

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 766

Everyone was stunned upon her words.

Husband?

They knew the things lying on the ground belonged to Jacqueline, for they had seen it lying

around in the CEO's office every time they went in. Everyone had also tried to guess

Jacqueline's and Shane's relationship. Some thought they were relatives, while others

thought they were a married couple.

After all, Shane was a married man. It was just that he never told anyone who his wife was.

Since Shane didn't oppose Jacqueline placing her stuff in his office, everyone thought she

was most likely his wife. Hence, they treated her more decently than others.

However, who would have thought Natalie was Shane's wife instead of Jacqueline.

After all that, they were finally able to wrap their head around what was going on. Natalie

threw Jacqueline's stuff out in a fit of rage after busting her.

After thinking things through, the other secretaries started to view Jacqueline in a different

light.

In the meantime, Jacqueline was shaking with fury as she glared at Natalie. "How dare

you?"

Not only did Natalie throw her things out, but she also told everyone her intentions.

She could already imagine her future work-life whereby her colleagues would badmouth her.

Not only that but she would also be viewed in a negative light from here on out.

Even so, Natalie didn't back down from the hatred in Jacqueline's eyes.

Instead, she looked

at the latter calmly and said, "Why wouldn't I dare? I wasn't planning on exposing you at first, but you're crossing the line. How could you lust after someone else's husband when you already have a boyfriend?"

Everyone gasped upon her words.

So Jacqueline has a boyfriend.

How could she seduce Mr. Shane when she's already taken?

Jacqueline could feel the looks of disdain coming from her colleagues as she trembled with rage.

Ding! Just as she was about to explode, the elevator doors opened, and out walked Shane and Silas.

Shane frowned when he saw the crowd gathering in front of his office.

"What are you all doing here?"

The secretaries straightened themselves when they heard his voice while Jacqueline looked at him as though she was about to cry.

Meanwhile, Natalie turned around and looked at Shane calmly. "It's nothing. I'm just teaching a shameless person a lesson."

Shameless?

Shane arched his brow at that. He then lowered his head when he felt he had kicked something and saw that it was a bag of snacks.

He could tell it was the bag of snacks Jacqueline had placed in his office. After seeing the snacks and soft toys lying on the ground, as well as Jacqueline's aggrieved expression, Shane finally understood who Natalie was referring to.

"Get back to your desks." Shane gave the other secretaries a look.

The secretaries obediently returned to their office.

They were rather looking forward to it as they wanted to share the juicy gossip in their group chat.

After that, Shane, Jacqueline, Natalie, and Silas were the only ones left.

Shane turned toward Natalie. "What did Jacqueline do that you had to teach her a lesson?"

Natalie mocked, "She's trying to steal my husband. Aren't you aware that she had never dismissed the idea of wanting to be your wife? These toys and snacks lying on the ground are proof."

She paused and turned to Jacqueline. "I've held back in the past because of Dr. Baker. But you are increasingly getting out of hand. That's why I humiliated you in public."

"And you!" Natalie turned to face Shane once again. "Even though you don't love me as much anymore, we're still legally married, and I'm still your wife. You've been spending a lot of time with Jacqueline recently and even allowed her to place her stuff in your office. Just what are you trying to imply?"

Then, she jabbed her finger at his chest. "Are you trying to let her be your wife?"

Shane frowned as he stared at her slender finger. "Can you stop this nonsense now?"

Jacqueline and Jackson are dating now. You've got it all wrong."

"I see things more clearly for what they are than you do," Natalie said coldly. "Shane, please just sign the papers if you want a divorce. Stop disgusting me with your affairs. I've had enough of this!"

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It was true that Jacqueline had never given up on the idea of wanting Shane as her lover.

After all, Shane was the one who gave her the most support. He never pushed her away when she attempted to approach him. His welcoming actions acted like fuel for her ambition.

In the past, Natalie's undying love for Shane made her turn a blind eye to his flaws. She

believed that Shane would never betray her. However, she could no longer stand Shane's recent indifference towards her and his close relationship with Jacqueline. His actions made her weary. I won't take this anymore! I bet Jacqueline must have been mocking me inwardly while I've been enduring all these sufferings. Beside her, Jacqueline and Silas jolted in shock when they heard the words "divorce settlement."

Silas was utterly astonished that Natalie was the one who initiated the divorce. On the other hand, Jacqueline was over the moon. She knew that Shane had been giving Natalie the cold shoulder recently. It was already a miracle that they hadn't gotten divorced sooner. I can't believe that they are finally getting divorced!

Jacqueline clasped her hands together as her heart pounded erratically in her chest. "I've said it before; I won't sign it." Shane's mood darkened the moment the divorce was brought up.

Immediately, Jacqueline seethed in anger and frustration. Their relationship is in shambles. Why won't he sign it? Does he love Natalie that much? "Fine, we can discuss this later." Natalie extended her finger and pointed at Jacqueline. "However, there's another issue we must settle today no matter what!" Shane's gaze darkened. "What are you trying to say?" he asked. Natalie lowered her hand. "It's simple. Shane. Since I am still your wife, I have the right to ask you to remove her from your side. I'm not asking for you to dismiss her. All I want is for you to transfer her to a place far away and forbid her from ever entering the top floor."

“Natalie, it’s clear that you are targeting me on purpose!” Jacqueline glared at her with displeasure.

Natalie merely smiled. “That’s right. I am targeting you. I can’t accept a woman who has malicious intentions lingering around my husband. Are you unhappy with my decision? If you are, you can continue to rebel since you are so shameless.”

“You...” A blaze of angry flames surged within Jacqueline’s heart. Natalie chose not to pay her any mind and turned to Shane. “What do you think? Do you agree with my proposition? If you disagree with it, let’s get a divorce. With that, I won’t be bothered with whatever the two of you wish to do anymore.”

“Silas,” Shane called out, pursing his lips.

Silas finally snapped out of his daze. “Yes, Mr. Shane. What are your instructions?”

“Send Jacqueline to the HR department. Give her a job that is less daunting,” Shane instructed as he pinched his brows between his fingers.

“Understood.” Silas nodded in acknowledgement.

“Shane...” Jacqueline stared at him in utter disbelief.

However, Shane did not spare her even a single glance. Instead, he simply headed toward his office.

Natalie scoffed coldly before she followed after Shane’s trail. The departure of the duo left Jacqueline and Silas alone.

Silas turned to Jacqueline and beckoned in a welcoming motion. “Ms. Graham, let’s go.”

Jacqueline stomped her foot in rage. “All I did was leave my things in Shane’s office. I can’t believe she’s so petty. Why couldn’t she let this matter go?”

Silas couldn’t help but roll his eyes discreetly. All she did was leave her things in the office?

Hah! What a joke. Everyone save for Mr. Shane could see through her intentions. It’s exactly as what Madam said. All she wants is for people to misunderstand the relationship she has

with Mr. Shane. It's no wonder that her greedy ambition provoked Madam. Serves her right she got transferred!
Natalie followed Shane into the office.
"Where is the evidence?" Natalie asked.
Shane remained silent as he switched his computer on. "See for yourself," he announced.
Feeling wary, Natalie made her way over to his desk to look at the screen.
There was a video recording taken by a cell phone displayed on the screen. Natalie caught sight of a couple who resembled Shane crossing the street with their hands laced together.
All of a sudden, a red car hurtled toward the couple and collided with them.
The sudden impact sent the couple flying. They collapsed on the ground as crimson blood began to pool around their limp bodies.
The video then zoomed in further to show a woman and her daughter exiting the car. The duo stumbled toward the couple in a fearful manner before the video came to an abrupt end.

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"How is that possible..." Natalie staggered backward in shock. She would recognize the mother and daughter who exited the car anywhere.
The reason being the mother was none other than her own Mom. As for the young girl, it was Natalie herself.
My Mom really ran into Shane's parents!
Frigid chills skittered across her skin as Natalie turned stiffly to look at Shane.
Shane met her gaze with a dark one. "Are you still going to insist that your mom has never hit anyone?" he asked her lowly.
"I..." Natalie's lip quivered as she couldn't give Shane an answer. The truth is before my own

eyes. What else can I say to defend myself?

The video also reminded her of the nightmare she had experienced last night.

The contents of her nightmare were eerily similar to the video she had just watched. Yet,

why did I have that dream? Does that mean that it wasn't a dream, but a memory?

Harrison once mentioned that she had forgotten a few things, while Stanley also observed

that the source of her headaches was her memories. Maybe it was caused by this particular

memory? But why did I forget about it?

Natalie's head began to hurt the more she thought about it.

The immense pain caused her to cradle her head in her hands. A look of agony was painted

on her face.

Shane's face paled when he noticed Natalie's change in demeanor.

"What's the matter?" he

asked worriedly.

"My head hurts!" The overwhelming pain forced her to her knees.

The pain was so much more intense than her past experiences. It was so painful that she

began to gasp for air. Beads of cold sweat dotted her face as her eyes rolled backward.

Her sufferings did not end there, however, as countless memories started surging into her

brain with bright flashes along with the pain that throbbed in her head.

Finally, Natalie succumbed to the immense pain as she fainted and collapsed to the floor.

"Natalie!" Shane rushed forward to pull her into his arms. Gently, he patted her cheeks in an

attempt to rouse her from unconsciousness.

However, Natalie seemed to be trapped in a nightmare. A deep frown graced her forehead

as she remained unconscious.

Immediately, Shane carried her to the couch with a tense look on his face.

After he placed her on the couch, he pulled his phone out and called Silas.

“Send a doctor here right now,” Shane ordered in a baritone voice. Clear worry could be heard in his voice.

“Got it.” Silas gulped nervously when he heard Shane’s ominous tone.

Did Mr. Shane and

Madam get into a fight in the office? Did Mr. Shane injure Madam by accident? If he really

hurt Madam, that means that he is a truly violent man!

Silas shivered and dismissed the negative thoughts. Swiftly, he called for the doctor.

In a blink of an eye, the doctor arrived at the office.

Immediately, Shane instructed the doctor to check on Natalie’s condition.

“How is she?” Shane asked with his fists clenched and trembling after the doctor finished the check-up.

The doctor was clueless about the relationship between Shane and Natalie. Thus, he held

his tongue when he addressed Shane. “She’s alright. She must have experienced a great

shock and fainted. She will be fine after she regains consciousness,” the doctor replied in a respectful manner.

Shane let out a heavy sigh of relief when he heard the doctor’s words.

“Alright, you can leave now.”

With that, the doctor picked up his first-aid kit and left the office.

After his departure, the office fell silent again.

Shane massaged his temples as he took a seat opposite Natalie. Quietly, he observed her.

Shane himself lost track of time as he watched her. All of a sudden, Natalie jerked upright.

“No!” she cried out with a look of restlessness.

Even Shane was shocked by her sudden movements. “You’re awake.” He frowned when he saw her odd behavior.

Natalie did not respond to Shane. She simply remained sitting on the couch in a dazed manner.

Seeing her lack of reaction, suspicion gleamed in Shane's eyes. "What happened to you?"

Once again, Natalie did not offer a reply. However, a smile tugged the corners of her lips upwards into a gleeful grin.

"What are you smiling about?" Shane couldn't help but ask as she beamed at him happily.

Finally, Natalie responded to his question. With a raise of her hand, she wiped away the joyful tears streaming down her cheeks. "I'm smiling because I'm happy!" Natalie exclaimed as she looked at him. "Shane, my Mom didn't run into your parents!"

In the period of her unconsciousness, she managed to recall the memory from eighteen

years ago. That's right! I had forgotten about that memory because Mom hired a hypnotist to erase it from my brain!

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Natalie had finally regained all of her erased memories.

Shane's mood darkened as he rose to his feet. "Natalie, the evidence is right in front of you.

Why are you still denying the truth?"

"That's because my Mom didn't do it!" Natalie followed suit and looked up at Shane with a

calm gaze. "Didn't I tell you about it yesterday? I let Stanley put me in a trance to check my memory. It's true that there's something wrong with my memory, but it's perfectly fine now."

"What do you mean?" Shane asked, narrowing his eyes.

"The truth, I remember it now." Natalie inhaled deeply as she spoke.

"You remember it now? Are you trying to say that you forgot the memory about your Mom

running over my parents?" Shane asked with slight astonishment.

"Yes and no. Yes, that I got my memory back, and no, my mom did not run over your

parents! How many times do you want me to repeat myself?" Natalie raised her voice in reply.

Shane pressed his lips into a thin line when Natalie raised her tone several octaves higher.

His mood took a drastic turn.

Natalie pointed at the computer. "It's true that my Mom and I are in the video. I saw the death of your parents with my own eyes. The tragic scene left me emotionally scarred and traumatized because I had never seen something like that before. After I returned home, I

was haunted by repeated nightmares of the incident." Natalie paused for a brief moment as

a look of sorrow crossed her face. "My Mom was afraid that I would become depressed if

this continued. As a result, she hired a hypnotist to erase those memories."

In order to erase all traces of that traumatic experience, Natalie's mom had asked the

hypnotist to craft a happier memory to replace it. The hypnotist even created an illusion for

Natalie to detest the color red.

"What I'm trying to say is that I've remembered everything that occurred on that day. The

person who ran over your parents was not my mom." Natalie looked at Shane determinedly.

"So you're telling me that red car isn't your mom's?" Shane's Adam's apple bobbed as he

spoke in a husky tone.

"It's not." Natalie closed her eyes. "The killer's car and my mom's shared the same model.

It's a Mercedes 300. It was the hottest model amongst the citizens of J City that year. My

mom was not the only person who purchased the car. If you don't believe me, you can visit

the car company and check who bought the same model."

“Do you really think that’s enough to cleanse the suspicions placed on your mom?” Shane asked coldly.

Natalie shook her head to deny his words. “Of course not. The day of the accident was the same as my dance competition back in primary school. My mom had picked me up from school, and we were on the way home. Along the way, she got into an argument with Harrison. In the heat of the moment, she neglected to look at the road, and she ran over your dad’s leg.”

“But you just said...” A dark expression loomed over Shane’s face. “I said that she ran over his leg. Your parents were already dead when my mom bumped into both of them. She didn’t know at the time. That’s why she stopped the car and tried to help them. Yet, how was she supposed to save someone who is already dead?” Natalie stepped

forward and extended a finger to point at Shane’s chest. “Tell me, Shane, how was she supposed to help them?” Natalie asked softly. Shane remained silent.

Natalie let her hand fall to her side. “Afterwards, she realized that the victims were your parents. She always felt guilty because she couldn’t save them. That’s why she visits Grandpa every year on the nineteenth.”

“No...” Shane stuttered in disbelief. He was clearly shocked by Natalie’s words. Incredulity was painted all across his handsome face. He couldn’t accept the truth. At the same time, he couldn’t believe that his assumption turned out to be the total opposite.

Natalie gazed at him coldly. “What are you trying to say? That you can’t accept that I’ve spoken the truth?”

Shane lifted his trembling gaze to meet hers.

Natalie let out a mirthless laugh. "And yet, this is the cold, hard truth. Even though the video was real, it's obvious that there are issues with the person who filmed it. The cars are the first anomaly of this video. Didn't you notice that the person didn't capture the car's number plate?"

Immediately, realization dawned upon Shane.

"That's not the only issue. When the owner of the red car that ran over your parents continued driving, why didn't the person filming the video continue to focus on the car? Instead, the camera pans back to your parents before showing my mom's car," Natalie continued.

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"Besides, I've mentioned it earlier. Your Dad was already dead when my mom bumped his leg. Yet, that specific scene was not shown in the video. There are only two reasons to explain it. One, the video was edited. Two, the person didn't capture it on the recording."

Natalie's words were like a hammer that slammed into Shane's heart. Shane's clenched fists trembled. That's right, how could I have overlooked such huge anomalies within the video?

"Additionally, there's a final subject that I'd like to add. I'm not sure if you've thought about it before." Natalie spoke up again.

Shane pursed his lips and replied. "What is it?"

"It's about Grandpa. Do you think that he would have forgiven my mom if she really ran over your parents? Why would he take her in as his goddaughter?" Natalie said with reddened eyes.

"I'm sorry..." Shane collapsed onto the couch as all of his energy drained from his body. I've never thought about that before.

The moment he watched the video, the urge for revenge overwhelmed his logic. Shane never tried to identify the other clues in the video. It's all my fault. His haggard face caused a pang of pity and discomfort in Natalie's heart. However, she made no move to show her pity.

After all, he had hurt her deeply in these past few weeks. She could not reach closure due to his hurtful actions. "I'm telling the truth. You can investigate further if you don't believe me. According to the anomalies I've pointed out, I'm sure that you'll be able to find the truth. Aside from that, I'll give you a clue about the killer." Natalie picked up her bag and slung it over her shoulder. "What is the clue?" Shane lifted his head and asked. "Eighteen years ago, my mom told me that David had unearthed the true killer. Yet, he let the person go instead of holding them accountable. He even destroyed all of the security footage regarding the incident and removed all the red cars in his home. There are only a handful of people who can force Grandpa to such great lengths." With that, Natalie left the office. She knew that Shane needed a moment alone. Likewise, Natalie needed to be alone with her thoughts too. Not long after Natalie left, Shane slammed his fist against the coffee table. Immediately, the impact left his hand a bloodied mess. Despite the blood, Shane didn't seem to feel the pain. Instead, he gritted his teeth and forced a name out of his mouth. "Sam!" After his father's death, Sam was David's only son. Only Sam would earn David's protection. Why else would Grandpa destroy all the red cars? Shane knew that Natalie wasn't bluffing. The destruction of all the red cars was something that occurred. However, Shane was clueless at the time.

Now, everything seemed to make sense, like puzzle pieces clicking into place.

Sam must have sent his men to kill my parents in order to obtain the inheritance rights to Thompson Group.

Eighteen years ago, Grandpa fell ill and stepped down from Thompson Group. He then

asked my dad to take over Thompson Group.

Sam had tried to snatch the inheritance for himself. However, Grandpa refused him each

time he tried to claim Thompson Group. Sam must have murdered my parents because the

death of my father would leave Sam as Grandpa's sole heir. With that, Thompson Group

would belong to him.

No one had expected that David would live through his sickness and continue to run

Thompson Group. Instead of handing over Thompson Group to Sam, he gave it to Shane

when Shane became an adult.

In this period of time, Sam did not remain idle. However, he was crushed by David each time

he tried to resist.

In the past, Shane couldn't connect the dots. There were several times when Sam could

have overthrown David. Yet, Sam backed down each time. Grandpa must have used the

death of my parents as a threat to subdue Sam each time he tried to rebel.

"Haha..." Shane covered his eyes with his hand. A dangerous and low chuckle escaped his

mouth. I think I know what's in Grandpa's will now.

It contains evidence of Sam murdering my parents. That's why Sam and his family are dying

to get their hands on it. This is great. Sam, Grandpa, and Sam's family...

Aren't they all such wonderful people?

Shane's laughter grew louder as he began to laugh uncontrollably. Yet, there was the undeniable trace of anguish amidst his laughter. I always knew that Sam and his family weren't honest people. Never would I have thought that they were the culprits behind my parent's death.