

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 331 - 335

"What?" Natalie was surprised that she jumped from the chair in joy. "Is the culprit really caught?"

Stanley and Joyce looked at her curiously, not knowing what happened.

"Yes, so we would need you to drop by."

"Of course! I'll be there immediately!" Natalie answered.

The call ended. Her grasp on her cell phone tightened as tears welled up in her eyes from joy.

She was constantly living in fear since the day she almost drowned. She was always worried about her friends and children being implicated by her.

Finally, she could rest easy now with the culprit caught.

"Nat, who was the caller?" Joyce asked curiously.

"It was from the police. They said the culprit who tried to kill me was caught," Natalie replied.

"Really!" Joyce was happy for Natalie.

However, Stanley who was lying in bed frowned when he heard the news.

That woman was caught?

How was it possible that she was caught? He didn't hear anything about it.

"Stanley, what are you thinking so deeply about?" Natalie tilted her head in curiosity when she noticed Stanley zoning out.

Stanley snapped back from his thoughts at Natalie's question. He pushed up his glasses and smiled. "It's nothing. I'm just really happy for you."

"Thank you." Natalie returned a smile.

Stanley adjusted his sitting posture. "Did the police mentioned the culprit's name by chance?"

"No, I have forgotten to ask them. I'll know when I get to the police station, so please help me to look after Connor while I head there." Natalie glanced at Connor, who was watching cartoons on the couch.

As if feeling her gaze, Conner lifted his head and smiled at her sweetly. "Mommy, I'll be fine. Just go. I'll be good and listen to Aunt Joyce and Uncle Stanley."

"Alright. I'll get going then. I'll be back for you later tonight." After Natalie waved at Conner and said her goodbyes to Joyce and Stanley, she picked up her purse then left.

One and a half-hour later, Natalie arrived at the police station.

A police officer kindly led her to the interrogation room.

She noticed the presence of another man and a woman in the room other than the interrogator.

The woman being interrogated had buried her head into her chest so Natalie couldn't make out her face. But by the looks of her attire and skin condition, she seemed young.

The man was seated beside the table with his arms and legs crossed. His handsome face held a deadpan expression. A dangerous and cold aura surrounded him, giving others the impression that he was the one in charge.

Natalie eyed him suspiciously. "Mr. Shane, why are you here?"

Shane tilted his head slightly. "I'm involved in this matter, so of course, I have to be here as well."

"Sure enough. Mr. Shane was the one who found the culprit," added the interrogator as he removed his cap and placed it on the table.

Natalie's jaw dropped at his remark. She didn't expect him to investigate this matter, nevertheless finding the culprit.

"Alright, let's start. Lift your head," ordered the interrogator as he knocked on the table.

The woman raised her head from her chest.

Natalie studied the woman. She noticed the latter had a pretty face, in contrast to the gloom and despair which filled her eyes.

Is she in despair because she is caught?

"The interrogation is about to start. You both may leave the room," asked the interrogator once he saw Natalie had studied the woman's face.

Shane had no qualms, so he stood with his hands tucked in his front pockets and told Natalie. "Come on, let's go."

Natalie nodded and followed him out.

On the way to the waiting room, Natalie looked at his back and asked, "Mr. Shane, who exactly is that woman?"

Shane halted and turned around. "She is the daughter of the Brown family."

"The Brown family?" Natalie frowned. "You mean the Brown family who declared bankruptcy two months ago?"

Shane nodded.

Natalie lowered her gaze and stopped questioning Shane. She entered the waiting room, leaving Shane in the middle of the hallway.

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He pressed his lips together at her hot and cold attitude towards him, depending on the situation. His expression darkened as he entered the waiting room.

Shane took a seat opposite Natalie. "Congratulation on today's competition."

Natalie was pulled back to reality from her deep thoughts when she heard him. Her eyes widened in response. "Mr. Shane, you watched the live stream?"

"There is another designer from the Thompson Group who entered the competition, naturally I would have to watch since I'm the boss." Shane poured two glasses of water and placed one in front of her.

Natalie thanked him and took a sip of water. "But I remembered that designer from the Thompson Group was eliminated in the third round."

She was insinuating there weren't any of his employees in the competition that day, so why was he watching it?

Shane was taken aback by her sharp reply, then quickly faked a cough to mask his reaction. "It seemed you remembered my employees very clearly."

"I remember every participant." Natalie lowered her head to avoid his gaze. She was afraid that he might notice the guilt in her eyes.

She couldn't have said that she paid special attention to that designer because of him.

"Fair enough. Will you be selling your designs?" Shane stopped his teasing and asked her seriously.

Natalie shook her head regretfully. "I've already sold them off."

"Is that so?" Shane frowned with regret.

At that moment, the interrogator entered the waiting room.

Natalie put down her glass of water and stood up swiftly. "Officer, has the interrogation ended?"

"Yes, it has." He passed the results to her. "This was Ms. Brown's confession. She was jealous of you because she likes Mr. Shane, so she used the remaining money left by the Brown family to hire an assassin to kill you."

Natalie was skimming through Alice's confession while listening to him. Her brows were knitted into a frown when she finished reading.

Noticing her frown, Shane got up as well. "What's wrong?"

Natalie glanced at him then passed the document to him. "It stated that Alice tried to kill me because she wanted to marry you. I was confused by this statement. If she wants to marry you, what was the point in killing me? She should have targeted Jasmine instead. Wasn't Jasmine your fiancée at that time? Don't you think killing Jasmine would help her accomplished that goal?"

She actually wanted to say Alice would've achieved her motive by killing Jacqueline.

However, Jacqueline was the woman he loved so she would've pissed him off if she said so.

Helplessness crossed Shane's face at her remark.

Everyone could see that the one he loves was her, but why couldn't she see it?

He loved her and that was why Alice wanted to kill her.

He sighed and returned the document to the interrogator. "Can we see her?"

"Sure." The interrogator nodded.

Shane said to Natalie, "Let's go see her."

Natalie nodded and followed him.

In the interrogation room, Natalie stood in front of Alice and asked, "You wanted to kill me just because you're jealous? Don't you think that's too vicious?"

Alice lifted her head and glanced at Natalie, then lowered her head back down. "Say whatever you want. I don't care anymore." Sadness and bitterness laced her words.

"What?" Natalie narrowed her eyes in suspicion.

That was strange. A caught criminal would have been unwilling to submit to the victim under usual circumstances.

So why did she look to be in sorrow?

"What are you thinking?" asked Shane.

Natalie shook her head. "Nothing. I'm just paranoid, maybe."

Since he was the one who investigated, it couldn't be wrong.

Natalie took in a deep breath, forcing herself to suppress her paranoia and focused on Alice. "My warehouse was set on fire recently. Was that also your doing?"

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Alice's forehead creased at Natalie's question. "I don't know what you're talking about. I have only hired someone to kill you. I'm not involved with the arson of your warehouse or the car accident with your child."

"What?" A look of disbelief crossed Natalie's face.

Shane's expression turned somber.

Natalie's face paled. She gripped Alice's shoulder and asked with a shaky voice, "You said you weren't behind these two incidents?"

"Yes." Alice nodded.

Natalie looked into her eyes and saw that she wasn't lying. The former felt chills run down her spine.

If it wasn't Alice nor Jasmine, then who else could it be?

It seemed like there were still enemies hiding in the shadows.

Natalie closed her eyes and rubbed her temples, trying to remember who else she met after she returned.

Her head started to ache, but she couldn't think of anyone suspicious.

Shane worriedly embraced Natalie and patted her back softly when he saw that she was in pain. "That's enough. Take a break if you can't remember."

Natalie gripped the collar of his suit and buried her head in his chest. She caught a faint refreshing minty smell that helped her calm down. Once she was feeling better, she released her grip and pulled away from his embrace.

"Thank you, Mr. Shane. I'm feeling much better now. I will catch the culprit behind the kidnapping of my child and the arson attack on my warehouse. As for Ms. Brown..."

Natalie clenched her fists and fixed her gaze on Alice. "Ms. Brown, good luck in prison. I hope you will change for the better."

She exited the interrogation room with a deadpan expression.

Shane frowned as he caught a glimpse of Alice's sorrowful expression. His mind was racing as he followed Natalie out.

He noticed the contradictions in Alice's confession and her expression, and she didn't seem to be someone capable of murder.

However, Mr. Gunn was the one who identified her as the culprit after his investigation. He couldn't have gotten the wrong person because he was a government official.

Shane shut the door. Noticing Natalie was speaking to a police officer, he joined her.

"For cases like Alice's, how many years of prison will she be sentenced to?" Shane heard once he went near Natalie.

"She attempted intentional homicide twice and was involved with the gangs, so it is likely that she will get at least fifteen years."

"Fifteen years?" Natalie pressed her lips into a line. She felt the sentence was too light.

However, she understood fifteen years of imprisonment for attempted intentional homicide was fair enough because no one got hurt.

“What about other damages?” Shane stood beside Natalie with a hand in his front pocket.

The officer gave it a thought. “There will definitely be compensation in that regard, but I’m not sure about the exact amount. This would have to depend on the judge’s decision.”

“Thank you.” Natalie forced a smile.

The officer flipped through the document in his hands. “If there aren’t any more questions, I would need both of you to sign here.”

Shane took the pen and signed at the spot the officer had pointed out.

He then passed the pen to Natalie.

Natalie could feel the warmth left on the pen from where he held it. She gently stroked the pen then signed beside Shane’s.

The corner of Shane’s mouth turned up when he saw both his and her signature on the paper side by side.

They both left the police station after that.

Shane took out his car keys. “Where you’re going? I’ll give you a lift.”

“It’s fine, Mr. Shane. I drove here.” Natalie pointed at her car.

Shane’s gaze followed her finger and frowned at her car.

Is it safe to drive such a beat-up car?

“Mr. Shane, thank you for your help in catching the culprit, else I would still be living my life in fear,” thanked Natalie.

No matter what, her worries had lessened from the capture of Alice.

To be completely worry-free, she would have to catch the culprit who kidnapped her son and burn down her warehouse.

"You don't have to thank me. All of this was because of me. I should be the one apologizing to you." Shane waved his hand.

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Natalie laughed but smacked her forehead as she remembered something. She took out a check and a black card from her purse and passed both to him. "Mr. Shane, this was the money I borrowed from you previously and your card."

Shane's expression turned dark.

Even though he was displeased with her returning them so urgently as if to sever ties with him, he still accepted them.

Because if he didn't accept them, she would've been put in a difficult situation.

Natalie grinned after she saw that Shane had accepted the check and card. "I'll take my leave then. Goodbye, Mr. Shane."

She waved goodbye at him then got in her car.

Shane pursed his lips as he stared at her car leaving. He then drove to the Thompson Group to host an important meeting.

Once Natalie reached the hospital and entered the room. Joyce asked urgently before she could take a breather, "How was it? Who is the culprit? Did the culprit admit to the charges?"

"Yeah. She admitted to the charges. She's part of the Brown family, and her name is Alice Brown." Natalie sat down and lightly hit her sore shoulder.

Stanley eyes glinted at Natalie's reply.

It was exactly as he had expected. The "culprit" caught was merely a scapegoat, so that was why he didn't hear anything about that woman being caught.

But why would she sacrifice a scapegoat at this point?

"How could it be her?" Joyce's eyes widened.

Natalie arched an eyebrow. "Do you know Alice Brown?"

Joyce suppressed her shock and nodded. "Yeah, I know her. She went to the same high school as me. She's real pretty and was so gentle to the point of cowardly. I can't believe a woman like her would try to kill someone."

"What is there not to believe? Women's jealousy was the scariest thing. They are willing to do anything to achieve whatever they want. Of course, the same goes for men," Stanley chuckled.

Joyce sighed, "But I have never thought that she would fall for Mr. Shane. She used to like her classmate to the point of declaring that she would only marry him in this life. Can't believe all of that was just bulls\*it."

Natalie covered a sleeping Connor with a blanket. "Falling in and out of love is normal. There is only a handful of people who would love only one person in their entire life in this world."

"You're right. No one could guarantee that person would always wait for you at the same spot," agreed Joyce as she glanced at Stanley.

Stanley paused briefly then returned to reading his book.

Joyce lowered her eyes bitterly when she saw that Stanley understood her insinuation but pretended that he didn't.

After a long while, she lifted her head, breathed in a deep breath, and changed the topic. "Nat, did Alice admit to burning down our warehouse?"

Natalie shook her head. "It wasn't her doing. The same goes for Connor's car accident."

"What?" Joyce's voice raised an octave. "Who else then?"

"I don't know. We can only find out slowly." Natalie rubbed her temples with a wry smile.

Stanley tightened his grip on the book he was reading.

Suddenly, Natalie's cell phone rang. She took a quick glimpse of her phone and gasped when she saw the name of the caller. "It's my mentor."

"You mean Mercedes?" asked Joyce with sparkling eyes.

Stanley also took a glance at Natalie's cell phone.

Natalie excused herself and swiftly picked up the phone. "Hi, Mercedes."

"Nat, I've informed Ms. Daphne about your message, and she was furious. We've recorded a video, and I've emailed it to you," said Mercedes lovingly.

Natalie chuckled, "Alright. Thank you, Mercedes."

"What's the matter?" Joyce and Stanley asked in unison.

Natalie mouthed silently, "Jasmine!"

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The both understood instantly.

"You are going to expose a plagiarist and protect Ms. Daphne's rights and interests. This is the right thing to do. Naturally, we'll support you, so feel free to do it your own way. Let me handle the National Design Association," Mercedes chuckled.

Natalie bit her lip in embarrassment as she thought of something. "Mercedes, did you watch the Project Rebirth by the Thompson Group?"

"Yes, I did. Although their level was subpar at best, they're still much better than many well-known designers. You did very well, Nat!" Mercedes gave her a thumbs up.

Her praise was what Natalie needed the most. She was so grateful that she started tearing up. "Thank you so much for your praise, Mercedes. I will work harder to achieve working with you on the fashion show of the century!"

Natalie gripped her phone tightly. Even when the call had ended, the happiness on her face didn't dim in the least bit.

Joyce slid her a sideways glance. "Do you have to be so happy about a praise?"

"You don't understand. Mercede is a very strict mentor who has never praised nor even smiles at Nat before. The praise was his acknowledgment of Nat. Would you be happy if you're in Nat's place?" Stanley closed the book he was reading and glanced at Joyce.

Joyce stuck out her tongue cutely. "Fine, I am wrong."

"Alright, both of you. It's getting late, so I'll be leaving with Connor. I still need to pick Sharon up from kindergarten."

Natalie gently patted Connor's shoulder to wake him up and left the hospital with him.

The day had turned to dusk when she reached her apartment with both kids in tow.

Natalie parked her car and walked with each of her hands holding a child's.

The trio saw cardboard boxes filled their hallway after they stepped out of the elevator.

They were puzzled as to what happened.

Suddenly, Shane's apartment door opened, and Mrs. Wilson led two brawny men out. She pointed at the boxes and ordered, "Moved all of them inside. Make sure you're careful with them."

"Sure." The men started lifting and moving the boxes.

Mrs. Wilson was cataloging the boxes at the side.

Natalie tightened her grips and greeted her softly, "Hi, Mrs. Wilson."

Mrs. Wilson turned and saw Natalie and her two kids. The former cheerily greeted, "Hi, Ms. Natalie."

Natalie held her kids' hands and cautiously made her way to Mrs. Wilson. "Mrs. Wilson, why are you here? What's with all these boxes?"

"Oh! Let me explain. The villa is going to undergo a renovation, so Mr. Shane asked me to move everything here. All these boxes are his belongings." Mrs. Wilson answered as she wiped her hands on her apron.

Natalie was dumbstruck by Mrs. Wilson's reply.

Shane is going to stay here? Looking at the sheer amount of boxes, is he planning to stay here long-term?

If so, she wouldn't be able to keep her distance from him.

"Mommy, is Mr. Shane coming back to stay here?" Sharon asked, with her head lifted while tugging on Natalie's sleeve.

Natalie didn't answer, but Connor rolled his eyes at Sharon. "Of course, he is coming back. What else could it be? Silly."

"Exactly." Mrs. Wilson stared lovingly at Connor, then belatedly realized the little girl beside him had also called Natalie, Mommy. The former was baffled by the realization, so she quickly asked, "Ms. Natalie, is this little girl your daughter?"

Natalie patted Sharon's head and chuckled, "Yes, she is. I forgot to mention it the last time that I gave birth to twins. They didn't look alike because they were fraternal."

"I see." Mrs. Wilson kept her curiosity in check and nodded.

"Alright. We'll get out of your way now, Mrs. Wilson." Natalie swiped her key card to her apartment unit and entered with her kids.

Once she closed her apartment door, her smile was gone from her face and was replaced with worrisome.