

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 741

Natalie looked at him in shock. "How did you get that right?"

Connor chuckled. "I'm a smart boy. I'm now in the eleventh grade!"

"That's my son!" Natalie grinned and pinched his nose.

Suddenly, Sharon remembered something important. "Mommy, am I going to become an older sister soon?"

"Yes. Are you happy?" Natalie lowered her head and looked at the little girl.

Sharon nodded repeatedly. "Yes! I'm going to be a big sister soon! Yay!"

She started jumping with joy.

Natalie instantly asked Connor to stop Sharon from jumping as she was afraid she would trip and fall.

"All right, all right. Calm down. Let's keep this a secret between us, okay? You can't tell

anyone else about it," Natalie reminded the children.

Connor nodded and did not ask why.

But Sharon sucked her thumb and asked, "Why can't we tell people about it? Not even Daddy?"

"Yes. We can't tell Daddy about it too." Natalie looked at her seriously.

"Okay, Mommy. I'll not tell Daddy," Sharon promised.

Natalie was pleased with the responses. She then held their hands and said, "All right! Let's go home!"

The twins nodded in unison.

All of a sudden, Connor made a noise. He seemed to have noticed something in front.

"What's wrong?" Natalie asked.

Connor pointed at the front and said, "That's Joe. Look at those bullies! They're following him again."

Natalie turned and saw a few bullies tailing Joe. They were the exact few children who had

beaten him up the other day.
Natalie creased her brows.
I'm sure those naughty boys are trying to bully him again.
Natalie decided to step in as she could not turn a blind eye to it.
"Bring him here, Connor." Natalie let go of his hand.
Connor nodded and ran toward Joe.
Soon, Connor brought Joe over. Joe, who had a pair of rosy cheeks,
greeted Natalie in a soft
voice, "Hello, Ms. Smith."
"Hello." Natalie rubbed his head and told the three children to get into
the car.
Before leaving, Natalie gave the bullies a sullen glare. Disappointment
was written all over
their faces as they did not get to bully Joe.
These kids... sigh...

Natalie shook her head and started her car.
Soon, they arrived at Joe's residence.
Joe's eyes brightened when he saw a middle-aged woman, who was
sitting on a wheelchair.
"Mom!"
The woman smiled and took out a piece of tissue from her pocket to
wipe off the sweat on
his face.
Joe pointed at Natalie and told the woman about what happened
earlier.
The middle-aged woman was shocked at first. She then slowly wheeled
over to Natalie.
Upon seeing the woman coming in her direction, Natalie, who was about
to leave, got down
from her car.
"Thank you so much for looking after Joe." Despite sitting on the
wheelchair, she bowed
gracefully to express her gratitude.
Natalie was surprised to see how graceful the middle-aged woman was.
The way the
woman carried herself was so elegant. It was as if she did not belong to
this low-income
neighborhood.

What a weird feeling!

"You're welcome. I can't allow anyone to bully a child." Natalie looked at Joe and smiled.

Joe blushed once again and lowered his head.

Ms. Smith is so pretty...

"If it weren't for you, Joe would have come home with injuries all over his body again. I'm

such a useless mother." She looked at her legs and sighed.

Natalie took a deep breath and asked, "Have you thought of transferring Joe to another school?"

The middle-aged woman nodded but shook her head almost immediately. "I've thought of it,

but I don't have the money to pay for a better kindergarten."

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Natalie understood their situation but was not sure how to react to that.

"Let's not talk about it anymore." The middle-aged woman put a smile back on her face.

"Would you like to come in and have a drink? I want to thank you for taking care of Joe."

Natalie, who initially wanted to leave, decided to take up the offer after seeing how eager

Joe was for her to say yes. "All right."

"Come on in!" The middle-aged woman gestured for Natalie to follow her.

Joe's lips instantly curved into a smile.

Natalie opened the door and carried the twins out of the car.

The woman took a glance at Sharon before observing Connor's facial features.

Her eyes widened like saucers. "Mr. Shane?"

Natalie was taken aback by her reaction. "Sorry? What did you just say?"

There were mixed emotions in the woman's eyes. "This little boy looks like someone."

"Shane Thompson from the Thompson Group?" Natalie gave her a puzzled look. The

woman gasped. To confirm her doubt, she asked, "If I may ask, are you Mr. Shane's wife?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded and asked, "Do you know Shane?"

Locally speaking, it was impossible for an ordinary woman living in this neighborhood to

know who Shane was.

But she seemed to know who he was and how he looked upon seeing Connor's face.

Who is she?

The middle-aged woman lowered her eyes and hesitated. A few seconds later, she burst into

tears. "Please save my daughter, Mrs. Thompson."

Natalie knitted her brows. She could not understand a word she said.

We were just talking about Shane, and now she asks me to rescue her daughter?

Connor seemed to have recalled something and tugged at Natalie's sleeve. "Mommy, I think

Joe has the same family name as Alice Brown..."

The color drained out of Natalie's face. "So you're..."

"He's right. Alice Brown is my daughter, and she's Joe's sister." The middle-aged woman,

whose name was Lucinda, held Joe's hand.

Joe looked lost as he did not know what was going on.

Natalie's expression turned grim. She grabbed her twins' hands and said, "Let's go!"

She did not expect them to be Alice's family members.

I'm not interested in befriending the family of a woman who had attempted to kill me twice.

Just when they were about to leave, Lucinda fell from her wheelchair and collapsed on the ground.

She immediately reached out her hand to stop Natalie from leaving.

"Please don't go! My

daughter didn't try to kill you. She took the blame for someone!"

"What?" Natalie was struck dumb. She stopped walking and asked,

"What did you say? She's not the culprit?"

With her tearful eyes, Lucinda nodded. "Yes. Alice is innocent. She only admitted the crime to save the family."

Natalie believed Lucinda was telling her the truth. She placed her hand over her forehead

and did not know how to react to this revelation.

She needed some time to organize her thoughts.

A few months ago, Alice nearly drowned her in a restroom. Fortunately, two women found

her and rescued her.

Then Alice tried to kill Natalie for the second time by damaging the elevator but failed. Alice

went into hiding for some time, but the cops eventually caught her.

And now, Lucinda told Natalie that Alice was just a scapegoat.

So the culprit is still at large?

This thought instantly sent chills down Natalie's spine.

"Tell me more about it." Natalie held Lucinda back to her wheelchair.

It would not be nice for the children to listen to what Lucinda was about to say, so Natalie

instructed the children, including Joe, to wait in the car.

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There were only Natalie and Lucinda in the compound of the house now.

Lucinda wiped her tears and regained her composure. "At first, I knew nothing about the

incident. When I first learned Alice was arrested, my world just fell apart," she said, "The

cops said she attempted murder because of jealousy. They told me she was in love with Mr.

Shane from the Thompson Group, but that's impossible because..."

"Because?" Natalie looked into her eyes and asked.

Lucinda choked for a bit and explained, "Because my daughter is in love with a lad from the

Wangton family. Why would she attempt to kill you when she's not in love with Mr. Shane?

But she told me not to appeal, and that's how she went to jail."

"So at that point, you knew she didn't do it but didn't know the court has found her guilty?"

Natalie squinted.

Lucinda nodded. "Yes. When I visited Alice at the prison, she asked me if our debtor had let us off. Mrs. Thompson, you should know we were once a rich family, right?"

"Yes," Natalie replied.

Looking at the way Lucinda carried herself, Natalie knew she must have come from a well-to-do family.

"Ever since the Brown family declared bankruptcy, we owed our debtors a lot of money, and they threatened to kill us," Tears welled up in Lucinda's eyes, but she still forced a smile,

"That's why Alice pleaded guilty."

"Did the culprit promise her to settle all of Brown's debts?" A sudden frown warped Natalie's face.

"Yes. That's why she agreed to take the blame," Lucinda said, "That's why when I visited her last month, she asked if the debtors still came after us."

"Did they?" Natalie asked.

"Of course, they did!" A hard glint flashed through Lucinda's eyes. "The culprit didn't settle our debts at all, and the debtors still disturb us from time to time. After realizing she had been duped, Alice decided to tell the truth."

"I wanted to save her, but I don't know what to do. I'm so glad to have gotten to know you

today." Lucinda then grabbed Natalie and said earnestly, "Please, madam. Please help my daughter. She's innocent!"

She broke into an uncontrollable sob.

Natalie sighed. "I know. I'll help. The culprit is still out there, and perhaps, he or she is still plotting to kill me again. To clear your daughter's name, we have to nab the person."

"Thank you! Thank you!" Lucinda expressed her gratitude in between sobs.

Natalie retracted her hand and said, "Since your daughter had dealt with the culprit before, I'm sure she knows a thing or two about the person. I'll visit her tomorrow."

"All right. I'll make an appointment for you," Lucinda said.

Natalie took out her name card and passed it to her. "Give me a call once you've gotten the approval. I'll visit her as soon as possible."

"Got it. Thank you." Lucinda then placed her name card and put it on her chest.

Natalie then left the neighborhood with her children.

She was weighed down with all sorts of negative emotions.

The woman whom she thought was the culprit was in fact not the mastermind, which

implied that the person behind all this was still at large.

Natalie recalled her first impression of Alice. When she saw Alice for the first time, Natalie

thought she was gentle and innocent-looking.

At that time, she did wonder if Alice was the one who tried to kill her.

The truth Lucinda

revealed today proved that her initial instinct was correct.

Most probably, it was the same person who burned down my warehouse and injured Stanley

and Connor in the car crash.

He or she must have done all these to harm me and my family. I just knew it!

Natalie kept mum throughout the journey home.

Upon seeing the expression on her face, Sharon and Connor sat quietly and did not disturb

her. They could tell something was bothering her.

After sending the children to their room, Natalie went to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Wilson, can you tell me where Shane is?"

Martha turned around and asked, "Do you want to find him, Madam?"

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Natalie replied, "I have something to tell him."

Martha assumed Natalie wanted to clarify what happened the night before, so she gave Shane's address to her. She had not been told to keep it a secret anyway. Natalie smiled in gratitude when she received the address. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Wilson. I'm going to look for him now. Please take care of the kids." "Don't worry, madam. I'll take good care of them." Martha nodded. Natalie left and got into her car. An hour later, she arrived at Shane's residence. After exiting the elevator, Natalie managed to find Shane's unit number. She then rang the doorbell. Jacqueline opened the door. Puzzled, she blurted, "Who is it?" "Why are you here?" Natalie, in turn, was baffled to see Jacqueline too. A ball of rage welled up within her. Shane had given his address to Jacqueline, but not to her, his wife. No wonder Natalie could not find Jacqueline at the villa. She was here all along.

Jacqueline was stunned because she did not expect Natalie to be standing outside the door. But her face soon broke into a grin. "Oh, it's you, Ms. Smith. What brings you here?" She spoke as though she was the lady of the house. Natalie's hand curled up into a fist. She had come here to tell Shane that they had gotten the wrong culprit. But seeing how things had taken a turn, that would be unnecessary. Natalie did not reply. She lowered her gaze, concealing the pain she felt, and turned to leave. Seeing her leave, Jacqueline did not ask her to stay, smiling triumphantly as she shut the door. Jackson came to the foyer holding a glass of red wine. "Jacqueline, who were you talking to? What took you so long?" "Just someone from maintenance," she said with a smile, and then she took his arm.

“Shane’s not back yet?”

“No, he’s just left the company after the meeting ended. He asked us to wait here.”

“Noted.” Jacqueline nodded in acknowledgement.

On the other side, Natalie had returned to her car. Exhausted, she laid her head on the

steering wheel and closed her eyes.

She had come here with wonderful news. She wanted to tell Shane that they got the wrong

person behind bars. That way, the two of them could come together to discuss how to bring

the real culprit to justice. They could use the chance to get closer to each other.

However, fate could be so ironic. Not only did she not find Shane there, she met Jacqueline

instead. And that woman behaved like she was the lady of the house.

Ever since Shane began giving me the cold shoulder, he’s gotten closer to Jacqueline again,

just like the way it was before he married me.

What is he thinking?

Natalie did not know what to think. She pinched the bridge of her nose and drove away.

Right after she left, a black Maybach drove in.

Silas spotted the car in front and thought it quite suspicious. “Mr. Shane, I think I just saw

Ms. Natalie’s car.”

Hearing that, the man resting in the back seat opened his eyes and looked to the front.

However, he did not see anything. Disappointment, or something similar, dawned on his

face.

“Pick me up at eight tomorrow,” Shane told Silas before he got out of the car. Then, he made

his way toward the building.

Back home, Jackson opened the door for him.

With Silas’ remark in mind, Shane inquired solemnly, “Has Natalie been here?”

“No,” Jackson responded instinctively. “What makes you think she has?”

Shane said nothing as he headed to the living room. Jacqueline beamed at him and got up excitedly. "Shane, you're back!" He merely grunted. Jacqueline was happy to see Shane. She poured him a glass of water. Behind them, Jackson observed her every move. His eyes darkened behind the glasses. Jacqueline still loves Shane. Whenever the three of us are together, she seems to forget that I'm her boyfriend. Sometimes, I really do wonder why she's even dating me.

Jackson lowered his gaze and walked over to them with an expression of joy plastered on his youthful face. "By the way, Shane, why did you call us here?" Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 745 Shane frowned at the question. "I've called you here to discuss Jacqueline's recovery banquet." "Isn't Mr. Gunn in charge of that?" asked Jackson curiously. Shane nodded. "He suffered from a stroke a few days ago. He's now in the hospital, so he can't do that anymore." "Wait, what? Grandpa's in the hospital?" Jacqueline stood up in shock. Shane knitted his brows. "You didn't know?" Jacqueline's eyes flickered as she forced a smile. "Grandpa never told me. Maybe he doesn't want me to worry, because I'm not exactly in good shape either." That makes sense. Shane did not doubt her as he looked away. "Since Mr. Gunn can't do it now, I'll pass it on to Jackson. You're her boyfriend, after all. I'll assist you." "All right." Jackson nodded. Jacqueline lowered her head. She was not happy with how things turned out.

She did not want Jackson to be in charge of her recovery banquet, but Shane had pointed out that Jackson was her boyfriend.

If I refuse, what would they think?

Jackson had his eyes on Jacqueline all this time. It was impossible not to catch the

discontent in her eyes. He clenched his fists but did not say anything about the matter.

Then, his phone rang. He excused himself, saying it was an emergency.

He had wanted to take Jacqueline home before he left, but the woman claimed she wanted

to go shopping later, and thus rejected his offer.

Jackson was not sure if that was true, or whether she simply did not want to leave Shane.

He looked disgruntled when he left the premise.

But Jacqueline did not love him, and hence paid no heed to his matters.

“Shane, do you want to go shopping with me later?” Jacqueline turned to him expectantly.

Shane furrowed his brows. “I have two more video conferences to attend later. I shall

arrange the driver to go with you.”

Jacqueline did not like the answer. Her expression turned gloomy as she said, “Forget it, I’ll

go on my own.”

Then, she rose to her feet.

Suddenly, Shane seemed to have realized something. He called out to her, “Wait.”

Jacqueline was happy to hear that, and she quickly turned around. Did he change his mind

to accompany me there?

But Shane’s face remained blank. “All this time, have you been in contact with Sean?”

He had wanted to ask that for a while now, but had set it aside as he was too bothered by

his circumstance with Natalie.

Jacqueline’s eyes narrowed when she heard that. She began to panic, but managed not to

let it show. Trying her best to stay calm, she replied, “Yes, how do you know?”

Shane did not tell her how he found out about it. He pursed his lips and asked another, “Why

did you contact him?”

He grew up with her. Sean did not.

She was afraid of Sean from the get-go. With that in mind, Shane did not understand why

Jacqueline would contact that man on her own accord.

Jacqueline waved her hands as she replied innocently, “I didn’t do anything. He sought me out.”

That much was true.

Sean had called her on the phone a few days ago, and was surprised to see his caller ID.

“What did he say to you?” Shane stared straight at her.

Jacqueline toyed with her wig. “Nothing, really. He had some questions about Ms. Smith.”

“He asked about Natalie?” Shane’s face darkened when he heard that.

Jacqueline grunted. “Ms. Smith seemed to be ignoring him, so he turned to me instead. She

wanted to know how Ms. Smith was doing—since the two of them fell off the cliff

together—so I talked to him. Speaking of which...”

She looked at him.

Shane’s brows were tightly knitted as he questioned her, “What?”

“Shane, don’t you think that Sean pays too much attention to Ms. Smith?

He sounded really

worried back then. He couldn’t have fallen in love with her, could he?”

Jacqueline looked at

him, a strange light glinting her eyes.

Shane did not see that, but he looked rather grim. He could not deny that she had a point.

In the beginning, when Sean had kidnapped Natalie and planned to die along with her, his

murderous intent had been very real.

But after that, Sean decided to let her go. He even notified Shane to look for Natalie. This

meant that Sean cared about her and did not want her to die.