

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 696

I've always known that Mr. Shane loves Madam. I know his love for her runs bone-deep. Even so, I never would have predicted this; I underestimated the extent of his love...

He's so in love with her that he would relinquish Thompson Group to her son... To someone who's not his biological child. This is...

Silas cast a gentle gaze at Connor and Shane, taking in how similar they looked. He couldn't help but mentally sigh at the two's twisted fate.

If only Connor were Mr. Shane's son...

"Alright, let's head back." Shane carried Connor over to Natalie.

Natalie's lips twitched, wanting to say something but decided against it. Instead, she simply responded with a simple nod.

The woman stayed silent during the drive home. Her head bowed as she was deep in thought about what Shane had mentioned at the office earlier.

True enough, his words had utterly taken her by surprise.

Never in a million years would she have expected Shane to name Connor as Thompson Group's successor. Not only that, but she hadn't told Shane that the two kids were his biological children; yet, he still gave the position to Connor, a boy with whom he presumed shared no relations.

To top that off, she could tell that he was dead serious.

How could he put so much trust in me and my kids? Isn't he worried that we'll change the ownership of Thompson Group in the future? That we'll remove him from the company and keep it all to ourselves?

Shane side-eyed Natalie while driving. His low voice chuckled as if he had seen right through her mind. Then, he soothed, "Don't overthink things. Connor's still a young boy."

Frustration erupted from Natalie. She raised her gaze onto him and retorted, "That was extremely rash of you!"

"I disagree. Connor is a brilliant boy who's more than capable of inheriting the Thompson Group. He's even got the potential to take the company a step further, so I don't see why I shouldn't name him my heir." Although Shane was more focused on driving, his statement was full of sincerity.

Natalie massaged the space between her brows, anxiety brewing at the back of her mind. "Yes, but aren't you concerned that..."

"Will you?" Shane had predicted her doubts and interrupted her with a bold question of his own.

Natalie's lips parted before they morphed into a smile. She answered truthfully, "Of course not. That's not who I am. Neither is Connor because I will raise him to be a just and honorable man. I won't allow him to become a scheming, backstabbing person."

"Exactly." Shane rested his case. He glanced at the rear-view mirror and saw the two children asleep in each other's embrace.

His gaze softened at this serene sight.

Seeing their pink lips pout ever-so-slightly, Natalie couldn't help but flash a gentle smile as well. Since the atmosphere around them lightened, she brought up a more cheerful topic. "Your birthday's coming soon. We've already prepared your gift."

"Is that so? I look forward to receiving it then," Shane teased before withdrawing his gaze and focusing on the road ahead.

To this, Natalie stretched her arms while affirming, "You won't be disappointed."

It was almost seven o'clock when Shane pulled up in front of the villa.

Once he parked the car, Natalie woke the children. Then, all four of them held hands as they walked into the villa.

As they stepped foot in the living room, a figure emerged before Shane—it was a swollen-eyed Jacqueline who looked like she had been crying. She mewled, “Shane...”

Immediately, Shane’s face scrunched into a frown. He quickly asked in concern, “What’s wrong?”

Jacqueline sniffled, then shot a timid look at Natalie. She was obviously hinting that the latter was part of the reason why she cried.

Natalie rolled her eyes at the woman’s dramatic antics.

Jacqueline is probably making a fuss about what happened earlier this afternoon.

Tsk. It must have been so hard on her, huh? Kudos to her, though, for bawling from this afternoon until now. All so she can complain to Shane.

“Shane, it seems like Ms. Graham has something important to tell you. I’ll take the kids upstairs then.”

With that, Natalie strode away with Connor and Sharon.

Shane watched them ascend the stairs. Once the three made it upstairs, his gaze returned onto Jacqueline. He demanded, “Go on. Tell me what’s wrong.”

“Well, it’s not entirely Ms. Smith’s fault. Maybe it’s mine. Shane, tell me what you think.” Jacqueline twiddled her fingers. Then, she put on an innocent act of biting her lip. “Mrs. Thompson came by this afternoon. She wanted Ms. Smith to put in a good word for Sean so that you’ll let him off. Ms. Smith said no, but I...”

Shane narrowed his eyes. “What did you do?”

“I agreed on behalf of Ms. Smith. Because of that, Ms. Smith and Mrs. Wilson were being so mean to me...” Natalie lowered her head and broke into tears again. She resumed through jagged breaths, “I just wanted to help Ms. Smith, but she...”

Jacqueline trailed off mid-sentence, wanting Shane to figure out the rest on his own.

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 697

She made herself force out big, fat teardrops.

She assumed that if she cried miserably enough, Shane would comfort her. However, the man's lips pursed as he held his ground. He didn't seem keen on pacifying her at all. Instead, his low voice growled out, "Indeed. You're at fault."

"W-what?" Jacqueline stopped sobbing and stared wide-eyed at the man in disbelief. "I'm at fault? You think it's my fault as well?"

"Jacqueline, it's no secret that the Thompsons and I don't get along. You've always known this, even before you got into that car accident ten years ago. I don't see an issue with me having Sean arrested for kidnapping Natalie. I also don't see a problem for Natalie to refuse Aunt Catherine's request. So tell me, why did you recklessly go against Natalie's wishes and agree to help Aunt Catherine?"

"I... I just figured that you wouldn't want to have such a rift with the Thompsons. They're still your family, after all. As for why I agreed on behalf of Ms. Smith, I did it for Ms. Smith's sake. I was worried that Mrs. Thompson would give her a hard time if she refused to comply," Jacqueline muttered nervously.

Shane's handsome face turned dark with anger. "Sean and I cut ties five years ago. Our relationship is beyond mending, so why does it matter if there's a rift between our families?"

Moreover, I am the head of the Thompson family; Natalie is my wife, meaning she's the matriarch of the Thompson family. Who would dare to give her a hard time?"

"But..."

"That's enough!" the man interrupted with only a thin thread of patience left in him. "Nothing will stop me from having Sean arrested. That is his price to pay for kidnapping Natalie. So you can drop the matter now. Don't bother explaining things to Aunt Catherine because I will personally reject her myself."

With that, he shoved past Jacqueline and left.

The woman stood still with her fists tautly coiled. Her chest tightened with aggrievance for how badly her plan had failed.

She wanted to get on Mrs. Thompson's good side by convincing Natalie to help Sean out. This way, Mrs. Thompson would owe her a favor. She would then use this favor to ruin Natalie's life.

Jacqueline reflected on her well-thought-out plan. Natalie may not have a vile mother-in-law, but an unreasonable aunt-in-law like Mrs. Thompson will certainly test Natalie's patience. She might not get along with other relatives within the Thompson family. Then she and Shane will gradually disagree with one another and fight often. After all, men hate being in the crossfire between their family and their wife.

But the one thing I failed to consider is that Shane and Mrs. Thompson's family has already cut ties!

Granted, Shane and Sean had some tension between them before my accident. Even so, I don't recall their relationship being so torn as it is today. How did that suddenly happen?

What exactly went down between Shane and Sean's family five years ago?

She pressed her lips into a thin line, lost in thought. It looks like I'll need to do a little digging.

She took out her phone and hastily dialed a number. "Hello? Grandpa, I need you to help me run a check on something."

Upstairs, Shane opened his bedroom door. He entered and saw Natalie leaning against the balcony, enjoying the night breeze.

He walked over and snaked his arms around her waist from behind. Burying his head into her shoulder, he placed gentle kisses while inhaling her sweet scent.

The woman was taken aback by his intimate gesture. She shrank back a little and asked, "You've finished talking with Ms. Graham?"

"Mmm-hmm." Shane nibbled lightly on Natalie's neck, leaving behind a purple mark before finally letting her go. "Jacqueline was at fault. She assumed that the Thompson family and I are still on decent terms, so..."

"That's enough of that topic," Natalie interjected. She then turned around and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Let's talk about something else."

She scowled mentally. Tsk. I don't want to hear another word about Jacqueline.

"Talk about what?" Shane stared at her gorgeous face that was illuminated by the moonlight.

Under his loving gaze, she smiled softly. "Anything is fine. What would you like to talk about?"

Something between mischief and lust flickered in the man's eyes as he answered, "I'd rather be doing things to you instead of talking to you."

That statement made Natalie freeze. Her cheeks burned a brilliant shade of red when his message sank in. At once, her arms loosened from his neck, and she prepared to dart far away from him.

It was like Shane had predicted her actions. He immediately pulled her back into his arms, sandwiching her between his body and the balcony. Then he lowered his head to kiss her.

In the garden, Jacqueline glanced up as she had overheard muffled sounds coming from the balcony.

Once she saw the two's faces smushed together in a kiss, her face twisted into a jealous scowl.

To make things worse, her grandfather had just told her about why Shane and Sean had cut ties.

The woman gnawed her lips in fury as she recalled this new piece of information. Sean drugged Shane. Conveniently, this caused him to spend a passionate night with that b*tch, Natalie!

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 698

I've always wondered when those two got pregnant with those twins. Now, I know it was because of that night!

"Hmph! So what if you birthed Shane's kids? Just wait and see, Natalie! I'll make sure you never get what you want!" Jacqueline glowered at the balcony before spinning on her heel to leave.

She knew she would only get more jealous if she stayed any longer in that garden.

Jacqueline returned to her room. Sitting before her computer, she clicked into a dodgy site and called a number. "Hey, it's me. Begin the plan."

"Got it," the person on the other end responded briskly before hanging up.

A wicked grin crept onto the woman's face as she put down her phone.

During the next day's breakfast, Natalie felt odd about the way Jacqueline stared at her. It was as if the latter was gloating over something.

But when Natalie tried to get a better look, Jacqueline's maliciously gleaming eyes had returned to normal.

Because Natalie had no concrete evidence, she didn't have the chance to question the woman.

Natalie and Shane later brought the kids out after breakfast.

Jacqueline stood by the villa's doors to send them off.

As she watched their car depart, a wicked smile gradually formed on her face once more.

"Oh, sweet Natalie. Yours and Shane's happy life as a couple ends today."

Having said that, Jacqueline headed back into the villa.

In the car, Natalie shuddered inexplicably as a chill ran down her spine.

Shane noticed this from the corner of his eye and promptly asked, "What's wrong?"

The woman shook her head, saying, "Nothing, I just felt a little chilly. I'm okay now."

"I see." Although Shane didn't question her any further, he subtly turned on the car's heater.

Natalie caught sight of this. A warm feeling fluttered in her chest as the smile on her face grew wider.

After dropping the kids at kindergarten and Natalie at her company, Shane resumed his journey to Thompson Group.

By the time he exited the elevator, Silas was already waiting outside his office to greet him. "Mr. Shane."

Shane grunted in acknowledgment, then entered his office.

His assistant followed suit and immediately got down to business by reporting, "This month's statistical reports have come out. I've emailed the information to you. Have a look and let me know if there are any issues. If there are none, then I'll proceed with updating each department."

“Alright, I’ll have a look at it later. Inform both the planning and business department that we’ll be having a meeting later.” Shane pulled out his leather chair and sat right down.

Silas nodded attentively. “Okay, I’ll get to it now.”

Shane responded with a simple nod.

Right after Silas left, Shane switched on the computer and browsed his inbox for Silas’ email.

A dodgy-looking email soon piqued his attention.

The email shouldn’t have been there because his inbox had custom settings to block emails from users that weren’t on his contacts list.

He was sure he had never saved that specific email address. Yet, it had somehow bypassed his custom settings and showed up in his inbox.

The sender was evidently a well-versed hacker, which meant that the email must have contained an important message.

He hurriedly clicked on the email. Almost instantly, anxiety pooled in his eyes, and he clenched tightly on the mouse.

The email’s subject line stated: Want to know the truth behind your parents’ death? Click on the video below to find out what happened.

Shane fixed his sharp gaze on the attached video. He dragged the cursor around the play button, his heart pounding with hesitation. Yet, he couldn’t resist the urge to know the truth, so he clicked on the video.

The footage was incredibly shaky and blurred, which hinted that it had been recorded on an old cell phone.

This was understandable as cell phones from that time period had cameras with poor resolution.

Even so, the man could easily identify who the people in the video were. They were his parents.

Upon seeing the younger versions of them, Shane's eyes reddened. The words slipped out his lips so naturally, despite how long he hadn't said them. "Mom... Dad..."

He hadn't expected to see a video of when his parents were alive, least of all through a dodgy email like this one.

Sorrow lodged at the back of his throat as he bit back tears.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 699

That feeling of sorrow was instantly replaced by a morbid chill.

The video's next scene showed his parents crossing the street. Then, a red car flew out of nowhere and crashed against his parents. Shane watched in trepidation as his parents jolted backward, landing with a loud thud on the ground. Blood oozed from glass-shard-cuts all over his parents' bodies.

"No!" he cried out instinctively.

He knew his parents had died in a car crash. However, it was a completely harrowing experience to witness it. He refused to accept such a reality. The pain constricted his chest, making it impossible for him to breathe.

Still, there was more to watch. Shane took several deep breaths to suppress the aching in his chest before continuing the video.

The camera panned over to reveal that the red car that crashed into the couple had parked some distance away. Shortly after, a woman got out of the car. She was holding hands with a little girl in a poofy princess dress.

Shane quickly realized who the woman was. He felt an eerie tingling in his scalp while his hand trembled against the mouse. Frustration and disbelief rose up within him.

No.

It can't be! How could my parents' murderer be Yulia?

But... That red car... It's crystal clear evidence! Yulia killed my parents.

And that child she's holding hands with...

Shane locked eyes with the little girl in the video. Judging from her rosy cheeks and delicate features, it wasn't hard to predict how beautiful this girl would turn out in the future.

He would know because this face was the one he woke up to every day.

Natalie.

She was present when her mother, Yulia, killed my parents... Yet, I married her.

This is absurd. It's preposterous!

How could I have married her? She's the daughter of the woman who murdered my parents!

Fury turned Shane's eyes bloodshot, and his body tremored uncontrollably upon finding out this shocking truth.

"Damn it!" he thundered frustratedly, sweeping everything off his desk.

Outside, Silas had just informed the two departments and was about to escort Shane to the meeting room. However, he was startled by the commotion coming from Shane's office. He couldn't help but wonder if something serious happened. Worry surged in his veins as he barged into the office without knocking.

"Mr. Shane..." Silas froze upon seeing a crazed Shane as well as the wreckage in the office. He stuttered, "W-what happened, Mr. Shane?"

Shane didn't respond. He balled his fists so tightly that the veins on the back of his hands bulged.

Silas was quick to realize that the man was staring at his computer screen. Curious, he walked over and saw that it was a video that had just finished playing.

Although he wasn't sure what the video was about, he boldly replayed it to understand why Shane was so livid.

Silas was equally dumbstruck by the contents of the video.

"How... how is this possible?" Silas' jaw dropped in utter disbelief.

I just witnessed Mr. Shane's mother-in-law kill his parents...

"Who sent this to you, Mr. Shane?" Silas questioned in a shaky voice.

Shane screwed his eyes shut, stifling the raging emotions inside him. He then put on an emotionless front and answered, "I don't know."

"I'll investigate the matter right away." The assistant locked eyes with him as if determined to resolve things.

Shane nodded solemnly. "Yeah. We have to find the culprit behind this video."

This video is from over ten years ago. I bet the culprit has a motive for keeping this video a secret until this very moment.

I don't know for sure, but off the top of my head, they're probably trying to turn me against Natalie.

With this thought in mind, Shane tilted his head lower to disguise his stormy expression. Then, he ordered, "Have someone run a check on this footage. See if it's been tampered with and whether it's been edited or doctored in any way."

The gory video had gotten the better of him earlier. He nearly believed that Natalie's mother was the murderer behind his parents' death.

Thankfully, Shane had gotten much calmer. He considered that the person behind the video was likely pitting him against his wife, so there was a possibility that the video had been falsified.

Silas moved swiftly to download a copy of the video before heading off to conduct investigations. Now alone in the office, Shane slumped against his chair and massaged his temples.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 700

Natalie, please don't let me down...

After witnessing what had happened in the video, the man could no longer focus on work.

He remained in his chair, lost in thought while the office cleaners worked hard to pick up haphazardly thrown documents off the ground.

Only when Natalie called later in the afternoon did he finally pull himself together.

"Darling, are you busy today?" Natalie asked through the phone.

Shane lowered his gaze grimly before replying, "No. Why?"

"Uhm..." The woman faltered at how impassive he suddenly sounded. Nevertheless, she brushed it off, thinking that she had imagined it.

His response was fairly short, so perhaps I heard wrongly.

She set that aside and resumed cheerily on the phone, "You're usually here to pick me up after work at this time of day. I just noticed that you're not here, so I thought I'd call to ask if you're busy."

"Mm. I'll head over now," Shane replied curtly.

"Alright, drive safe!" replied Natalie while nodding.

The man's lips twitched at those words. His expression turned gloomy as he recalled how the red car had knocked over his parents like they were bowling pins.

When the call was over, he paced to the balcony for some air. He desperately hoped that the chilly breeze would soothe his mind.

Otherwise, he wasn't sure if he would be able to drive safely.

After a few minutes in the cold air, Shane managed to regain a decent amount of control over his emotions. He then exited the office and drove towards Natalie's company with a calmer composure.

Meanwhile, Natalie, Lina, and Joyce were chatting in front of the company.

Lina had come over to say her goodbyes to the other two women since she would be traveling abroad for a competition soon.

The three babbled on until a black Maybach pulled over next to them.

"Look, Nat! Your husband's here!" Lina flashed a playful smile, nudging Natalie teasingly.

In response to her teasing, the latter rolled her eyes in amusement. "Alright now, don't forget to give your all for the competition abroad. I'll also be participating in an international competition abroad in a month's time, so maybe we can meet up then."

"Absolutely! My instructor says that our jewelry design competition will be collaborating with the fashion industry's international competition for the final rounds. As long as we both make it into the finals, then we'll definitely see each other." Lina patted Natalie's shoulder affirmingly.

Joyce chuckled endearingly at her two friends and joked, "Pfft! Please, you guys are so talented. Making the finals should be easy for you."

"Yup," Natalie and Lina answered simultaneously with sparkly-eyed smiles.

Right after, Natalie waved goodbye to them. "Alright, I gotta get going now. Bye!"

"Okay, see you!" Her two friends nodded.

Natalie approached the black Maybach, then opened the door and entered the front passenger seat. She hastily apologized, "Sorry, Shane. Have you been waiting for some time?"

The man didn't utter a word. Rather, he stared intensely at her face as if he were searching for something.

Without a doubt, she was the most stunning woman he had ever laid eyes on.

Her angelic features bore a striking resemblance to the little girl's sweet face from the video he saw earlier.

He couldn't help but ponder the severity of the video's new information. Even if she and her mom aren't the ones who crashed into my parents, there's no escaping the fact that they are still involved with the accident.

What do I do now? In what way should I treat someone who's associated with my parents' death?

Natalie frowned after sensing that his mind had wandered elsewhere. She reached out to wave her hand in front of him. "Shane? Shane?"

Gradually, the man's eyes flickered as he broke away from his thoughts. "What is it?"

"I was getting worried about you. You spaced out and didn't react no matter how much I called your name," Natalie explained.

Shane averted her gaze to hide the conflicting emotions in his eyes as he shrugged and said in a low voice, "Sorry. I'll drive now."

"Okay..." Natalie nodded. Still, she couldn't help but feel unnerved by his odd behavior.

What's gotten into him?

Why is he so uncharacteristically distant today? It seems like there's something on his mind, but he's not telling me. Did something happen at the company?

Neither of them said a word during the car ride. The air was so tense that they could hear each other's shallow breathing.

Natalie had tried to start a conversation, but Shane hadn't bothered responding to anything she said. Instead, he focused on the road ahead, acting as if he hadn't heard her at all.

He iced her out so much that she decided to stop speaking altogether.