

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 881

Taken aback for a moment, Sally hastily explained, "That wasn't my boyfriend. He was just my..."

"Ahem." Natalie quickly interrupted her with a light cough. "That's enough, so let's just end the subject here. Don't blurt everything out and corrupt my children."

Realizing her near gaffe, Sally chuckled apologetically. "Oops, my bad. Anyway, come and eat."

Shane pulled a chair out for Natalie.

It wasn't until Natalie had sat down did he pull out the chair beside her and took his seat.

After breakfast, Sally took the children out to play, knowing that Natalie and Shane had no time to accompany them since they had to stay and deal with the incident yesterday.

Thus, the responsibility of caring for them naturally fell on her as the subordinate who was mooching off them.

"Mr. Shane." Silas came over.

Handing a peeled apple to Natalie, Shane snagged a piece of tissue and wiped his hands languidly. "Go on."

"Governor Stephen asked me to inform you that the matter has been dealt with. The obstetrics and gynecology departments in the few hospitals involved have been replaced with new staff while the original staff are now in prison. Besides, Dr. Brandt says that he has operated on the doctor and nurse. Also..."

"Also?" Natalie prompted.

"Also, Dr. Brandt says that he has also operated on the rest of the doctors in the obstetrics and gynecology department in his

hospital. He hopes that you'll both be satisfied with this outcome," Silas blurted.

Since Madam scheduled her operation at Dr. Brandt's hospital, their animosity toward the hospital will definitely be much greater compared to other hospitals after the incident. Hence, he had no other choice but to do that to alleviate their fury.

Shane smiled upon hearing that. "I merely told him to operate on the doctor and nurse, but I never thought that he's actually so shrewd and operated on all the doctors in the obstetrics and gynecology department in his hospital. Well, that's smart of him. Tell him that I won't take action against him anymore regarding this matter."

As everyone involved in the matter had paid the price, they could naturally draw the curtains.

"Understood. I'll convey it to him shortly. Apart from that, we've made the calculations according to the information from Governor Stephen, and Sean spent a total of thirty million to bribe everyone involved."

Natalie gasped incredulously. "Thirty million? Good God, that's a fortune!"

No wonder all those medical practitioners succumbed to temptation. After all, few would be unmoved in the face of such a hefty sum. What was more, it would've been a piece of cake for them since patients would trust them unconditionally, believing everything they say. If I hadn't overheard the conversation between the doctor and nurse before losing consciousness, I would've surely lost my child, and I wouldn't even have known that it was never deformed. Hence, they couldn't possibly refuse such an easy job.

"Sean is very talented in business and has many industries under his name, so it's no sweat off his back to spent thirty million," Shane proclaimed coldly.

Then, he looked at Silas. "Have you ascertained his motive in doing so?"

Ultimately, he wanted to know whether Sean did that so that he would be childless.

“Yes. According to the statements from the medical staff and the professional profiler, the reason he did so is theorized to be...”

Seemingly conflicted, Silas raked a hand through his hair and said nothing for a long time.

Every so often, his gaze darted to Natalie.

Wholly bewildered, Natalie questioned, “Don’t tell me it was because of me?”

“I’m afraid so.” Silas nodded.

Hearing that, Natalie eyes widened.

Huh? Is he for real?

As something abruptly occurred to Shane, his hands clenched into fists, and his expression turned grim. “Just say it.”

Grunting in acquiescence, Silas then blurted, “Madam, Sean did so because he has feelings for you. Thus, he didn’t want you to have Mr. Shane’s child.”

Boom! That statement detonated like a bomb.

Natalie was wholly stupefied as though having been struck by a bolt of lightning.

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What? Sean has feelings for me?

Natalie had spent a lot of thought on Sean’s motive in concocting such an elaborate ploy.

The most likely reason she came up with was that he felt the abortion of her child would be a huge blow to Shane.

Never in her wildest dreams had she ever thought that his true motive was that.

All at once, she panicked. "Stop joking, Mr. Campbell. How could he possibly..."

"It's true," Shane interjected.

Natalie's gaze promptly flew to him. "Don't tell me you believe such a trumped-up story as well, Shane?"

That's absurd! Not only did he kidnap me, but he even jumped off the cliff with me. Which of those actions scream that he has feelings for me?

"This is not a trumped-up story. I've long since known about his feelings for you," Shane muttered sourly, his expression sullen.

It was something he spoke about with Jacqueline in the office when he was giving Natalie the cold shoulder.

Back then, Jacqueline told him that Sean had a thing for Natalie.

At that, Natalie was wholly nonplussed. She sprang to her feet. "You knew about this?"

He actually knew that Sean likes me despite being so dense in love, yet I had absolutely no inkling!

"Yeah." Shane nodded in affirmation.

Natalie's lips parted, but a long while passed before she finally spoke. "I had no idea. I really didn't know that he..."

"I know." Shane regarded her intently.

He was aware of her stance toward Sean, so he had never been worried that she would develop feelings for him after learning of his affection for her.

But still, he was rather chagrined.

In truth, he was irked that she was so popular with men—with Stanley fancying her, and now, Sean.

Natalie had no idea of his thoughts, so she breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing his acknowledgment that she hadn't any inkling about Sean's feelings for her.

Phew! I don't have to worry that he'll misunderstand, then. But I just don't get it. When did Sean start taking an interest in me? And what is it that he likes about me?

"So, has Sam and Catherine's current condition been made public?" Shane inquired, his gaze pinned on Silas.

Silas nodded. "Yes. I believe that Sean is already aware of it, but he still refuses to show himself."

Well, well... He's undeniably heartless. Despite hearing that his father is now paralyzed and his mother is beside herself, he still doesn't have any intention of putting in an appearance, huh?

"Shane, are you trying to lure Sean out with Sam and Catherine as bait?" Natalie blinked.

Shane nodded. "He's like a mouse hiding in the dark that even hackers can't find him. Thus, it'd be tantamount to looking for a needle in a haystack if I were to blindly investigate his tracks. As such, I can only resort to extreme means."

"But it's not very effective, right?" Natalie stared at him.

In response, Shane went silent, his lips compressing into a tight line.

Indeed, it's not very effective. He's not that filial of a son, or he would've turned up long ago.

"Actually, I sensed that he detests his parents," Natalie divulged out of the blue.

Hearing that, Shane and Silas swung their gazes at her in concert.

"He detests his parents?" Shane quirked a brow.

I didn't know that.

"Yes, that's right. He detests his parents. This is a conclusion I drew before I married you. Before we got married, I met up with Sean alone a few times."

"Nothing happened, yes?" Shane suddenly asked.

At his question, Natalie was torn between amusement and exasperation. "Of course not! Where did your mind go?"

However, Shane merely pursed his lips without any further comment.

To tell the truth, he was merely discomfited to hear that she had met up with Sean alone several times.

After taking a sip of water, Natalie added, "He mentioned his parents twice, and once was about Mrs. Thompson arranging a blind date for him. I glimpsed coldness and hatred in his eyes at the mention of his parents, but I wasn't quite certain then. After hearing you both say that he isn't taking the bait, I'm now sure that it wasn't a trick of the light."

"In that case, something must have happened between him and his parents. Otherwise, he wouldn't loathe them," Silas reckoned while rubbing his chin. Then, he looked at Shane. "Should I investigate it, Mr. Shane?"

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"No, it's okay." Shane wasn't at all interested in that.

Whatever grudge Sean has with Sam and Catherine won't change my mind about having all three of them pay the price for my parents' murder!

"Figure out another method since Sam and Catherine aren't useful in luring Sean out," he murmured wearily as he massaged his temples.

Silas nodded in assent. "Understood."

"Also, speed up the investigation on my parents' interpersonal relationship," Shane ordered.

Some families were infuriated that he was investigating them and phoned him last night, demanding to know the reason.

Considering the fact that such an investigation was undoubtedly offensive and would arouse suspicion that he was planning something nefarious, it had to be done swiftly.

"Understood," Silas answered once more.

After he had left, Natalie munched on the apple and inquired, "Are you investigating their interpersonal relationship to unearth the second culprit?"

Shane grunted in affirmation. "Yeah, but eighteen years have passed, so many of their interpersonal relationships have been severed. Hence, it's difficult to investigate all of them."

"In other words, the possibility of finding the second culprit through this method is low," Natalie commented.

Sighing wearily, Shane replied, "Still, I've got to try. Perhaps there will be a clue in Grandpa's will, but we don't even know where it is right now." "Yeah, it'll be great if we have a clue," Natalie remarked while flipping her hair.

Pursing his lips, Shane admitted, "There is a clue, but I can't decipher it."

"What do you mean?" Natalie gaped at him.

"I found a letter in Grandpa's room some time ago," Shane confessed. "It's written that the will is with my parents, but my

parents have been deceased for eighteen years. Thus, this clue about the will feels contradictory.”

“Indeed, it seems so. But who stipulated that it must mean being in the possession of a living person?” Natalie countered with a smirk.

Shane’s expression froze for a moment when he heard that. “You mean, the will may very well be in my parents’ grave?”

“Probably not since no one would desecrate a grave. At most, it may be somewhere beside the grave,” Natalie postulated.

Shane’s hands balled into fists. “Perhaps you’re right.”

Generally, no one would ever consider that the will would be beside the grave. After all, it would never cross one’s mind that someone would actually hide something in such a place.

However, it was precisely the impossibility of it that made it all the probable.

“Why don’t you have someone search there, Shane?” Natalie suggested.

Shane nodded. “That’s for sure, but I’ll do it myself when I go back tomorrow.”

“Okay.” Natalie bobbed her head.

Shortly after, Shane left to meet with Governor Stephen.

He owed him a favor for having dealt with the matter, so he had to repay him.

Natalie stayed in the villa alone, snacking on fruits while watching television.

It so happened that news of the staff from the obstetrics and gynecology department of several hospitals being detained for investigation was playing on the television right then.

Now that the public had learned about the misdeeds of the obstetrics and gynecology departments of those hospitals, their reputations were suddenly called into question.

Many pregnant women who had their prenatal checkups at the hospitals even took to staging protests.

In short, the entire incident was a huge mess and probably wouldn't subside anytime soon.

Nonetheless, Natalie had no sympathy for them since they were merely reaping what they sowed.

In the afternoon, Sally came back with the children.

When she returned, she hurriedly rushed up to Natalie. "Nat, I discovered something!"

"What is it?" Natalie queried as she sipped her milk.

Sally hesitated, throwing a glance at the children.

Instantly comprehending that it wasn't a matter for young ears, Natalie smilingly said, "Take your sister upstairs to play, Connor."

"Okay," Connor assented. Then, he obediently headed toward the stairs while pulling Sharon along.

But when he left, a flash of something glinted in his eyes as he looked back over his shoulder at Natalie and Sally.

In no time, Natalie and Sally were the only ones left in the living room.

Natalie put down her glass of milk. "Well? Spit it out."

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"It's Jessie." Sally sat down as she continued, "Nat, I saw Jessie and her mentor when I took the kids to the mall at noon."

“Ms. Linde?” Natalie raised an eyebrow.

Sally nodded. “That’s right. She was dressed in a black cape, wearing a wide-brimmed hat, but I couldn’t see her face. I guess that’s not a bad thing because I don’t want to see a jarring scarred face anyway. It’s frightening just to think about it. Still, I’m terrified at the sight of her hand she reached out. There are a lot of burn scars on it.”

“It’s really her.” Listening to the description of her attire, the silhouette of the person she met in the restaurant last time started taking its form in her mind.

As expected, the person she saw last time was indeed Calandra Linde, or more commonly known as Ms. Linde, who was also Jessie’s mentor.

“Nat, you’ve met her before?” Sally turned to Natalie as she asked.

Natalie acknowledged that question briefly, “I did, but what’s so strange about that? Jessie’s her mentee. Isn’t it common for a mentor to be there for her mentee at a competition?”

My mentor will also be here after she has attended the seminar.

“You’re right. There’s nothing strange about that, but what if I tell you that the physique of this Ms. Linde is identical to that of the person who knocked me unconscious?” Sally fixated her gaze on Natalie.

Natalie’s countenance changed drastically. “Identical?”

“That’s right. Their height and figure are all the same. I’m a model, and I have a good eye for one’s stature and build. I can basically get their measurements with just one look. Hence, it’s impossible for me to miss that. Besides, Ms. Linde is also a blonde,” Sally added in a solemn tone.

A chill ran down Natalie’s spine. “That’s to say that it was actually the deed of Jessie and her mentor, and Amy and her model were just scapegoats who had been framed.”

"I'm sure that's what happened. It's just that we're not able to meet Amy. It'd be great if we can see her." Sally let out a sigh.

"We can't. Supermax prisons are not accessible to ordinary people, even Shane may not be able to get the authorization for visits," Natalie shook her head and replied.

After all, it's not our home country.

Back in our homeland, it would be a lot easier for Shane because the government would give him the green light to a large extent, as he's one of the taxpayers contributing the most tax income in the country.

But the same couldn't be said when they were abroad. Regardless of how wealthy he was, there was no guarantee that he could get the authorization, because, at the end of the day, he wasn't a citizen over there unless he immigrated.

"Then, what should we do? This feeling of knowing that Amy and her model had been set up but couldn't really do anything is exceedingly awful." Sally ruffled her own hair in frustration. "Especially when Jessie and her mentor are still at large, it gets worse."

"Not only you, me too. But it's okay. The detective agency is still investigating the matter, let's wait and see," Natalie massaged her temples as she returned.

Other than waiting, she couldn't think of any other ways.

I can't just seize Jessie and her mentor and send them to the police station.

Sally sighed again and resorted to silence.

In a corner of the second floor, Connor turned around and left quietly for his room.

He caught the furious glint in Sally's eyes when she saw the two women at the mall, and he couldn't just brush it off.

Because right then, Sally had also uttered, "These two women were the ones who hurt Nat and me."

He asked Sally what the two women did to them.

But Sally only told him that it was a matter among the adults, and kids shouldn't be involved. Hence, she didn't disclose it to him in the end.

Well, it's fine because I can eavesdrop since she refused to tell me.

Even though Mommy and Ms. Sally didn't mention who the two women are, I can look them up myself.

Thinking of that, Connor sat back in front of the computer.

Sharon put down her Barbie doll and asked, "Connor, what are you doing?"

"I need to check something. You go and play on your own, and I'll accompany you later," Connor answered, staring at the computer screen without even turning back.

Sharon nodded. "Alright, hurry up then."

"Okay," Connor spared a second to reply to her as his puny fingers already began tapping on the keyboard.

He first keyed in Jessie and Calandra's personal details and then ran a background check according to those details.

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Even though he had reminded Shane to investigate Jessie, Shane's investigation outcome was insubstantial, and only some basic information about Jessie was obtained. This round, he was planning to look into it in more detail.

Soon, half an hour passed.

There was a pucker between Connor's eyebrows. He was staring at an image comparison on the screen.

The image was very blurry, and he was trying to restore it with a program. The progress was sluggish as it required a longer duration to reinstate a blurry image to a high-definition one.

Right then, only sixty percent of the image had been restored, and the remaining forty percent was still in progress. It would take at least a few more minutes for the entire process to be completed.

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

Connor turned around and looked in the direction of the door.  
"Mommy?"

"Yes." Natalie's voice came from outside the room.

"Let me answer it."

Sharon jumped off the bed and ran forward hurriedly to open the door.

As the door opened, Natalie trod in, taking her daughter's hand in hers, and looked at her son who was sitting in front of the computer. "What are you doing?"

"I'm looking at Jessie's information," Connor replied in a straightforward manner without concealing anything. Natalie raised an eyebrow. "What are you looking at her information for?"

"I heard your conversation with Ms. Sally just now. Ms. Sally wouldn't tell me what Jessie and Ms. Linde did to you, so I can only investigate on my own," Connor shrugged his shoulder helplessly as he answered.

No matter what, I'll never simply let anyone who tries to harm Mommy off the hook.

"You are my sunshine" Feeling heartwarming, Natalie stroked the little boy's hair.

Of course, she understood what the little boy was doing—he was trying to help them.

Nevertheless, all along, she was of the opinion that adults' problems should be solved by and among themselves, and not to involve the children in it.

Yet, seeing that Connor was so persistent in helping her, she was reluctant to turn him down.

"Well then, have you found anything?" Natalie looked at her son and asked.

Sharon also turned to Connor expectantly.

Connor shook his head in response. "I didn't find out what they did to you, Mommy, but I found something interesting."

"Oh?" Natalie's interest was piqued. "What's that?"

Connor shook his head again and kept her in suspense. "Why don't you tell me what they did to you first, Mommy? And then I'll tell you what I found. How about that?"

Natalie was amused. "You're bargaining with me, huh? Alright, I'll tell you."

Since he has already started his own investigation, that means he'll never stop until he finds out something.

In that case, I should just disclose it to him.

"Do you remember last time when I was locked in the washroom and Ms. Sally was knocked out?" Natalie asked.

Connor nodded. "Yes."

"The real culprits behind it are these two people," Natalie added.

Connor squinted. "What? It's actually them and not Amy and Tiffanie?"

When the organizers of the competition revealed the findings of their investigation, Connor was still back at home with Shane.

Despite that, the organizer gave Shane a call and informed him that the offenders were Amy and Tiffanie. How does it turn out to be Jessie and her mentor now?

"It's not Amy and her model. They were framed and became scapegoats for Jessie and her mentor," explained Natalie.

Connor finally understood and nodded. "I see. They're really horrible, making Amy and Tiffanie their scapegoats. They must have got something on Amy and threatened them with it. Otherwise, it's impossible for Amy and Tiffanie to not resist when they were caught."

"That's right. That's what I was thinking, too," Natalie responded in the affirmative.

Connor let out a sigh. "Jessie and her mentor must have threatened Amy and Tiffanie in person privately. That's why I couldn't find any trace on the internet."

"That means that they're very prudent." Natalie stroked his hair gently again.

Connor twitched his lips. "And I hate prudent enemies the most."

Natalie was amused. "You hate them because, in that way, you're not able to unleash your skills, isn't it?"

Connor stuck his tongue out in acknowledgment of what Natalie said.

Natalie shook her head with a smile. "Alright, don't be upset. It's not a bad thing, too. At least now you know that even with good hacking skills, you can't get to the bottom of everything. There are a lot of problems in this world that can't be solved with hacking alone. I hope you won't rely too much on hacking; otherwise, you would lose out someday."

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“Alright, I got it.” Connor nodded his head earnestly.

Sharon didn't really get what Natalie said, but that didn't stop her from following suit and nodding.

“Let me check the security footage near the washroom and those around the security control room that day.” Connor added, “That should prove that Jessie and her mentor were the offenders.”

“They might have destroyed the security footage,” Natalie returned.

Connor bit his lip. “As long as it wasn't deleted using a data shredder program, I'll be able to recover it.”

“Well, then you try it later.” Natalie thought that the possibility of recovering the security footage wasn't high, but so as not to discourage the child, she agreed to let him try.

Connor acknowledged with a brief 'sure'.

Natalie turned to look at the computer screen. It was a blurry image, and she couldn't discern anything from it. With just a brief look, she turned away from it and asked, “Now, can you tell me what you found out about Jessie's information?”

“Alright, I'll tell you. What I found out was that this Jessie is a fabricated identity,” Connor swiveled in his chair and said.

Natalie frowned at that. “Fabricated?”

“Yes, it's a false identity. It was only registered a few months ago, which means that she wasn't known as Jessie before that. However, there isn't any real name of hers to be found online. She was just like an unregistered citizen who suddenly obtained an identity,” Connor answered.

Natalie's heart sank.

So it turns out that Jessie's identity is actually forged. No wonder I've never heard about such an outstanding young designer within the industry before, and she rose to fame overnight out of nowhere.

Now it seems that she did come out of nowhere.

"Other than that, her face is also fake." Connor's words were like a cannonball that utterly shattered Natalie's perception of Jessie.

Natalie had her mouth agape in stupefaction. "Her face is also fake. Does that mean she has undergone plastic surgery?"

"Mommy, what's plastic surgery?" Sharon asked curiously as she blinked her pretty big eyes.

Natalie stroked her hair gently in response. "Good girl, Sharon. You'll understand that when you grow older. Why don't you go and play at the side? Let Mommy and Connor discuss something."

Sharon wasn't as unruly as Connor, so Natalie didn't want her to know too much about the muck and crud of the grown-ups.

Though reluctant, Sharon left obediently.

Only after seeing that Sharon had gone that Connor finally answered, "You're right, Mommy. She underwent plastic surgery. I managed to find the record of that. Apart from plastic surgery, she had also had a few modifications to the other parts of her body, for instance, her feet."

With that, Connor minimized the image which was still being restored and clicked on another program. "This is Jessie's information before she had plastic surgery, but there's no photo, so we can't see what she looked like before that. In spite of that, data related to her physique are available. Jessie used to be 163cm tall, and now she's 168cm."

"An increment of five centimeters in height," Natalie said as she read the data.

“That’s right. She went through a limb lengthening surgery.”  
Connor nodded.

Natalie suddenly understood something.

No wonder it has been said that Jessie has a rigid posture when she walks.

So that’s because of the surgery.

“God knows who she was. She has made such a radical change to her appearance,” said Natalie as she pursed her lips.

Connor smiled and replied, “We’ll see in just a little while. I’ve found a photo of Jessie before her surgery, but it has been tampered with, so it was blurred, and we can’t really identify anything from the picture. It’s being retouched now; we can definitely see it clearly later.”

Photos of Jessie before her plastic surgery had all been deleted.

It took him a long time searching and only found an image from the obsolete database of the plastic surgery center. It was most probably the photo that would show what Jessie used to look like. Neither had he expected that this image actually fell through the cracks and was found in the obsolete database. I got lucky!

“Baby is awesome!” Natalie’s eyes brightened up upon hearing that her son had actually found a photo. She held his puny face and gave him a kiss.

The little boy was so elated his eyes narrowed to two laughing slits, and he turned the other side of his cheek to Natalie, signaling her to kiss him again.

Natalie smiled, and as she leaned forward to plant a kiss on his cheek, the charming features of a man appeared out of the blue, getting in Natalie’s way to Connor.

Being caught off guard, Natalie couldn’t help but land that kiss on the face that emerged out of nowhere.

“Daddy?” Connor blinked in surprise as he looked at the man who showed up all of a sudden.

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Natalie was also stunned. “You’re back.”

Shane raised his chin slightly. “Yes, I’m back. What have you been discussing?”

“We were talking about...” Natalie gave him an account of their conversation a little while ago.

Shane furrowed his brows after listening to her.

Someone who turned up from nowhere without any personal information prior to that and had even gone through a drastic makeover... There must be something very fishy about this person.

And this questionable woman even holds grudges against Natalie. We have to get to the bottom of this.

“Has the image been fixed?” Shane turned to Connor.

“I guess it’s almost done,” Connor thought for a while before replying. He then clicked on the program again, and as he had expected, the restoration was completed.

Connor beamed and pressed on the ‘enter’ key to check the image which had been restored.

Very soon, the blurred image became clearer.

As it got clearer, the countenance of Natalie and Shane also turned ghastlier.

“How does it turn out to be her!” Natalie’s pupils shrank as she gasped in dismay.

Clenching his fist, Shane also exclaimed, “It’s Jasmine!”

Jessie turns out to be Jasmine!

“Connor, are you sure you didn’t make any mistake?” Natalie looked at Connor.

Connor shook his head in a very determined manner. “Absolutely not.”

Natalie pursed her lips and fell silent as she accepted the fact which was both unexpected and expected to her.

Jessie Skye is Jasmine.

In fact, back when Jessie came to light, she had had doubts when she heard the name ‘Jessie’ as it somehow reminded her about Jasmine.

Nevertheless, due to the fact that Jessie had nothing in common with Jasmine both on appearance and height, she cleared up her suspicion.

It was only in this particular instance that she eventually understood that her guess was indeed correct.

Jasmine didn’t die. After she escaped, she went abroad, underwent plastic surgery, and became an extremely talented young designer.

If she hadn’t discovered that Jessie was in actuality Jasmine, Jessie’s designs should have been fine, and there shouldn’t be any problem with them.

But as she found out that Jessie was actually Jasmine in disguise, there would be issues with all the designs she had submitted for the competition.

After all, Jasmine’s actual capacity was rather insulting, and it was impossible for her to be able to come up with such remarkable

designs. There's no way she's suddenly gifted with such talents just with a change in appearance.

Hence, chances were high that the question of where her designs really came from was related to Ms. Linde.

"She wasn't dead." Shane's expression was deadly.

Jasmine's suicide back then caused an uproar. At that time, he did suspect that Jasmine wasn't really dead, but the DNA profile of the body matched that of Jasmine. That was what convinced him of Jasmine's death.

Nevertheless, at this particular moment, it seemed ludicrous to him that he had actually been tricked.

"That's right. She's still alive." Natalie nodded with an equally dreadful face. "That shows how detailed and meticulous the preparation on her sham of committing suicide was. Not only had she foreseen that we would suspect if the body was indeed her, but she had also seen it coming that we would compare the DNA of the body with the DNA samples she had left behind.

"Looks like there are problems with the coroner who performed the DNA test back then." Shane squinted.

Natalie bit her lip. "The coroner worked for the authority. I don't think Jasmine was capable enough to bribe him."

"Jasmine wasn't, but Jacqueline is." Shane turned to her.

Natalie was notably taken aback. "You're suggesting that Jacqueline and Jasmine conspired..."

"That's my assumption." Shane nodded in response. "Back when Jasmine was crippled, the hospital which she was admitted to was where Jackson is working. I saw the two of them meet up, but I didn't think too much about it then."

Because at the point when Jacqueline regained consciousness from her vegetative state, no one was really aware of her identity.

It was all the more improbable for Jasmine to know that. Hence, he assumed that they happened to bump into each other during their walks in the hospital. Now that he pondered about it, he couldn't stop wondering how many details had been neglected by him from then.

"If it was indeed Jacqueline, why did she want to help Jasmine? Isn't Jasmine another love rival of hers?" Natalie frowned in puzzlement.

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Shane looked at her in the eyes and announced, "You, their common enemy, have brought them together. They must have chosen to collaborate to get back at you."

Natalie's lips twitched when she heard Shane's reply. Staring at the screen, she arched her brows in confusion and asked, "Has she really gone to such great lengths just to get her revenge? Is she even in her right mind?"

He took a peek at Jasmine's profile and answered, "How am I supposed to know the things that are going on in her mind?"

Natalie, who was rendered speechless, rolled her eyes. She asked when she thought of something, "Are Susan and Harrison aware that Natalie isn't dead all along? If they're not aware it's a part of Natalie's greater scheme, has she approached them and told them the truth after undergoing such a major surgery?"

"I can't be sure, but that doesn't really matter. Since everyone's aware that Jasmine's no longer around, let's just bring her out again. I'll let those from the Design Association know Jessie is Jasmine."

Jasmine was eliminated in the finals at the domestic level. No way would those in authority allow her to take part in the competition if they found out her actual identity.

Otherwise, it would be unfair for those who had competed with their original design since Jasmine had made it through the rounds using Calanda's design.

Curious, Natalie asked, "Are you going to bring Jasmine back and send her to the mental hospital?"

Shane shook his head and asserted, "We can't do that as she's no longer a citizen of our country. I won't be able to bring her back against her will unless she's admitted to the mental hospital over here."

Natalie chuckled and asked, "It's just a piece of cake for you, isn't it?"

"Well, it's indeed not much of a challenge." Shane looked at Natalie with his eyes gleaming.

"If that's the case, I'll be waiting for the great news from you."

Initially, Jasmine would be thrown behind bars for a few years after she was found plagiarizing others' designs. However, she pretended to lose her mind and managed to get herself acquitted of all crimes.

She even committed suicide to stop herself from suffering in the mental hospital, but those turned out to be parts of her greater scheme. All along, she was still kicking and alive, but she was no longer a citizen of the country.

We can't throw her behind bars, but we can keep her confined in the mental hospital, can't we? Jasmine is just a shameless woman who won't stop turning others' life upside down! She needs to be taken into remand for others' sake!

Shane caressed Natalie's head and assured her, "It'll take me two days at most to get everything sorted out."

“Okay! I have faith in you!” Natalie looked in Connor’s direction and instructed with a satisfied beam, “We don’t have to go through the surveillance footage anymore since we’re aware that Jessie is Jasmine! We’ll just go ahead and deal with her because I’m pretty sure she’s guilty!”

We’ll get those from the Design Association to deal with Calanda for being Jasmine’s accomplice all along.

Connor nodded and answered, “Alright, Mommy!”

Shane then departed to get everything required to take Jasmine into remand sorted out.

Natalie spent most of her time in the room to complete the blueprint for the magazine company

Two days later, Shane brought Natalie to the hall when it was time for the next round of competition.

His presence had taken the designers and models by surprise as they rarely came across such a good looking foreign man.

A few of the designers and models started hitting on Shane. It was evident they couldn’t wait to get their hands on the exceptional man.

As much as Natalie was irked, she was slightly proud of the fact the man they had their eyes on was her husband.

Subsequently, Natalie wrapped her arms around Shane’s arm and shot daggers at those who wouldn’t stop hitting on Shane.

As a result, their faces flushed with anger.

It merely took Shane a glance to figure out the things Natalie had in mind. He smirked and kissed her on the forehead, sending hints to those who wouldn’t stop trying to hit on him to give up.

Meanwhile, the designers and models with the right values in life started endorsing the lovely pair and their relationship.

Jasmine, who had been disguising herself as Jessie, couldn't stop glaring at Natalie and Shane. Jealousy was written all over his scrunched-up face.

Natalie had been observing Jasmine in silence. When she caught a glimpse of her half-sister's response, her eyes flickered.

She then suggested with a bright grin, "Darling, why don't you go ahead? I'll head over to join my fellow designers!"

Shane nodded and asserted, "If that's the case, I'll get going."

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

### Chapter 889

"Mmm! I'll see you soon!" Natalie tiptoed and kissed him on the cheek after she finished her sentence.

Shane was taken by surprise and had his eyes flickering as a result. He raised her chin against her will and kissed her on the lips in return. The onlookers couldn't keep themselves calm anymore. Some of them couldn't keep their jealousy to themselves and started glaring at the lovey-dovey duo.

Nonetheless, a majority of the onlookers were glad Natalie had such a doting husband. They secretly prayed for their well-being in the long run.

On the other hand, Natalie started flushing as she was surprised by the kiss in front of others.

She pushed her husband away and reprimanded, "What are you doing? Aren't you aware there are a lot of people around us?"

Shane smirked and asked, "Why are you embarrassed when you're my wife? Aren't these the little things in life that keep us going in this tough life?"

Natalie rolled her eyes and urged, "Ugh! Just get going and head over to the authorities to deal with the things we have in mind!"

"Alright, I'll get going at once."

Prior to his departure, he surveyed the surroundings and glanced at those around them. When he saw Jasmine, he paused for a few seconds.

As a result, Jasmine felt her limbs stiffening when she caught Shane staring at her.

Why is he staring at me? Has he fallen for me?

When that particular thought crossed Jasmine's mind, her heart started racing. She looked at Shane with her cheeks reddened and responded with a timid grin.

On the contrary, Shane furrowed his brows when he caught Jasmine's expression. He was utterly disgusted by the pretentious woman and thought she wasn't in her right mind again.

He paid no heed to her and brought their silent interaction to a halt. After he nodded at Natalie for one last time, he marched his way to the organizer's office.

The moment he departed, the onlookers surrounded Natalie to get their hands on Shane's information.

Unfortunately, Natalie would never share the details of her husband with those who had a crush on him. She brought something else up to deceive them instead.

All of a sudden, Jasmine made her way through the crowd and approached Natalie. "Ms. Smith!"

Staring at her in the eyes, Natalie asked, "Yes?"

Jasmine answered with a scowl, "Can you stop showing up with your husband in the future?"

"Oh? May I know why?" Natalie asked with her brows arched.

“Aren’t you aware of the things you have caused? Your husband’s presence has disturbed everyone! They’re not able to remain calm! It’s not great for the upcoming rounds!”

“Are you sure that’s the reason you want him to stay away? Isn’t it because of the hidden agenda you have in store for us?”

“What do you mean?” Jasmine responded with a frown as she had a bad feeling about it.

Natalie inched over and approached Jasmine to carry on with the conversation. As a result, Jasmine, who was merely a few inches away from Natalie, could feel Natalie’s breath.

Smirking, Natalie queried, “Well, aren’t you trying to stop me from bringing my husband along with me for your own sake? Aren’t you afraid they’re going to hit on my husband?”

Jasmine’s eyes widened in disbelief. She rebuked without a second thought, “N-No! W-Why would I give a damn about your husband in the first place?”

“Isn’t it because you have a crush on him? You don’t want others to get in touch with him because you have a thing for him too!”

When Jasmine heard her, her pupils constricted.

How has she figured out I’m having a crush on Shane when I’m Jessie and not Jasmine? I have never engaged in a conversation with Shane, let alone expressing the affection I have for him in front of others! What the heck is going on?

Natalie caught Jasmine shivering in fear. She snorted and asked, “Is there anything else you wish to tell me?”

Jasmine gulped and forced a smile in return. “M-Ms. Smith, you need to stop pulling my leg. H-How is that possible when we’re not even acquainted?”

Natalie remained silent and stared at Jasmine in the eyes.

“Y-You—”

“Jessie isn’t acquainted with my husband, but what about Jasmine?” Natalie interrupted Jasmine before she could finish her sentence.

Startled by Natalie’s question, Jasmine stared at Natalie openmouthed. She felt a chill running down her spine and stuttered, “You-”

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

### Chapter 890

“How have I figured out you’re Jasmine?” Natalie finished the question on Jasmine’s behalf.

Jasmine was astonished by Natalie’s seemingly harmless and innocent smile. She felt a strong urge to flee the scene, but she just couldn’t bring herself away no matter how hard she tried.

Unable to flee the scene, Jasmine had no choice but to rebuke Natalie’s hypothesis, “Ms. Smith, what are you talking about? Have you gotten the wrong person? I-I’m not Jasmine!”

“Why don’t you stop lying? Do you think I’ll confront you without any solid evidence? I’m impressed you have everyone deceived by faking your death. On top of that, you’re able to endure the pain and return as Jessie after fleeing the country. It’s quite an impressive feat you have achieved.”

Jasmine started clenching her fists in silence as she was rendered speechless by Natalie’s orated speech.

I thought Natalie is trying to deceive me and get me to confess everything. However, the fact she’s able to expose the part that I have undergone plastic surgery proves Natalie has the evidence to testify that I’m Jasmine.

When Jasmine thought about it, she took a deep breath in an attempt to calm herself. She asked in return, “How did you figure out my identity? Has anyone handed you the evidence to prove I’m Jasmine?”

It was a flawless plan! Natalie was once deceived by the corpse as well! If no one gives her a heads-up, she will never rule out the possibility of me being Jessie! Who the heck is behind this?

“Actually, I have no idea. That mysterious figure just dropped me an email out of the blue.” Halfway through her orated speech, she paused and looked at Jasmine in the eyes. “I think she’s a close acquaintance of yours since she’s well aware of your identity. On top of that, she’s conscious of your plan, including the part you fled the country to get yourself a new identity after faking your death. Does that ring a bell yet?”

“Jacqueline! It must be her!” Jasmine started shivering in fear; her face puckered in irritation. Jacqueline was the one who had approached her and brought up the suggestion to fake her death in the first place.

I can’t think of anyone else apart from Jacqueline! She had everything sorted out on my behalf, including the way to flee the country, and the doctor for the surgeries to change my look.

“Oh! It turns out it’s Jacqueline, huh?” Natalie asked with a bright grin.

Jasmine was taken aback by Natalie’s question. She soon figured out everything and yelled, “Have you been lying to me to get your hands on the identity of my accomplice?”

Natalie ran her fingers through her hair and answered nonchalantly, “Yes! I have long thought Jacqueline is the one behind the scheme, but I can’t get my hands on anything that’s able to prove her guilty! I can’t believe you have played along with me and confessed everything just because you’re angry! I thought it would take me some time and effort to get to the bottom of the entire incident, but I was wrong!”

Glaring at Natalie in the eyes, Jasmine yelled, “Amazing, Natalie!”

Natalie shrugged her shoulders and remarked sarcastically, “Thanks! My life’s wonderful without you! Shane is currently on his way somewhere after figuring out your identity. Why don’t you get yourself ready for the things that will be in store for you?”

Colors drained from Jasmine's face. She stammered, "A-Are you guys going to expose me again?"

Suddenly, she recalled Shane mentioned something about heading over to meet the organizer and took a peek at her prior to his departure.

Shane is about to approach the organizer to expose me! How naïve of me to think he has a thing for me just because he has been staring at me for a few seconds!

"You're spot on for once! We're going to expose your true identity! We're well aware of the things you're capable of, and designing isn't one of them! In other words, you have acquired others' designs for the previous rounds! I won't allow you to stay around anymore! It's not fair for the rest of the competitors!"

Out of the blue, Jasmine shrieked and startled those around. Confused by the things going on, they turned around and had their eyes glued to the conflicting duo.

Natalie covered her ears with her brows furrowed in irritation.

"Natalie, are you going to ruin my life again? Haven't you had enough of turning my life upside down?" Jasmine finished her question with a vicious look. "How dare you blame me when you're the one at fault? Have I forced you to plagiarize others' designs? Why are you holding me liable when I have nothing to do with it? Stop accusing me!"