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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 756

Natalie frowned.

Hmm... So Jacqueline left with him?

Ha! He said there's nothing between them, but it seems like they're inseparable.

"Madam, is something wrong?" Seeing Natalie's expression, Mrs. Wilson asked with concern.

Natalie shook her head. "No, everything is fine."

She smiled and picked up her fork.

Then, she noticed the plate of roasted pork and suddenly felt nauseous.

Natalie put down her fork and bent over, throwing up as she covered her mouth.

Her face turned pale as she vomited.

Seeing that, Mrs. Wilson was shocked. "Madam, are you alright?"

"Mrs. Wilson, please take the roasted pork away. Just take all the meat dishes away." Natalie waved her hand, speaking weakly.

"Okay." Mrs. Wilson did as she was told and took all the meat dishes.

Instantly, the smell of meat was gone, and Natalie felt much better.

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She took the cup of water Mrs. Wilson handed to her, and after a few sips, she recovered completely.

"Madam, are you alright now?" Mrs. Wilson took the cup of water and asked.

Natalie replied, "I'm fine now."

"What happened to you just now? Are you sick?" Mrs. Wilson gazed at her.

Natalie caressed her tummy and smiled. "No."

"In that case..." Mrs. Wilson looked at the way Natalie stroked her abdomen and understood immediately. She was so pleasantly surprised that she raised her voice. "Madam, are you pregnant?"

Natalie nodded. "Yes, about one and a half months now."

"You've gone for a check-up already?" Mrs. Wilson needed to affirm.

After all, there was an episode of false pregnancy before.

Thus, this time, she wanted to be sure.

Natalie nodded vigorously. "It's confirmed."

"Then that's great." Mrs. Wilson was so emotional that her eyes were wet. "Madam, that's really great."

Natalie smiled in reply.

Then, Mrs. Wilson took out her cell phone immediately.

Natalie's heart jumped. "Mrs. Wilson, who are you calling?"

Laughing happily, Mrs. Wilson replied, "I'm going to inform Mr. Shane. Once he knows this, he'll be overjoyed."

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Natalie's countenance turned solemn at that. "Mrs. Wilson, are you certain that Shane would be glad to hear the news?"

"Madam, what do you mean?" Mrs. Wilson was puzzled.

Natalie bit her lower lip. "Shane now thinks that I am the daughter of his enemy, and so, he is now indifferent towards me. If he knows about the child in my womb now, do you think he will keep the unborn child? He is convinced that our marriage was a mistake, so the child I am carrying is naturally a mistake as well."

"Oh..." Mrs. Wilson calmed down. "That can't be true?"

"Why not? I'm the daughter of his enemy. He might not want to have this child. Even if the child is allowed to be born, would he love him or her?" Natalie asked Mrs. Wilson in reply.

Mrs. Wilson gaped speechlessly. At a loss what to do, she finally spoke. "Then... what shall we do? When can we tell Mr. Shane? We cannot keep mum about it forever, can we?"

"Of course not. We'll play it by ear..." Natalie lowered her gaze as she spoke.

Tomorrow, she would look at what he had called evidence.

After viewing the evidence, she would be able to decide if the child stayed and if they remain married.

Nonetheless, the detective should also hurry up.

"Alright, then, though I still hope you can tell Mr. Shane soon," Mrs. Wilson said.

Natalie just grunted in reply.

After that, Mrs. Wilson entered the kitchen again to prepare food suitable for a pregnant woman.

After her meal, Natalie rested in the hall for a while before heading for the office.

When her work was done, she drove to the detective's office to inquire about the results of the investigation.

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The detective that she had engaged told her, "Ms. Smith, concerning the accident which happened eighteen years ago, we have some results."

"Really? My mom..."

Knowing what Natalie was going to ask, the detective replied, "There is no record of your mom's car hitting anyone."

Hearing that, Natalie was overjoyed. "That's great to hear! As I've said, my mom couldn't have crashed her car into anyone."

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However, the detective's expression was rather strange.

When Natalie saw it, the initial joy she felt melted away slowly, and her heart became uneasy. "What's the matter?"

"Ms. Smith, we found no record of your mother's car hitting anyone. However, records showed that your mother was at the scene of the accident involving Mr. Thompson and his wife eighteen years ago."

Natalie's pupils constricted, and her lips trembled. "Just being at the scene does not mean that her car hit anyone, does it?"

"That is true. Nevertheless, an eyewitness testified that her car had indeed hit someone at that time, and she was taken to the police station for questioning. Later, Mr. Thompson bailed her out so, in her records, there was no record of hitting anyone with her car," the detective explained.

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Natalie felt cold all over.

There was no record of her hitting anyone with her car because David had bailed her out.

Thus, it was unclear if she had really did that.

Suddenly, Natalie thought of something, and she asked, "Did you find out what car my mom was driving? Since the eyewitness testified that my mom hit someone, then, she must be driving a car, mustn't she?"

"Yes, your mom was driving a red-colored car then," the detective said.

Natalie sat there without twitching a finger, stunned and lost for words.

Red...

It matched what Shane had said.

Upon that, Natalie burst into tears. "My mom hates red so much. How could she have driven a red car?"

Seeing Natalie's expression, the detective was rather sympathetic. "Ms. Smith, why do you think your mother hates red? Eighteen years ago, your mother's favorite color was red, and it was only later that she hated this color. This was what we learned from the investigation, and naturally, it wasn't that hard to find out at all."

The detective's words puzzled Natalie.

That's true. Why would I think that Mom hated the color red?

As far as I can remember, Mom had never mentioned hating that color. But why did I always feel that Mom hated red?

Suddenly, Natalie felt that something was wrong, and she was gripped by an unexplained fear.

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Yet, she could not pinpoint what was wrong, and she felt gloomy.

"These are what our firm has found out at the moment. Some other details are still unclear because the accident happened a long time ago. Anyway, if you want to know more, you can ask your father, he would probably know," the detective suggested.

Natalie clenched her fingers.

She was aware that Harrison knew what had happened, but she did not want to see him and had never considered asking the man.

But now...

Natalie inhaled deeply and stood up. "Alright then. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

The detective then walked Natalie out of the office.

Right outside, she lifted her head and stared at the skies.

It was a sunny day, and the skies were clear. Despite that, she felt very cold and empty.

Mom, did you really hit someone with your car eighteen years ago? Natalie closed her eyes, and a tear rolled down. She left, dragging her somewhat exhausted body with heavy footsteps, and drove to the Smith Residence.

The Smith family butler was very surprised to see her. "Ms. Smith, are you here to see Mr. Smith?"

Natalie nodded. "Where's he?"

"Mr. Smith is not in. Could you come back another time?" the butler replied politely.

Natalie pursed her lips. "No, I have some questions for him."

"But Mr. Smith..."

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"If he's out, I'll wait inside for him. Please call him now and ask him to return home at once, or you'll be sorry." Natalie's words were vaguely threatening. After that, she entered the villa.

The butler did not stop her as she was Harrison's daughter as well as the wife of Thompson Group's Shane Thompson.

She was not someone to mess around with.

The butler obeyed, heaving a sigh. Taking out his phone, he called Harrison, who was out fishing, to return soon.

As Natalie entered the villa, she heard the sound of childish laughter and Susan's gentle voice calling someone "Baby."

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Natalie squinted and looked in the direction of the voices. She saw Susan holding a small boy a little older than Connor, sitting on the sofa and playing with some toys.

The boy sat on Susan's lap while she affectionately kissed and pinched the boy's cheeks.

On seeing this scene, Natalie's eyes twinkled, and she smiled.

Isn't this little Donald?

Susan is really gutsy to bring Donald to the Smith Residence. Is she not afraid of being exposed?

Since Susan had not noticed her arrival, Natalie called out to her. "Hello, Susan."

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As Susan's gaze turned to Natalie, all the motherly affection disappeared from her eyes, and her countenance changed. "What are you doing here? Who asked you to come?"

"I'm here to see my dad." Natalie headed toward the sofa and sat down in front of Susan and her son.

Seeing that Natalie did not stand on ceremony, Susan snorted coldly, "See your dad? Didn't you say that you no longer have a father? Who knows what's your real purpose in visiting this place?"

"This is none of your business," Natalie spoke as she brushed her hair.

Susan rolled her eyes and gloated. "I heard that your marriage with Shane is on the rocks. Are you here to seek your father for support since Shane wants you no more?"

Natalie knew that these words were meant to provoke her, so she laughed it off. "Sorry to disappoint you, but I have yet to reach that point in life, nor do I need support from anyone. I can handle my own problems."

Susan pouted, feeling that her efforts to irk Natalie were always futile.

"Say, Susan, is this child..." Natalie asked as if she did not already know.

Susan panicked and held Donald tight. She then pretended to be calm as she replied, "This is the son of a distant cousin."

"Oh, really. From what I can see, he really looks a lot like you." Natalie's gaze traveled from Susan's face to Donald's and then back again.

Donald inherited Susan's looks. There was a resemblance of fifty to sixty percent. In fact, he even looked a little like Jasmine.

Susan panicked even more when Natalie said that Donald resembled her. The smile on her face faded instantly. Barely managing to fake a smile on her face, she replied, "My cousin and I are related, so it's not strange if Donald looks like me."

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"That makes sense." Natalie laughed and said no more.

Hearing that, Susan was relieved, but she dared not stay longer lest she gave herself away. Hence, she hurriedly went upstairs carrying the child.

Meanwhile, Natalie took a sip of tea from a teacup. Before long, Harrison returned, his face black like thunder.

"Why do you need to see me?" Harrison put down a bag of fishing equipment and asked coldly.

Only then did Natalie realized he had gone fishing, and she was rather surprised.

He went fishing?

Without hesitation, Natalie put down her teacup and asked. "I am here to see you because I want to know whether my mother hit someone with her car eighteen years ago, on the ninth of October?"

Hearing this, Harrison's face turned pale. "Why are you asking this?"

"Someone wants to frame my mother and destroy the relationship between me and my husband, Shane. So, I wanted to find out the truth," Natalie looked at him and said.

Harrison's eyes flickered. Then, he stood up, saying, "I don't know. You should go back."

"No, I won't go. You know the truth." Natalie stood up, too. "Your face says it all. You know what happened eighteen years ago. You and my Mom were still married, so it's impossible that you don't."

Harrison squeezed the tip of his walking cane and responded, "What does it matter whether I know or not?"

"I want you to tell me. Tell me whether Mom hit anyone with her car." Natalie bit her lips.

Harrison sneered. "You should know this more than anyone else."

Natalie froze. "What do you mean by that?"

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I should know this?

How could I know something that happened eighteen years ago?

Even though she was about eight years old, and her memory was already developed a few years earlier, she was sure that she had no memory of whatever happened then.

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A complex look flashed across Harrison's eyes. After staring at Natalie for a long while, he finally broke the silence. "It seems like you really can't remember it at all. What a pity. Anyway, you should leave. I won't tell you anything about the happenings back then, unless..."

"Unless what?" She clenched her fists subconsciously.

Upon seeing her response, his eyes gleamed cunningly. "Unless you let Jared return to me and the Smith family."

Ever since Jasmine passed away, Susan had been nagging him to adopt a child so that he would have a child to take care of him when he became old. She even recommended her distant cousin's son and took him to their house.

Hmph! Even though Susan said it would be for my own good, I know that she wants her nephew to inherit my property once I pass away. I'm still alive and kicking. Yet, she has started plotting and coveting my inheritance as if she can't wait for me to be gone. Besides, I'll never let an outsider inherit my fortune. Hence, all this while, I've not given up on bringing Jared back.

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"How opportunistic." Natalie let out a scoff. "Dream on. I'll never let Jared come back to this household. If you don't want to tell me, don't say anything then. I didn't expect much from you anyway."

With that, she turned on her heel and left.

Once she was out of the Smith Residence, her head began throbbing in pain again.

The pain was so intense that she had to squat down at once and massaged her temples with a grave expression.

My head had been hurting multiple times today. At this rate, I'll have headaches all day long.

I can't hold off a medical consultation anymore. This is serious.

With such thought in mind, she dialed Stanley's number.

The call soon got through, and his voice rang from the other side of the line. "Hi, Nat."

She closed her eyes slightly to reduce the pain. "Stanley, are you in hospital now?"

Hearing her weak voice, he asked concernedly, "Yup. Are you okay?"

"I have a headache again. Are you free to have a consultation with me today? Do you mind if I come over now?" She forced herself not to focus on the images flashing through her mind.

As soon as he heard that, he pushed his glasses up, and an indecipherable emotion flickered in his eyes. "Sure. Take care and drive safely."

"Okay."

After she ended the call, Stanley put down his phone on his desk, narrowing his eyes as he stared out of the window.

Ever since he suspected that a section of her memory was erased with hypnosis, he had been longing to know more about it.

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I wonder why she forgets that part of her memory. At last, I'll have the answer soon.

Meanwhile, Natalie drove to the hospital and went straight to his office after she arrived.

Unbeknownst to her, Jackson was in that hospital as well. Upon seeing her figure walking across the hall, he did a double-take. "Huh? Isn't that Natalie? Why is she here?"

I'm just here to take a batch of anesthetics. Who would have thought I'd bump into her in this hospital?

That's the Neurology Department.

Is she here for Stanley?

Hmm, I do know that he's back to the city recently.

He even visited me to transfer some documents from the hospital where I work to this hospital.

Therefore, it's possible she's here for Stanley.

On that note, Jackson immediately took out his phone and called Shane.

While over on the other side, Shane was in a meeting. When he heard his phone ringing, he took a look at it and declined the call without a second of hesitation.

Jackson pursed his lips and muttered under his breath, "It's okay. I'll make you call instead."

Smirking, he texted Shane: Your wife is with Stanley now.

He even added a smiley face at the end of the message.

After Shane read the text, his expression darkened instantly.

In that spacious meeting room, everyone noticed his livid expression, but none of them understood why.

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Exchanging looks among themselves, they wondered if they were the ones who made him upset.

"Meeting adjourned." After he uttered those two words to his employees, he went out of the room and called Jackson.

Upon seeing the caller ID on his phone, a smug grin crept across Jackson's youthful face. "Hi."

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"Natalie is with Stanley now?" Shane questioned coldly.

Jackson nodded. "Uh-huh. She's in the hospital where he works. I saw her going to the Neurology Department just now. She should be here for him. Do you want to..."

However, before he could finish his sentence, the caller on the other side had hung up the call. Staring at the screen of his phone, Jackson's lips unwittingly twitched.

He should be here soon.

Jackson smirked as he could hardly wait for Shane to arrive.

As Shane was rushing to the hospital, Stanley was sending Natalie to the radiology department for a CT scan of her brain.

He wanted to read her concealed memories right away, but at the same time, he was worried if she had any cancerous growth in her brain. Therefore, before he hypnotized her, he decided to have a routine examination first.

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After he received the CT film, he went back to his office to take a look at it.

At that time, Natalie was sitting opposite him with her hands clasped tightly on her lap.
"Stanley, how is it? Is there anything wrong with me? Is there a tumor?"

She had heard that recurrent headaches could be a sign of a brain tumor.

If it was a benign growth, it could be surgically removed; but if it was malignant, it could grow back after the surgery.

As the thought of having brain cancer crossed her mind, her heart sank, and her hands turned clammy.

I'm not afraid of dying, but how about my kids?

"Don't worry. You're fine. There's nothing abnormal in your brain," Stanley said gently, putting down the film in his hands.

Upon hearing the good news, she could not help but lean closer, her eyes lighting up.
"Really? There's no tumor – zero, nothing, nada?"

"Yes. Trust me." He chuckled in amusement.

"I trust you, of course. I'm just overwhelmed and relieved at the same time now. I thought I had brain cancer."

Tears of joy began to well up in her eyes as she said that.

He quickly handed her a piece of tissue. "There's nothing, Nat. Don't worry about it."

"I know. Hmm, since it looks okay, what are the causes of my headache then?"

An indecipherable look flashed across his face before he smiled and replied, "I don't know the specific cause yet, but I suspect it has something to do with your memory."

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"My memory?" Natalie's eyes widened in shock as she suddenly recalled Harrison's words before she came to the hospital. He said that I can't seem to remember anything at all.

So, did I really forget something?

Fear gripped her instantly as the thought of her losing a piece of her memory crossed her mind. "Stanley..."

Seeing her anxious expression, he glanced away to hide the excitement in his eyes and comforted her. "Don't be scared. I know what you want to say. If you're willing, I plan to hypnotize you and do my best to figure out if there is any problem with your memory. What do you think?"

If it had been before, I would undoubtedly reject his help immediately.

After all, I don't have a good feeling about being hypnotized. Who knows what kind of side effects it has?

However, I couldn't care less now. I just want to know if I've really forgotten something.

After making up her mind, she nodded determinedly with her reddened eyes. "Okay."

Her quick agreement took Stanley by surprise.

Nonetheless, he was fine with it. At least I don't need to rack my brain for another way to read her memory.

"Lie down over there then." He pointed at a couch across the room.

Taking a deep breath, Natalie rose to her feet, headed toward the couch, and did as he instructed.

A moment later, he came over to her and glanced down at her. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," she replied, curling her fingers into a fist.

After getting her approval, he removed his glasses and put them into his pocket. "Okay. Now, keep your eyes on me. Don't glance elsewhere, and do as I say."

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She followed his instructions obediently.

Nodding reassuringly, Stanley said, "Don't think anything and let your mind go blank. Yes. You're tired. You want to sleep."

"I'm sleepy," she mumbled, her eyes losing focus gradually.

"That's right. Go to sleep. You're exhausted today. Sleep, my dear." Eventually, his gentle, soothing voice lulled her to sleep.

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