

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 891

“If it weren’t because you have lodged a report against me, I wouldn’t have—”

“Stop blaming me when you’re the one at fault! Others would’ve lodged a report against you even if I hadn’t approached those with the authority to take action against you! One way or another, things would’ve ended up the same!”

“Y-You...” Natalie stammered as she was at a loss for words to defend herself.

Natalie leaned over and whispered, “I can’t figure out the way you have acquired Ms. Linde’s designs for the previous rounds, but it doesn’t matter. I’ll ensure you won’t get to take part in the upcoming rounds.”

“Argh!” Jasmine shrieked once again. She glared at Natalie and reached over to strangle Natalie’s neck.

“What if you manage to figure out my identity and stop me from taking part in the upcoming rounds? You don’t think I’ll give up just yet, do you? I’ll drag you down to hell with me if you’re going to turn my life upside down again!”

Jasmine rendered Natalie incapable of motion and strangled Natalie with all her might while laughing hysterically.

Natalie was startled by Jasmine’s response. She secretly regretted her decision of cornering Jasmine as she had indirectly brought upon her own demise.

Urgh! I shouldn’t have confronted her in person! This maniac is going to let loose of herself and resort to anything extreme that enables her to achieve her goals!

Having a hard time catching her breath, Natalie's face turned pale. She could feel a prickling sensation behind her eyes. Soon, her eyes started brimming with tears.

She tried to retaliate against Jasmine and threw a few punches and launched a few kicks in Jasmine's direction.

Unfortunately, Jasmine didn't even flinch. It felt as if she couldn't feel the pain and continued strangling Natalie with all her might.

Unable to catch her breath, Natalie no longer had the strength to fight against Jasmine. She couldn't even throw punches at the maniac anymore.

When the onlookers returned to their senses, they rushed over to stop Jasmine and Natalie.

Ahem! Ahem! Natalie caressed her neck and started panting heavily to catch her breath.

Jasmine wouldn't stop glaring at the coughing woman. She yelled at those around her, "Move away from me! I'm going to kill her!"

The male designers who had rendered Jasmine incapable of motion refused to listen to her. Instead, they fastened their grips to stop her from trying anything silly.

They thought it wouldn't be wise to let loose of the woman who didn't seem to be in her right mind. Otherwise, she might pounce on Natalie once again.

It was then a female designer broke the silence and asked the things bothering them the most, "Natalie, what's going on? Why is Jessie picking on you out of the blue?"

They were there the moment the duo engaged themselves in the intense fight. Nonetheless, they couldn't figure out the things going on as Jasmine and Natalie had been conversing in their mother tongue.

The only thing they were made aware of was Jasmine had pounced on Natalie as she was irked by the things Natalie brought up.

After Natalie caught her breath, she gulped in order to get a grip on herself, but she could barely withstand the racking sensation she felt due to Jasmine's powerful grip.

Natalie tried her best to withstand the racking sensation she felt and answered in a hoarse voice, "She can't stand me exposing the filthy things she has been doing behind everyone in the competition!"

The rest of the designers were taken aback by the news as they had always been against the idea of cheating. "Has she been cheating?"

One of the designers looked at Natalie and repeated the question they had in mind, "Natalie, has she been cheating?"

Natalie responded with a nod and repeated herself, "Yes!"

"Ha! It turns out she's still in the match because she has been cheating!"

The rest of the designers couldn't stand it anymore when they found out the reason Jasmine was able to make it through the previous rounds through cheating.

If Natalie isn't able to expose her, she's going to make it to the final round! If that's really the case, it's unfair for us who have been competing with everything we have!

When they had been giving their best, Jasmine took advantage of someone else's design and climbed her way up the ranks.

In other words, they were determined to take out the threat that would get in their way to the final round.

The designer, who had confronted Natalie, broke the silence and suggested, "We'll send her to the organizer immediately!"

As everyone was of the same idea, they marched in the direction of the organizer's office and brought Jasmine along with them.

Jasmine was intimidated by the things awaiting her. She shrieked and retaliated against those who had their arms around her in an attempt to break free.

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Nonetheless, they showed no signs of setting her free, let alone letting her off.

Shortly after they reached the organizer's office, they barged into the office and found out the organizer was in the middle of a conversation with Shane.

The ones in the office weren't particularly surprised by the presence of the angry mob as if they had been anticipating their arrivals.

As Shane had told the organizer the things going on behind the scenes, they knew the reason the designers had shown up with Jasmine.

"Sir-"

One of the designers tried to explain the reason they had shown up, but the organizer interrupted her and announced, "I'm well aware of the reason all of you are here. I won't forgive those who have cheated and violated the rules. Just give me some time, and I'll revert to everyone."

When the designers heard the organizers' announcement, they felt a sense of relief.

The organizer soon dismissed the designers and told them to get themselves ready for the upcoming round.

However, Natalie and Jasmine were left behind in the organizer's office. To be precise, Natalie volunteered to stay behind while Jasmine wasn't allowed to leave.

Jasmine stared at Shane and muttered, "Shane..."

Since he was aware of her identity, it wouldn't be necessary for her to deceive him anymore.

On the other hand, Shane couldn't care less about Jasmine because the only thing he cared about was Natalie's bruised neck.

A gloomy expression loomed over Shane's face. A few seconds of silence later, he asked, "What happened?"

Jasmine looked elsewhere with a look of guilt as she was afraid to admit she had inflicted the injury on Natalie.

However, Shane managed to link the missing pieces of puzzles together as Jasmine responded in an odd manner the moment she heard Shane's question.

Therefore, Shane brought himself up and marched in the direction of Jasmine. He asked, "Is it you?"

Jasmine's heart skipped a beat. She stuttered, "Shane, I-"

She was sent flying by a powerful kick before she had the chance to finish her sentence.

Shane, who had delivered the powerful kick, looked at Jasmine with a scowl as though he couldn't be bothered if she was dead or alive.

No one, not even her half-sister, is allowed to lay a finger on Natalie!

"Shane..." Jasmine, who had been injured, stared at Shane in disbelief—she couldn't believe he didn't even hesitate to kick her.

Truth be told, Natalie was equally surprised by Shane's response. Nevertheless, she felt a sense of heartwarming sensation deep down as she was conscious Shane wanted to avenge her.

"Are you okay?" Shane dismissed Jasmine and returned to Natalie's side, caressing his wife's bruised neck.

Natalie shook her head and asserted, "I'm fine."

"How can you consider yourself fine when you can't even speak properly?" Shane repeated himself in a callous tone.

"I'll be fine in no time, okay?"

Sighing, Shane asked while having his eyes glued to Natalie's stomach, "We need to ensure you're really fine! We can't afford to put our child at stake!"

"Hello? It's fine! Stop making me repeat myself again!" Natalie repeated herself to assure her husband.

It was then Jasmine recalled Natalie was pregnant. She regretted strangling Natalie and thought she should've thrown a few punches at Natalie's stomach instead.

The organizer interrupted the duo's conversation and greeted, "Mr. Shane."

Shane and Natalie turned around to look at the organizer. On the other hand, Jasmine, who had braced herself through a powerful kick, couldn't bring herself up and raised her head instead.

"Mr. Shane, are you going to deal with Jessie over there? If not, we're going to--"

"I'll deal with Jessie and have the Design Association deal with Calanda instead."

The organizer nodded and assured Shane, "Alright, Mr. Shane. You don't have to worry. We won't let you down. It's about time to have Calanda bear the consequences of her actions."

Shane retrieved a document and approached Jasmine. He crouched to show her the document he had with him. "Do you still remember this?"

She gaped at the presence of the document upon a simple glimpse at it. "I-It's..."

It's a mental health assessment form! Why does he have a mental health assessment form with him?

"Shane, are you trying to send me to the mental hospital again?" Jasmine started shivering in fear with angst written all over her face.

The time she spent in the mental hospital came flooding out. That happened to be the darkest period throughout her entire life.

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In spite of being perfectly fine, the nurses would show up along with the doctor to check on her and forced her to swallow the prescribed pills against her will.

As they insisted she had fallen ill, she couldn't help but wonder if that was the truth. She soon started doubting if she was mentally ill as they had proclaimed.

Therefore, she was against the idea of making her way back to the mental hospital. Otherwise, she might lose her mind for real.

Shane brought himself up and announced, "I'm not trying to send you there—you have always belonged there."

Horrified, Jasmine burst into tears when she heard him. She yelled, "What do you mean I have always belonged there? I'm fine! I'm perfectly fine, Shane!"

Shane looked at her with his chest held high. He deadpanned his reply, "You need to bear the consequences of your lies. After all,

you were the one who made the call to pretend you weren't in your right mind just to get yourself acquitted of all crimes."

Jasmine crawled her way to Shane in an attempt to grasp the hem of his pants. "N-No..."

When Natalie figured out the things Jasmine was up to, she pulled him over to her side with all her might. "Stay away from her!"

Shane smirked when he figured out Natalie was concerned about him. He played along with her and remarked, "I guess we're supposed to stay away from such a filthy woman."

Jasmine started burning with rage when she heard their conversation. She pointed at Natalie with a pair of bloodshot eyes and yelled hysterically. "It's you! If you hadn't shown up in the first place, I wouldn't have ended up as such! Had you not lodged a report against me, Shane wouldn't have called off our wedding ceremony! My life wouldn't be a mess either!"

Natalie laughed and rebuked, "I guess no one's a match for you when it comes to misrepresenting facts! Haven't I made myself clear? It was only a matter of time until someone else lodged a report against you! Also, stop making it sound as though you were supposed to get married to Shane! You had been deceiving him! Thankfully, Shane noticed his mistake and stopped himself in the nick of time!"

"N-No! No!" Jasmine shook her head as she was against the statement Natalie had made.

Natalie knew that was the end of their conversation as Jasmine refused to listen to her.

I guess that's the end, huh? Her process of thought is different from ours—she has always deemed herself a victim when she's the one at fault. She's not willing to bear the consequences of her actions at all.

Natalie looked at Shane and requested, "Darling, get someone over to send her to the hospital."

A few minutes later, two buff-looking bodyguards showed up after the organizer summoned them using the intercom.

Jasmine knew she wouldn't be able to escape. As a result, she started wailing hysterically, "Shane, Natalie, none of you have the right to send me to the mental hospital! I'm perfectly fine! I'm pretty sure the mental health assessment form you have with you is forged!

Arching his brows, Shane queried in return, "What do u mean it's forged? It's conducted by one of the most reputable doctors of the mental hospital in the state."

"What if it's authentic? I have never gotten myself involved in any examination! In other words, it doesn't belong to me! You have no right to send me to the mental hospital!" Jasmine continued yelling and tried her best to shrug the two buff-looking bodyguards off.

However, she was no match for them in terms of strength. In spite of almost breaking her arms, they didn't even budge. Instead, she was completely drenched in sweat after spending the past few minutes retaliating.

"Indeed, you're not involved in any examination, but it doesn't really matter. We can always get someone with a familiar symptom for the examination and substitute the name with yours by the end of the session. In short, there's no way you can escape for another time."

The bodyguards dragged Jasmine out of the organizer's office with them, but she wouldn't stop cursing Natalie.

Subsequently, Natalie muttered to herself with her expression darkened, "What's wrong with her?"

Shane looked at the woman next to her and asked, "What do you mean?"

Natalie snorted and complained, "Why is she cursing me when you have instructed them to bring her away? I'm not even the one who has acquired the mental health assessment form in the first place, but she won't stop picking on me."

She thought of Jacqueline when she shared the unjust she had to go through because of the women having a huge crush on her husband.

Jasmine and Jacqueline had something in common—they had a thing for Shane and hoped he would reciprocate their affection in the future.

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Unfortunately, he had never once reciprocated their affection. Thus, the affection they had for him morphed into hatred against Natalie over time.

What the heck is wrong with them? Why are they picking on me when Shane's the one who has turned them down? Aren't they supposed to pick on Shane instead of me?

Something's definitely wrong with their brain! Do they think Shane will fall for him as long as they're able to take me out? Is that a joke?

Shane finally answered her query, "It's because they don't have the guts to pick on me."

"Well, I think that's not the only reason—they're reluctant to put you at stake. After all, they're head over heels in love with you."

Shane grasped Natalie's hand and placed it on his chest, announcing intimately, "Well, I'm head over heels in love with you as well."

She found the man's cheeky confession hilarious and reprimanded, "Stop pulling my leg."

Shane glanced at his watch and told Natalie, "Alright, it's time for you to join the rest back in the hall. I'll take over and handle the rest from here onwards."

Natalie nodded and walked out of the organizer's office. She thought she could leave everything to Shane.

The only thing she had in mind was the upcoming round. However, once she returned to the hall, the rest of the designers surrounded her.

"Natalie, how's everything? Where's Jessie?"

"Has she been penalized yet?"

Natalie felt lightheaded as she was bombarded with all sorts of questions by the designers around her.

She beckoned them to stop and asserted once she regained a moment of peace, "Jasmine has been... I mean, Jessie has been brought to somewhere else, but I can't disclose the precise location. She won't be taking part in the upcoming rounds anymore. The organizer will get in touch with those from Design Association and stop her from setting foot in the industry ever again."

I guess Jasmine stands out for a reason, huh? She's probably the first and the last to be barred by the Design Association for twice.

When the rest of the designers found out Jasmine would be barred from setting foot in the industry, they heaved a sigh of relief as they were afraid she might make her return after being disqualified from the competition.

As the participants were prodigies of different countries who had given their best to climb their way up the ranks, they despised those cheating ones the most.

Shortly after they returned to their respective position, the host took the stage and announced the theme for the upcoming round as well as Jasmine's penalty.

The designers were thrilled to know things had turned out as Natalie told them.

Meanwhile, those from Design Association had published the news of Jasmine cheating. It took those from the industry by storm as no one had ever resorted to such petty tricks throughout the history of the competition.

Jasmine ended up being the most despised figure in the industry yet again. The first time she was the target of the media witch-hunt was the time she cheated when she was known as Jasmine. She ended up the same in spite of disguising herself as Jessie.

I guess she's the one at fault for her misery, huh? Why can't she stop ruining her life when she has the chance to start all over again?

Natalie muttered to herself while perusing the published article, "Ha! She should've seen it coming her way!"

As Jasmine was the representative of Koandria, the country was one of the targets of the media witch-hunt. The netizens wouldn't stop reprimanding Koandria for sending a designer who couldn't even make the cut to take part in the competition. They started speculating if Koandria was the mastermind behind Jasmine's effort to cheat in the competition.

As much as the representative from Koandria assured the netizens they had nothing to do with Jasmine's despicable actions, others had their doubts due to the country's ruined reputation.

Some of the netizens took Koandria's side and insisted on having those from Design Association disclose the details of Jasmine's despicable actions.

Nonetheless, it would take some time for those from Design Association to get their hands on the evidence they needed.

In fact, they hadn't found Calanda just yet. Things would be a piece of cake as soon as they found Calanda and take her into custody.

In the evening, after wrapping up the upcoming round, Natalie made her way back to the villa with Shane.

Silas had made his way back with Connor and Sharon ahead of them as the little ones would have to make their way to class on Monday.

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As soon as they reached the villa, Natalie started packing Shane's stuff on his behalf as he would have to make his way back to chair an important meeting.

He had stayed for another night to deal with Jasmine and the likes. Therefore, he would have to take the first available flight on Monday to make his way back.

All of a sudden, Natalie received a call. She put the man's tie aside and returned to the nightstand to pick up her call.

"Yes?" Sitting on the edge of the bed, she asked in a callous tone, indicating she had no intention to engage in a conversation with the person on the other end of the call.

Harrison's anxious voice could be heard from the other end. He asked, "Is it true that Jasmine is still alive?"

Natalie dismissed his question and asked in return, "How have you gotten your hands on the information that she's still alive?"

"It was Shane! Shane has sent someone to our place and asked if we're aware she's still alive! Can you tell me if she's still alive?"

"Indeed, she's still alive."

Out of the blue, Susan's irritating voice could be heard, exclaiming at the top of her lungs, "Great! Jasmine's still alive!"

Nodding, Harrison exclaimed as he thought they wouldn't have to spend the rest of their lives in isolation anymore, "I'm just glad she's still alive!"

Harrison had long given up on Jared as his son made himself clear he wouldn't return to him no matter what.

Meanwhile, the thought of getting Natalie to take care of him had never crossed his mind.

His sole option was to take Donald in as his son as Susan suggested and get him to take care of them in the future.

However, when he was about to change his mind, things took a drastic turn of events.

Natalie pursed her lips when she heard Harrison and Susan celebrating the great news of Jasmine being alive.

I think they're never made aware of Jasmine's plan to fake her death, huh? Otherwise, they won't get in touch with me only after the conversation they have with Shane's subordinate.

Ironically, Jasmine, who has always been the family's sweetheart, refuses to have faith in her parents! She didn't even bother to tell them her plan and refused to reunite with them even after making her way back!

Natalie was well aware of the reason Harrison was thrilled, but she thought he shouldn't have gotten his hopes high as Jasmine was confined to a mental hospital.

She would never take care of him and spend the rest of her life playing the role of a filial daughter even if she wasn't confined to a mental hospital.

Well, I guess he has to spend the rest of his life in isolation. It's time for him to bear the consequences of turning his back against Mom and leaving us behind.

After Harrison returned to his senses, he asked as he couldn't contain his excitement anymore, "Where is Jasmine?"

Susan leaned over to eavesdrop on the conversation in an attempt to figure out their daughter's whereabouts.

On the other hand, Natalie started running her fingers through her hair and replied nonchalantly, "Jasmine? She's currently in the mental hospital."

Natalie's nonchalant reply took Harrison and Susan by surprise. Their limbs stiffened at the bad news.

"The mental hospital?" Harrison repeated after Natalie as he had his doubts.

"Yes!"

"What's she doing in the mental hospital again?"

Susan took over the phone and yelled at Natalie, "Are you the one behind this again? Have you sent her to the mental hospital? You're just an ungrateful brat who won't even appreciate your sister!"

Natalie couldn't be bothered by Susan's harsh remarks at all. Instead, she found it hilarious and asked, "Me? I guess you're right! I'll do whatever it takes to ruin Jasmine's life!"

"You..." Susan started shivering in anger.

"That's enough!" Harrison took over his phone and asked, "Have you sent Jasmine to the mental hospital? Why?"

Natalie answered her father's query in a sarcastic manner, "Huh? Am I supposed to justify myself when she's supposed to be confined to a mental hospital in the first place? Since she's not dead, I'm just doing her a favor and sending her to the place she belongs to!"

Harrison was infuriated by his daughter's reply. Seconds after he regained his composure, he asked, "Can you at least tell me the mental hospital she's currently kept confined in?"

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"I'm afraid that's impossible! I can't afford to have anyone getting in the way of her therapy! Therefore, only a limited few are made aware of her whereabouts!" Natalie wrapped up the conversation with a bright grin and hung up the call.

Suddenly, Shane, who had put on a bathrobe, made his way out of the bathroom with water droplets dripping off his hair. "Who is it?"

Natalie had no intention to keep him in the dark. She put her phone aside and answered, "Harrison."

"Has he called because of Jasmine?" Shane placed the towel around his neck and served himself a glass of wine.

"He wants me to tell him Jasmine's current whereabouts."

He took a sip of wine and asked, "Have you told him the truth?"

Natalie answered while trying to zip his suitcase, "No way! I have merely told him she's still alive! I'm sure he's going to have it tough since he can't meet her in person!"

"That's very evil of you!"

Natalie marched over and teased, "Don't you have a thing for this evil woman over here?"

He looked at her in the eyes and asserted, "I'll appreciate it if you're not currently pregnant."

Halfway through his speech, he had his eyes glued to her busty figure.

Natalie knew the things he had in mind. She flushed in return and reprimanded the lustful man, "You're such a..."

“Give me a hand!” Shane interrupted her and brought up his request with his abysmal pair of eyes gleaming.

Natalie was about to say something to turn him down, but he got ahead of her and announced, “I’ll be going back tomorrow.”

Arching her brows, Natalie asked, “So?”

“Are you sure you’re going to leave me unattended for such a long time?” Shane replied in an aggrieved manner as though he was the sole victim of her actions.

Natalie couldn’t bear to turn him down. In the end, she agreed to do him a favor to please him for one last time prior to his departure.

An hour later, Shane, who had his needs satisfied, held her firmly in between his arms and caressed her stomach. “It’s going to take another month and eight days.”

Natalie was confused by his remark. She asked, “Huh?”

“A month and eight days later, our child will be three-month-old. You’ll be able to keep me company again by then.”

As soon as she figured out the things he brought up, she sat upright on the bed, gaping at the things he mentioned. “How have you figured this out?”

Shane announced with a proud grin, “I have consulted the doctor and acquired his consent. He told me three months was all it would take. It’s going to benefit our child as well.”

“You never fail to impress me, huh?” Natalie’s lips twitched.

How can he bring up such an embarrassing topic in front of the doctor? I guess he has been having it tough trying to suppress his urge, huh?

“Alright, it’s time to go to bed!” Shane held Natalie firmly in between his arms again.

Natalie nestled in between his arms and spent the night there.

Shane departed early in the morning the next day.

By the time Natalie was roused from her sleep, Shane was nowhere to be seen anymore.

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door and asked, "Nat, are you awake?"

Natalie yawned and replied, "Yes?"

Sally then opened the door and greeted, "Good morning!"

Grinning, Natalie asked, "Good morning! What brings you to me early in the morning?" "The representatives from the magazine company have called. They want you to drop by their office as the rest of the artists has arrived."

Natalie nodded and assured Sally, "Alright, I'll keep that in mind and make my way over once I'm ready."

"Okay! I'll be heading downstairs ahead of you! Make sure you join me for breakfast once you're ready! Mr. Shane has instructed the maids to get your meal ready prior to his departure!"

Natalie wrapped up the conversation with a nod and joined Sally in the dining hall after she got herself ready.

After she finished her meal, she made her way to the magazine company, accompanied by two bodyguards.

Although Natalie was against the idea of having someone next to her for twenty-four-seven, Shane insisted after the incidents with the two mysterious figures and the time Jasmine strangled her in the neck.

Shane was aware Natalie disliked others around her. Hence, he instructed the bodyguards to keep their distance away from her.

It would be fine as long as they were around to keep an eye on her and keep her safe in case of emergencies.

Natalie spent most of her time at the magazine company and made her way out in the afternoon.

Upon a glimpse at her watch, she decided to head over to a nearby restaurant to get herself something to eat before dropping by the mental hospital to check on Jasmine.

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The nurse showed Natalie the way to Jasmine's ward once Natalie reached the mental hospital.

It was a special ward with nothing else but an inflatable bed inside.

There wasn't any window in the ward. Only a few air vents were available for ventilation. Those were the settings in place to stop Jasmine from attempting another suicide.

Natalie stood at the entrance of the wards instead of making her way into the ward.

When Jasmine heard the commotion, she brought herself up. Her expression changed as soon as she saw Natalie. Gritting her teeth, she yelled, "It's you!"

"Yes, it's me!" Natalie greeted Jasmine with a satisfied beam.

Jasmine clenched her fists with all her might and yelled, "Are you here to make fun of me again?"

"Is that necessary when I can just join the netizens on the internet?" Natalie remarked sarcastically.

Jasmine was rendered speechless by Natalie's reply. A few seconds later, she asked at the top of her lungs, "If that's the case, why are you here?"

"I'm here to tell you Harrison and Susan have figured out you're still alive. They're thrilled by the seemingly great news."

“What about it? It’s not as if they’re able to get me out of this sickening place!”

“Unfortunately, they can’t!” Natalie leaned against the door frame. Jasmine was intimidated by the presence of the two buff-looking bodyguards behind Natalie.

“I’m here to tell you the great news and ask you the reason why you kept them in the dark all this while.”

Sneering, Jasmine announced, “Those fools can’t be of much help! If I don’t keep them in the dark, it’s only a matter of time until they let the cat out of the bag!”

“Well, I guess you’re right! Speaking of which, why are you holding a grudge against Susan?”

Natalie could vividly recall the time Susan showed up to make a fuss out of something trivial when she was a staff of Thompson Group.

She caught a glimpse of Jasmine glaring at Susan, but she couldn’t figure out the things going on between the mother and daughter duo.

“Why? Aren’t you going to harbor a grudge against your mother if she’s the one behind your misery?” Glaring at Natalie in the eyes, she yelled, “You have an awesome childhood because you’re the legitimate child of the family! However, I’m a child born out of wedlock! I hate every single one of you!”

She was conscious she was a child born out of wedlock ever since she was young. In other words, she had long figured out she was destined to be despised by others.

Others had always picked on her because of the same reason. She had a pathetic childhood as no one wished to befriend her because of her identity. Thus, she blamed Susan for her misery.

Although she was aware Harrison was her father since he would show up and visit her every once in a while, she wasn’t allowed to address him as her father.

Harrison was a public figure—Yulia would get half of his personal assets if others were to figure out the sort of affair he had. She was merely allowed to address him as her father the day she was acknowledged a member of the Smith family years later.

In short, the miserable life she had in her early years was the reason behind the grudge she held against those around her.

“I see!” Natalie responded with a smile when she found out everything that had been going on behind the scenes.

Nonetheless, she had no sympathy for Jasmine at all. At the end of the day, Jasmine was also one of the many reasons behind her family’s broken relationship.

“Alright, it’s getting late! It’s time for me to leave! Have fun and enjoy your time here!” Natalie surveyed the surroundings for one last time and remarked, “You need to make sure you’re not going to lose your mind for real! Otherwise, you won’t be able to get back at Jacqueline for the things she has done!”

“Jacqueline Graham!” Jasmine’s face scrunched up in irritation when she heard the name Natalie brought up.

“Yes! Jacqueline! I’m glad she has told me you’re Jasmine! Speaking of which, are you aware of the reason she has told me the truth?”

“Why?” Jasmine asked without keeping her emotions to herself anymore.

“Jacqueline was taken into custody by Shane after her failed attempt of trying something silly against him! Maybe she just wants someone to keep her company on her way to hell since it’s over for her! I guess you’re the one she has in mind!”

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Jasmine took Natalie's words seriously since Jacqueline was her sole accomplice throughout the entire scheme of faking her death and fleeing the country.

Jacqueline's the only one who's aware of my actual identity! I'm sure she's the one who has betrayed me!

Jasmine's eyes were about to pop out of the sockets. The woman with a vicious look stuttered, "She's..."

Natalie was certain she had achieved her goal of sowing discords between them. Staring at the wrathful woman, she added, "Try your best to keep yourself sane because Jacqueline's gonna be sent abroad soon! Once she's abroad, do your best to get your revenge on her!"

Shane would never leave Jacqueline alone as she used to be his mother's goddaughter. However, he wouldn't keep her imprisoned throughout the rest of her life.

As soon as the Gunn family was no longer in power, Shane might send Jacqueline abroad and leave her there to rot.

If that was the case, Natalie would get Shane to send Jacqueline to Jasmine's side and get them to meet one another in person.

Since they wouldn't stop picking on her, she decided to let them have a taste of their own medicine. As soon as they encountered one another, she would stir things up between them.

Natalie's eyes gleamed as she had everything planned out in mind. She then walked out of the ward.

On the other hand, Jasmine took Natalie's words seriously and made up her mind to get her revenge on Jacqueline once she showed up.

If it weren't because of Jacqueline, I'll still be Jessie! I won't end up in this sickening place!

Natalie strode in the direction of the elevator, but the nurse, who had just alighted from the elevator, failed to notice Natalie and ended up knocking into her.

The bodyguards behind Natalie managed to stop her from falling in the nick of time. Otherwise, she might end up badly injured again.

The nurse noticed she was the one at fault. Thus, she immediately apologized, "I-I'm so sorry, miss! I-I didn't mean it!"

Natalie waved at the nurse, indicating it wasn't a big deal. She then lowered her head and glanced at the scattered documents on the ground.

The nurse accidentally scattered the documents she had with her after being startled by the two buff-looking bodyguards.

When Natalie caught a glimpse of Jasmine's profile, she leaned over and picked it up. "Does this belong to—"

The nurse got ahead of Natalie and answered her query, "It belongs to Ms. Syke over there!"

Natalie responded with a nod and was about to return Jasmine's information sheet to the nurse, but she paused when she saw Jasmine's blood type. "She's a blood type O?"

Her eyes widened in disbelief as she muttered to herself. She rubbed her eyes and ensured she hadn't been seeing things.

How is that possible when Harrison is of blood type A; Susan is of blood type AB? Their daughter can't be of blood type O unless—

Warren is Donald's father! Does that mean Jasmine is Warren's daughter as well?

Natalie held on to the sheet of paper and started smirking as things would get increasingly interesting if her guess was spot on.

The nurse couldn't resist the urge to reach out to Natalie. "Miss?"

Natalie finally snapped out of the process of thought and returned the nurse the information. "I'm so sorry—I was caught up in the middle of something."

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave." The nurse wrapped up their conversation with a smile and was about to leave.

Natalie grasped the nurse's arm and stopped her. "Wait!"

"Yes? Do you need anything from me, Miss?"

"Can you get me a few strands of the patient's hair?"

"I'm afraid that's not possible because it's against the rules."

"It's going to be fine. The director of the hospital is a friend of mine. The patient has been sent here by my husband."

The nurse finally figured out Natalie's identity. "Oh! You're Mrs. Thompson? If that's the case, I'll go get you a few strands of her hair."

It's fine if she's Mr. Shane's wife!

The nurse returned with a few strands of Jasmine's hair as requested after a few minutes.

Natalie took over the hair and expressed her gratitude, "Thank you so much!"

"It's not a big deal!"

Natalie then boarded the elevator and made her way out of the mental hospital.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 899

She made her way to a nearby courier and had it sent back as soon as possible.

Once she had the strands of hair posted, she called Shane.

Meanwhile, Shane was in the middle of the Thompson family's burial ground. He had his eyes on his parents' grave.

A few people were in the middle of a search operation with professional devices around their graves.

All of a sudden, one of them detected something as the device responded to it with a loud buzz.

Silas headed over and asked, "How's everything going?"

"There's something around here."

Silas turned around and yelled, "Mr. Shane, there's something hidden around here! Maybe it's the will!"

When Shane heard Silas, he narrowed his eyes to a slit. He was about to make his way over, but the call he received interrupted him.

He retrieved his phone while making his way over to Silas' side. When he noticed it was a call from Natalie, he instructed, "Try to search for the will, but refrain from messing with my parents' remains at all costs."

"Alright!" Silas nodded and delivered the instructions on Shane's behalf.

On the other hand, Shane picked up the call and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Darling, are you in the middle of something?" Natalie asked when she recalled Shane was at a region with the complete opposite time zone.

Shane shook his head and answered, "I'm taking a break from work and conducting a search near my parents' grave."

Natalie knew the things he was up to when she heard him. She asked, "Have you found the will?"

Staring at the bunch of hardworking men, Shane asserted, "We're still trying to get our hands on it, but we manage to detect something around my parents' grave. Soon, we'll find out if it's a will."

"I'm pretty sure it's a will!"

Shane massaged his aching temples and asked, "I hope so! What brings you to me out of the blue? Is everything fine?"

"Oh! I have dropped by and paid Jasmine a visit! I found out she's of blood type O!"

Confused, Shane asked, "Am I supposed to be surprised?"

"I think she's not Harrison's daughter!" Natalie shared the news with Shane and added, "Harrison is of blood type A while Susan is of blood type AB. In other words, their daughter can't be of blood type O! It's safe to assume Jasmine is Susan's daughter with another man!"

"Warren?" Shane asked in return as he was aware of the relationship Susan and Warren once had back in the day.

Natalie nodded and said, "Yes! I think she's Warren's daughter, but I can't be certain! Therefore, I have gotten a few strands of her hair and posted them back! Can you conduct a DNA examination between Jasmine and Warren on my behalf?"

"Alright!" Shane agreed without a second thought. After another few minutes, they wrapped up the conversation.

It was then Silas approached Shane and announced, "Mr. Shane, we have retrieved the item! It's a portable safe!"

That particular type of safe was intended to keep valuable items. It would easily last for more than a century and couldn't be opened by brute force.

Therefore, it was safe to assume the will was kept inside the safe.

Shane thought that was probably the case. He was equally thrilled, but he did a great job keeping his emotions to himself.

He put his phone aside and instructed Silas, "Go after Warren and get your hands on his biological samples."

"Warren?" Silas had his brows arched in confusion as he couldn't recall the man Shane had mentioned.

Shane reminded Silas, "The man who was once in an affair with Susan."

Silas finally recalled everything, but that failed to answer his query. He asked, "Why are you trying to get your hands on his biological samples?"

"Natalie thinks Jasmine is Warren's daughter."

Silas gasped in return. He then burst out laughing and remarked, "Oh, God! If that's really the case, Harrison is quite a pitiable man! He has brought up someone else's daughter over the past two decades!"

"He doesn't really deserve anyone's sympathy when he has gotten himself into an affair with Susan in the first place. Had he behaved himself, he wouldn't end up getting himself in such a mess."

"I guess you're right!"

Shane then made his way over to his parents' burial grounds.

Those who were there stepped aside and showed Shane the way to the safe they found the moment they saw him.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 900

Standing in front of his parents' graves, Shane couldn't move his eyes away from the safe.

In spite of being covered in dirt, it was evident the safe was merely buried a few years ago. The surface of the safe was barely corroded. In fact, it was glistening.

I think the will is in the safe!

Silas crouched and started examining the safe. A short while later, he said, "Mr. Shane, it's equipped with a padlock, but it doesn't have any batteries."

Shane beckoned Silas to bring it back and instructed, "Take it in and get a few batteries to get it running."

"Alright!" Silas marched in the direction of the villa and brought the safe away from the burial grounds.

Meanwhile, some workers were directed to restore the burial grounds. They were only permitted to leave once they were done.

By the time Shane made his way back to the villa, Sharon and Connor had fallen asleep. Mrs. Wilson made her way out of their room and asked with a gape, "Isn't that Mr. Thompson's?"

Shane was about to make his way upstairs, but he brought himself to a halt when he heard Mrs. Wilson. He looked at her and asked, "Are you sure this belongs to Grandpa?"

Mrs. Wilson nodded and answered, "Yes! I have seen it back in the day!"

"When was the last time you saw it?" Shane asked with his eyes narrowed to a slit.

Mrs. Wilson gave it a thought and answered, "It was about seven years ago. He was still alive back then. I saw him bringing the safe out to a certain somewhere. However, the safe was nowhere to be seen when he made his way back. He then committed suicide on the next day."

The moment Shane heard everything, he was certain the will was the thing that was inside the safe.

“Mr. Shane, where have you found it? Why is it covered in dirt?”
Mrs. Wilson started picking on the contaminated portable safe.

“It was buried around my parents’ burial grounds.”

Startled, Mrs. Wilson repeated after Shane, “What? Are you serious?”

“Mmm!”

Mrs. Wilson winked in confusion. She probed further, “Why has Mr. Thompson buried it there? What’s inside the safe?”

“It’s a will.” Shane made his way upstairs once he finished his sentence.

Silas went after Shane without further ado.

On the other hand, Mrs. Wilson murmured to herself, “It’s a will! I can’t believe it’s the will we have been searching for! Great! We can finally avenge your parents!”

Mrs. Wilson was well aware Shane’s parents had passed on due to Sam’s instructions. Therefore, she hoped Shane could get his hands on the will to avenge the dead.

Mr. Thompson, you have hidden it so well to the extent that we almost miss it! Thankfully, we finally found it!

Meanwhile, Shane instructed Silas to place the safe on the table once they entered the study.

Silas hesitated no more and installed the batteries required to get the safe working.

A few seconds later, the LED display of the safe flickered as it was successfully activated.

Silas heaved a sigh of relief and said, “Great, it’s working just fine! Otherwise, it’s going to be a pain in the ass because no ordinary locksmith can get their way around it! In fact, we might have to send it to those from the army to pick the lock!”

People from the business world had always tried to stir clear from those affiliated with the army.

To be precise, they were afraid of being indebted to those from the army as they would have to return the favor in the future.

Nonetheless, Shane couldn't be bothered. He took over the safe and was about to unlock it.

In the nick of time, Silas stopped Shane and requested, "Hold on a second, Mr. Shane!"

"Why?"

"Do you have the password to unlock the safe? I'm afraid you only have three attempts! Maybe it's going to launch a self-destruct program and stay locked after three failed attempts! If worse comes to worst, we might have to acquire the help of those from the military to break the safe using bombs."

Shane stared at the safe in silence as he was clueless about the password. He had never heard of anything of that sort from David as well.

Silas knew Shane had no idea of the right combination of the password. He suggested, "Why don't you give Mr. Thompson, your father, and your birthday a try?"

Shane took Silas' suggestion into consideration and proceeded to give David's date of birth a try. Unfortunately, that wasn't the right combination.