

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 737

If there was merely a slight association, he would definitely not treat her so harshly.

Hence, this was the biggest possibility.

However, she did not know how his parents died. The news online did not reveal anything else except for the fact that the then-CEO of Thompson Group and his wife had passed away on the 9th of October.

Shane's expression was terrifyingly cold. "Since you've already guessed it, let me tell you this. Your mom hit my parents with her car and killed them."

"Impossible!" rebuked Natalie subconsciously as she shook her head violently. "My mom will never kill your parents with her car. She's not that type of person!"

"Impossible?" Shane took a few steps forward and pinched her chin forcefully.

She grunted in pain as her face scrunched up.

When Shane saw that, he could not bear it anymore and released her.

"If it's impossible, tell me why your mom acted weirdly on the 9th of October?"

"I..." Natalie was rendered speechless.

Yeah, if Mom didn't hit them, why would her mood become so horrible? When she returned from David's place nine years ago, completely drunk, why did she apologize?

When Shane saw Natalie's increasingly pale face and flustered gaze, he clenched his fists tightly. "See, you can't even rebuke me."

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"But... But this doesn't mean that my mom killed them," whispered Natalie softly, feeling unconfident.

Shane yelled through clenched jaws, "Even till now, you're still deceiving yourself!"

"I..." Natalie shuddered when she heard him shout, tears welling up in her eyes.

She was not deceiving herself.

Although her mother's strange behaviour suggested that she was related to his parents' deaths, it did not mean that she was the one who killed them.

There might be other complications involved.

"Natalie, do you know how much I regret leaving earlier?" Shane stared at her.

Having a bad feeling about it, she parted her lips.

Shane closed his eyes. When he opened them, there was not a trace of emotions to be found. "I regret falling in love with you and marrying you, because you're the daughter of my parents' murderer!"

Natalie's face immediately turned pale. Her mind was an utter blank as she felt like the entire world was spinning around her.

He regrets falling in love with me and marrying me.

All because I'm the daughter of his parents' murderer...

Natalie's tears streamed down her cheeks. "No, Shane. My mom definitely didn't do that! I'm already investigating it. After I find out the truth, everything..."

"There's no need for that. I have the video of your mom knocking my parents down," spat Shane, enunciating his every word.

When Natalie heard that, she felt like she had been thrown into hell.

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Her legs weakened, sending her collapsing to the floor. Her mind was completely blank except for what he had said earlier.

He has the video of my mom knocking his parents down. In that case...

Natalie raised her hands and tugged her hair forcefully. "No way, no way..."

"When my parents went out eighteen years ago and got knocked down by your mom's car, she was driving a red car. Don't you remember?" Shane stood in front of her and looked down at her. All of a sudden, he thought that his question was hilarious.

She was in the car back then. How can she not remember it?

However, Natalie shook her head. "A red car? That's impossible. My mom never owned a red car. She hates the color red, so she'll never drive a red car!"

From her memories, she had never seen her mom own anything red.

When Shane heard that, his expression turned ugly and a mocking look appeared in his eyes. "You're still lying at this juncture."

What do you mean, she hates the color red and doesn't have a red car? Didn't you alight the red car with your mom back then?

"I'm not lying." Natalie raised her head and looked at him. "Shane, I'm really not lying. My mom doesn't have a red car. Trust me, I'll never deceive you."

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She stretched out her hand, wanting to grab Shane's trousers.

However, he took a step back and avoided her.

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His actions caused her to feel extremely hurt.

Not only did he not believe her, but he was also acting so cruelly toward her.

When Natalie thought about that, her heart ached terribly. Even her breathing became rushed.

"I witnessed the scene personally. Do you think that I'll believe you just because you said these? To protect your mom, you've abandoned your morals, Natalie," mocked Shane. Then, he left without sparing her another glance.

"Shane!" Gazing at his back, Natalie quickly stood up. She wanted to pull him back and stop him from leaving.

There was a voice in her head telling her that once he left the house, it would be the end between them.

Hence, she must not let him leave.

However, no matter how Natalie tried to stop him, Shane's determination to leave remained firm.

He drove away from the villa.

Natalie sat on the floor, staring in his direction in a daze.

At that moment, Mrs. Wilson came out. "Are you alright, madam?"

She had heard Natalie's conversation with Shane earlier.

Initially, she had thought that Shane's bad attitude toward Natalie was because she had done something wrong. Never had she expected that Shane's parents would be involved in this.

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Not responding to Mrs. Wilson, Natalie continued staring in the direction Shane took when he left.

As Mrs. Wilson was afraid that Natalie would fall sick after sitting on the floor for too long, she bent down and helped Natalie up.

The moment Natalie stood up, a pang of pain shot through her head. A few images flashed past her mind rapidly, but it was so fast that she could not capture them clearly.

What are those images? Massaging her forehead, Natalie felt an indescribable feeling surface within her.

Why did these strange scenes appear in my mind when I had a headache earlier?

"What's wrong, madam?" asked Mrs. Wilson worriedly when she noticed Natalie's expression.

She shook her head and replied hoarsely, "I'm fine. I just had a sudden headache. It's over now."

"Let's go in first." When Mrs. Wilson saw that Natalie's complexion was improving, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Natalie mumbled in agreement.

Mrs. Wilson helped Natalie to the couch and sat her down. She was about to pour a glass of water when Natalie suddenly asked, "Mrs. Wilson, did you hear my argument with Shane earlier?"

Mrs. Wilson nodded.

"Do you think that my mom really killed Shane's parents?" Natalie stared at her hopefully.

Mrs. Wilson's gaze flitted around. "How would I know?"

When both of them were arguing, she was watching them from afar.

She could tell that Shane was not spouting nonsense. However, Natalie did not seem like she was lying.

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Perhaps, her mother really did not have a red car.

Hence, the truth of the matter still needed to be confirmed. It was not appropriate for her to be biased toward any one of them.

Natalie also understood Mrs. Wilson's concern. Not putting her in a difficult position, she let her leave.

After she left, Natalie curled up on the couch and became immersed in her own thoughts.

For a while, she thought about how Shane accused her mother of killing his parents.

Then, she thought about how Shane regretted falling in love with her and marrying her.

These two thoughts were so tormenting that she was on the verge of a mental breakdown. She did not know what to do.

That night, Natalie could not sleep. The moment she closed her eyes, these thoughts filled her mind. It was impossible for her to fall asleep peacefully.

After she sent the kids to the kindergarten the next day, she went to the office.

Joyce pushed open her office door excitedly, holding a classy magazine in her hands. "Nat, the Century is out! Take a look at it!"

Natalie forced out a smile. However, in the next second, her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she collapsed on the desk, unconscious.

"Nat?" Joyce was taken aback. Tossing the magazine aside, she rushed up to check on Natalie.

When she saw that Natalie was unconscious, she yelled anxiously, "Someone, call the ambulance now!"