s gaze disappeared. Taking a gulp of water, he answered indifferently, “Aunt Catherine’s divorced him. He’s not in a good state.”

“Serves him right,” Mrs. Wilson muttered coldly.

Squeezing his hand, Natalie asked, “What time does his final trial start tomorrow?”

“Two in the afternoon,” replied Shane, putting his glass down.

Natalie smiled. “Let’s go together, then.”

“All right.” Shane nodded.

The next day soon came.

Natalie and Shane showed up at Sam’s final trial, as did Catherine.

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Natalie was surprised.

As Catherine had mentioned, it was best to see Sam one last time, on account of their marital relationship.

After all, she did fall in love with him once upon a time.

Shane didn't try to get rid of Catherine. Instead, he trailed behind her.

She was no longer a part of the Thompson family. Hence, he didn't feel comfortable ordering an outsider around.

Soon, the trial began, and Sam was brought to the stand.

Natalie was taken aback at his pale and haggard appearance filled with trepidation, similar to Susan's from before.

Sam's gaze caught Shane and Natalie, and his lips parted as if to speak before compressing into a thin line while being led to the front of the courtroom.

The court session proceeded for three hours before a sentence was passed, and Sam was given the death penalty.

Though Shane had expected that, upon hearing the verdict, still his hands trembled.

Natalie felt the tremor coursing through his body and gently covered his hands with hers. "Congratulations on one less enemy, Darling."

She never mentioned finally avenging the death of his parents because Sam wasn't the only one involved. Jacqueline was still free.

Vengeance for his parents would only be achieved after she was brought to justice.

Shane smiled faintly. "Thank you, but where's my gift?"

"What?" Natalie arched her brows.

He glanced at her. "During Susan's sentencing hearing, I gave you a carload of roses as a congratulatory gift. You said you would get me something too during Sam's trial. So, where is it?"

Natalie wasn't counting that he would remember her promise and definitely not demand to see it.

"Don't worry. I didn't forget about it. You'll get it a few days later. It's still a work in progress." Mirth bubbled in her voice.

Shane nodded in satisfaction. "Good to know."

"What if I had forgotten about it?" Natalie rolled her eyes and asked.

He chuckled in response. "I'm fine with that. Just give me yourself. You're my greatest gift."

Natalie's cheeks flamed flags of color at his unexpectedly corny words. "Cut it out. Sam has been led away. Do you want to see him?"

Shane's gaze darkened as his eyes drifted to the corridor that Sam disappeared in. "No need. I've said everything needed to be said. Let's go."

"Okay," Natalie said, looping her arm around his elbow, and stood up.

As they exited the courthouse, she spied a police car at a distance. Sam was getting in, escorted by the prison guard.

As if he could feel her gaze on him, he turned, and their eyes collided.

Natalie tugged on Shane's sleeves. "He's looking at us, Shane."

"I know." He returned Sam's gaze levelly.

They stared at each other for ten seconds. Shane broke eye contact first and took Natalie's hand, walking away in the opposite direction.

She threw glances over her shoulder twice as she tried to keep up with him.

Both times, she saw Sam following them with his eyes, and something deep in his gaze bewildered her.

He should be hating them, seeing as Shane played a big part in his doom.

However, she didn't detect a hint of resentment in his eyes, only puzzlement.

She didn't understand Sam, but she didn't give it a second thought either.

His fate was sealed, and there was no need to expend energy on a dead man walking.

At that, Natalie looked straight ahead and stopped glancing back.

Sam withdrew his gaze, and the prison guard nudged him into the car.

Three days later, Sam was executed, expedited by the Garcia family.

Shane was worried that if the execution took place next year, Sean might interfere.

Although there was no love lost between them, Sam was still his biological father, and Sean might feel compelled to break him out of prison at a surge of filial piety.

Thus, Shane allowed the Garcia family to intervene and oil the wheels of the execution, similar to Susan's case.

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According to Silas, after Sam's passing, Catherine left J City and returned to her parents' home.

Despite not being a member of the Thompson family, Shane had assigned one of his men to keep an eye on her.

Therefore, Silas knew she had left town.

“Mr. Shane, I did an inventory count on Sam’s assets. Please have a look at the report.” Silas handed a stack of papers to Shane.

He accepted them, and Natalie leaned in to take a curious peek with him.

She exclaimed at the laundry list of holdings, “That’s almost a few times more than Harrison’s wealth.”

Shane thumbed through the documents and explained, “When Grandpa left Thompson Group to my father, every capital asset, antiquity, jewelry, and cash was bequeathed to Sam. Converting everything to cash, they are worth a third of Thompson Group.”

Natalie sucked in a breath audibly. “Isn’t that thirty billion?”

“That’s right.” Shane nodded.

She tsked. “He wasn’t content with thirty billion, and he had to covet Thompson Group? The company may have a net worth of a few hundred billion, but he couldn’t liquidate more than ten billion. He got off easy, in my opinion.”

“Yes, but he wasn’t thinking like that. He wanted everything,” Shane said lightly, his eyes downcast.

Natalie’s gaze landed on the papers. “These assets don’t amount to thirty billion, though.”

“He squandered most of it.” A sardonic sneer flashed in Shane’s eyes. “Sam might have acquired a substantial amount of money, but it’s not equivalent to Thompson Group, which comes with power and status. Hence, he tried to establish a company superior to Thompson Group. The thing is, he wasn’t capable of achieving it and chose to invest all his assets. In the end, he lost most of it.”

Natalie snickered. "He did all that for nothing? He was incapable, yet he couldn't swallow his disgruntlement. I don't know if I should commend him or..."

She didn't finish her sentence, but everyone knew what she meant.

Shane closed a file and reached for another one. "He probably finally realized he didn't have what it takes to start a company on the same footing as Thompson Group. Otherwise, these remaining assets would have been gone as well."

"How much are these worth in total now?" Shane pointed at the pile of documents and asked Silas who was standing aside.

Silas adjusted his glasses. "Approximately five billion."

Natalie pursed her lips, musing, "He did have a flair for blowing his inheritance worth thirty billion down to only five billion."

Shane was expressionless. The figure he had in his mind was in the ballpark of Silas' answer.

Silas had only confirmed his suspicions.

"What are you going to do about this, Shane?" Natalie asked.

By logic, Sam was survived by his son, Sean, and the assets should go to him.

However, Sean wasn't in the country now and held a grudge against Shane. Thus, Shane was debating if he should relinquish the inheritance to him.

Shane gave a cursory glance over the documents. "Place the cash, jewelry, and antiques in the bank for safekeeping. Leave the properties and cars as-is. Transfer all the company shares into a shell account. Once we get our hands on Sean, we'll decide what to do with it."

Truthfully, what Sean did was vile but didn't warrant death.

He didn't have blood on his hands and would be sentenced to twenty years in prison at most. Shane wasn't remotely interested in these holdings and was more than willing to hand them over to Sean once he was out.

If Sean took a life and were given the death penalty, Shane would set up a charity foundation and use the assets to help the needy.

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"Got it." Silas tucked the files under his arm and asked after suddenly remembering something, "Mr. Shane, the Thompson residence is now unoccupied. Should we send someone to maintain it?"

"No. After Sam's funeral is done, box up all the possessions and seal the residence. We'll hold our annual ancestral prayers there," Shane replied lightly.

Silas made a sound of agreement and left.

Natalie pinched Shane on his shoulder to get his attention. "Is there going to be a funeral for Sam?"

His body had been transported to a funeral parlor.

Come what may, Sam was still a Thompson. Thus, Shane claimed his body and didn't donate it to a science institution.

Sam was not the same as Susan. He was a blood relation of Shane.

Just like Harrison, no matter how much Natalie hated him, she still gave him a proper burial.

"No, everyone knows what he did to my parents. If I gave him a funeral, I would be a laughingstock. Just a burial is fine."

“Fair point.” She nodded.

Shane enveloped her in his arms. “Where’s my gift, Honey?”

She didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

It had been on his mind since yesterday as if he was afraid that she would forget about it.

“Fine, fine, it’s ready now. Let’s go to our bedroom.” Natalie pulled him up.

When he left for Thompson Group in the morning, she had the chance to stash the gift in the bedroom.

Shane followed her into the room, brimming with anticipation.

As the door swung open, he walked in but didn’t notice anything out of the ordinary.

Everything still looked the same with no apparent alteration.

He thought her gift was a small gathering, and she had decorated the room and prepared something for him.

However, there was nothing.

“Where’s the gift?” Shane turned and looked at Natalie questioningly, his eyes flashing with annoyance at the absence of the gift.

“In the closet.” She smiled.

Shane marched to the closet with long strides, a trace of displeasure evident in his gaze.

He yanked the doors to the closet open, and what was inside shocked him.

There were two mannequins dressed in a sleek black tuxedo and an indescribably beautiful wedding dress.

The dress was fashioned with a full train behind, and the bodice was encrusted with a delicate sprinkling of tiny rhinestones, creating an illusion of a sheer galaxy. Anyone who laid eyes on it could never look away.

“You...” Shane’s lips twitched, the words poised to tumble out, but nothing came as he continued staring at the mannequins.

Natalie drew up at his side. “So? Do you like it, Darling?”

He rubbed his temples and slowly came out of his startled state, turning his fathomless gaze to her. “When did you buy it?”

“I didn’t buy it. I designed it myself.” She laughed.

Shane’s brows rose. “You designed it? When? How did I not know about it?”

“I started working on it when you brought the kids for moral support during my competition abroad and mentioned a wedding. I sent the design to Joyce and had someone create it. At first, I wanted to make it myself, but I had no time.” Regret colored her tone as she studied the wedding gown.

Shane pulled her into his arms. “No, you did design it yourself. You don’t have to do everything yourself. I wanted to hire the best designer in the world after the competition ended to create a stunning dress for you. But you were one step ahead of me.”

“Of course. It had to be a surprise for you,” Natalie responded with a cheeky smile.

He chuckled wryly. “Well, mission accomplished. But traditionally, it should be the man who gifts the wedding dress to the woman. Now...”

“Nonsense. Who says it has to be that way? The opposite is perfectly fine, too. Besides, we’re husband and wife. We should lean on each other and give to each other equally. I can’t have you always solely giving in our relationship. I want to do something for you as well. But I’m limited in what I can offer, and I don’t know much of anything else. I have a knack for designing, though, so it’s two birds with one stone,” Natalie said ruefully.

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Shane brushed a kiss on her forehead. “No, you’re wonderful. Not everyone is perfect. We all have our forte, and your strong suit is designing. This dress is beautiful. We’ll get married after your competition ends, and you’ll wear this.”

“Okay.” Natalie nodded.

She had intended to have the wedding after capturing Jacqueline.

However, that day when she noticed Shane watching a video of someone getting married, she knew at once he desired to have a wedding ceremony.

She didn’t want him to wait any longer.

“Right, Darling, you haven’t told me what you think of my gift.” Natalie pushed against his chest and gazed up at him.

Shane’s lips curved upward slightly. “Very satisfied, but I do have a gripe.”

She blinked in surprise. “It’s not enough? What do you suggest, then?”

He wrapped his arms around her and murmured the words against her ear, “I want you to put it on for me.”

Natalie broke out into a smile. “Ah, I see. Certainly.”

The gown had been designed by and for herself, so it made sense to wear it for her husband.

Shane immediately released her upon her agreement.

Natalie walked to the mannequin and removed the gown from the figure, glancing at the man standing close by. "Aren't you leaving?"

"Why?" He shot her a bewildered look.

She rolled her eyes. "Well, I need to change, so aren't you going to give me some privacy?"

"I won't interrupt you. Besides, I've seen every inch of your body. Don't mind me," Shane said.

Natalie huffed a laugh in exasperation.

I know what he really wants—He's looking to cop a peek.

"You're really not going to leave?" she repeated, her brows knitted in a frown.

Shane nodded resolutely. "The dress is huge, and it must be heavy. Usually, there are people around to help the brides into their gowns. If I leave, who is going to help you?"

Natalie pursed her lips and didn't try to dissuade him, knowing his mind was made up.

Fine, he can stay if he wants to. As he said, there isn't a part of my body he hasn't seen. He can feast his eyes, then.

Without another word, she began to remove her clothes.

Watching her strip, the apple of Shane's throat bobbed as he swallowed.

Once Natalie had divested herself of all her clothing, he moved toward her and said in a hoarse voice, "Let me help you."

She gave a soft sound of assent and handed the gown to him, and he helped her slip into it.

With his administration, Natalie stepped into her gown, and while he was zipping her up, a problem occurred.

The zipper was stuck halfway up her back, and it wouldn't budge no matter how he pulled.

Shane unfastened the zipper and glanced at her midriff. "It's the baby."

Natalie nodded with a sheepish expression on her face. "Yeah, it's been more than three months, and there's a noticeable bulge now. The gown is made with my pre-pregnancy measurements, so naturally, I can't fit into it anymore. I guess what they say about pregnancy brain is true. As a costume designer, I can't believe I forgot to factor this in."

She suddenly seemed to remember something, and her gaze flew to Shane. "Darling, I don't think we could have the wedding after the competition. By then, I would be seven months pregnant. My belly would swell up more, and the gown would no longer fit me. We would have to wait until after the baby's born to have the wedding."

Natalie hadn't thought about this until they had difficulty with the zipper.

It's better to hold off on the wedding now than to realize the gown doesn't fit after the invitations have been sent out.

Evidently, Shane hadn't thought about this, too. His lips thinned, thinking inwardly that the baby had come at an inopportune time to delay their wedding.

So be it. There's nothing we could do, anyway.

His fingers grazed the veil fitted on Natalie's head as he murmured, "It's all right. We've waited a long time. A few more months wouldn't make a difference."

Though his words said that, she could hear the misery in his voice and burst out laughing. "Oh, stop pouting. I'll make it up to you."

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Shane's eyes gleamed. "How are you going to repay me?"

Natalie tiptoed so she could whisper something in Shane's ear.

His eyes clearly widened before he swept her up and walked out of the cloakroom.

Natalie had always been gorgeous, and now she was exceptionally breathtaking in her wedding dress.

The two of them spent a long time in their bedroom, not coming out even during dinnertime.

Eventually, Natalie started feeling her hunger when midnight rolled around. Shane carried her aching, sore body down the stairs and prepared a simple supper for both of them.

The next day, Shane didn't go to work.

Natalie was about to bring the kids overseas for the competition tomorrow.

That was why he purposely pushed back all his appointments so he could properly spend time with his family.

If he missed this chance, he would have to wait for another ten to fifteen days before he could see them again.

Shane, Natalie, and the kids had almost finished putting together a puzzle when Silas suddenly called. "Mr. Shane, I found something when I was cleaning out the Thompson residence."

Silas' shaky voice was laced with an undertone of shock, clearly stumbled upon something unusual.

Shane immediately became serious. "What is it?"

Natalie and the kids looked at him. "What's wrong, Darling?"

"Silas brought some men over to clean out the Thompson residence so they could settle whatever Sam and the others had left there. He just called me and said they found something big," Shane explained briefly.

Natalie nodded in understanding.

Silas gulped audibly as he looked at his shocking discovery once again. Trying his best to suppress his shock, he replied as calmly as possible, "It's about Sean, but I think you'd better personally come over to see exactly what it is."

"All right. I'll be right there." Shane couldn't help but grow curious after Silas' obvious shock and nodded.

After he hung up, Natalie watched as he stood up. "Are you going over?"

"Yeah. Silas said it's about Sean, so I have to go take a look," Shane said as he pressed his lips into a line.

Natalie put down the puzzle and stood up as well. "Then I'll follow you."

Shane nodded in agreement.

"We want to go too!" Connor hurriedly piped up.

Sharon didn't say anything, but her tiny head was nodding fervently.

Natalie ruffled both of their heads. "Not this time. Stay at home, okay? Mommy and Daddy have official stuff to do, but we'll be back in no time."

"But—" Connor tried again.

This time, Shane interrupted, "Listen to your mom, kids. We'll bring you out another time."

“Okay then,” Connor said with a pout and sat back down since both his parents had already said no.

Shane and Natalie then left to the Thompson residence.

They reached about an hour later.

Silas was waiting for them in the living room. When he saw them enter, he quickly got up and bowed respectfully. “Good afternoon, Mr. Shane and madam.”

Natalie smiled at him in response.

Shane, on the other hand, frowned. “What happened?”

“Please follow me.” Silas sighed as he politely gestured toward a room.

Based on Silas’ serious expression, Shane knew that whatever he was about to see would be much worse than his expectations. His gaze darkened, and he held Natalie’s hand as they followed Silas.

They walked toward a room, and Shane narrowed his eyes. “This was Sean’s study room.”

“Yes. It used to be locked, and we had to open it by force, but we hadn’t imagined—well, Mr. Shane, please don’t be angry when you see what’s inside,” Silas said solemnly.

Natalie bit her lip.

What exactly could be inside?

As she fell into deep thought, she heard Shane say, “Open the door.”

“Of course,” Silas replied before taking a deep breath and opening the door.

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The light in the room was already turned on.

The moment Natalie stepped in, she felt her hair standing on end.

It was a very big study room, maybe around sixty or so square feet. The walls of the room were plastered with a lot of photographs and posters of various sizes.

Apart from those, there were many wax figures lying around.

All of these wax figures shared the same face as the subject of every single photograph and poster—Shane's mother. Natalie felt goosebumps rising on her arms and subconsciously rubbed at them.

Why were there so many pictures of her mother-in-law in Sean's room? Also, what was with the wax figures?

Besides that, why would a nephew even have so many pictures and figures of his own aunt in his study room?

Natalie looked at Shane in confusion.

Shane's dark expression immediately sent chills down her spine. It felt as if the temperature had lowered following his glare, and it even began to feel as if she couldn't breathe.

She knew that Shane wasn't just angry, he was furious.

Rightly so, as who wouldn't have been furious at the sight of their mother's face plastered all over someone's study room in such a perverse manner?

Natalie gently squeezed Shane's hand, reminding him to calm down and investigate the reason behind Sean's actions before getting angry.

Shane closed his eyes and did his best to suppress his anger. He turned to Silas and asked, "Is there anything else apart from these?"

"Yes. We also found a diary." At the mention of the diary, Silas' face paled, and he started to look extra uncomfortable.

Natalie could already sense that something was very wrong. "Where is it?"

Shane wanted to ask the same thing.

Silas walked toward the desk and pulled open a drawer. He took out an old diary with a yellowing cover and passed it to Shane with both hands. "I flipped through the diary before you came. Sean's been using it since he was ten. If you want to read it, you can start from where I've left the bookmark, which starts from when he was fifteen. That's where he starts to talk about why he has so many pictures and wax figures of Mrs. Thompson."

After that, he quickly stepped aside and did his best to become invisible.

He wished he didn't have to be around when Shane exploded, knowing he would get thrown into the mix.

"Shane, let's read from where Silas mentioned," Natalie said gently to Shane, who was looking at the diary.

He pressed his lips together before following suit.

Silas had made sure to leave half of the bookmark outside the pages so that it could be found easily, so Shane immediately flipped to that page.

When he saw the contents on the page, Shane's pupils immediately contracted, and he felt like a vein was about to burst.

Sean! How dare he!

The hand Shane was holding the diary with was beginning to tremble in a fury, and the veins on his arm were already showing.

It was something that only happened when he was so enraged that he could destroy anything.

Natalie was shocked and asked, "What is it?"

Shane didn't reply and continued staring at the diary with a stormy glare.

All Natalie could do was read it herself.

When she saw the contents of the diary, she inhaled in shock and pressed a hand to her gaping mouth. "S-Sean..."

Sean had developed romantic feelings toward his own aunt.

No wonder he had so many pictures and wax figures of his own aunt. He was in love with her.

It wasn't the familial type of love a nephew should have toward his aunt, either. No. He loved her the way a man would love a woman.

He was disgusting. How could anyone ever feel that way toward their own relative?

It's a taboo!

"I'm going to kill him. I'm going to f*cking kill him," Shane suddenly hissed. His voice wasn't laced with any emotion except pure, unadulterated anger.

Natalie was scared, but she didn't try to advise him otherwise.

She knew how angry he was right now.

If she told him to calm down, he would only get angrier.

Silas flinched and even began to hide his breathing in an attempt to disappear.

After what seemed like a long time, Shane finally calmed down slightly. He shut the diary with a loud snap and gripped it tightly. "Take all of these posters, pictures, and wax figures. Then, burn them. I don't want to see any trace of them left behind."

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Natalie opened her mouth slightly before she decided against saying what she had planned on saying.

Oh well. It's not good to leave this stuff behind anyway, even if they are of Shane's mom. He probably doesn't want something that Sean lusted over to be left behind.

After all, it isn't as if Shane is hurting his actual mother by doing this.

"Understood," Silas said as he nodded.

After Shane glared at the room around him, he looked down to hide the hatred in his eyes and turned to walk out.

Natalie followed behind him.

They left the Thompson residence, and Shane remained silent the whole way home. Natalie drove while he read through the diary.

She glanced at him cautiously, worried about whatever he was feeling right now. Despite her concern, she remained quiet.

She knew he didn't need words of comfort right now.

When they returned to Thompson villa, Shane locked himself in the study room alone.

Mrs. Wilson came out of the kitchen with some sliced fruits and placed them in front of Natalie. "What happened to sir?"

Natalie glanced upstairs and sighed. "So we went to the old Thompson house..."

She told Mrs. Wilson everything that had happened.

After she was done, Mrs. Wilson slapped her own thigh in anger. "I can't believe it! How dare Sean do such a shameless thing? That's his aunt, for God's sake! H-He deserves to be locked up!"

"I agree," Natalie muttered as she massaged her brows.

Shameless was already a mild way to put it. It was a crime at this point.

Based on what she had heard from Shane, Lindsay had treated Sean very well since he was a kid. She raised him almost as if he were her own son.

If she knew that someone she treated as her own flesh and blood had started feeling such perverse feelings for her, would she regret treating him so well?

Still, Natalie knew Lindsay couldn't have known.

She had passed away eighteen years ago, and Sean had only been thirteen then. Based on his diary, he had only discovered his taboo feelings for her when he was fifteen.

Hence, she probably never sensed anything.

"I knew Sean was ridiculously shameless, but I didn't know it was this bad. I should have warned her not to treat him so well. It's my fault." Mrs. Wilson sighed regretfully.

Natalie turned to look at her. "Why was it your fault?"

"Well, sir wasn't with Mrs. Thompson very often since he was a child. She missed him so much that she would cry over him, and it only stopped when Sean showed up. She replaced her sadness over sir with her newfound love for Sean, and I was happy seeing

her happy. He was almost like a blessing for her at the time, so even if she started going a bit overboard with how well she was treating him, I never said a word," Mrs. Wilson said with a bitter smile.

If she had known then what she knew now, she would have done anything to stop Lindsay from getting too close to Sean.

Natalie patted the back of Mrs. Wilson's hand gently and uttered, "Don't blame yourself, Mrs. Wilson. No one could have seen it coming back then. After all, Sean was more than twenty years younger than Lindsay. No one would have imagined him developing these feelings for her, anyway."

"That's true, but I just can't get over it. I could have prevented it, but..." Mrs. Wilson trailed off into a long sigh, pounding her own chest.

Natalie looked down and fell into deep thought.

She was wondering if it could have been a psychological issue since it wasn't normal for the then fifteen-year-old Sean to fall in love with his thirty-year-old aunt.

She decided to ask Stanley about it, and the opportunity for that came soon enough.

When Mrs. Wilson went upstairs to deliver some coffee to Shane, Natalie placed a quick call to Stanley.

When Stanley saw the display name onscreen, he felt rather taken aback. "Nat? What's up?"

Ever since she had found out about his feelings for her and also about his mental illness, she hadn't taken the initiative to call him.

He was feeling quite happy at the unexpected call.

His glasses flashed under the light, and the corner of his mouth lifted in an unsettling smile, but the voice with which he called Natalie remained as warm as ever.

"I have a question for you, Stanley," Natalie said as she chewed on her bottom lip.

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Stanley leaned back in his chair. "What is it? I'll do my best to answer."

Natalie took a deep breath before saying, "So I have a friend who was raised by his aunt and uncle. When he was thirteen, his aunt and uncle both passed away. In a diary entry he wrote when he was fifteen, he mentioned how he had developed...inappropriate feelings toward his aunt. Is that normal in any way?"

She didn't mention that she was talking about Sean, nor did she mention that his aunt and uncle were Shane's parents.

After all, it was still the Thompson family's private matters, so she felt the need to keep it a secret.

Stanley rose an eyebrow in suspicion. "You're saying that this friend of yours fell in love with his aunt, right?"

"Yeah," Natalie said with a nod.

Stanley pushed his glasses further up his nose bridge and asked, "Why did his aunt and uncle raise him? Did his parents pass away?"

"No, but they were both neglectful. His father was always out womanizing and cheating on his mother, who would also go out all day chasing after his father and his mistresses. She even hated my friend for not being able to keep his father with them even though she managed to give him a son," Natalie replied.

Stanley tilted his head back slightly. "I see. I think I know what's wrong. First of all, a man falling in love with his own aunt is wrong in and of itself. Honestly, most men who fall in love with a female figure who is significantly older than themselves have at least

mild psychological issues. The biggest issue is that they missed out on motherly love growing up.”

“Missing out on motherly love?” Natalie frowned.

“Yes,” Stanley replied. “You said it yourself. His parents were never there for him, so he never experienced parental love. His world was bleak and lonely until this aunt appeared and gave him the love he couldn’t get from his parents. After she lit up his world so suddenly, it’s natural that his feelings for his aunt eventually became inappropriate.”

“I see,” Natalie said as she dug her fingernails into her palm.

Stanley spoke up again. “Still, these cases are rare. I can count on one hand the number of times I’ve seen people fall in love with their own relatives.”

“Isn’t that why it’s strange, because it’s so rare?” Natalie asked.

Stanley nodded. “Yes. Most normal people would never develop such feelings toward their own aunt. Your friend most definitely has some psychological issues of his own, but something that could have spiked its development is the passing of his aunt. It could have affected him by making him miss his aunt even more, to the point that his familial love toward her festered and became romantic.”

“I got it. Thank you, Stanley.” Natalie massaged her temples.

Stanley chuckled gently. “No need to thank me. Is there anything else you want to know?”

“Not for now,” Natalie replied.

“Then I’ll be hanging up now. I have an operation to get to in a few minutes. Talk to you soon.” Stanley automatically bid farewell first.

Natalie hummed in agreement and hung up.

After their call, she put down her cell phone and walked upstairs.

She walked toward Shane's study room and was about to knock when the door opened on its own.

Mrs. Wilson emerged and looked at Natalie in surprise. "What are you doing here, madam?"

"I'm a little worried about him, so I decided to check up on him. I also need to tell him something," Natalie said. "How is he doing?"

"He's still reading the diary," Mrs. Wilson replied.

Natalie nodded. "Okay. You can go downstairs now. I'll take a look at him."

"All right," Mrs. Wilson answered with a smile before stepping aside to let Natalie enter.

After Natalie walked in, she closed the door softly behind her and strode toward the desk.

He was reading the diary placed in front of him, clearly paying his utmost attention to its contents.

However, his brows were knitted together in annoyance and stress, clearly ticked off by whatever he was reading.

Who knew what else Sean had written apart from his inappropriate feelings toward his aunt?

"Shane," Natalie called out softly.

Shane looked up at the sound of her voice. He was still clearly bothered by the contents, but he was as gentle as always toward Natalie. "What are you doing here?"

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"I came to check up on you and also wanted to tell you something," Natalie responded as she pulled out a chair.

Shane looked at her. "What is it?"

"I just called Stanley."

At the sound of his name, Shane frowned.

Natalie placed a gentle hand on his, indicating for him not to get jealous. "I didn't say who exactly Sean was and just called him my friend so I could ask if these feelings he had toward Lindsay were normal. He told me that it was definitely not normal and that Sean most likely developed that attraction due to a lack of love."

She quickly went through the conversation she had with Stanley.

"I know he's not normal. If he were normal, he wouldn't have developed these sick feelings toward his own aunt," Shane said with a scarily dark glare.

Natalie sighed. "Yeah. It definitely is a huge shock."

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" Natalie asked, turning around to look.

Silas' voice came from the other side of the door, "It's me, Mrs. Thompson."

"Ah, Silas. I'll open the door." Natalie flashed a quick smile at Shane and walked over.

Silas nodded gratefully at Natalie. "Where's Mr. Shane?"

"He's inside. Come on in." She stepped aside to let Silas pass.

He thanked her once again and walked in.

She closed the door and walked over.

Shane looked up at Silas. "What is it?"

"We have already destroyed everything you asked us to," Silas reported.

Natalie knew he was talking about the pictures, posters, and wax figures of Lindsay.

Shane's tightly knitted brow relaxed slightly at the sound of that. "Anything else?"

"I need to talk to you about some company-related matters," Silas said, trailing off slightly as he glanced at Natalie.

The latter knew they were about to talk about business stuff and stood up with a smile. "Go ahead. I'll step out for now. Shane, can I take a look at this diary?"

"Be my guest," Shane replied with a nod.

Natalie picked up the diary and walked toward the door.

Thompson Group was an international business, and there were plenty of important matters within the company. Even though she was Shane's wife, she personally did her best to avoid being too nosy.

It wasn't because Shane didn't trust her. It was more because it would be dangerous for her to know too much about such a large business.

After all, Thompson Group had its fair share of rivals, and it wasn't impossible for someone to kidnap her in order to get information about Thompson Group out of her.

That was why there was an unspoken rule in the field. Most businessmen did their best not to drag their wives into business matters, especially the top-secret stuff. Unless their wives were also involved in the business, they refrained from letting their wives know too much as a form of protection.

Natalie walked out of the room with the diary in hand.

When she reached the kids' room, she opened the door slightly to check on them.

The kids had been sleeping since just now, and she wasn't sure if they had woken up yet.

She inched her head into the gap to get a better look at their beds.

"Still asleep," she whispered with a smile on her face at the sight of her kids. She then stepped back and closed the door gently.

Once she was in her room, Natalie sat on the edge of her bed and began flipping through the diary pages.

Sean didn't write in the diary every day, so it wasn't exactly chronologically organized. Sometimes he would write in it every few days, sometimes every month, and sometimes even every few months. All the entries had one thing in common—they were all written when he was feeling extra emotional.

Soon enough, Natalie read the part where Silas had left in the bookmark, also the part from where Sean turned fifteen. The diary was full of every single one of Sean's emotions.

He ranted about why his parents didn't love him and wondered if it was because he wasn't obedient enough.

By the time he was about eight or nine years old, he had seemingly given up on his own parents and stopped mentioning them in his entries. On the contrary, he started writing more and more about Shane's parents.