

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 871

All at once, disgruntlement inundated Shane.

So what if I'm in my thirties? I'm not old! Why is she making it sound as though I'm an old and grizzled man?

"I'm not an old man! You'll be getting it when you've delivered the little one in your stomach," Shane threatened as he narrowed his eyes at the woman on the screen.

Usually, Natalie would certainly laugh at such a remark before flushing bright red.

Right then, however, she couldn't force any laughter or even a blush. She lowered her eyes, the despondency hovering over her plainly visible.

Noticing that something was amiss, Shane's brows knitted together. "What's wrong?"

"Shane, I..." Natalie looked him in the eye. She wanted to tell him about the baby, but she simply couldn't utter the words that were right on the tip of her tongue.

As his expression turned tender, Shane prompted in encouragement, "It's fine. Just tell me whatever it is you want to say, for I'll always back you up."

Upon hearing that, a wealth of warmth infused Natalie. Yet, it was also tinged with sorrow.

Sniffing, she lifted her head slightly and forced her tears back. In a choked voice, she blurted, "I'm sorry, Shane, but our baby might not make it."

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"What?" Shane's expression turned grim. "What do you mean? And what happened to you? Are you in danger again, so the baby..."

"No, that's not it. The truth is..." Digging her nails into her palms, Natalie told him about having gone to the various hospitals for a checkup that morning.

After hearing everything, Shane was entirely stupefied.

Our child is actually deformed?

When he said nothing, merely keeping silent with a stormy expression on his face, the anxiety and unease within Natalie gradually snowballed.

"I'm sorry, Shane. This is all on me..."

"No, it's not on you. I'm the one at fault." Shane cut her apology off. "I was taking medicine previously, so that might be the cause of the problem."

Hearing that he wasn't holding her responsible, Natalie breathed a sigh of relief. At the same time, anguish flooded her. "So, are we giving up on this child?"

She stroked her belly as she spoke.

Clutching his cell phone tightly, Shane suppressed the enmity within him and nodded. "Yeah, the child is deformed, so it'll also affect you adversely. But wait for me to come over so that I can keep you company for the operation. Don't do anything first."

"Alright," Natalie murmured in acquiescence. Still, she felt guilty toward him. "I'm sorry that we're losing your first child, Shane. I'm really sorry."

"It's okay. We'll have another healthy child in the future." Shane consoled.

After that, he chatted a bit more with her before ending the video call.

Having hung up with her, he immediately gave Silas a call and ordered him to teach Sam and his wife a lesson.

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If he hadn't drugged me and caused me to be sterile, I wouldn't have taken medicine to remedy that, and my child wouldn't have been deformed as a result. This is all his fault!

The previous time, Sam suffered a stroke but was fine since he received timely treatment.

This time, I'm going to have him suffer a stroke for real and render him paralyzed to avenge my child!

After receiving his orders, Silas executed them at once.

He sent the photos and video of Catherine with her lover to Sam. Sam was so livid upon seeing them that he passed out right away. Sure enough, he again suffered a stroke when he regained consciousness.

He had a prior history of stroke, so there was an exceedingly high possibility of it recurring once more.

He recovered swiftly the last time due to prompt treatment, but this time, Silas deliberately dragged things out and forbade anyone from sending him to the hospital. As time ticked by, he missed the golden hour. In the end, he became paralyzed from the waist down and could no longer walk anymore, bound to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

He was perfectly fine the previous day, but he was paralyzed the very next day. True enough, life was really unpredictable.

After accomplishing his task, Silas walked out of the hospital with a smile on his face. When he left, he even heard Catherine and Sam arguing.

And the argument was none other than Catherine's affair with her lover.

Speaking of that, Silas was floored when he first saw the photos and video. After all, everyone knew that Catherine loved Sam deeply since news of her confronting the latter's mistresses and lovers surfaced every few days.

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Everyone thought that Catherine was loyal in her affections, but never had they known that despite her loyalty, it was also a fact that she had a lover behind Sam's back.

Well, things were always complicated among wealthy families.

"I'm back, Mr. Shane." Silas returned to Thompson Group after fulfilling his task and reported Sam's condition to Shane.

After listening to him, Shane's thin lips curved into a cold smile.

In all honestly, he wasn't the least bit satisfied to let Sam off so easily when he was still alive while his child would be gone soon.

Furthermore, Sam stilled owed him for his parent's death, so mere paralyzation was nothing.

He had even decided to give up doing things the legal way and secretly eliminate Sam himself instead of waiting for the law to sentence him to death if he really couldn't find the will in the end.

It was no big deal since he could simply leave no tracks so that no one would be able to trace it back to him. That was entirely possible, given his capability.

Once that thought emerged, it grew roots and planted itself in his mind like an unmovable tree, embedding itself ever deeper that it could no longer be removed.

In fact, Shane had now decided to only give himself half a year. If he couldn't find the will within that time, he would really finish Sam off.

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He didn't want to allow him to live any longer, feeling that it was time for him to go and keep his parents company in the afterlife.

"You may leave now. Also, make an appointment with Jackson. I'm going to look for him at the hospital in the afternoon." Shane waved a dismissive hand.

After grunting in acknowledgment, Silas pivoted and left.

After he had left, Shane opened his drawer and took out an old letter. It was none other than the letter which he took from his grandfather's study back then that contained an apology and the will's whereabouts.

It was written that the will was with his parents.

What does it mean by that?

As Shane stared at that sentence, his face darkened incrementally.

In the afternoon, he went to the hospital and met with Jackson.

Jackson was in a bad way because of Jacqueline's matter recently, so the hospital didn't dare allow him to perform any operations. And it was precisely for that reason that he had time to meet with Shane.

"Why are you here?" Jackson asked distractedly.

Staring at him, Shane replied, "Natalie is pregnant."

Jackson was startled for a moment before asking again, "She's pregnant?"

Shane nodded in affirmation.

Finally, a smile bloomed on Jackson's face. "Congratulations! You've just recovered, yet she's already pregnant. It's evident that your virility is truly astounding!"

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Shane's handsome countenance darkened at that remark. "Alright, cut it out. I'm here to ask you whether the medicine I was taking previously will affect the baby."

Since the child was conceived while he was taking the medicine, that was likely the cause of the deformity.

And he came here precisely to confirm it.

However, Jackson shook his head. "It won't affect the baby. The medicine itself is for your sterility and to boost your virility, so it won't affect the baby Natalie is carrying."

"Really?" Shane demanded with narrowed eyes.

"Of course! Why would I lie to you?" Puzzlement filled Jackson at his demeanor.

Shouldn't he be relieved and delighted upon hearing that? Why are his brows furrowing even deeper?

Shane gritted his molars, his expression terrifyingly grim.

That, in turn, baffled Jackson. "What's wrong with you?"

Clenching his fists, Shane gritted, "The baby in Natalie's stomach has been found to be deformed. I suspected that it was caused by the medicine I took, but you said it won't affect the baby. So, I'm wondering why the baby would be deformed."

"What? Did you just say that the baby is deformed?" Jackson's voice rose a few decibels.

In response, Shane nodded.

Raking a hand through his hair, Jackson exclaimed, "That's impossible! Anyway, it's definitely not the medicine, so the reason probably lies with Natalie."

"It's not her," Shane countered with all the certainty in the world. "She has had children, so she must know the dos and don'ts during pregnancy. As such, it can't possibly be her."

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"That's strange, then. Why would the baby be deformed?" Jackson couldn't think of any other reason.

Shane was silent for a few seconds. Then, he said, "I'm going over during the weekend to see what exactly happened."

"That's a good idea." Jackson nodded in agreement.

At that, Shane spun around to leave.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 873

Shane came to inquire about the possible side effects of the medicine, so he was naturally leaving after getting the answers he wanted.

Jackson, however, held him back. "Wait a moment, Shane! Can I visit Jacqueline?"

After Jacqueline was done with the nutrient drip, she was taken back to Graham residence.

Surprisingly, she didn't starve herself anymore, perhaps having experienced the agony of passing out from hunger.

At Jackson's request, Shane regarded him for a long while. In the end, he concurred, "Only half an hour every day."

"Okay! Thank you, Shane!" Jackson gushed jubilantly.

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Although half an hour was brief, he was already satisfied to be able to see Jacqueline.

She was the woman he loved, after all, so he couldn't possibly keep away from her when she was being kept under lock and guard.

Right after Shane had left, he took the day off and drove over to visit her.

In the next few days, he went over right on the dot every day.

After three visits, he became all out of sorts, seemingly struggling with some decision or other.

Alas, Shane had no inkling of that. Right then, he was heading toward Natalie with the two children in tow.

When Natalie was done with the competition, she went to the airport to pick the three of them up.

Sally didn't want to be the third wheel, so she didn't join her.

After waiting at the airport for about ten minutes, Natalie caught sight of them exiting from the VIP passage.

"Mommy!" The children instantly dropped Shane's hand the moment they spotted her and ran over to her.

Crouching, Natalie hugged the children. "I missed you both, my darlings!"

"We missed you, too, Mommy!" The children echoed affectionately.

After kissing them both, Natalie stood up. Only then did she look at the man across from her.

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The man strode over. Dropping his hand from the suitcase, he grasped her wrist and pulled her into his arms, hugging her tightly.

Meanwhile, the children stood at the side and watched with grins splitting their faces.

"Connor, are Daddy and Mommy going to kiss in a while?" Sharon suddenly asked Connor beside her.

At her question, the corners of Connor's mouth twitched. "Probably."

Just as his words fell, they both saw the two adults kissing.

Connor hastily covered Sharon's eyes while also covering his eyes with the other hand.

"Don't look, or your eyes are going to be infected!" Sharon was initially chagrined and wanted to pry Connor's hand off, but she immediately went still upon hearing that.

Shane and Natalie stopped kissing after a few minutes.

Natalie proceeded to rest against his chest as she panted slightly.

Shane, on the other hand, caressed her stomach. "Have you experienced any discomfort in the past few days?" Since the child was deformed, it might also cause problems to the mother.

His utmost worry at the moment was that her health would be affected by the baby.

"No, I've been perfectly fine," Natalie assured while shaking her head.

Seeing that she seemed to be telling the truth, Shane nodded in relief. "That's good. Come, let's go back to the villa first."

As he said that, he wheeled the suitcase with a hand and held her hand with the other. Meanwhile, Natalie held the children's hands. The family of four then headed toward the airport's parking lot.

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Soon, they arrived at the villa.

Natalie tucked the children in bed so that they could sleep off the jetlag.

Shane, however, didn't sleep. Instead, he accompanied Natalie to the hospital.

The doctor's diagnosis remained the same—the baby was deformed—and he proposed an abortion.

Squeezing Natalie's hand, Shane signed the surgical consent form.

The operation was scheduled for an hour later.

While the hospital made the preparations, Natalie and Shane quietly sat waiting in the corridor outside the operating theater.

"After the operation, I'll ask the competition's organizer to suspend the competition for half a month and resume when you're fully recovered," Shane murmured, holding her hand.

Unexpectedly, Natalie shook her head and declined. "No, it's okay," she insisted. "You've already exercised your investor's rights once because of the incident back then, so it won't look good if you do it again because of me. Besides, the time frame has been decided ages ago. As such, it's not appropriate to change it at the last minute. It'll affect your credibility."

"But what about your health?" Shane's brows scrunched together.

Leaning her head against his shoulder, Natalie chuckled. "It's okay. I'll be able to move freely in a few days since I'm still early in my pregnancy. I'll be fine, so don't worry."

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 874

At Natalie's insistence, Shane had no choice but to relent. Nonetheless, he was inwardly planning to instruct the housekeeper in the villa to stick to her side and take care of her meticulously in the following half a month.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to rest easy.

In no time, an hour flew past. The nurse then informed Natalie that she could enter the operating theater.

Despite having braced herself mentally, a tidal wave of reluctance washed over Natalie when she truly had to step into the operating theater and abort the baby.

She was even gripped by the urge to take off and go back on her decision.

No, I can't do that. I can't keep this baby.

At that thought, she inhaled deeply and steeled her resolve. After a final look at Shane, she followed the nurse into the operating theater.

Subsequently, the nurse instructed her to lie down on the operating table and prepare for anesthesia.

Natalie stared at the cold operating table for a long while. Digging her nails into her palms, she forced herself to lie down on it.

The nurse then started administering the anesthesia while the doctor laid out the tools for the operation at the side.

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"Please relax, Ms. Smith. Your body is too tense that I can't get the needle in," the nurse urged as she squeezed Natalie's stiff arm.

Natalie forced a smile. "Sorry, I'm too nervous. I'll try my best to relax."

As she said that, she regulated her breathing and calmed her pounding heart.

Two minutes later, her body finally relaxed.

Sensing that the muscles in her arm were no longer as stiff, the nurse jabbed the needle in.

Shortly after, Natalie felt dizzy and weak.

Right away, she knew that the anesthetic had started taking effect.

Just when her mind had gone fuzzy, and she was on the brink of losing consciousness, she abruptly heard the doctor and nurse conversing.

"How strange that the gentleman outside is actually Ms. Smith's husband. So, who exactly is Mr. Sean Thompson?"

"Who cares? Since we accepted his money, we've got to do as he instructed. We must abort Ms. Smith's baby, or we won't be able to answer to him. Go and check how's the anesthesia working."

"Got it."

Murmuring an acknowledgment, the nurse stepped forward and checked on Natalie. If she were entirely under, then they would begin the operation.

But when the nurse reached out to check, Natalie's eyes sprang open all of a sudden.

The nurse jumped in fright. "Ms. Smith, you're still awake?"

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Dear Lord, she actually hasn't lost consciousness and can still open her eyes? She must be exceedingly determined!

"Did you two just say that you took Sean's money and colluded with him to abort my baby?" Natalie demanded, her fury evident though her voice was weak.

Having not expected the person in question to have overheard their conversation, both the doctor and nurse were instantly mortified.

"Uh... Ms. Smith, actually, we..."

"From your guilty expressions, I can tell that it's the truth. You probably lied about my baby being deformed as well so that I'll consent to the abortion, didn't you? You're both medical practitioners, yet you actually accepted a bribe to harm a patient! You're simply heartless!" Natalie struggled to sit up by propping her hands against the operating table below her.

Upon seeing that, the doctor's expression turned frantic. "Shit! She's trying to escape! Quick, restrain her and give her another dose of anesthetic!"

At that, the nurse hesitated. "But there's a limit for anesthesia. If I were to give her another dose, it'd exceed the limit and might likely cause sequela."

"So what? We've lost our medical ethics from the very moment we accepted the money. It would've been fine if she hadn't overheard us, for we naturally would've performed the operation according to the procedure. But she has overheard us and even wants to make a run for it now. We'll be ruined if that happens, so we definitely can't waver!" the doctor asserted while staring at Natalie with cold eyes.

Every single utterance out of his mouth struck terror into Natalie, and a chill encased her.

Swayed by the doctor's words, the nurse gritted her teeth and picked up the anesthetic once more. Glancing at Natalie, she mumbled, "I'm sorry, Ms. Smith. Please don't blame me. If you want to blame someone, just settle the score with Mr. Sean Thompson."

After saying that, the nurse made to jab Natalie with the needle.

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Natalie's pupils constricted as stark panic assailed her.

No, I can't allow myself to be anesthetized again!

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 875

In truth, Natalie was tethering on the edge of consciousness right then.

She was only awake from sheer will because she knew that she wouldn't be able to save the baby in her stomach if she were to succumb to sleep.

No matter what, I can't pass out, let alone be anesthetized again!

As that thought blazed within her, she bit her tongue hard. Her face paled from the excruciating pain, and sweat beaded on her forehead. In the next moment, the metallic taste of blood permeated her mouth.

Nonetheless, she didn't care about any of that, for her only thought was to protect her baby.

At the sight of the needle that was drawing ever closer to her, she took a deep breath and flipped herself over. Rolling off the operating table, she fell onto the floor. By doing so, she managed to dodge the needle in the nurse's hand.

The nurse was stunned for a moment, obviously not having expected her to still have the strength to move.

Likewise, even the doctor was amazed.

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After all, he personally prepared the anesthetic for her. In usual circumstances, she would've lost consciousness long ago, and they would be currently halfway through the operation.

But because she wanted to protect her child, she held on by sheer grit.

Whoa! Even a man might not necessarily possess such strong willpower, much less a petite woman like her! Regretfully, I still won't show any mercy no matter how admirable she is.

"Hoist her back onto the operating table," the doctor ordered.

Grunting in assent, the nurse headed toward Natalie.

As Natalie heard the approaching footsteps, a glimmer of despair flashed across her eyes. Right on the heels of that, she shouted at the top of her lungs, "Shane, help! Save me, Shane!"

"Cover her mouth!" the doctor barked, his expression changing drastically.

At once, the nurse rushed forward and clapped a hand over Natalie's mouth.

Biting her hard, Natalie seized the opportunity when she retracted her hand in pain to continue yelling, "Shane!"

Outside the operating theater, Shane's brows creased suspiciously when he heard Natalie's shouts.

What's happening? Isn't the operation underway? Why did she suddenly scream and sound so frantic at that?

He stood up with his thin lips pressed into a tight line as a sense of dread pervaded him.

Although Natalie's voice had faded, her cry earlier still echoed in his ears, and he simply couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling plaguing him.

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After a moment's contemplation, he strode toward the operating theater. Pushing open the doors, he barged right in.

The moment the door was pushed open, an alarm started blaring.

Both the doctor and nurse in the operating theater froze at once as the alarm indicated that the doors to the operating theater had been opened without their permission.

In other words, someone had barged in.

Panicked, they immediately swung their gazes at the doors.

Sure enough, a tall and powerful man stalked in from outside. His crisp footsteps struck fear into them, gradually intensifying their terror.

With his eyes narrowed into slits, Shane swept his gaze over the doctor and nurse, who both wore peculiar expressions. Then, his gaze finally fell on Natalie on the operating table. All at once, his face contorted into a murderous mask.

Not only was Natalie securely bound with medical bandages, but her mouth was also stuffed with a medical towel to stop her from making a single sound.

Nevertheless, her eyes were bright as she gazed at him.

Her gaze shone with an emotion that could only be described as elation at having seen a ray of hope at the end of the tunnel.

"Mmph..." Natalie emotionally tried to speak to Shane.

Clenching his fists, Shane swiftly rushed forward.

Just when he was about to remove the towel from Natalie's mouth, the doctor hurriedly stopped him. Forcing a smile though he had broken out in a cold sweat, the doctor insisted, "Sir, we're still in the midst of an operation here, so please step out."

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Hearing that, Shane pinned a murderous look on him. "An operation? What kind of operation necessitates tying up a patient like this?"

A flicker of guilt flitted across the doctor's eyes, but still, he adamantly explained, "The anesthetic didn't work on Ms. Smith, so we were afraid that she'd make sudden movements during the operation. For that reason..."

"For that reason, you want to operate while she's still conscious?"

No matter how shrewd he was, he couldn't possibly figure out the real reason Natalie was being bound.

"W-We..." The doctor panicked all the more.

They couldn't possibly admit that it had indeed been their plan since it was a grave violation of the International Code of Medical Ethics, and they would be doomed once word got out.

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