Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 881

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

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

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

Shane pulled a chair out for Natalie.

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

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

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

"Mr. Shane." Silas came over.

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

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

"Also?" Natalie prompted.

"Also, Dr. Brandt says that he has also operated on the rest of the doctors in the obstetrics and gynecology department in his hospital. He hopes that you'll both be satisfied with this outcome," Silas blurted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Every so often, his gaze darted to Natalie.

Wholly bewildered, Natalie questioned, "Don't tell me it was because of me?"

"I'm afraid so." Silas nodded.

Hearing that, Natalie eyes widened.

Huh? Is he for real?

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

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

Boom! That statement detonated like a bomb.

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

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What? Sean has feelings for me?

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

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

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

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

"It's true," Shane interjected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah." Shane nodded in affirmation.

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

"I know." Shane regarded her intently.

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

But still, he was rather chagrined.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I didn't know that.

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

"Nothing happened, yes?" Shane suddenly asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Silas nodded in assent. "Understood."

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

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

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

"Understood," Silas answered once more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I found a letter in Grandpa's room some time ago," Shane confessed. "It's written that the will is with my parents, but my parents have been deceased for eighteen years. Thus, this clue about the will feels contradictory."

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

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

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

Shane's hands balled into fists. "Perhaps you're right."

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

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

"Why don't you have someone search there, Shane?" Natalie suggested.

Shane nodded. "That's for sure, but I'll do it myself when I go back tomorrow."

"Okay." Natalie bobbed her head.

Shortly after, Shane left to meet with Governor Stephen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the afternoon, Sally came back with the children.

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

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

Sally hesitated, throwing a glance at the children.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ms. Linde?" Natalie raised an eyebrow.

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

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

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

"Nat, you've met her before?" Sally turned to Natalie as she asked.

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

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

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

Natalie's countenance changed drastically. "Identical?"

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

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

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

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

After all, it's not our home country.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sally sighed again and resorted to silence.

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

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

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

He asked Sally what the two women did to them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sharon nodded. "Alright, hurry up then."

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

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

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

Soon, half an hour passed.

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

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

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

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

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

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

"Let me answer it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sharon also turned to Connor expectantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Connor nodded. "Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Natalie shook her head with a smile. "Alright, don't be upset. It's not a bad thing, too. At least now you know that even with good hacking skills, you can't get to the bottom of everything.

There are a lot of problems in this world that can't be solved with hacking alone. I hope you won't rely too much on hacking; otherwise, you would lose out someday."