

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1031

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Sean wrote all about how well Shane's parents treated him and what they did for him.

Natalie could see how happy and content Sean felt under Shane's parents' care.

At least until this point, Sean only loved them as parental figures.

The first trace of worry that Natalie had seen so far appeared in an entry written when he was twelve.

He wrote about how his aunt and uncle were about to bring Shane back home and how terrified he was that they would no longer love him if Shane were home, that they would stop loving him as if he were their actual son.

That was why, as Sean wrote in his diary, he told his grandpa to leave Shane overseas for a little bit longer.

"He must have been much too anxious," Natalie said with a sigh.

He had never felt parental love before, so that was why he clutched at any straws that Shane's parents gave him. He must have been terrified that he would go back to being unloved and alone if Shane came back.

He might have done many horrible things, but he was rather pitiful as well.

Natalie massaged her brow and gently brushed her fingers against the diary.

Sean wrote about how Shane continued to be left overseas and how he could happily go back to being loved by Shane's parents.

Before the two of them passed away, Sean held completely normal feelings toward his aunt, simply seeing the two of them as his real parents.

When he turned thirteen and heard about his surrogate parents passing away, he went through a lot of emotional trauma and even had to go to the hospital for a burning fever. He blacked out for a few days before waking up, and when he did, he had completely changed.

Sean even mentioned in one entry how he often dreamed about his aunt.

He missed her so much that his feelings for her began to warp and become inappropriate.

“That’s sad.” Natalie sighed and continued reading.

Back in the study room, Shane nodded after listening to Silas’ report. “Do as you proposed, then. Let me know the results as soon as it happens. If this turns out well, I’ll consider sending you for devolution.”

Silas’ eyes lit up at the sound of that. “Thank you, Mr. Shane! I will do my best to finish this and won’t let you down!”

Devolution had been Silas’ dream.

While being Shane’s assistant was a great position to be in, it would be even better to be sent to become the CEO of a subsidiary.

Shane hummed in response. “Is there anything else?”

“Yes, but I’m not sure if I should say it.” Silas adjusted his glasses in hesitation.

Shane looked at him. “What is it?”

“It’s about Sean and madam,” Silas replied.

Sean narrowed his eyes. “Sean and Natalie?”

“Yes.” Silas nodded. “You once mentioned that Sean had feelings for madam, and we just learned today that he also harbored those feelings toward your mother. I went back and thought about it and realized something shocking.”

“Which is?” Shane prompted.

Jacqueline had been the one to tell him that Sean liked Natalie.

The reason he believed it was because Sean had always treated Natalie with a different attitude compared to others.

Now, Shane was no longer sure if Sean liked Natalie.

“It’s their eyes. Haven’t you realized how their eyes are practically the same?” Silas reminded Shane.

He had never seen Shane’s mother, as she had already passed for close to ten years by the time he started working for Shane.

However, he had seen pictures of her. Shane used to have one right on his desk that he eventually stowed away.

That was why Silas could remember Lindsay’s face so clearly. Natalie might be more attractive in terms of looks, but their eyes were certainly almost completely the same.

He had realized this for a long time, but he never found the chance to talk about it.

He was also under the impression that Shane had already realized that the reason he fell for Natalie was because of her eyes.

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Only now did he realize that that was not the case.

Shane's pupils contracted at the sound of Silas' words.

Mom and Natalie have the same eyes?

He hurriedly opened his drawer and pulled out a picture of his mother before comparing it to Natalie's and realized that Silas was right.

Shane's hand tightened around the picture.

He couldn't believe he was only paying attention to such a surprising similarity now.

"Mr. Shane?" Silas called out carefully at the sight of Shane's shock. "Could Sean be treating madam as some sort of replacement?"

Shane's lips pressed together coldly. "Keep this completely under wraps."

"Understood." Silas nodded.

Shane pinched his brow tiredly. "You can leave now."

"Yes, sir," Silas responded with another nod before walking out.

Shane was left alone in the study room.

He lowered his head, and his un-styled hair fell over his eyes, hiding his current expression under the shade of his fringe.

Despite that, his anger was made obvious by the immense, heavy aura around him.

Great. Just great.

Not only did Sean fall in love with his own aunt, but he also treated my wife as a substitute.

I'll kill him!

Bang!

Shane slammed his fist on the desk. The sheer impact alone split his knuckles open, and a trickle of fresh blood dripped out from the wound and onto the desk.

It was as if he couldn't feel the pain as he walked straight out of the study room and to their bedroom.

Natalie was in the midst of reading the diary and looked up at the sound of the door opening.

When she saw the man in the doorway, she was about to greet him with a smile when she realized how he was acting. Immediately, her smile faded, and she asked, "What's wrong, Shane?"

She placed the diary pages-down on the bed and walked over to Shane.

He was looking angrier than he had been when she left the study room, so he clearly had heard something infuriating.

Shane looked up, and his lips moved as if he were about to say something.

Before he could speak, Natalie caught sight of his bleeding hand and stared in shock.

"Shane! What happened to your hand?"

She reached out and grabbed it gently. When she noticed his split knuckles, her small face creased into a frown. "Did you punch something?"

Instead of replying, Shane hugged her tightly and buried his face in the crook of her neck.

She stood there in mild shock before gently patting his back. In a gentle voice, she said, "What happened, Darling? You have to tell me, or I'll be worried."

He looked up at the sound of his wife's concern. "Sean sees you as a substitute for my mother."

"What?" Natalie's eyes widened. "A substitute?"

"I've always thought that you were the one he actually loved, but Silas just told me about how you and my mother have practically the same eyes."

Natalie understood what Shane was so upset about, and her lips trembled. "Are you saying that Sean fell for me because I have the same eyes like your mom?"

"It's highly possible," Shane said as he let go of her to fish out a picture from his pocket. "This is a picture of her."

Natalie looked down and started looking at the picture carefully.

Shane's mother was a real gentle beauty, almost ethereal in her good looks. She was on the complete opposite end of the spectrum from Natalie's own looks.

If Natalie had strong, clear-cut features, then Shane's mother had delicate, gentle features.

Natalie knew exactly how she looked and was extremely familiar with her own features. Maybe that was why she no longer reacted when she saw features similar to her own because she never really saw the similarities.

But now, as she took a closer look, she had to agree with Silas.

It was highly likely that Sean had treated her as a substitute for Shane's mother.

When she thought about this, Natalie felt a sudden gust of anger.

She didn't love Sean, but she couldn't accept being seen as anyone's substitute, not even Lindsay.

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She was Natalie, and that was that. She was one of a kind. How could someone treat her as someone else's substitute?

Natalie clenched her hands into fists and hissed, "What a scumbag."

Shane knew she was talking about Sean, and he agreed wholeheartedly.

Falling in love with his own aunt and Natalie, too? Despicable.

"Once we find him, I'm going to show him why he should be scared," Natalie said and bit her lip.

Shane caressed her hair gently.

Natalie looked at Shane's bloody knuckles, and her anger toward Sean immediately extinguished. She pulled him toward the bed. "I'll help you bandage this."

She forced him to sit down and went to get the first-aid kit from the closet.

When she came out with the first-aid kit, she saw Shane reading the diary.

He flipped through it. "Are you almost done?"

"Yes. I have two entries left," Natalie walked over and put the first-aid kit down. As she started ruffling through it to look for the correct ointment, she said, "I haven't read them thoroughly, but I did flip through them. I realized he stopped five years ago."

“Five years ago, he drugged me and wanted to blackmail me. His plan only failed because you showed up, and after I left, I chased him out of the country. That was why he stopped,” Shane explained.

Natalie nodded. “I see. So he probably also joined that organization because you kicked him out, right?”

“Yes. He had no power five years ago, but now he has enough power to be considered a threat in more than a few countries. That’s what makes me think he joined around the same time, too,” Shane said mildly.

Natalie cleaned off the blood on his knuckles. “He wrote about his true goal behind drugging you that night.”

“Really?” Shane frowned.

Natalie threw away the bloody cotton ball and started disinfecting the wound with alcohol. “He wrote that he did do that to blackmail you so he could get you to return Wells Properties’ major shares. He even wrote that he had never even thought about taking over Thompson Group, but if your father had passed it over to him, he wouldn’t have said no.”

“He can keep dreaming!” Shane smirked coldly before his eyes narrowed at a sudden thought. “Did you just say he wanted me to return the Wells Properties shares to him?”

“Yes.”

“Why return, though?” Shane didn’t get it.

He knew his mom hadn’t handed Wells Properties over to him, or her lawyer would have come to find him soon after she passed so he could be informed.

He hadn’t known who had gotten Wells Properties until he saw his grandfather’s will and found out that Sean had gotten it.

How could Sean ask him to return them? It wasn’t like Shane had them anyway.

Shane's mouth opened slightly. "Did Sean think it went to me?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded. "He wrote about how Lindsay passed Wells Properties over to him as a note of gratitude. She truly did treat him like a son, and Sean knew that. However, before he could sign the contract, she passed away, and the contract disappeared, so he thought you had taken it."

"I see." Shane's thin lips flattened into a line.

Natalie sighed. "Actually, Grandpa took the contract away, and he didn't tell either of you. That's why Sean thought you took it away because you didn't think it was fair for him to get it. Then, when he found out that the contract wasn't with you and with Grandpa, he started his relentless journey to get his hands on Grandpa's will."

Everything made perfect sense now.

Shane clenched his fists tightly. "He'd really stop at nothing to get his hands on Wells Properties."

"Because it was from your mom," Natalie reminded.

Of course, Sean took it seriously. After all, he was in love with Lindsay.

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After all, that was the only thing Lindsay had left for him.

"Okay, Shane. You take a look first. I'm going to take a bath." Natalie tied the bandage, put everything back into the first-aid kit, and went into the bathroom.

Shane lowered his head and continued to look through the diary.

He wanted to destroy it after he was done with it.

However, Natalie stopped him from doing so, just in case they need it in the future.

Hence, Shane kept the diary with him even though he despised it.

The next day, Shane and Joyce saw Natalie and the two kids off at the airport.

Sally picked them up upon their arrival. "Nat, you're finally back. Have you wrapped everything up?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded.

Sally helped her with her luggage so that she could hold her kids' hands.

And so, the four of them walked out of the airport.

Sally put the luggage in the trunk of the car while Natalie opened the car door and ushered the kids in.

She then closed the car door and turned to Sally. "Sal, can you please take the kids back to the villa first?"

Sally closed the trunk and looked at her in surprise. "Why? Aren't you going back?"

"I'll go back later. I need to make a trip to the mental hospital first," Natalie replied.

Sally nodded. "Okay. But what are you going to do since I'll be taking the car?"

"I'll take a taxi. All right, I'm going off now." Natalie waved her hands and walked toward the roadside to hail a taxi.

There were a lot of taxis stationed at the airport for on-demand service. Hence, it wasn't long before Natalie was on her way to the mental hospital.

After half an hour, Natalie arrived at the mental hospital.

She could see Jasmine watching television inside the ward through the closed half-glass door as she stood outside.

Jasmine looked mentally healthy. She wasn't the least bit affected by the environment she was in.

All of this was possible merely because Natalie didn't ask the doctors and nurses to try anything funny on her.

That also meant that Jasmine wasn't receiving any treatment even though she was being locked up in a mental hospital. Hence, freedom was the only thing taken away from her at the moment.

"Here you go, Mrs. Thompson." One of the nurses opened the door for Natalie.

Natalie smiled at her and walked into the ward.

Jasmine's gaze was fixed on the door. She screwed up her face when she saw it was Natalie, and her eyes filled with hatred. "You!"

"Yes, it's me." Natalie smiled.

Jasmine tightened her grip on the remote control. "What are you doing here?"

"To pay you a visit. I also have some updates for you." Natalie pulled a chair over and sat down.

Jasmine scoffed. "I'm not interested."

"No, you will be interested. I want to tell you that Harrison and Susan have passed away." Natalie rested her chin on her hand and said softly.

Jasmine's mind went blank upon hearing the news. It took her a while before she came back to her senses. "What did you say?" she shrieked.

"I said Harrison and Susan have passed away." Natalie stared at her as she repeated the statement.

Jasmine was dumbfounded as she confirmed the news. "They're dead... How is that possible..."

"Nothing is impossible. Harrison's body couldn't keep up after being poisoned by your mother. Your mother's affair with Warren was the last straw for him. You can say that your mother is the one who killed Harrison," Natalie said coldly.

Jasmine gaped at her as she tried to process her thoughts. After a while, she asked, "What about Mom?"

"She was sentenced to death." Natalie broke into a smile. "She committed a crime when she poisoned Harrison. Moreover, she tried to strangle Harrison to death in front of the police officers and killed my mother by pushing her down the stairs. All these crimes add up, resulting in a death sentence."

"So... You're the one behind my mother's death?" Jasmine roared with rage.

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Natalie was infuriated. "Correction. I'm not the one behind her death. She was sentenced to death because of what she did. She wouldn't have died if she wasn't responsible for all that evil, would she?"

However, Jasmine refused to listen. All she knew was that Susan had died.

Even though she hated Susan, the latter was still her mother.

She couldn't stand seeing anyone lay a finger on her mother.

“Natalie, quit your bullsh*t! What do you mean she was at fault for her own death? If you hadn’t called the police, my mom wouldn’t have died! She would still be alive!” Jasmine got off the bed and moved toward Natalie.

However, she was pushed to the ground by a bodyguard before she could even reach Natalie.

Natalie was still seated on her chair as she glared at Jasmine. “I must say, you’re very funny. You’re telling me I shouldn’t have called the police instead of saying this is what she deserves. No wonder you are your mother’s child. There’s something wrong with your head. You clearly don’t have the right values and can’t be bothered with the law.”

Jasmine trembled with rage. “Don’t talk to me about the law! All I know is that my mother’s death is all your fault!”

Natalie smiled. “I do admit that I brought the police over to arrest Susan. But so what? What can you do when you’re locked up here? Moreover, don’t you hate her? Shouldn’t you be happy now that she’s dead? Why are you acting like you’re trying to seek justice for her? Don’t be such a hypocrite.”

“That’s none of your business. She’s still my mother, after all, even if I hate her. You’re in no position to lay a finger on her.” Jasmine could only glare at her since she was being held back by the bodyguard. If looks could kill, Natalie would have been shredded into a thousand pieces by now.

Natalie propped her head on one hand and said lazily, “What about Harrison? Susan treated you like sh*t when you were young, but you’re trying to seek justice for her. Why didn’t you cry for Harrison’s sake? He’s dead too. He treated you really well, didn’t he? He even kicked me and Jared — his biological children — out of the family for your sake, but he’s not even on your mind now that he’s dead.”

Guilt flashed across Jasmine’s face upon her words as her eyes flickered. “Why should I keep him in my thoughts? You said so yourself — he’s not my biological father.”

“He still treated you very well even though he’s not your biological father, right?” Natalie stared at her.

Jasmine sneered. “Treated me well? Yes, he did treat me well, but that was because he thought I was his biological daughter. Would he have treated me as well if he knew I wasn’t one of his own?”

Natalie tousled her hair. “What an ingrate. Harrison would be so mad if he heard that. You’re right; he probably wouldn’t have treated you as well if he knew you weren’t his biological daughter. However, you can’t just completely disregard the fact that he was the one who brought you up and how well he treated you. Poor thing, he didn’t even get so much as a ‘thank you’ after his death.”

With that, she stood up. “I thought you would have cried for Harrison’s sake after learning all these, but it looks like I’m wrong. How could a heartless person cry? Forget it, I’m leaving. Take care.”

She turned around and left.

“Natalie Smith! Just you wait. I’ll make you pay for my mother’s death. I’ll drag you down to hell with me even if I can’t escape this place!” Jasmine bellowed behind her, her voice full of hatred.

Natalie paused and turned to face her. “Really? I’ll be waiting then. But I’ll let you get a taste of hell first before you drag me down there with you. Teach her a good lesson.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the bodyguards replied in unison.

Natalie turned around and walked out of the ward.

She could hear Jasmine’s cries of pain and anguish behind her even after walking out of the door.

It was obvious the two bodyguards were sparing her no mercy.

She deserves it anyways.

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She came here today because she thought Jasmine should know about Harrison's death since he truly loved the latter as his daughter.

She thought Jasmine would grieve Harrison's death. Yet who would have thought she wasn't even the least bit affected by it?

All Jasmine cared about was Susan. After all, Susan was her biological mother at the end of the day, even though Susan mistreated her when she was a child. Hence, it only made sense for Jasmine to have an emotional breakdown after learning about her mother's death.

On the other hand, Jasmine remained impassive aside from the initial shock after hearing about Harrison's death.

She didn't care about Harrison even though he loved her dearly, all because he wasn't her biological father.

What an ungrateful and vindictive girl.

Natalie took a deep breath and mocked silently as she waited for the elevator.

See, Harrison, this is the daughter you have loved for the past twenty years.

Just then, the elevator arrived with a ding.

Natalie massaged the space between her brows and walked into the elevator.

At that moment, her phone rang.

However, it hung up automatically after two rings since there was no signal inside the elevator.

She did see the caller ID though.

Natalie returned the call the moment she stepped out of the elevator. "Hello, Shane."

"You went to visit Jasmine?" Shane asked in a deep voice.

"How did you find out?"

"Connor told me about it." Shane was standing in front of Sam's grave as he spoke.

Today was Sam's funeral.

However, they did not invite anyone over. Shane merely asked Silas to retrieve Sam's ashes back from the funeral house and buried him in a grave they had prepared beforehand.

They were setting up his tombstone at the moment after burying him.

Shane stood by and watched as they worked on erecting the tombstone.

He planned to leave right after they were done.

It was his way of keeping Sam's dignity intact as his nephew.

"I see." Natalie nodded. "Yes, I met Jasmine just now. It's funny how she blames me for Susan's death. She thought Susan would still be alive if I hadn't brought the police over."

"Something's wrong with her head. Just ignore her." Shane pursed his lips.

Natalie smiled. "I know. That's why I left. I'm going back to the villa now."

"Okay. Be careful. Let me know when you reach, don't make me worry," Shane instructed in gentle tones.

After finding out that Jacqueline had escaped from J City, he had a feeling she would go after Natalie again.

He felt very worried even though he had employed a few bodyguards to look after Natalie and the kids.

“Okay, I will.” Natalie nodded.

The two then chatted a little bit longer before ending the call.

Natalie hailed a taxi and left the site soon after.

Soon after the taxi drove off, the window of a black car parked by the road suddenly rolled down.

Jacqueline glared in the direction Natalie went as murderous intent flashed in her eyes.

Suddenly, a cold, male voice sounded beside her. “You’d better behave. I’m afraid I’ll kill you if you show your intention of killing Natalie to me.”

Jacqueline clenched her fists tightly and bit her bottom lip upon hearing that.

However, she took a deep breath and managed to calm herself down. Forcing out a smile, she uttered, “Sorry, I’ll take note next time.”

Sean sneered and fell silent.

Jacqueline withdrew her gaze and turned toward the mental hospital. “Jasmine is inside?”

“That’s right.” Sean nodded. “I spent a lot of effort to find out this piece of information.”

Jacqueline narrowed her eyes. “That idiot! I helped her adopt a new identity because I thought she would succeed. Who would have thought that she would blow her cover so soon and get locked up in a mental hospital? Useless piece of sh*t!”

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Sean chuckled. "She would have married Shane by now if she was useful instead of ending up here. Shall we pay her a visit?"

"No." Jacqueline shook her head. "Didn't you mention that Shane has stationed his bodyguards around her? I'll just be walking right into his trap if I go."

Sean shrugged. "Okay then, we'll head back now."

Jacqueline grunted in response and rolled up the window.

They came here today merely because they heard that Natalie had returned.

They had no reason to stay any longer after seeing Natalie in person.

Soon after, they left the mental hospital's entrance and disappeared into a sea of cars.

On the other hand, Natalie wasn't aware that Jacqueline and Sean had been so close to her.

Her two kids greeted her with a warm welcome upon her arrival at the villa. "Mommy."

"Hello, babies." Natalie hugged the two kids in her arms and rubbed their hair affectionately.

Sally sauntered out with a glass of champagne in her hand. "Nat, the magazine company called just now."

"What do they want?" Natalie held on to her kids' hands and sat down on the sofa.

Sally took a sip of her champagne and replied, "They were asking if you're done with your designs. The magazine company will be doing their photoshoot next week."

"I'm done. I was planning to bring them over tomorrow." Natalie was peeling an apple as she spoke.

Sally nodded. "Okay, I'll tell them that then."

"Thanks."

After Sally left, Natalie cut the peeled apple in half and gave it to her kids. She then sent them upstairs to play.

Just then, one of the housekeepers walked over with a parcel.

"Madam, your parcel." The housekeeper handed Natalie the parcel.

Natalie was perplexed. "Who sent it?"

I didn't purchase anything online.

"I don't know. There's no message written anywhere. It only says it's for you, Madam. I just found it lying in our mailbox."

Natalie flashed her a smile. "Got it. I'll let you get back to your work then."

"All right." The housekeeper nodded, turned around, and left.

Natalie was the only one left in the living room.

She carefully inspected the parcel for any notes. Suspicion arose in her heart when she couldn't find any.

The sender must have ulterior motives for sending something like this. I just wonder if the sender is a friend or foe. What if it's one of my enemies? Who could it be? Sean, maybe?

Natalie pursed her lips and picked up the fruit knife.

She wanted to see what was inside the parcel.

Very soon, the parcel was cut open.

Natalie put the fruit knife down and opened the box.

However, a fetid stench wafted out of the small slit.

Natalie retched the moment it hit her.

Sally saw her bent over with a look of discomfort when she hung up the call. "Nat, are you okay?" she asked worriedly.

Natalie waved her hand and didn't reply.

Sally patted her back. "Nat, are you having morning sickness?"

"No, it's that..." Natalie propped a hand against her forehead and pointed at the box on the coffee table.

Sally turned around and stared at the box curiously. "What is it?"

"I don't know. A fetid stench came from the box when I opened it. I was almost knocked out by the horrid smell." Natalie poured herself a cup of water and drank it in an attempt to calm herself down.

"Fetid stench?" Sally stood up. "I'm pretty sure it's either trash or rotten flesh then. It can't be, can it?"

Natalie frowned. "I don't know. I haven't looked."

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"I'll check on your behalf." With that, Sally reached out and opened the box.

A horrendous stench filled the air the moment she opened the box.

Sally wrinkled her nose in disgust. "Man, that stinks."

She quickly wafted the air in front of her nose, held her breath, and continued to open the box.

The box was wrapped up in layers.

Soon, the entire living room was filled with the fetid stench.

At last, Natalie couldn't stand it anymore. Her face was pale as she ordered, "I can't handle this. Do it outside."

Sally nodded and took the box outside. She didn't want the whole villa to smell like rotten flesh either.

Natalie instructed the housekeeper to get rid of the smell in the living room before she followed Sally out.

However, she heard Sally's high-pitched scream the moment she stepped out the door.

"Sal!" Natalie's face darkened as she quickly ran over to check on Sally. "What happened?"

"Don't come near!" Sally whipped around and made a "stop" hand gesture.

Natalie paused instinctively and stared at Sally.

Sally looked like she had seen a ghost as her body trembled with fear.

Natalie swallowed and asked once again in gentle tones, "Sal, what happened?"

Sally moved her lips and said in a trembling voice, "T-There's a dead cat inside the box! I-It's all rotten now. Scared the crap out of me!"

A dead cat?

Natalie's eyes widened in surprise.

Sally wrapped her arms around herself. "Nat, who was the sender? Is this a prank?"

Natalie clenched her fists and nodded. "Yes, the sender must be trying to scare me, but I don't know who he or she is."

It must be either Sean or Jacqueline.

Shane had imposed a strict lockdown with the help of Governor Stephen. Hence, there was a huge possibility that Sean was still around.

As for Jacqueline, Sean had whisked her away once before this. Since she was no longer in J City, Sean could have brought her here.

Thus, there was a high chance this parcel was sent by those two.

"Nat, let's call the police." Sally walked over to Natalie and said furiously, "If the sender is trying to scare you, I'm pretty sure he or she will try it again. We can't let them carry on like this. We have to call the police and capture them!"

"I know, but we won't necessarily get something out of it if we call the police." Natalie narrowed her eyes.

Sally turned to face her. "Nat, have you figured out who the sender is?" "Yes, because who else can it be? Either way, you should stop probing as this has nothing to do with you. It's better if you don't know." Natalie patted her shoulder.

Sally nodded. "Okay, but how should we deal with this?"

She pointed at the box shakily.

The box was overturned. Sally was so frightened when she saw the contents of the box that she threw it out.

Luckily for them, the contents of the box did not spill out.

Natalie stared at the box and frowned deeply. "Get the housekeeper to take care of it. Also, check the security footage to see who the sender is and when he or she put it in our mailbox."

“Okay, right on it.”

With that, Sally quickly headed back into the villa.

As for Natalie, she stayed back to see if she could spot any suspicious figures lurking around. After making sure there was no one in sight, she returned to the villa.

The housekeeper soon got rid of the parcel and even disinfected the entire villa.

Natalie and Sally finally felt like their trauma had been dealt with.

Just then, one of the housekeepers placed a laptop in front of Natalie. “Madam, this is the security footage of the cameras outside the villa. Please take a look.”

Natalie nodded slightly. “Got it. Please head over to the police station to make a police report about the parcel.”

This way, if they send another similar parcel, the punishment for their crimes will be heavier due to having a record already.

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“All right,” the housekeeper said and went off to do as told.

Natalie placed the laptop between herself and Sally before playing the security footage.

They saw a man in a blue deliveryman uniform appear shortly after Sally brought the kids home from the airport.

The man opened the mailbox outside the villa and placed a package inside before leaving.

The security footage then ended there.

“Why is it this deliveryman?” Sally asked in puzzlement.

“You know him?” Natalie questioned while staring at her.

“Yeah, I do. Remember how I subscribed to a weekly fashion magazine? Well, this guy would place the magazines in the mailbox on time every Monday. He’s the guy in charge of delivering the magazine to this villa, and he’s been working here for many years now. From a logical standpoint, he shouldn’t be pulling a prank like this,” Sally replied.

“It’s obvious then. He was simply delivering a package for them and had no idea what the content was,” Natalie said with her lips pursed.

Sally grew increasingly confused when she heard that. “Packages need to have the sender’s information on them, but that one didn’t have any. By delivering it for them, he has clearly violated his company’s policy.”

Natalie narrowed her eyes. “We’ll find out why he did it once we bring him over, won’t we?”

Sally nodded. “Yeah, you’re right. I’ll call up his company and have him come over.”

As Sally stepped aside to make the call, Natalie received an incoming video call from Shane.

It should be midnight where he is. He must’ve found out about the package if he’s calling me at this hour...

Natalie let out a sigh at the thought of that.

“What’s with the package?” Shane asked with a gloomy expression as he leaned against the headboard of his bed in his black pajamas.

“Did the bodyguards tell you about it?” Natalie responded to his question with another one.

Shane jutted his chin out and said, “Yes.”

He had been sleeping soundly when he got a call from the bodyguards. Needless to say, he had been really shocked when they told him about the disgusting package Natalie received.

That was why he immediately gave her a video call to ask about it.

“Someone pulled a prank on me,” Natalie replied while rubbing her forehead.

Shane frowned instantly. “Who? Sean or Jacqueline?”

They were both suspecting the same people.

Natalie shook her head. “I’m not sure if they’re the ones behind this, but the possibility is pretty high.”

I don't have many enemies in this city, so Jasmine, Sean, and Jacqueline are the most likely suspects. Jasmine is locked up in a mental hospital without any money and has no means of contacting anyone outside, so she obviously couldn't have done this. That leaves us with Sean and Jacqueline, but we haven't found any evidence to prove they're the ones who did it.

Shane tightened his grip on the phone and asked, “What was inside the package?”

The bodyguards had only told him it was a disgusting package, but they didn’t know what was inside as the housekeepers had taken care of it very quickly.

“It was a dead cat,” Natalie replied, rubbing her stomach to resist the urge to throw up from disgust.

The look in Shane’s eyes grew icy-cold immediately upon hearing that. “A dead cat...”

“Yeah...” Natalie nodded.

Feeling a little worried, Shane asked, “Did it scare you?”

“No, I didn’t see the cat because Sal opened it for me. She saw it and got really shaken up,” Natalie said apologetically while looking in Sally’s direction.

Shane knew Natalie was feeling guilty about Sally being frightened by a package meant for her.

“Don’t worry, I’ll have someone send her some stuff as compensation later,” Shane said.

Natalie nodded with a smile. “Okay. I’m sure Sal will be happy to hear that.”

“It won’t be easy to catch Sean and Jacqueline if they truly are the ones behind this. I believe they’ll continue to do this, so make sure you don’t open any more packages like that yourself. Always have the bodyguards open it first, okay?” Shane said.

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It was a dead cat this time, but there’s no telling what it could be next time! What if they send a live and venomous snake? Things could go horribly wrong!

Natalie could tell that Shane was worried about her safety, and that filled her heart with a warm sensation. “Okay, I will.”

“Good, then.” Shane eased up on his frown at last.

Sally soon returned after getting off the phone, and she broke into a wide grin when Natalie told her about the compensation.

Regardless, Sally hadn’t forgotten about the matter at hand and said, “Nat, the courier company has agreed to have the deliveryman come over. He should be arriving soon.”

“Noted. I’m sorry to trouble you like this,” Natalie replied after taking a sip of water.

Sally waved at her. “Don’t worry about it!”

To her, it was perfectly normal for friends to help each other out.

The deliveryman and his manager arrived less than half an hour later.

Sally had already told the courier company about the incident, and they freaked out the moment they heard about their staff delivering a dead cat to their client, especially one who was an extremely wealthy foreigner.

Having realized the seriousness of the situation, the courier company rushed over with the deliveryman responsible as soon as they could.

“Did you know what was inside the package when you delivered it to us?” Natalie questioned the deliveryman coldly.

The deliveryman shook his head profusely. “No, I didn’t! The package was sealed properly, and I’m not allowed to open it, so I really had no idea what was inside. I’m innocent!”

Natalie wasn’t surprised by his response as she had expected him to say that.

He has been delivering packages to villas in this area for years with almost zero bad ratings, so it’s unlikely that he would take bribes. Anyone in this line of work would know that the residents of this area are rich and powerful people and that they would surely come after the deliverymen if there was anything wrong with the packages. Knowing the risks, there’s no way this guy would deliver the package if he was aware of its contents. Therefore, the likeliest scenario is that he truly didn’t know what was inside.

With that in mind, Natalie pursed her lips and pressed on, “In that case, do you know who sent it?”

Although the sender’s information wasn’t stated on the package, the deliveryman must have known who sent it if he brought it all the way here.

The manager gave him a nudge and urged him to tell the truth.

"It was a woman," the deliveryman replied quickly as he knew how serious things were.

"A woman?" Sally glanced at Natalie as she continued, "Nat, could it be the one you're suspecting?"

Natalie lowered her gaze. "I can't confirm it based on that answer alone."

She then glared at the deliveryman and probed him further, "What kind of woman was she? How does she look like? Could you describe her figure? Does she have any other unique characteristics?"

The deliveryman gave it some thought and replied, "She has dark pupils and black hair like you, ma'am. She appears to be of Chanaean descent. I couldn't get a clear look of her figure as she was wearing very thick clothes, and she didn't seem to have any unique characteristics either."

"What the h*ll kind of answer is that?" Sally exclaimed with a frown.

A Chanaean woman with dark pupils and black hair, huh... It's most likely Jacqueline, then...

Natalie clenched her fists at the thought of that and asked, "Why isn't the sender's information stated on the delivery receipt?"

The deliveryman replied, "I was organizing the packages at the parcel locker for delivery to this area when she approached me all of a sudden. She handed me this package and asked me to help deliver it along the way. She claimed to be a friend of yours and that the package was a gift for you. As such, I didn't give it much thought at the time and agreed to her request on the spot. I didn't even charge her for it since I was going in the same direction anyway. Who would've thought..."

Who would've thought it was actually a dead cat inside?

Sally clicked her tongue in disgust. "No wonder the package had no information on the sender... That person sure is a smart one!"

