

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 735

Natalie felt a pang of pain in her shoulder, before discovering that her bag had been stolen.

Widening her eyes, she was stunned for a moment before quickly returning to her senses.

She ran after that person while yelling, "Help! Catch that thief!"

When the passers-by heard her yells, they all stopped to watch the spectacle. However, none

of them stepped forward to help.

Natalie's heart sank when she saw that. Not dwelling on it, she continued yelling and chasing after the thief.

She believed that there would be some people who were kind-hearted and helpful.

Indeed, while she pursued the thief relentlessly, someone actually helped her to chase him.

The person was extremely quick and caught up with the thief in a moment. After grappling

with the thief for a while, he successfully snatched the bag back.

Clutching his stomach, the thief hurled some insults at him before dashing into the crowd

and disappearing.

Natalie ran to the kind bystander who helped her get her bag back. With her arms propped

on her knees, she panted heavily.

The person passed her bag to her. "Ma'am, here's your bag."

Natalie only caught her breath after resting for a while. Smiling gratefully, she said, "Thank you!"

Then, she took her bag from his hands.

He waved his hands dismissively. "You're welcome. It's only right to help those in need.

Check and see if you're missing anything."

"Okay!" Natalie opened her bag and started checking it. Her phone, the evidence, her

cosmetic products and Shane's hair were still there.

Heaving a sigh of relief, she shut her bag happily. "Nothing's gone. Thank you! If I weren't rushing to pick my children up now, I would definitely treat you to a meal. Since there's no time now, please accept this sum of money as a token of my gratitude." With that, she passed him five hundred.

The person waved his hand and insisted that he did not need it. However, as Natalie did not want to owe him a favor, she shoved the money to him before leaving.

The person kept staring at her back until she left. After she disappeared from his sight, a strange smile played on his lips.

"I didn't expect to earn some money from putting up this act. I got hit by you a couple of times earlier, so you should give me half of the money, right?" At that moment, someone suddenly walked out of the alley.

It was the thief from earlier.

He stared at the money in the man's hands greedily.

The man scoffed and handed three hundred over. "Here."

"Nice." The thief hurriedly stuffed the money into his pocket and asked, "Oh, right. You did as what our employer instructed, and swapped it, right?"

The man took out a waterproof bag, which contained a few strands of hair, from his pocket.

"Do you have to worry when I'm the one doing it? Let's go and have a nice meal to treat ourselves. We'll report to our employer after that."

With that, both of them walked away side by side.

Meanwhile, Natalie had just fetched the children. She said to them, "Connor, Sharon, give me some strands of your hair."

Although Sharon did not know why her mother wanted her hair, she still plucked some strands out obediently and passed them to her.

When Connor was passing his hair to Natalie, he suddenly asked, "Are you planning to

conduct a DNA test for us and Mr. Shane?”

Natalie looked at him in surprise. “How did you know?”

“I guessed it. Although I said that Sharon and I are not Mr. Shane’s children that night, you

did not believe it. That’s when I guessed that you’ll definitely conduct a DNA test for us,”

explained Connor proudly.

Natalie stroked his head. “Smart boy! Sit tight, I’m going to drive now.”

“Okay.” The kids nodded in unison.

Natalie started the engine and drove to the hospital instead of back to the villa.

It was another hospital, not Jackson’s.

She wanted to hide this DNA test from everyone because she was afraid that someone

would swap the DNA samples.

Although it was quite unlikely, she had to be careful.

The results of the DNA test would only be out two days later.

Although Natalie thought that the waiting time was too long, she had no choice either.

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When Natalie returned to the villa, she was pleasantly surprised to see Shane there. “Shane!”

He was sitting on the sofa. He raised his head upon hearing her voice, but he quickly looked

back down and did not respond to her.

A disappointed look crept into Natalie’s eyes. However, she forced out a smile and walked

over. “Are you moving back?”

“I’m here to get something,” replied Shane nonchalantly.

The glimmer of hope in Natalie disappeared as her heart sank.

Noticing the change in her emotions, the kids’ moods worsened as well.

Sharon was quite scared of Shane’s cold attitude. She did not dare to hug him happily like

how she would in the past. Instead, she grabbed Natalie’s hand tightly and stared at him.

Connor followed suit. However, he suddenly asked, “Are you planning to never come back

again, Mr. Shane?”

“What did you call me?” Shane’s eyes widened as he looked at him. Connor blinked. “Mr. Shane.” When he heard that, he pursed his lips and an unpleasant expression crossed his face.

The children used to call him Mr. Shane in the past. However, now that they had reverted to the old address, it sounded exceptionally unpleasant to him. In fact, ‘Mr. Shane’ even seemed a little inappropriate given they had distanced themselves from him.

When Natalie noticed that Shane’s mood worsened, she squeezed the children’s hands.

“Okay, Connor. Bring your sister upstairs. I’ll... talk to Mr. Shane.” Since Shane refused to believe that they were his children, they would not call him ‘Daddy’ for now.

They would wait for the DNA test results to be announced first.

“Okay.” Connor nodded and pulled Sharon upstairs. Pursing his lips, Shane gazed at Natalie with an unreadable look.

She actually agreed to let the kids address me differently. What is she trying to do?

“Shane.” Natalie took a deep breath, walked toward him and sat down. “I’m sorry that Joyce kicked up a fuss at your office. She doesn’t have any ill intentions. She’s just feeling bad for me.”

“And?” The look in Shane’s was still cold.

Natalie bit her lips. “And I apologize to you on her behalf.”

“There’s no need for an apology.” Shane patted his suit and stood up. At that moment, Mrs. Wilson walked down the stairs with a bag. “Mr. Shane, here’s what you wanted.”

Shane took the bag and stood up from the couch.

When Natalie saw that, she stood up quickly too. “Are you leaving now?”

“I’ve already retrieved my things,” replied Shane, pursing his lips.

In other words, there was no point in staying anymore.

Natalie clenched her fists, her fingernails digging into her palms. With a sorrowful look, she

asked, "Are you that reluctant to stay in the same place as me now?"

Shane looked down and did not say anything. Instead, he continued striding forward.

"Wait!" Natalie closed her eyes and called after him, "I already know why you're treating me

like this. It's because of your parents, right?"

Shane's expression changed as he spun around abruptly.

When she saw his reaction, she knew that her and Joyce's guess was correct.

"So it's true, huh? Mr. Campbell revealed that you're treating me like this because of my

mom, so I wondered if it's because she let the Thompson family down.

Then, I heard from

Jared that my mom always acted weirdly on the 9th of October each year."

When Shane heard the date, 9th of October, his grip on the bag tightened gradually.

A glint appeared in Natalie's eyes upon seeing that. She continued, "Your parents passed

away on the 9th of October eighteen years ago. That's when my mom started acting weirdly

as well. Hence, these two events must be linked. The biggest link is that your parent's death

had something to do with my mom. In addition to how you're treating me right now..."

Natalie's eyelids fluttered as she gazed at him. "You suspect that my mom killed your

parents."