

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 711

With Natalie's involvement in the death of his parents, Shane's relationship with her was destined to be irreparable; the intimacy of the past never again attainable.

When Sam heard that Shane wasn't planning on investigating the matter, his heart settled

back in his chest. But in the next moment, it leaped back to his throat.

"I'm not going to investigate my parents' death, but I'll continue investigating Grandpa's

suicide." As soon as Shane said that, he pivoted and pinned his gaze on Sam. "Uncle

Thompson, Grandpa committed suicide at Thompson residence, and you happened to be

there when it happened. As such, you probably know something I don't. Is that not so?"

"Of course not!" Sam hastily denied in a booming voice even as he guiltily averted his eyes.

"Dad's suicide was very sudden. He didn't reveal any of his intentions before he committed

suicide, so how could I possibly know anything?"

"Oh, really?" Shane naturally didn't believe him, and his gaze remained riveted on him.

His uncle became utterly perturbed by his stare. Afraid that he would crack under the

pressure and give the game away, Sam promptly made up an excuse and fled the room.

Shane didn't stop Sam from leaving, merely staring at his retreating figure with profound

eyes. The hands in his pockets gradually clenched into fists.

He could tell that his uncle was lying.

Hmm... He must know why Grandpa committed suicide, but he's reluctant to tell me. And

from his guilty expression, it seems that he's the reason for it! At that thought, a chilly aura

emanated from him. No matter what the truth of the matter is, I'll definitely uncover it!

Subsequently, Shane retracted his gaze and continued studying everything in the room.

After staying inside for an hour or so, he finally exited the room, locking the door behind him.

However, he didn't go downstairs and leave. Instead, he headed to David's room.

David's room was no different from Shane's parents' room. It had been left untouched ever

since his death, so dust and cobwebs took up residence in the room.

The only difference was that it was to a significantly lesser degree.

Besides, there were

distinct footprints and handprints all over the room.

Well, well... Someone must have been here before me. As for who it was, it goes without

saying — it was either Uncle Thompson or Sean. They probably came to seek for clues to

the will, only to return empty-handed in the end.

As that thought occurred to him, Shane sneered and walked over to David's desk.

Many books and documents remained on the desk, so he casually flipped through them. All

of a sudden, his pupils constricted when he glimpsed a letter in one of the books that read:

Dear Shane.

"Is this... a letter from Grandpa to me?" he muttered incredulously.

He then took the letter out, but he didn't open it. Instead, he studied the envelope.

Not only was the envelope a tad yellowish, but the writing was also slightly faded, making it

apparent that it had indeed been left a few years ago.

So, this letter has indeed been left for me by Grandpa, yet he never told me about this.

Having come to that conclusion, Shane swiftly opened the letter. It read:

Shane, I'll be long

gone by the time you read this letter. Don't be surprised, for my suicide is of my own volition.

Therefore, don't investigate the truth behind my death. Honestly speaking, Shane, the people I've wronged most in my entire life are your parents. I had no choice, so please forgive my selfishness. Your uncle and his family are incorrigible, but the former is still my son. At the

end of the day, I couldn't bring myself to ruin them. As such, I chose to turn a blind eye to it all.

"What does this mean?" Shane's profound eyes shone with puzzlement at that point of the letter.

Why did Grandpa say that the people he wronged most were my parents? Also, why did he ask me to forgive his selfishness?

His lips pressed into a tight line, for he could sense that the contents of the letter were no simple matter. It seemed to harbor a huge secret, but David had been so vague in the letter.

Shane simply couldn't figure out what the secret was.

Having no other recourse, he continued reading. But Shane, I love you. I know your uncle and his family might try to snatch Thompson Group from you after my death, so I left you a will.

In the will is the evidence of the crime they committed. If they live their lives without bothering you, I hope you'll let them off the hook.

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The letter then went on to say: But if your uncle and his family aren't willing to behave,

retrieve the will. I'll be long gone and can no longer see their ruination.

I'm not going to

interfere in the matter anymore, but please don't blame me for covering up for them. The

whereabouts of the will lay with your parents.

The will is with my parents? Shane clutched the letter in his hands, his brows furrowing

deeply. My parents passed away almost ten years before Grandpa did, so how can the will be in their possession? This is probably a riddle! As he was mulling it over, the cell phone in his pocket rang out of the blue.

Corralling his thoughts, he hurriedly retrieved his cell phone. When he saw that it was a call from Natalie, he hesitated for a few seconds before finally answering. "Hello?"

Upon hearing the man's voice, Natalie breathed a sigh of relief. Thank God he answered my call! I thought he was going to let it go to voicemail. Although his voice was cold and indifferent, she was already ecstatic that he picked up the call. After all, he didn't even reply to her message earlier in the morning. Now that he answered my call, does it mean that his anger has dissipated significantly?

"Are you off work, Shane?" she inquired.

The man on the line merely grunted in affirmation.

Nonetheless, a smile bloomed on Natalie's face. "That's great! I'll come and pick you up with the kids, then. We'll go home together, okay?"

Pursing his lips, Shane replied, "It's okay, you guys go ahead."

Hearing that, Natalie's smile froze for a second. "But you've gotten off work, no?"

She thought his willingness to take her call meant that his anger had subsided, but he had now rebuffed her.

Oh well, it seems that I read too much into things.

"I'm now at Thompson residence. I'll head home by myself later."

After saying that, Shane hung up the phone without giving her an opportunity to speak.

As Natalie stared at the screen of her cell phone that had reverted to the main menu, her heart sank.

“Mommy, does Daddy not want us to pick him up?” Connor easily figured out the conversation that had taken place via phone call when he glimpsed his mother’s desolation.

Putting down her cell phone, Natalie caressed both his and Sharon’s heads with a forced smile. “It’s okay. Daddy said to head home without him.”

“What about Daddy, then? When is he going home?” Sharon asked, blinking her eyes.

At that question, Natalie lowered her eyes to conceal the anguish in them. “He’ll be going

home soon. Alright, sit tight. I’m going to drive us all home now.”

“Okay.” Sharon settled into her seat, believing her mother’s words with ease.

Connor, however, frowned in contemplation of something or other.

It was almost seven o’clock when they arrived back at the villa.

As soon as Natalie opened the car door, the two children leaped out of the car and sprinted

over to Mrs. Wilson. “Mrs. Wilson!”

“What a good boy and girl you are!” The housekeeper ruffled the children’s hair lovingly.

Then, she shifted her gaze to Natalie, who was walking over. “Madam, didn’t Mr. Shane

come back with you?”

Natalie shook her head in response. “No, he went back to Thompson residence.”

“Why did he go back there?” Mrs. Wilson was very much puzzled.

Chuckling, Natalie answered, “I don’t know either. Perhaps he has something to do over there.”

“What could he have to do over there? He has never gone back ever since Mr. Thompson

passed away,” Mrs. Wilson muttered.

Without responding to that, Natalie led the children into the villa.

Jacqueline was sitting on the sofa in the living room, watching television.

When she saw

them coming in, she smirkingly greeted, “You’re back, Ms. Smith?”

Natalie merely grunted in response.

“Didn’t Shane come back with you?” Jacqueline stared at her intently.

“Haven’t you made up
with Shane, Ms. Smith?”

Hearing the glee in her voice, Natalie’s brows furrowed. “That’s none of
your business,” she

countered in a placid voice.

After saying that, she made to go upstairs with the children.

All of a sudden, Jacqueline stood up and said, “Do you know why Shane’s
attitude toward

you changed so drastically all of a sudden, Ms. Smith?”

Stopping short, Natalie jerked her head back to look at her. “Are you
saying that you do?”

Jacqueline shrugged before chortling. “Of course, I do! But I’m not going
to tell you.”

Hah! I will never tell her! If I do, my plan will be ruined.

Meanwhile, Natalie suddenly released her hold on the children and
strode over to

Jacqueline. “Ms. Graham, please tell me, won’t you?”

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Natalie truly wanted to know what exactly she had done wrong.

After all, the feeling of being kept in the dark was a heavy cross to bear.

“Why should I tell you, Ms. Smith? How will it benefit me?” Jacqueline
drawled, flipping her

wig.

At that, Natalie bit her lower lip. “How about this? You can propose a
stipulation, and I’ll

agree as long as it’s within reason.”

“You’re sure about that?” Jacqueline’s eyes glinted.

Natalie nodded in affirmation. “Yes.”

“Alright, then. I want you to leave Shane. Go far away with your children,
and it’s best if you

leave J City. Well? Can you do that?” Jacqueline stared right at her with a
cold gleam in her

eyes.

All at once, Natalie’s eyes widened a touch. Never had she imagined that
Jacqueline would

propose such a stipulation.

“Don’t you think you’re being unreasonable, Ms. Graham? I said you can propose a stipulation as long as it’s within reason. This stipulation of yours...”
“I don’t think this stipulation of mine is unreasonable.” Jacqueline spread her hands. “It’s within your capability, isn’t it, Ms. Smith? To me, anything beyond your capability is unreasonable. Besides, it won’t hurt you nor require you to sacrifice your life. It’s simple, no? How is it unreasonable?”
“You’re simply...”
“You’re deliberately putting Mommy in a tight spot!” Connor interjected before Natalie had finished speaking.
His tiny hands fisted, and he glared at Jacqueline furiously.
The same went for Sharon.
Jacqueline, on the other hand, crossed her arms, unbothered. “Ms. Smith, your two children really lack manners to butt in when adults are speaking.”
Her snide remark infuriated Natalie greatly.

As such, the woman stared at her coldly. “Ms. Graham, it’s indeed wrong of them to butt in, but it doesn’t mean that they lack manners. They are merely defending their mother, so I think they’re very noble and brave.”
The two children felt touched upon hearing that. “Mommy...”
“It’s okay, for everything’s fine.” Natalie placed her hands on their shoulders and patted them gently.
Jacqueline’s lips curved into a cold sneer. “But in my opinion, these two bastards have no manners at all!”
“What did you just say about my children?” Natalie’s face darkened, and her voice was icy cold without a hint of warmth.
Argh! How dare she say that my children are bastards?
Connor and Sharon were likewise livid, and their tiny hands clenched into fists.

“That’s not true! Connor and I aren’t what you say we are!” Sharon wailed.

While her brother kept silent, the look in his eyes as he stared at Jacqueline was exceedingly chilly.

Seeing that, Jacqueline couldn’t help shuddering, for it was as though she saw Shane when Connor was mad.

But in the next moment, the haughty woman recovered her composure and mockingly questioned, “Is that not true? Although the two of you address Shane as Daddy, is he really even your father? You both are merely a burden to him!”

Weeping, Sharon wanted to rush forward to hit her while screaming, “We’re not a burden! You’re an evil woman! You’re evil!”

Upon seeing that, Natalie grabbed her daughter. Scooping her up into her arms, she hugged her tightly. “Alright, Sharon, don’t act impulsively.”

The young girl clutched at her clothes and wept uncontrollably.

“Mommy, Connor and I aren’t bastards or a burden, right?”

Burning with chagrin, Natalie nodded firmly. “No, you two aren’t bastards, nor are you two a burden. You’re both Mommy’s priceless treasure.”

Only after hearing that did the ire and anguish within Sharon subside.

“Ms. Graham, aren’t you afraid that Daddy would learn about you saying such vile things about us?” Connor regarded Jacqueline coldly, suppressing the fury blazing within him.

Nevertheless, Jacqueline nonchalantly flipped her wig. “Why should I be afraid? Do you think your father will side with you? That’s wishful thinking, for he doesn’t like the two of you anymore. Didn’t you notice that?”

At that question, Connor paled for a moment, left with no retort.

Indeed, she’s right. Daddy’s attitude toward us in the past two days has been there for all to

see, so how could I possibly have not seen it?
At the sight of both her son and daughter being dealt such a heavy
blow, Natalie finally
snapped. Putting Sharon down, she lifted her hand and swung it right
across Jacqueline's
face.

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Slap! A resounding slap echoed around the room.

Clutching her face, Jacqueline was wholly stunned. "You dare hit me?"

The two children were also rather shocked at Natalie's action.

But in the next second, Sharon began clapping her hands in delight. "You
were amazing,
Mommy!"

Likewise, Connor felt that it was indeed a fitting punishment for
Jacqueline. His mother's

actions were gratified. However, he was a tad worried for Natalie.

Ms. Graham is very important to Daddy, so he might be angry when he
hears that she hit
her.

"So what if I hit you? Am I supposed to compromise no matter what you
do?" In a frigid

voice devoid of emotion, Natalie declared, "When you said that my
children are bastards and
a burden, you should have anticipated such a consequence."

"How dare you?" Jacqueline's face contorted into a mask of pure fury.

Similarly, she raised

her hand to slap Natalie in return.

Seeing that, Natalie's eyes narrowed a fraction. Grabbing her hand, she
again swung her

hand at Jacqueline, landing it on the other side of her face.

With that, Jacqueline was left with palm prints on both sides of her face.

At the impact, the woman collapsed onto the sofa, her head spinning
and her cheeks

burning.

How dare she? How dare Natalie Smith slap me?

A wave of enmity and wrath engulfed her, working her up into a lather
that made her tremble
all over.

At that precise moment, a series of footsteps rang out, followed by a man's deep and aloof voice. "What the hell is happening here?" Jacqueline's eyes glinted, and she immediately scrambled up from the sofa. Dashing over to Shane, she threw herself into his arms. "Shane, Ms. Smith hit me..." She sniffled piteously.

"Natalie hit you?" Shane frowned, clearly doubting the veracity of her words.

Sensing his doubt, Jacqueline lifted her head and pointed at her face.

"Look, this is courtesy of Ms. Smith. She slapped me twice! It hurts so badly, Shane.."

As she said that, she started sobbing again.

Glimpsing the palm prints on her face, Shane pursed his lips and looked at Natalie. "Give me a reason."

He understood her — she wasn't the kind of person who would hit someone without reason.

Thus, there had to be a reason for her actions.

Sweeping a frosty look over the complaining Jacqueline, Natalie opened her mouth to speak.

But before she could do so, Connor took Sharon's hand and chimed in, "Daddy, Mommy isn't

at fault in this matter. Ms. Graham provoked us first." Pointing at Jacqueline, he proclaimed,

"She said Sharon and I are bastards and a burden, so Mommy slapped her. She only has herself to blame for being so vile!"

What? Bastards? A burden?

Shane's eyes narrowed dangerously as he looked down at Jacqueline. "Is that true? Did you really say such things?"

"No, Shane! You know I'd never say such things. Connor is lying."

Jacqueline stared at the young boy with a hurt expression.

"You're lying! Connor was merely telling the truth! You indeed said that earlier!" Sharon

stood up and yelled.

At that, Jacqueline's expression turned all the more aggrieved. "Is this how you educate your

children, Ms. Smith? Don't you even care that they're lying?"

"My children aren't lying. On the contrary, I think I educated them very well. I'm proud of

them. It's you, Ms. Graham, whom I think should be educated. You're a grown woman, yet

not only did you insult my children, but you're even lying without batting an eyelid," Natalie

retorted, gripping her children's hands.

After saying that, she turned to Shane again. "Shane, the children are speaking the truth. Ms.

Graham indeed said that they were bastards. Trust me."

Shane lowered his eyes, his gaze so profound that one couldn't discern his thoughts.

Right then, Jacqueline tugged at his hand. "I really didn't do that, Shane. Besides, there must

be a reason if I were to do so. Why would I revile them for no reason? I don't have any

grudges against them."

"Indeed, you don't have any grudges against them. However, you do have a grudge against

me. They're my children, so that's reason enough for you to target them as well, no?" Natalie

riposted with a bark of sardonic laughter.

Ever the victim, Jacqueline bit her lip in a pitiful manner. "Ms. Smith, don't you think you're

going too far to accuse me of that?"

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"No, because that's the truth," Natalie answered expressionlessly.

All at once, Jacqueline's eyes reddened. "Shane..."

"That's enough." The man withdrew his hand from her grasp. "Since the two of you have

different stories, let's just check the security footage to get to the bottom of this matter."

Security footage?

Jacqueline's pupils constricted, and a trace of panic manifested on her face. "There are spy cameras in the villa?"

Like her, Natalie gaped at Shane in astonishment.

However, it wasn't because she was surprised about the presence of spy cameras in the villa.

Instead, she wondered how Shane knew about them since she was the one who had installed them, and she never told him about the matter.

"Daddy, Ms. Graham is panicking! She's gotten scared after hearing about the security

footage!" Connor exclaimed excitedly while pointing at Jacqueline.

Only then did Jacqueline realize that she had overreacted at hearing about the security

footage, so much so that she had tipped her hand.

For a moment, the woman didn't quite dare look at Shane. Panicked, she blurted, "Shane, I..."

"You know what? There are no spy cameras in the villa. That was only something I made up

to gauge both of your reactions. I'm very disappointed in you, Jacqueline."

After saying that, Shane brushed past the woman and headed toward the staircase.

When he walked past Natalie, the latter called out to him, saying,

"Shane, did you see the

text message I sent you this morning? Can we talk?"

"There's nothing to talk about." Having said that coldly, Shane continued walking and went

upstairs.

Natalie's gaze dimmed, and she lowered her eyes. At that moment, she felt physically and

mentally exhausted.

Just then, Jacqueline abruptly whirled around and shot daggers at her.

"Don't get ahead of

yourself, Natalie Smith! I won't lose even if I'm exposed this time!"

After saying that, she retracted her gaze and trudged upstairs as well.

Thus, only Natalie and the two children were left in the living room then. While still holding Sharon's hand, Connor looked up at her. "Mommy, Daddy's attitude toward us is still the same. What should we do now?"

Stifling the weariness within her, Natalie reached out and stroked the children's faces. "It's okay. Don't worry, for I'll handle it."

"But..."

Connor seemed to have more to say.

Natalie massaged her temples and cut him off. "Alright, go back to your room first. I need

some time alone to think of a way to patch things up with Daddy."

"Okay, then." Connor nodded before dragging Sharon upstairs.

While trudging up the stairs, Sharon whispered, "Connor, are we going to be fatherless again

if Daddy continues treating us in such a manner?"

"No," Connor replied with a solemn expression on his face. "I'll also figure out a way to

reconcile Daddy and Mommy. As long as they make up, Daddy will still be our father."

"Okay, I'll help, too!" Sharon beamed from ear to ear.

"Let's go back to our room and think of a way, then." Connor opened the room door and

pulled her into the room.

Meanwhile, in the study...

Jacqueline anxiously stood before Shane's desk. "Are you mad at me, Shane?"

"Jacqueline Graham, this is already the second time you tried to frame Natalie. The previous time, you claimed that it was her who pushed you when you fell on your own accord. And this time, it was also you who created the entire problem. Not only did you point the finger at

Natalie, but you even dragged the kids into it. When did you become so vicious?" Shane

regarded the woman in front of him as though she was a stranger to him.

Inwardly, Jacqueline panicked for a moment before her expression turned aggrieved. "How could you call me vicious, Shane? I only did it for your sake." "For my sake?" The man's brows knitted together. Jacqueline nodded. "Yes. I asked you last night why you're suddenly so indifferent toward Ms. Smith, and you told me she's your enemy, so I wanted to help you out." "Are you telling me your so-called help is by using such crude language to hurt two innocent children?" Shane slammed his hand on the desk. At his rage, a tremble went through Jacqueline. "I had no choice but to do that. You love Ms. Smith, but there's an irreconcilable grudge between the two of you. So, I wanted to have her leave you of her own volition. That was the only reason I said such things." Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 716 Speaking of that, Jacqueline inhaled before continuing, "As long as Ms. Smith can't tolerate the insults, she'll definitely leave of her own volition. And so, you won't have to feel conflicted about facing her anymore, Shane." "Jacqueline Graham, you know full well whether you're really doing it for my sake or your own sake." As Shane stared at her, his eyes narrowed as though he had seen through her. Stricken, Jacqueline instinctively averted her gaze. "Of course, I'm doing it for your sake, Shane. I'm now dating Jackie, so I'll never betray him." "Hopefully, that's true," Shane coldly asserted.

Upon seeing that he wasn't planning on pursuing the matter, the woman breathed a sigh of relief. Looking at him, she then asked, "So, what do you think of my idea, Shane? Since you don't know how to face her, separation is the best choice." "This is a personal affair of mine. I don't need you to poke your nose into it." Shane pursed

his lips impatiently.

However, resentment inundated Jacqueline. "Don't tell me you're reluctant to part with her, Shane. Ms. Smith is one of the culprits behind your parents' death. What would they think if you continue being with her and even help to raise her two kids?" "That's enough! Get out! My affairs are none of your business!" With his face blanketed with frost, Shane pointed at the door.

Aware that he was enraged, Jacqueline didn't dare confront him further. She deliberately softened her voice and murmured, "Alright, I'll leave. But Shane, I hope you'll really consider my words. That's best for both you and Ms. Smith. Otherwise, the two of you will be a miserable couple."

After saying that, she spun around and left.

Silence again descended upon the study. Warily closing his eyes, Shane placed his arm over them to block out the light.

I know separation is the best choice, but I really love Natalie. My heart aches at the thought of being apart from her. What am I to do?

As he was contemplating the issue, his cell phone rang.

Removing his arm, he picked up his cell phone. After casting a glance at the caller ID, he

placed it by his ear. His voice was low and weak when he asked, "What is it?"

"I heard from Jacqueline that your relationship with Natalie has fractured. Is that true?"

Jackson inquired.

Shane kept mum.

At that, Jackson let out a sound of sympathy. "Well, it looks like it's true. Jacqueline said

Natalie's mother was the culprit behind your parents' hit-and-run. Is that true?"

"Yes." His Adam's apple bobbing slightly, Shane blurted that single word coldly.

Jackson nudged his glasses when he heard that. "In that case, I now understand your attitude toward Natalie. With the death of your parents between the two of you, your relationship with her can't possibly return to how it used to be. But the two of you can't continue like this forever. There must be a resolution. What's your plan?"

Shane leaned back against the chair and stared at the ceiling with dull eyes as he replied, "I don't know."

"I knew it. You love her deeply, after all." Jackson chuckled lowly.

Subsequently, he reminded, "However, it's best to resolve it as soon as possible. Dragging it out won't be good for either you, Natalie, or the two kids."

"I don't need you to remind me of that," Shane countered expressionlessly.

In response, Jackson merely shrugged. "I wouldn't have called you if it weren't for the fact that you're my friend. Anyway, resolve it as soon as possible. It won't be good to drag it out.

Also, the person who exposed Natalie's mother as the culprit behind your parents' death must have an ulterior motive. Otherwise, he or she wouldn't have done so at this exact time."

"I know, and Silas is investigating it."

Alas, the investigation hadn't yielded any results thus far.

"Okay, then. I'll stop speaking of that topic. How about having some drinks with me tonight?"

Jacqueline said you've been very depressed in the past two days."

Jackson extended an invitation to him.

Shane's thin lips twitched. He initially wanted to decline, but in the end, he agreed.

Hanging up the phone, he then put away his cell phone before getting to his feet and leaving the study.

When he reached the landing, he spotted Natalie, who was ascending the stairs.

Coincidentally, the woman was on her way to seek him out. The moment she caught sight of

him, her eyes lit up. "Wait a minute, Shane!"

Afraid that he would ignore her, she quickly grabbed his arm, not allowing him to leave.

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Shane didn't shake Natalie off, halting his steps.

At that, the woman breathed a sigh of relief. "Shane, I know you don't want to talk about our

problem right now, and that's okay. We'll talk another time. This time, let's talk about

something else. I sent you a text message this morning, saying that I want to tell you a

secret. I initially wanted to tell you the secret on your birthday as your birthday gift, but I now

can't wait anymore."

Speaking of that, she inhaled deeply to suppress the anxiety within her.

While staring right at

him, she slowly murmured, "This secret is about the kids' background. In truth, they're

actually your biological children."

All at once, Shane's eyes narrowed.

They are my biological children? That's impossible!

Glimpsing the shock in his eyes, Natalie hung her head. "I'm really sorry that I've been

keeping you in the dark. It was because I was afraid you'd fight me for custody. I was going

to tell you after we got married, but I just couldn't find an opportune time. So, I decided to

tell you about it on your birthday. I never expected..."

"Do you think I'll believe your words?" Shane coldly cut her off before she had finished

speaking.

Taken aback, Natalie looked up at him. When she saw the derision in his eyes, her eyes

widened in disbelief. "What do you mean by that, Shane? Do you think I'm lying to you?"

"Are you not?" Shane shook her hand off.

The woman immediately shook her head in denial. "Of course not! I'm telling you the truth!

They're really your children. On that night five years ago..."

"That's enough. I know full well whether they're my children. Do you think I've never had a

paternity test done?" The contempt in Shane's eyes intensified.

Hearing that, Natalie was entirely stumped. "You had a paternity test done? When was that?

Why didn't I know about it?"

"I was suspicious of Connor's relationship with me when I first met him, so I had Silas obtain

his blood sample for a paternity test. The results indicated that we aren't related by blood."

"That's impossible!" Natalie protested loudly.

I've only ever been with him. And how could Connor not be his child when they're both so

similar in looks?

"It's entirely possible because I did a paternity test twice. Both times, the results indicated

otherwise," Shane asserted, pursing his lips.

Natalie, however, went as pale as a sheet. She shook her head fervently.

"N-No, that's

impossible. You're lying to me."

Whose child can be Connor if not his? Could it be that the man that night wasn't him? No,

that can't be it! The security footage proves that it was indeed him that night!

"Shane, could it be that you've been duped?" Natalie exclaimed emotionally. "Connor and

Sharon are really your children. How about we do another paternity test?"

"No need. The results will be the same no matter how many times a paternity test is done."

Shane regarded her coldly. "I don't know why you keep insisting they're my children, but the

truth remains that they're not. You're making yourself appear despicable and odious by insisting otherwise."

Upon hearing that, Natalie felt as though she had been struck by a bolt of lightning.

Trembling, she almost toppled over.

I'm despicable and odious? I'm telling him Connor and Sharon are his children. How is that despicable and odious?

She stared at him in stark anguish.

However, the man ignored her and promptly descended the stairs.

"Where are you going, Shane?" Natalie grabbed the banister and looked down at his figure.

Alas, the man neither stopped nor answered her, his figure disappearing from her line of sight in a blink of an eye.

"Mommy." Connor's childish voice sounded from behind her.

Hastily dashing off her tears, Natalie then turned around and forced a smile. "What's wrong, Baby?"

"I overheard your entire conversation with Dad... No, I mean, Mr. Shane." Connor toddled over.

Catching the sudden change of address, Natalie's heart jolted. "You overheard the entire conversation?"

"Yes." The boy nodded in affirmation. "Mr. Shane is right. Sharon and I aren't his children.

Actually, it wasn't just him who had suspicions when he first met me. I suspected that he might be my father as well when I first met him."

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"What did you just say?" Natalie's jaw dropped. "You had your own suspicions as well?"

"Yes." Connor nodded in affirmation. "I bear a close resemblance to Mr. Shane, after all, so it was only natural for me to suspect that he's my father."

Hearing that, Natalie dipped her head without saying anything further.

Well, that's true. Considering their striking resemblance, I dare say for certain that Shane was indeed the man I was with that night all those years ago! But... Why did the results of the paternity test indicate otherwise?

"Mommy, do you remember the first time he visited our house?"

Connor took her hand.

"That time, I accidentally yanked out a few strands of his hair."

At that, understanding dawned upon Natalie. "It was deliberate on your part, Connor?"

"Yes. I suspected he was my father, so I deliberately acquired his hair and asked Uncle

Stanley to do a paternity test between him and I. The results were exactly as he said. Sharon

and I aren't his children," Connor replied.

All at once, Natalie's vision blurred. Only her timely grasp on the banister saved her from a bad fall.

Even if the two paternity tests done by Shane were falsified, Connor's couldn't have been falsified, no? So, the kids are really not his children? But whose children could they be, then?

She propped a hand against her forehead, her entire body feeling as though it had been encased in ice.

She had always believed the children were Shane's, so the results of the paternity tests

made her feel as though a bucket of cold water had just been poured over her head. Thus,

she couldn't quite accept the reality presented to her.

"Mommy..." Connor called out to her in concern upon seeing her increasingly pale countenance.

When she looked down and met her son's concerned gaze, her heart clenched.

Crouching, she scooped him into her arms and started sobbing. "I'm sorry, Baby. I'm really sorry."

This is all on me. It's because of me that the kids have had no father ever since birth, and it's

also because of me that they suffered the vilest verbal attack!

Connor patted her back lightly in consolation. "Mommy, there's nothing to apologize for.

You've always loved Sharon and I very much. You've done your best to protect us, so we're

very happy. You don't need to apologize, Mommy."

At her son's understanding words, Natalie was both comforted and touched. Her sobs grew

in volume.

At that exact moment, Sharon came out after hearing the commotion from within her room.

She had no inkling of what had happened, but still, she bawled alongside her mother.

Exasperated, Connor mollified both his mother and sister in turn.

After weeping for an indeterminate time, Natalie released her hold on Connor.

"Mommy, not only does Mr. Shane not like me and Sharon now, but he also treats you

indifferently. Do you still want to stay with him?" Connor asked.

Hearing that, Natalie gaped at him. "Baby, are you..."

Connor, however, continued, "If you still want to stay with him, Sharon and I will also help

you patch things up with him. We'll figure out a way to revert him to his past self. But if you

don't want to stay with him, we'll go back to our previous apartment."

Natalie wavered at his words, but in a flash, her waffling was washed away by her love for

Shane.

"Do you guys want to leave this place?" she questioned while caressing the children's heads.

She loved Shane, so she was reluctant to leave.

But if the children wished to leave, she would definitely prioritize them.

Sharon shook her head. "No, I don't want to leave. I like Daddy, and I don't want to leave

him."

Natalie looked at her son. "What about you, Connor?"

The boy nodded, echoing Sharon's sentiments. "I don't want to leave either unless Daddy says he doesn't want us anymore."
While Shane wasn't his biological father, Connor idolized him. Maybe Mr. Shane's dislike of us is only temporary, and he'll like us again soon enough.
Natalie breathed a sigh of relief at their answers. "Alright, we'll stay, then. We'll trust in your daddy and believe that he'll revert to his past self."
"Okay." The two children nodded in concert.
Then, Natalie ushered them back to their room.
When they had left, she didn't tarry either, returning to her room instead. Taking out her cell phone, she browsed for a video and played it.
The video was the security footage of that night five years ago.

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She wanted to watch it again to ascertain whether she had missed anything.
She needed to know whether it was Shane that night or another man who bore a close resemblance to him.
However, after she watched the security footage, she was all the more certain that it had indeed been Shane.
Why did all three paternity tests indicate that the kids weren't his then? What exactly went wrong?
At that thought, a shiver ran down her spine, and goosebumps broke out all over her.
She felt as though she had fallen into an abyssal trap that she could never again crawl her way out.
Tossing her cell phone away, she sprawled onto the bed wanly and stared at the ceiling.
Her gaze remained vacant for a long while until her eyelids started growing heavy. Only then did she turn on her side and close her eyes.

Everything that had happened in the past two days had been a great burden to her, exhausting her both physically and mentally. It was so taxing on her that she couldn't even sleep well at night. Now that she was finally feeling drowsy, she promptly dozed off.

After sleeping for a few hours, she was awakened by a great thirst. Massaging her temples, she slowly sat herself up. When her mind was much clearer, she flipped the covers and got out of bed to go downstairs for some water. Just when she stepped out of the room, she was greeted by a sight that had her eyes narrowing a fraction and her expression darkening. She saw Jacqueline exiting the guest room in which Shane was staying in a thin nightgown with spaghetti straps. Closing the door, Jacqueline then turned around. When she caught sight of Natalie, she was stunned for a moment before her lips curved into a smile. "Good evening, Ms. Smith." Conversely, Natalie didn't respond to her greeting. "Ms. Graham, why are you coming out of my husband's room at this hour?" she demanded coldly. Jacqueline nonchalantly flipped her wig. "Oh, that... Well, it's nothing scandalous. Shane just came home, and he's foxed, so I helped him back to his room." Shane went out for some drinks? Natalie's brows creased as chagrin swamped her. He didn't even tell me he was going to do so! And when he came back foxed, he actually allowed Jacqueline to help him back to his room! Argh! As that thought occurred to her, her hands clenched into fists, and her voice hardened. "Oh, really? Then, I've really got to thank you for taking such good care of my husband, Ms. Graham."

“No worries. Shane wants some water, but there’s no water in the room, so I’ll go downstairs and get him some.”

As Jacqueline said that, she made to descend the stairs.

However, Natalie called out to her, insisting, “It’s okay, Ms. Graham.

Since I’m now here, I

should naturally be the one to take care of him since I’m his wife. So, you don’t have to go to

the trouble, Ms. Graham.”

Nonetheless, Jacqueline merely chuckled. “It’s no trouble at all. It’s only right that I take care

of him since he’s been so good to me.”

“That isn’t how the world works. Don’t forget; I’m his wife, Ms. Graham.

He has me, so it

shouldn’t be you taking care of him. The person you should be caring for is Mr. Baker.

Therefore, I hope you’ll be mindful of your boundaries. Otherwise, Mr.

Baker will be

heartbroken.”

After her words fell, Natalie retracted her gaze and glided down the stairs without looking at

the other woman anymore.

Rooted to the spot, Jacqueline clutched the banister tightly. The smile on her face crumbled

and twisted a touch.

Damn it! She was obviously warning me! But never mind... I’ll just see how long she can

remain smug!

Alas, Natalie had no inkling of her thoughts. After drinking some water, she poured a glass

of water and took it upstairs. Then, she opened the door of the guest room Shane occupied

and went in.

The room was brightly lit. Shane lay on the bed with his eyes screwed shut and his cheeks

flushed red. He was completely wasted; a strong stench of alcohol was emanating off him.

The man's jacket was gone, leaving him in his shirt. His shirt, however, was wrinkled with two buttons at his collar undone, his tie hanging loosely around his neck. On the whole, he appeared utterly pathetic. Sighing, Natalie softly called out to the man, urging, "Wake up, Shane." It wasn't certain whether he heard her, but the crease of his brows deepened. Upon seeing that he remained unconscious, Natalie had no other choice. Taking a sip of water, she lowered her head and fed it him mouth to mouth.

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After Natalie repeated that several times, she had managed to feed him almost the entire glass of water.

Seeing that the crease of his brows had eased, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Just how much did you have to drink?" she muttered at the stench of alcohol hanging in the air.

Then, she shrugged helplessly before placing the back of her hand on his forehead to check whether he was running a fever.

After all, it was common to contract a fever from overindulgence.

Fortunately, Shane wasn't running a fever — he was merely sloshed.

At that, Natalie's heart that was lodged in her throat finally settled back in her chest. She

then got up and went to the bathroom for a basin of water to wipe him down.

Having done all that, she pulled the covers over him and made to leave.

Out of the blue, Shane abruptly grabbed her hand. In a hoarse voice, he cried out, "Don't go!"

Thinking that he was awake, she hurriedly whirled around only to realize that he was merely talking in his sleep.

"Don't go!" the man repeated once more.

"I'll stay." Natalie sat back down on the edge of the bed.

Perhaps he heard her, for his grip on her hand loosened a smidge, and he didn't clutch desperately at her anymore.

She merely stared at him.

After an indeterminate time, the flush on his face gradually faded. As such, he was probably sobering up.

Sure enough, Shane's eyelids twitched. In the next moment, he opened his eyes.

Upon seeing Natalie, he frowned. "Why are you here?"

Upon hearing his chilly voice, the elation on Natalie's face instantly disappeared. "You were

drunk, so I came over to take care of you."

Huh? I was drunk?

Shane was startled for a moment before he remembered that he had gone out for drinks

with Jackson. He accidentally imbibed because of everything that had happened in the past

two days, so he then got hammered.

"Are you feeling unwell anywhere, Shane?" Natalie inquired when she noticed that he had suddenly gone silent.

Just then, Shane noticed that he was holding her hand. His expression darkened, and he

released his hold on her. "No. You may leave now."

Natalie felt as though the air had been sucked out of her when he dropped his hand, and her

anguish snowballed when she heard that.

"Shane, how about I stay and keep you company tonight?" she murmured, gazing at him hopefully.

Since he doesn't want to give me a chance to talk to him, I'll take the initiative to stay the

night with him. Perhaps he'll soften toward me then.

However, the man remained unmoved. Flipping the covers, he sat up and massaged his

temples. "No, it's okay. You may leave." His voice was as cold as ever.

Biting her lip, Natalie pleaded, "Shane..."
"Leave!" Shane snapped.
In an instant, the light in Natalie's eyes vanished, and her expression dimmed. She got up and dragged her feet toward the door.
Shane naturally didn't miss her disappointment and dejection. A glimmer of distress flashed across his eyes at the sight.
In the next instant, however, his heart hardened again when he recalled the scene of his parents being mowed down.
When Natalie left the room, she gently closed the door behind her. Then, she leaned against the door. Looking up at the ceiling along the corridor, she forced back the tears that threatened to fall.
It was a long while before she finally managed to compose herself and return to the master bedroom.
That night, she again had trouble sleeping.
The next day, the dark circles under her eyes became all the more distinct. She applied a thick layer of concealer to mask it, but still, the weariness on her face and fatigue in her eyes simply couldn't be concealed.
As he had done the past two days, Shane left early in the morning without staying for breakfast.
As Natalie stared at his usual seat, she inwardly smiled bitterly. Well, well... Is he even reluctant to eat with me now?
"Mommy." The two children's childish voice interrupted her speculations.
Natalie turned to look at them. "What is it?"
"We're going to be late to school," Connor reminded.

Only then did Natalie snap back to reality and notice that it was almost nine o'clock. She hastily placed her cutlery down. "Sorry, I lost track of time. Let's go. I'll drive you two to the

kindergarten.”

“Okay.” The two children nodded obediently.

Natalie quickly left the villa with them in tow.

After dropping them off at the kindergarten, she drove to the office.