

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 866 - 870

Natalie glanced around before she whispered, "I have a suspicion that it wasn't them."

Sally's eyes widened in shock. "You-"

Natalie quickly covered Sally's mouth. "Keep it down, will you?"

Sally nodded with her mouth covered.

Only seeing that did Natalie loosened her hold.

Sally tugged Natalie's arm. "You think it wasn't Amy and Tiffanie?"

Natalie nodded, "I never interacted much with Amy and Tiffanie. Besides, both she and I are in Team A. So in terms of capability, we're on par with each other. There's no reason for her to be jealous of me."

"But her ranking in Team A was five places lower than yours," Sally replied.

Natalie disagreed, shaking her head. "Yes, my ranking is higher than hers, but there are also four others who ranked higher than me. So those four are the ones Amy should be jealous of, not me."

"But you were the only one in the washroom at that time, so maybe Amy thought she could deal with you first," Sally added.

Natalie chuckled. "And that is why this is merely my assumptions. It could all just be my imagination."

Alice's incident has made me realize that sometimes the culprit caught isn't the actual culprit.

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However, Alice was merely a scapegoat that Mr. Gunn got to cover for Jacqueline. But here, there isn't any reason for the organizers to cover for the real culprit.

Maybe Amy and Tiffanie are truly the culprits.

Although that was what Natalie thought, she still decided to visit Amy and Tiffanie at the prison after the competition had ended.

Otherwise, she would not be able to let go of her worries.

After the meeting had ended, the crowd headed over to the competition venue.

Jessie walked by Natalie's side while on the way there.

"Ms. Natalie, it's great that the culprit that harmed you was caught." Jessie smiled.

Natalie couldn't be bothered to guess whether Jessie was sincere or not. As such, she smiled faintly and replied, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Jessie waved her hands.

I can't believe that person, despite having their name tarnished, was still able to get me a scapegoat.

This is great.

Now, I could finally be at ease.

The competition officially started.

Natalie's performance was perfect as usual. She remained in Team A.

The same goes for Jessie.

Natalie left the venue after the competition had ended. She and Sally were about to make a visit to the prison.

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On the way there, Mercedes finally replied to Natalie's message.

The latter frowned when she finished reading the reply.

Sally noticed that and asked, "Nat, what's wrong?"

"Do you still remember that when I came here, I asked my mentor about who Jessie's mentor is?" Natalie asked.

Sally nodded. "Yeah. But didn't your mentor say that none of the top designers was Jessie's mentor?"

"You're right. But now, my mentor is saying that she missed out on one designer, and that designer is Jessie's mentor." Natalie pursed her lips.

Sally asked, "Who is it?"

"It's Calanda Linde."

"Calanda Linde? She sounds familiar." Sally cocked her head, trying to recall.

Natalie chuckled. "Do you remember a designer that got caught in a fire and suffered burns to her face a few years ago?"

Sally instantly remembered. "Oh, so it's her."

"Exactly." Natalie nodded.

Calanda, like Mercedes, was a top designer as well. Although the former was the youngest designer to be called as such, she had a bad character.

A few years ago, the news reported that Calanda fell in love with an actress's husband and interfered in their marriage. The actress had since exposed Calanda's doings to the public, smearing her name in the process. In turn, Calanda exacted revenge on the actress by messing with her gown. The actress was humiliated when she suffered from a wardrobe malfunction at an event.

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In a fit of rage, the actress knocked Calanda unconscious and subsequently covered her head with a plastic bag before setting it on fire. If it weren't for a passerby who saved Calanda in time, she probably would have died instead of merely suffering burns on her face.

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Even though the actress had paid the price, Calanda didn't fare any better either. The latter had lost her rights to be a designer when she messed with the actress's gown. In the end, the Design Association blacklisted her and removed her title as a top designer.

I never thought that Jessie's mentor is her.

So the woman beside Jessie that day at the restaurant was probably Calanda.

"Did Ms. Mackenzie come to find you yesterday because she wanted to tell you this?" Sally glanced at Natalie.

Natalie shook her head. "Of course not. Ms. Mackenzie said she's here to attend an old friend's fashion show and a seminar which she's now on her way to."

"I see." Sally nodded with understanding.

Just then, Natalie's phone rang again. It was from an unknown number.

Natalie thought for a short moment before picking it up. "Hello, this is Natalie speaking."

"Nat, it's me." Sean's deep voice sounded on the other end of the line.

Natalie frowned and instinctively wanted to hang up the call.

Sean seemed to have guessed her subsequent action because he quickly added, "Nat, I have something to tell you. It's about your baby. Are you sure you want to hang up?"

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Natalie paused for a second and said, "What did you say?"

"The doctor told me that there was a slight issue with your baby yesterday. I was going to tell you about it, but I forgot. I just recalled it a while ago and called you instantly. Aren't I caring?"

Natalie gripped her phone tightly and ignored his last sentence. "Did you say there's a problem with my baby?"

"Nat, there's a problem with your baby?" Sally was so bewildered that she repeated Natalie's words.

Natalie didn't reply to Sally and instead focused all of her attention on the call. She waited anxiously for Sean's answer.

Sean eyes glinted. "Yes."

"What problem?" Natalie bit her lip.

Sean adjusted his glasses. "I'm not sure on the specifics, but you can consult the doctor for further clarification. All right. That's all I want to say. I'm about to leave, so I'll see you next time."

With that, he ended the call.

Natalie set her phone down, looking stricken.

Sally turned to her. "Nat, did that person say your baby has a problem?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded.

I don't believe Sean's words.

But he asked me to consult a doctor. Does that mean that my baby really has a problem?

"It can't be." Sally frowned. "The doctor didn't say anything when you were admitted into the hospital before. So, what changed?"

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Natalie was slightly comforted by Sally's words, but she was still anxious.

Sally noticed the anxiety on Natalie's face, so she massaged Natalie's hand. "Relax. It's probably nothing. How about I accompany you to the hospital?"

"Sure." Natalie nodded with a pale face. "But let's head there afterward since we've already reached the prison."

She parked her car and got off with Sally.

Sally went to request visitation.

However, the statement from the prison gave Natalie and Sally a shock. It turned out that Amy and Tiffanie weren't there. They were transferred to a larger and higher security prison.

I heard the high-security prison also houses violent and dangerous offenders. So Amy and Tiffanie shouldn't have been transferred there.

There's obviously a problem here because they were transferred.

Sally's face was pale as she got into the car. After a long silence, she started, "Nat, maybe you're right. Maybe it wasn't Amy and Tiffanie."

Natalie grasped the steering wheel tightly. "Maybe they took the fall for the real culprit, who then sent them into a high-security prison so that nobody could visit them, thereby preventing them from telling the truth."

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"Oh my gosh! That is way too scary." Sally rubbed her arms. "Nat, who do you think the real culprits are? They must have incredible connections to transfer Amy and Tiffanie to a high-security prison."

Natalie pursed her lips. "I don't know. But this definitely isn't the end. I'm not sure if the organizers are aware of this."

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"If they knew, that means the organizer is on the same boat as the culprit." Sally somberly stated.

Natalie pinched her nose bridge. "All in all, it's better if we don't tell the organizer about this. If the organizers are covering for the culprit, and we tell them about our assumptions, it will piss them off. The organizers might make things hard for us."

"Then what should we do?" Sally frowned.

Natalie tapped on the steering wheel. "Let's investigate it privately. We'll head to a detective agency later."

There should be some findings within three months.

Sally nodded. "I guess that's all we can do. Anyway, let's go to the hospital now."

Natalie nodded.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

Even though it wasn't the hospital Natalie previously went to, this hospital was still one of the largest in the area.

Natalie and Sally went to register at the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department.

One of the nurse's eyes glinted when she saw Natalie's name. "Miss, please follow me."

"Sal, I'll be going then." Natalie passed her purse to Sally.

"Go ahead. I'll wait for you here."

Natalie smiled and followed the nurse to the examination room.

A doctor was already waiting there.

The nurse introduced, "Dr. Pitt, this is Ms. Smith."

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An almost undiscernible gleam flashed across the doctor's eyes at the nurse's words. "All right. You may leave."

The nurse left the room.

Dr. Pitt gestured for Natalie to lie on the examination bed.

After laying on the bed, Natalie exposed her belly by pulling her shirt up.

Dr. Pitt started checking her belly with an ultrasound.

Natalie looked at the monitor that was showing her pregnancy condition.

It had barely been a few months since she got pregnant. As such, the baby was still a small lump and had yet to develop any limbs or brain.

Nonetheless, Natalie's heart melted as she stared at the screen.

That's my baby.

Not long after, Dr. Pitt ended the checkup.

Natalie sat up and got off the bed. "Doctor, how is my baby?"

She didn't ask whether there was any problem with the baby. She wanted to hear what the doctor would say first.

Dr. Pitt returned to his desk. His brow was slightly furrowed and his expression grave.

Natalie's heart dropped when she noticed his expression. She unconsciously balled her fists.

Could it be that my baby really has a problem?

"Doctor?" Natalie urged when Dr. Pitt stayed silent.

Dr. Pitt sighed, "Ms. Smith, I'm sorry to say that your baby is deformed."

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"What?" Natalie was thunder-struck by his comment. Her face paled significantly.
"Deformed? Are you saying that my baby is not developing normally?"

"That's right. It's very likely that your baby won't develop normal limbs or intact organs. Do you understand me?" Dr. Pitt looked at Natalie intently.

Natalie's body swayed, and she almost fell but managed to hold on to the table.

"How did this happen?" Natalie bit her lip and stared fixedly at Dr. Pitt. "When I had my checkup earlier, my baby was fine. There wasn't any problem, so how is it?"

"Anything could happen during the early stages of pregnancy. There are many examples of babies who were healthy in the first few months but didn't make it to delivery." Dr. Pitt interrupted her.

Natalie's entire body was shaking like a leaf. She couldn't accept his words.

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Dr. Pitt sighed. "Ms. Smith, I know you're absolutely devastated, but you really can't keep the baby you're carrying. It's your responsibility toward your child. You don't want your child to be subjected to people's scornful looks when he or she is born, do you?"

Natalie said nothing as she clutched her stomach tightly with both hands. A chill engulfed her.

Argh! Why did this happen? Why would such a misfortune befall my child? I didn't eat anything I shouldn't have eaten!

Her eyes gradually turned red as her heart twisted in agony.

At her grief-stricken expression, Dr. Pitt lowered his eyes a fraction to mask the guilt in them. He again persuaded her, asserting, "Ms. Smith, your pregnancy is less than two months now, so this is the best time to abort the baby. If you were to abort during a later stage in your pregnancy, it'd affect your health. If you're amenable, we can perform the operation for you right away."

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Hearing that, Natalie shot to her feet. "No! I'm not going to abort..."

"The baby is deformed," Dr. Pitt interrupted, his voice solemn. "If you insist on delivering the baby, missing organs and limbs is the least of your concerns. There's also the possibility of the child being born comatose or stillborn in more severe cases. Do you understand that?"

What? Comatose? Stillborn?

Natalie's lips trembled, and she could no longer say that she wanted to keep the baby because she couldn't accept either of those possibilities.

Even the possibility that the child would be missing limbs or organs wasn't something she could bear. It wasn't that she disdained the child, but she was afraid that the child would grow up with low self-esteem and despise himself or herself.

A greater fear was the fact that others would discriminate against the child.

Thus, she really couldn't keep the child. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to consent to aborting the child either.

All at once, she plunged into a dilemma.

Noticing her reluctance, Dr. Pitt didn't continue persuading her.

After all, it would only arouse suspicion if he were to come on too aggressively.

"I don't think you can make a decision right now, so why don't you go back and consider it carefully, Ms. Smith? Come back when you've made up your mind," he murmured with a gentle smile, placing his hands on the table with his fingers interlocked.

Forcing a smile, Natalie nodded. "Sure, I'll do that. Thank you, doctor."

"You're welcome," Dr. Pitt replied smilingly.

Natalie trudged out of the examination room with her head hung low to meet with Sally outside.

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The moment Sally spotted her coming out with a dejected air about her, a sense of foreboding rose within her.

"What's with the gloomy face, Nat? Don't tell me your child is really..."

Sally didn't finish her utterance, but her meaning was already more than apparent.

Natalie stared at her a moment before hugging her and wailing, "What should I do, Sal?"

Seeing her fragile state, Sally patted her back in anguish. "It's okay, for everything will be fine. I'm here with you, so don't be afraid."

Natalie buried her head against her shoulder and wept mournfully.

After sobbing for a few minutes, she slowly ceased her tears.

Dragging her out of the hospital, Sally seated her by the flowerbed and bought two cups of hot milk at a nearby milk tea shop.

"Here." Sally handed one of the cups to Natalie.

Natalie took it from her before thanking her weakly.

Subsequently, Sally sat down beside her. "Nat, what exactly is the problem with the child?"

Natalie cradled the cup of milk. It was very hot and warmed her palms, yet the warmth couldn't penetrate her heart at that moment.

Taking a deep breath, she answered in a voice colored with pain, "The doctor said that my baby is deformed. If I insist on delivering it, he or she will either be missing limbs or organs. Worse still, he or she might be born comatose or end up stillborn. The doctor advised me to abort the baby."

"What?" Sally was entirely stumped.

Oh my God, I didn't expect things to be this bad!

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"Have you consented, Nat?" she inquired, her eyes fixated on Natalie's stomach.

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Natalie shook her head. "I couldn't bear to abort the child, so I didn't consent. But considering the condition of the child, there's obviously no other choice."

"That's true." Sally nodded, biting her lip.

At that, Natalie closed her eyes for a moment. "What should I do now, Sal? I don't even know how I should tell Shane about this. Will he blame me when he learns about our child's condition?"

Ultimately, the baby was deformed in her womb, so she was at fault in the matter.

Right then, she was truly afraid that Shane would look at her with condemnation in his eyes.

Patting her arm, Sally assured, "I don't think he'll be angry. He loves you very much, so he'll only feel distressed on your behalf upon learning about the child's condition."

"Really?" Natalie looked up at her.

Alas, Sally's gaze flickered for a moment. Chuckling, she admitted, "Um... I don't dare say for certain since I don't understand him all that well, but it's likely the case. Don't worry, Nat."

Natalie smiled bitterly. "Never mind, I deserve it even if he blames me. At the end of the day, I'm indeed the one who caused our child to end up in such a condition. But I just don't understand why this problem suddenly came up when the baby was perfectly fine before this."

Upon hearing that, Sally blinked. "Could it be that the hospital made a mistake?"

"I don't think so, since both the hospital yesterday and the one earlier said that the baby is deformed. It can't be a mistake." Natalie shook her head.

How I wish it's all a mistake, but it doesn't seem likely right now.

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However, Sally refused to accept the truth. She pulled Natalie up. "Nothing is absolute, so there's a possibility that they made a mistake. Come, we'll go to other hospitals."

As she said that, she dragged Natalie along and climbed into the car.

Two hours later, Sally led an even paler Natalie out of the third hospital.

At that moment, she could no longer claim that the hospital made a mistake.

After all, two hospitals might have made a mistake, but five hospitals had given the same diagnosis.

"Nat..." Sally eyed Natalie worriedly.

Shaking her head wearily, Natalie murmured, "I'm fine. Every doctor said the same thing as Dr. Pitt, so it seems that I truly can't keep this child anymore. But the thing is, I don't know how to tell Shane about this."

"Just give it to him straight. I think he'll understand." Sally heaved a sigh.

Natalie's lips twitched, but she said nothing further.

That night, she gave Shane a call.

It was morning back in the country at that time, right after dawn.

When Shane heard the ringing of his cell phone, he snaked a hand out of the covers and groped for his phone on the bedside table. Without opening his eyes, he brought it to his ear. "Hello?"

Hearing the man's tired and groggy voice, Natalie bit her lip. "It's me. Did I wake you?"

Shane's eyes popped open at once, and he brought the phone closer to him for a look. When he saw that it was indeed Natalie, he massaged his temples and answered with a chuckle, "No, don't worry about it. Why are you calling me so early in the morning?"

"I miss you," Natalie admitted, sitting on the sofa.

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This time, Shane's eyes went wide. He hung up the phone and made a video call over.

Natalie was wondering why he suddenly hung up, but she giggled upon seeing the incoming video call. She promptly answered it.

As soon as she glimpsed the dark circles under the man's eyes, her brows creased. "Did you not rest well?"

Shane's eyes flickered slightly. Just when he was about to speak, Natalie cut him off, asserting, "You're not allowed to lie. Tell me the truth. Did you not have enough rest?"

When Shane saw that she was peeved, he had no choice but to tell her the truth. "Somewhat," he admitted.

He had been restless after learning about the existence of another culprit.

Truth be told, it was because he was investigating his parents' interpersonal relationships and their enemies last night that he didn't have enough rest.

"What time did you sleep last night?" Natalie asked.

Shane averted his gaze in discomfiture. "Four o'clock."

Sucking in a breath, Natalie instantly saw red. "So, you've only slept for two hours now?"

Nevertheless, Shane chuckled nonchalantly. "It's enough."

"Enough my foot! You're already an old man in your thirties! Do you think that you're still a young man in your twenties that you can still stay up late and risk premature death?" Natalie furiously shot daggers at him.

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