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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 981 - 990

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 981

Natalie shook her head and choked out, "I'm fine. I just want to nap for a while."

With that, Shane picked her up gently and carried her to the lounge.

As soon as she lay down on the bed, Natalie pulled the covers over her head and curled up into an almost fetal position.

Then, the covers started trembling.

She's crying!

Shane sighed softly as he gazed at the quivering covers. The person who could truly understand how Natalie felt at that moment was Shane.

After all, he had witnessed his parents' death with his own eyes before.

However, he was one to keep his feelings to himself, no matter how miserable or painful it was. Unlike Natalie, he did not shed a single tear.

"Go ahead and cry. It'll make you feel better," Shane murmured softly, patting the huddled and trembling figure under the covers.

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The shaking halted for a second, then her cries grew increasingly louder, no longer trying to suppress them. Her sobs echoed through the lounge.

Shane leaned in and hugged her tightly through the covers.

After what seemed like ages, she quietened down and did not move.

Then, Shane straightened up and gently lifted the covers, only to see that her eyes were closed. It looked like she had fallen asleep.

Nonetheless, the tears that clung to her eyelashes and her deeply-furrowed brows were telltale signs that she was not having a peaceful sleep.

Shane sighed, then pulled the covers over her again and left the lounge.

When he was back in his office, Silas knocked on the door.

"Come in," Shane called out from the couch.

Silas entered and said, "Mr. Shane, I've discovered a crucial clue regarding the Torres cell phone."

Shane's eyes narrowed upon hearing that. "What clue?"

"Back then, the Graham family had a Torres cell phone too," Silas revealed.

Shane tightened his grip on his coffee cup. "What did you say? The Graham family? Jacqueline Graham's family?"

Silas nodded. "Yes. Previously, you asked me to look into your parents' connections and identify those who owned a Torres cell phone. Well, I found

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out that the Wangton family purchased two Torres cell phones, and they gave one of them to the Graham family. I even met with Mr. Wangton to seek his confirmation.”

Shane clenched his fist. “What happened after that?”

I didn’t expect the Graham family to have anything to do with my parents’ death.

“Mr. Wangton said that it was true. The Wangton family faced difficulties with their cash flow eighteen years ago. Mr. Wangton was good friends with Mr. Graham, so he went to ask Mr. Graham for a loan while bearing gifts. One of the gifts was a Torres cell phone.”

“So, that means the person filming the video on the roadside was Jacqueline, right?” Shane asked coldly.

Silas lowered his head. “It’s probably her. From the list of people I looked into, none of the children matched the age of the little girl who filmed the video. Only Jacqueline fits the description.”

If the Graham family didn’t own a Torres cell phone, we wouldn’t suspect Jacqueline. But they did own one, and eighteen years ago, Jacqueline was eleven years old. That’s the same age as the little girl who filmed the car accident. Therefore, the only person we can think of is Jacqueline.

More importantly, Jacqueline naturally lacked empathy and had a tendency to be antisocial. Hence, she did seem like someone who could calmly film a car accident without getting flustered or afraid.

Here, Silas looked at Shane and asked, “Do you think Mr. Graham is the second culprit?”

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Kenneth had only passed away ten years ago, so he was still alive when the accident happened eighteen years ago.

Upon that, Shane did not answer him and merely lowered his gaze, shielding the look in his eyes.

After some time, he stood up with his hands in his pockets. "Even if it wasn't him, it had something to do with the Graham family. Schedule an appointment with Mr. Wangton. I want to meet him."

"Yes, sir." Silas nodded and left.

As Shane massaged his temples wearily, he heard the sound of footsteps behind him.

He looked up and was stunned to see Natalie exit the lounge. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying. "Why are you up already?"

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She had not been sleeping for that long.

"I had a nightmare, so I'd rather not sleep," Natalie answered weakly with a shake of her head.

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Shane went up to her and helped her over to the couch. He poured her a glass of water and offered it to her. "Drink this."

Natalie forced a smile and accepted the glass of water. After taking a small sip, she put down the glass. "Oh, I overheard Silas and you talking about the second culprit. Are there any clues?"

Shane nodded. "We found out that the Graham family is involved."

"Jacqueline Graham's family?" Natalie asked, responding the same way Shane had.

Shane nodded again.

Natalie inhaled sharply. "Oh my god! I can't believe the Graham family did it."

"We don't know that for sure. At this point, it's only speculation that they're involved. I'll only be able to find out the details after meeting with Mr. Graham's friend from back then. However, one thing's for sure. Jacqueline had a hand in my parents' death," Shane said in a glacial tone.

He did not believe for one second that Jacqueline merely happened to be at the roadside by coincidence, witnessed his parents' death, and happened to film it.

Based on the video he had received in his email, he could ascertain that Jacqueline was helping Sam.

Otherwise, why would Jacqueline have deliberately avoided filming the car plate of the culprit and made it seem like Natalie and Yulia were the ones who caused the accident? It's clear that she's helping Sam while trying to frame others.

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“Are you saying that Jacqueline is involved?” Natalie’s eyes widened, and she stood up abruptly.

Seeing her reaction, Shane narrowed his eyes. “Do you know something?”

Natalie looked at him and hesitated. “I... I’m not sure. It’s something I found out the last time I returned to the country. While visiting Alice in prison, I spoke to Mrs. Brown. She told me a little about the Graham family’s past.”

“What did she say?” Shane asked urgently, grabbing her hand.

Natalie took a deep breath to compose herself, then said slowly, “Mrs. Brown heard from the wife of one of her husband’s friends that Jacqueline had caused some people’s deaths eighteen years ago. At that time, Mrs. Graham even reprimanded Jacqueline for doing something so horrendous to people who had treated her so well. However, that lady did not hear the names of the victims. I didn’t think much about it until now. Do you think the victims are your parents?”

Well, it did happen eighteen years ago. When Mom and Dad were alive, they took Jacqueline as their goddaughter and were exceptionally kind to her. That matches Mrs. Graham’s remark about the victims treating Jacqueline so well. More importantly, from what Mrs. Graham said, there was more than one victim. That means there were at least two victims. Once again, it matches with Mom and Dad’s death. Just on these two points alone, it does seem like the deaths Jacqueline caused were my parents’.

Shane’s sudden silence was frightening.

Feeling worried, Natalie began, “Shane...”

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Suppressing the overwhelming murderous intent that engulfed him, Shane closed his eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm fine. Did Mrs. Brown tell you who she heard it from?"

Natalie shook her head. "No, but if you want to know, I can call and ask Mrs. Brown."

"That would be a great help," Shane replied, still firmly holding back his emotions.

Natalie squeezed his hand reassuringly, then took out her cell phone and called Lucinda.

Two minutes later, she hung up and looked at Shane. "She said that it was Mrs. Larson of Larson Daily Chemicals."

"All right," Shane replied.

At that moment, Silas walked into the office. "Mr. Shane, I've made the appointment with Mr. Wangton. When do you plan to head over there?"

"Now." Shane walked over to the coat rack behind his desk and grabbed his coat.

Natalie followed behind him and took the coat from his hands, then helped him to put it on. "I'll go with you."

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"All right." Shane could see the concern in Natalie's eyes. That seemed to help take a bit of his edge off as he nodded in assent.

He understood that she was worried about him just as he was about her a moment ago.

More than a devoted husband and wife pair, they were also the balm for each other's soul.

"Let's go." Shane straightened out his coat. He then took Natalie by the hand as they walked out of the office.

When they arrived at the Wangton's an hour later, the host was there to receive them at his own doorstep with an extended hand and an effusive smile.

"Welcome. Welcome, Mr. Shane and Mrs. Thompson. You honor us with your presence."

"You're too kind." Shane reached out and shook the man's hand while Natalie, who had her own hands around Shane's arm, smiled and nodded at Rhys in acknowledgment.

"Please, come this way." After the exchange of formalities, Rhys gestured cordially to invite his guests into his home.

With an affirmative nod, Shane then led Natalie inside.

The Wangtons were a family of illustrious academics, and their pedigree was reflected in their rustic, dual-courtyard residence which was distinctive in its own way.

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Natalie had already drawn numerous inspirations for gown designs from the sights and sounds she came across and looked forward to sketching them out later after she got back in.

Once they had settled down inside the main house, Rhys asked, "May I know the purpose of your visit here on such short notice, Mr. Shane?"

Shane did not offer a direct answer and merely retrieved a photograph that he passed along. "Do you recognize this little girl, Mr. Wangton?"

"Little girl?" Rhys looked inquisitively at the photograph he received.

Even though freshly printed, the image of the person inside was rather muddled.

Thus, it was obvious that the shot was not taken on location, but extracted from somewhere else before being converted into its final form.

With eyes narrowed, Rhys scrutinized it for a while before he nodded. "Why, isn't this Kenneth's daughter?"

"Who's Kenneth?" whispered Natalie as she tugged at Shane's sleeve.

Shane's fingers tightened around themselves. "The chairman, Kenneth Graham. Jacqueline's father."

Natalie nodded. "So Jacqueline was the little girl who filmed that video."

Shane then met Rhys' eyes. "Are you positively certain that this is Mr. Graham's daughter?"

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"Why wouldn't I be?" Rhys replied amicably while he placed the photo down. "Kenneth and I were friends who met up quite often, and so I've seen his daughter many times before. This must be that lass Jacqueline; I'm sure of it. I also recognize the clothes she's wearing in this photograph to be the ones gifted to her by my wife."

"Understood. Thank you Mr. Wangton," said Shane as he took back the photo.

"What's your interest in this, Mr. Shane?" asked Rhys, intrigued.

"It's nothing. I just discovered a link between the Grahams and my parents' accident, and so came by to find out more," Shane replied staidly as he held the photo tightly between his own fingers.

The astounded Rhys sat upright. "Do you suspect that it was the Grahams who caused it?"

Shane looked away, but his silence said it all.

However, Rhys waved his hand dismissively. "Impossible. This is surely impossible. Kenneth and his wife were good people, both well known for their charitable spirit. They could never have done anything like this. What's more, why would they want to do something like that when they had no enmity toward your parents? That's why I believe that they cannot be the ones responsible."

"Whether or not they were, I shall find out in due time. Well then, Mr. Wangton. We should be taking our leave."

With that, Shane stood to his feet, as did Natalie.

The two acknowledged Rhys with a slight nod before they turned to exit.

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Inside the car, Natalie was puzzled as Shane seemed headed for neither the Thompson villa nor the Thompson Group. "Where else are we going, Darling?"

"To see Mrs. Larson," replied Shane, whose eyes remain fixated upon the road ahead.

"I see." Natalie nodded.

She supposed that he wanted to find out more about what Marjorie had overheard.

"Do you think that there could be some truth to what Mr. Wangton said?" Natalie arched her head to look at the man behind the wheels.

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He pursed his lips and countered with a question of his own. "Do you?"

Natalie lowered her gaze. "Actually, I also have a feeling that the Grahams didn't do anything to harm your parents. I'm leaning more toward another suspect, which is Jacqueline herself. The most telling reason being what Mrs. Larson overheard, about Mrs. Graham questioning Jacqueline why she killed them. Judging from this, it would seem that Mr. Graham and Mrs. Graham themselves were not involved."

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“Even if they were not directly responsible, they did help with the cover-up, didn’t they?” Shane replied blandly as he rotated the steering wheel.

Natalie’s lips stiffened. There was nothing she could say in response to that.

That’s true. The Grahams were not exactly innocent parties even if they had no part in what Jacqueline did entirely on her own. They were, however, complicit in protecting the culprit. This effectively made them accomplices in their own rights.

They both kept their thoughts to themselves the rest of the journey, but it did not take long before they arrived at the Larsons’.

Shane was first to alight. He then circled round to Natalie’s side to open up the door for her.

Having also been informed of Shane’s visit, the Larsons likewise came out to receive him when they heard the sound of his car’s approach.

An attractive woman in her fifties, Marjorie’s eyes lit up the moment she saw Natalie. “This must be Mrs. Thompson. I’ve heard many things before meeting you for the first time today, but my word, you’re simply too gorgeous.”

That put a blush upon Natalie’s cheeks. “You flatter me, Mrs. Larson.”

“Honest to god, I wasn’t exaggerating at all. You really are an absolute stunner. You, Mr. Shane, are a very lucky man indeed,” said Majorie teasingly.

Shane’s lips, too, lifted into a slight smile. “Thank you, Mrs. Larson.”

“Oh, don’t mention it. Now quickly, let’s head inside.” The vivacious woman then ushered them into the house.

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Once inside, Marjorie served up some refreshments before she continued, "I've been informed by your assistant that you wanted to see me, Mr. Shane. May I know what is it that you wish to ask?"

"It concerns Jacqueline," Shane replied.

There was a shift in Marjorie's expression, and she did not look comfortable. "J-Jacqueline Graham?"

"Yes." Shane pursed his lips in response to Marjorie's peculiar body language.

It occurred to him that she must know something, as the mention of Jacqueline's name would not have prompted such an extreme reaction from her otherwise.

"What is it that you like to know about her?" Marjorie lifted her cup to her lips and took a swig from it. She eked out a stiff smile as she tried to keep her unease in check.

Shane then looked to Natalie who swept back her own tresses back before she spoke. "It's like this, Mrs. Larson. Do you used to know Mrs. Brown quite well?"

"Mrs. Brown? Might you be referring to the Brown family who became insolvent?" said Marjorie as she met her eyes.

"Yes, that's right." Affirmed Natalie with a nod.

"I used to until they declared bankruptcy and moved away, and we've lost contact with them ever since. What has this got to do with the questions you wanted to ask about Jacqueline, though?" Marjorie replied genially.

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“Quite a lot, actually. I’ve met with Mrs. Brown previously, and she told me that she heard something pertaining to Jacqueline right here at your place. Specifically, it has to do with a fatal incident that Jacqueline caused some eighteen years ago. We’ve come to you in the hope of being able to better understand what that was about,” Natalie explained.

Shane then regarded Marjorie intently. “Mrs. Brown mentioned that you’ve happened to have overheard it in passing, so I’d like for you to tell me everything that you’ve learned.”

With her head bowed in silence, it was difficult to guess what was going through Marjorie’s mind.

That prompted Natalie to tighten her grip on her own hands. “Please, Mrs. Larson. This is very important to us.”

The woman looked up, first at Natalie, then at Shane, and exhaled. It would seem that she had sorted out her own thoughts. “You wish to find out whether Jacqueline has anything to do with your parent’s death, is that it?” Upon hearing that, Shane and Natalie exchanged knowing looks.

It was apparent to them that this woman before them definitely knew something that they did not.

“So you do know that Jacqueline had something to do with my parents’ death.” Shane glared at Marjorie coldly.

Marjorie averted her gaze. “Yes. Yes, I do.”

“Yet, you kept quiet about it in spite of everything, and only told it to Mrs. Brown and the others. Whose death did Jacqueline cause, exactly?” Natalie asked once more.

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With her face buried in her own hands, Marjorie sniffled. "I'm sorry that I couldn't say anything and also lacked the courage to back then. That night, I was attending a banquet and had a little too much to drink, so I went out to the backyard to clear my head. That was when I overheard the conversation between Mrs. Graham and Jacqueline."

"Please continue, Mrs. Larson," Natalie said in an encouraging tone as she held Shane's hand.

Marjorie nodded. "Since you came all the way here, I will. I've always known that someone will come asking eventually, so I'm going to tell you everything. That night, I heard Mrs. Graham press Jacqueline for her reasons for harming Mr. and Mrs. Graham. The girl stated that it was because Mrs. Graham found out about her true nature and wanted to disown her as her god-daughter. That was what motivated Jacqueline to act against them."

"I see," said Natalie as she bit her lip.

So Jacqueline had Shane's mother killed because she uncovered what Jacqueline was really like. To think that such a monstrous person has survived till now.

With his fists clenched, Shane's body shivered in a murderous rage, for he had never expected this to be Jacqueline's justification for killing his parents.

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Have they not treated her well enough?

Had he known earlier, he would not have continued to have someone care for Jacqueline for ten years on account of her being his mother's goddaughter.

He thought he should have taken her off life support when she got into the traffic accident and rued being the one who brought his own parent's murderer back to life.

That made him feel that he had let his parents down.

Natalie clasped his fingers when she sensed the mood he was in. "Let's try to stay calm for now, Shane. Shall we hear Mrs. Larson out and see what else she has to say?"

The woman's gentle voice brought back some of Shane's capacity for reason.

He took in a deep drawl and closed his eyes before he forced himself to settle down into a slight frown. "Do continue, Mrs. Larson."

"Okay." Marjorie nodded. "I was really stunned when I heard this. How could a ten-year-old girl be so vicious as to go as far as to commit murder? What shocked me, even more, was what Jacqueline did to Mrs. Graham."

"Did Jacqueline also do something to her own mother?" asked an astounded Natalie.

Marjorie grunted under her breath. "Yes. Mrs. Graham might have realized the gravity of her own daughter's crime and was prepared to have her turn herself in. What I would never have expected was for Jacqueline to threaten to kill herself if Mrs. Graham forcibly took her to the police and cause the Grahams to lose their own child forever. Mrs. Graham was driven to tears that time, and

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lamented how they could have brought that monster of a child into this world who made them barren.”

That caused Natalie to hold her breath, and even Shane’s brows perked up in astonishment.

“Jacqueline caused her own parents to become sterile?” Natalie swallowed hard.

Marjorie affirmed that with a nod. “Jacqueline behaved really haughtily back then. She told them that it was their fault for wanting more kids which she felt would deprive her of resources and their love. Hence, she decided to drug them and make them impotent, making her the only child they would ever have for the rest of their lives. That was what made Mrs. Graham forgo the idea of making Jacqueline turn herself in.”

“That was because she knew that Jacqueline would be the only child that would be conceived between Mr. Graham and herself, ever. As a mother, I’m not surprised that Mrs. Graham did what she did,” said Natalie with her eyes lowered.

Mrs. Graham’s decision couldn’t be categorically considered right or wrong, because had they turned Jacqueline in, she would likely be kept away from them forever.

At just ten years of age, even if Jacqueline could not be sentenced, the authorities would not have allowed Jacqueline to continue living freely in society in consideration of her antisocial personality disorder. That would mean that she would be detained somewhere indefinitely.

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Natalie reckoned that Sisley must have realized this and thus decided to drop the idea in the end. Though she understood the woman's dilemma, she found herself unable to concur with the decision she made.

"Sheer foolishness." Shane was conversely a lot more critical of Sisley.

There's no other way to describe someone who would indulge such a monster.

Marjorie glanced over at Shane. "You're right about that, Mr. Shane. Mrs. Graham's decision was foolish, and as a result, she paid a terrible price for it herself."

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"Huh?" Natalie narrowed her eyes. "What does that mean?"

"Ten years ago, the Grahams declared bankruptcy, and both Mr. and Mrs. Graham passed on soon after. This was not from the blow dealt by their insolvency, but of Jacqueline's doing." said the horrified Marjorie.

Natalie's eyes widened, and she felt her own skin crawl. "Do you mean to suggest that Jacqueline killed her own parents?"

"I can't say for sure that she did, but knowing what Jacqueline did to your parents, I suddenly felt the compulsion to have someone look into the death of the Grahams. Jacqueline's presence seemed to be persistent every step of the

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way, so I'm guessing that she must definitely have something to do with the unusual circumstances surrounding her parents' deaths. I can't be as certain as for whether she was the one who did them in herself though," Majorie said, shaking her head.

Shane stood to his feet. "Regardless, the fact that this could be traced back to her means that she won't be able to get away scot-free."

"I agree," Natalie concurred.

Shane then looked to Marjorie. "You said that you did not dare to share what you heard with anyone else before. Why?"

Marjorie smiled bitterly. "It was because I was discovered. Jacqueline walked away smugly after Mrs. Graham gave up on getting her to turn herself in. I felt sorry for the woman who was sobbing away while bent over on the ground on her own. I could not help but sigh, and that's when Mrs. Graham heard me."

"Did she threaten you?" Natalie asked.

The woman nodded, then shook her head. "You could put it that way. The Grahams and us Larsons were business partners, but we were on a less solid footing than they were. Mrs. Graham made me promise not to say this to anyone at the threat of repercussions against our family, and that was why I've never mentioned this to anyone before."

"Looks like the charitable spirit Mr. Wangton spoke glowingly of had its limits," sneered Natalie.

If the Grahams were as kindly as they made themselves out to be, they probably wouldn't have issued such threats against anyone's loved ones.

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Perhaps they did do enough good in their time to justify the plaudits they received but apparently, they weren't saints either.

"Since you've agreed not to divulge this, why did you choose to share it with Mrs. Brown and the others afterward?" Shane's eyes were riveted on Marjorie as he asked.

"I was really close to them so my intentions were to warn them to steer clear of the Grahams, especially that monster Jacqueline. That was why I told them that she caused someone's death without specifying whose."

With that, she straightened herself up and bowed toward Shane. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Shane. I really did not mean to withhold this. All I wanted to do was to protect my family. I've told you everything you wanted to know just like you asked, so I hope that you won't hold it against us."

Shane silently regarded her before he turned to walk out, which led Marjorie to look toward Natalie in uncertainty.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Larson. My husband doesn't blame you since you were being threatened back then. But I do hope that you'd be willing to come forward and testify against Jacqueline should this case ever go to trial," said Natalie with a smile.

"As I should," replied Marjorie in the affirmative.

Natalie smiled once more. "Thank you, Mrs. Larson, and goodbye."

With that, she turned and took off after Shane who she found waiting by the car for her.

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When she approached, he pulled her into his arms by the hand and held onto her fast. "I had always thought that the second culprit would be one of my parents' business rivals. Never have I expected that it'd turn out to be Jacqueline."

Under the impression before that the second perpetrator must have been a collective, it never occurred to him that she could have been a single individual, much less a ten-year-old Jacqueline Graham.

"Yes. Nobody could have seen that coming. No one could have fathomed how scheming and vicious Jacqueline could be at her tender age," said Natalie who went on to comfort him as she spoke.

She then felt his arms wound even tighter around her. "Now I really hate myself."

"Huh?" Natalie looked up at him. "Why?"

"I've always had an exclusive education from young. If I wasn't with Grandpa, I'd be overseas. Rarely was I ever around my own parents, and that was why my mother had taken on Jacqueline as her goddaughter. All because it was she who visited often and enabled my mother to experience the joy of parenting. Jacqueline also came by my house after my parent's passing. That was also when she and I became close."

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“What happened afterward?” Natalie had her eyes closed and played the part of an attentive audience.

“She often told me how well my parents treated her and how much she missed them. I slowly came to accept her as I thought she was really fond of them, and even felt grateful to her for being there to keep them company in my absence.”

“Which was why you saved her when she met with an accident and never gave up on her in the ten years that she was in a vegetative state? Was that why you continued to be nice to her even after she came to?” Natalie said.

Shane nodded. “That’s right. It was entirely on my parents’ accord that I treated her well. Never could I have expected for her to be one of those responsible for causing their death. My generosity toward her turned out to be a joke. I even feel that I’ve somehow let my parents down.”

Natalie felt her man’s self-reproach and guilt. That did not make her feel good either.

She placed a hand on his chest. “It’s not your fault as you couldn’t have known any better, so I believe that Dad and Mom won’t blame you for it. At worst, we can go visit them to apologize after we’ve caught Jacqueline. I’m sure they’ll surely forgive you.”

Shane ran his fingers through her soft curls. “Here’s hoping.”

They had not managed to locate Jacqueline and still had no idea where she could be after all this time.

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If left to her own devices, she could not possibly have managed to continue to elude them. Hence, he was convinced that someone must be assisting her from the sidelines.

He had no inkling as to who that might be. It could not be the Gunns as they were already on their last legs and were, as such, unlikely to have any resources to spare toward any distant relations.

Whoever has been helping Jacqueline has to be someone else. The question was who? Was it Sean, or...

It occurred to him that Sean and Jacqueline got in touch once when his relations were frosty with Natalie.

He, therefore, suspected that there must be more to their meeting than Sean simply asking after Natalie. There had to be another angle to it.

As for what that was, he had a good hunch about it. The answer to that rested with that video inside of his mailbox.

That recording was filmed by Jacqueline, so she must be in possession of the original. Jacqueline had every intention of coming between Natalie and himself, as did Sean.

Therefore, there was a distinct possibility that those two might still be working together; Jacqueline handed the video over to Sean who, in turn, had it rerouted to him.

Going by this line of logic, everything else seemed to fall into place.

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Wherever Jacqueline may be holed up, it was highly probable that it was Sean who made the arrangements. If Sean was involved, then perhaps Jacqueline might not even be inside J City anymore.

The more Shane thought about it, the more severe his expression grew.

Natalie was about to check in with him when her cell phone rang, so that conversation took a backseat. When she pulled out her phone, she found that it was a call from Jared.

“Jared?” said Natalie when she picked up.

She heard Jared’s kindness come through from the other end. “Harrison has just got in touch with Susan, Nat.”

“What?” Natalie narrowed her eyes. “Stay on the line.”

She lowered her phone and looked toward Shane. “Is Warren still in Mr. Campbell’s custody, Darling?”

Shane nodded. “Yes.”

After Warren received Susan’s call, he tried to run because he knew that the cat was out of the bag. That was how Silas’ men nabbed him.

They were still holding him and yet to turn him over to the police, as they were still planning to do that in concert with Susan’s capture.

“What about Susan?” she asked again.

In her eagerness to relay that rotten bit of business between Harrison and Susan, she almost forgot to inquire about Susan’s whereabouts.

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“Still in J City. Susan and Harrison have arranged to meet up at the airport, but she doesn’t know that Warren has been caught. She was in the opinion that he might have been delayed and has thus been waiting for him at a hotel,” replied Shane.

The reason why he did not have Silas send anyone after Susan was because of Donald.

If Susan was captured, who would be there to take care of the boy if he had suddenly taken ill?

He was not going to have anyone take care of Donald because he was not his own kid.

Besides, Susan did not have the influence of Jacqueline or Sean. She was not capable of slipping away under his nose, so he thought he might as well allow her to take care of the boy as he could always try to get her at a later time.

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“Understood.” Natalie nodded before she got back to the call. “Didn’t you say that Harrison contacted Susan? What did he tell her?”

“I’ve no idea as he won’t let me listen in. But Harrison called me over afterward and asked to have the police brought to his ward at two in the afternoon tomorrow,” Jared replied.

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Natalie pursed her lips. "Bring the police to his ward? What's he up to?"

Shane also had his eyes on the phone.

"I'm not sure about that, but he seemed quite serious about it. Determined too. So I guess he must be plotting something. Should I play along, Nat?" Jared asked.

Natalie turned to Shane. "What do you think, Darling?"

"Do it." Shane assented. "Whatever he has in mind, he can't touch us with the police around."

"True, that." Natalie saw the rationale of it and spoke back into the phone. "Go ahead, and tell Harrison that we'll be there."

"Okay. I'm going to hang up now." Jared grunted.

Once the call concluded, Shane went on to open the car door. "Let's head back first. The kids must be missing us by now."

Natalie smiled and got in.

Back at the Thompson villa, Shane spent some time with the children before he headed over to the study.

Mrs. Wilson had a glass of milk brought to Natalie. "Is Mr. Shane alright, madam? He doesn't seem quite himself."

As much as Shane tried to mask it, his gloominess remained discernible.

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Natalie exhaled after she received the glass from her, and told her all about their visit to Rhys and Marjorie earlier in the day.

Mrs. Wilson held a hand over her mouth and let out a gasp. "Good grief. So it was Jacqueline. Isn't she just ten years old eighteen years ago? How could she have been so wicked?"

"Yeah. Whoever said that children were like little angels forgot that they could be devils too." Natalie lamented.

Actually, when Connor was two and established to possess high intelligence, the doctor reminded her repeatedly to raise him well. Children as gifted as he was far and few in between. If not guided properly, it would be possible for him to tread down the wrong path.

Once a person of high intellectual capacity fell by the wayside, the consequences would be unimaginable.

That was why she was relieved that Jacqueline only had her dark predisposition and not the brilliance that Connor possessed, for it would have been disastrous for them otherwise.

"I'm tired, Mommy," the yawning Sharon said as she tugged at Natalie's arm.

Natalie caressed her cheeks. "All right. Let me take you upstairs."

With that, she led her two children toward the steps, and by the time she had coaxed them both to bed, it was already quite late.

She checked in at the bedroom first and discovered that Shane had yet to turn in, hence she closed the door and made her way over to the study.

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Natalie rapped on the door when she arrived outside.

"Is it you, Mrs. Wilson? Come on in." Came Shane's weary voice from the inside.

"It's me," said Natalie as she pushed her way through.

Shane was seated at his desk and looked up when he heard her voice. "Still up?"

"How would I be able to rest when you are not back in." Natalie closed the door behind her before she approached. "Have you gotten past it?"

Shane reached out and held her hand before he guided her over onto his lap. "I'm past it. I was thinking about how Jacqueline managed to lure my parents onto that road and then manipulate Sam into finishing her dirty deed for her."

"If you can't figure it out now, then stop trying to. Wouldn't we be able to uncover everything when we catch Jacqueline herself?" Natalie replied while she stroked his face.

Shane tamed her wayward hand. "What about yourself? Have you?"

Natalie was mildly stunned as she knew he was asking about that surveillance footage she saw earlier; the one which showed her how her own mother died and caused her to collapse emotionally before.

That was why he was still concerned.

Natalie wrapped her arms around his neck. "I'll be able to, so long as I have you with me."

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So what if I can't? Mom's dead, and there's no bringing her back. So instead of being sad, I might as well turn my focus onto getting my revenge.

"As will I. I'm so glad to have you." Shane held her quietly and whispered while his chin rested on her shoulder.

It was her constant presence by his side and the comfort and counsel she provided that sustained him.

He imagined that he might not have been able to keep his composure when he found out that Sam and Jacqueline were behind his parents' death and would likely have sought them out and killed them outright.

It was because of her and their two children that he was able to keep his violent tendencies and thirst for vengeance in check.

Otherwise, how were they to cope if he were to end up in prison?

With that in view, Shane nibbled at Natalie's neck. "I've never thanked you, honey, for coming into my life. I can't imagine what sort of a man I would have been without you."

Perhaps a cold-blooded and vengeful man or an emotionless money-making machine.

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Natalie patted him on the back. "All right, all right. What are you getting all mushy on me for? I can't get used to this."

Shane chuckled under his breath and continued to peck at her nape.

Unable to resist the ticklishness, Natalie started to put up a little resistance. "Okay, enough. Let go now. It tickles!"

Shane was not relenting. On the contrary, his lips quickly traced their way down the length of her neck and onto her collarbone. "Seems like it's almost time."

"Time for what?" Natalie was stumped for a moment there.

The man temporarily relinquished his hold on her nape and lifted his eyes to regard her. "Three months. The doctor said that the baby would be stabilized in three months, and you'd become available."

Natalie blushed, simultaneously surprised and a little peeved. "Don't tell me that you've been counting down the days?"

Shane snorted his silent admission.

Natalie was positively bemused. "Jeez..."

"Give it to me." Shane interrupted and regarded her with a longing in his eyes that certainly reflected how arduous these past three months had been for him.

As a grown person herself, she had her own biological impulses too, so she was not able to turn him down this time.

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Finally, she exhaled. "Just be careful."

Seeing that she had consented, Shane's thin lips curled into a grin. "Don't worry. I'll be very gentle."

With that, he swept her up into his arms and took her to the couch.

Shane approached it as delicately as he promised, and Natalie felt no discomfort in her abdomen.

It went to show that apart from counting down the days, he had been doing his homework with regard to the intensity he should be applying.

Worn out, Natalie fell fast asleep.

Shane carried her back to the room and tucked her in before he retrieved a box of cigarettes and a lighter. He then headed out to the balcony.

There was where he stayed for some time and made two or three phone calls in between. After which, he went to shower off the scent of tobacco from himself and slipped into bed holding Natalie.

On the following day, Natalie made a trip down to the police station as Harrison requested. She waited till one in the afternoon before she set off for the hospital in the company of Jared and two or three officers.

Shane was not there as he had some matters to see to over at Thompson Group. Unable to make it in time, he could only join them when everything was settled on his end.

It was ten minutes to two when they reached the hospital.

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Jared looked to Natalie. "Shall we head on in, Nat?"

She considered that and finally shook her head. "Harrison told us to come at two, so two it is. It's only ten minutes so let's wait outside."

"Okay." Jared nodded before he headed over to the elevator with the police officers.

Soon, they arrived on the floor where Harrison was warded.

The five stepped out of the elevator and stood somewhere in the corridor not too far from where Harrison was. They were to monitor the time and wait until it was almost two before they entered.

Inside the ward, Susan was there in front of the bed engaged in conversation with the bed-ridden Harrison.

A physically frail but visibly disappointed Harrison said, "Why? Haven't I treated you well enough? Why did you have to betray me like this?"

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Intrinsically guilty to begin with, Susan's contrite only grew when she heard what he said. "You were great to me, but I've never felt that way for you. The one I love has always been Warren."

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"Then why did you come and seduce me twenty years ago?" Harrison's eyes widened with rage.

Indeed, he started an affair with Susan all those years ago, but the truth was, it was Susan who initiated things by coming onto him first.

That day, the project that he was in charge of went awry. Consequently, it was taken off his hands by an irate Yulia whose decision received the firm support of the shareholders. Harrison was even castigated for insisting on handling things himself as opposed to passing it over to her right from the beginning. He was also saddled with the blame for the fallout that ensued.

Embarrassed, Harrison saw his male pride take a massive blow. He keenly felt those shareholders' mockery and disregard for him, and how they thought him less capable than his own wife.

In a fit of anger, he went off to the club where he shared a few drinks with his no-good friends. It was also there that he met Susan Sullivan.

Susan was young and pretty, and capable of being demure and alluring in equal measure. That was something that a career woman like Yulia could never muster.

She matched his ideal of what a woman should be like; one who existed to serve men. He thought that there was no reason for a woman to compete with men in the corporate arena. In spite of Yulia being well aware that he was a proud man, she purposefully showed him up in front of so many shareholders.

That really upset him and drove his desire to get back at her, and under Susan's intentional enticement, he erred.

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He had previously been panicky and perturbed afterward as he was worried that Yulia would discover his infidelity. But mostly, the betrayal of his own wife thrilled him and made him feel a debased sense of superiority. Since you won't let me keep my dignity intact, Yulia Lawrence, then don't blame me for letting you bear the shame of being cuckolded.

This cocktail of excitement and superiority complex was addictive, and so he went to seek out Susan whenever he was displeased with Yulia. Only with Susan was he able to regain the pride of a man and experience what it was like to be master of the house. This was how he and Susan were acquainted.

Susan's confession that she had never loved him thus came to him as quite a shock. "Why? For the money, of course!" Susan twitched her lips. "Warren and I have been together since twenty years ago. Because we were born poor, he and I sought to hook ourselves up with some wealthy people so that we may continue to stay and live in J City."

That made everything clear to Harrison. It was a pity that only his face was capable of movement after the stroke he had suffered. "You... So the person you targeted was me?"

"That's right. We've investigated many rich men in J City. Those who were too wealthy were out of our reach, and those who had too little weren't to our liking. In the end, we settled for you."

Susan regarded the agitated Harrison with derision. "You were born humble like us and only able to establish Smith Group by piggybacking on the rather well-to-do Yulia. To put it bluntly, you lived off on your own wife while convincing yourself of your own greatness in spite of being as bereft of business acuity as you are. That was why you couldn't stand that Yulia was more established than you are in the company and was jealous of her capability."

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"Rubbish!" Harrison's grizzled face turned red with rage.

How could he be bereft of business acuity? How could he have been jealous of Yulia?

He dismissed those as the woman's fabrications.

"Rubbish?" Susan had a hand over her mouth in a halfhearted attempt to suppress her own boisterous laughter. "You should know better than anyone else whether that's the truth, Harrison Smith, except that you're just too proud to admit it. Just like you keep telling yourself that it was you who made her Mrs. Smith when it was really you who was riding on her tailcoats."

"S-Shut up!" Harrison howled.

Susan rolled her eyes. "I don't want to. Since you already found out about Warren and me, I'm going to let it all out today. Like you, we came from a similar background, and likewise, we also refuse to accept our station in life. So we understand perfectly how you think. We know that you can't stand being outshone by Yulia and would only grow in resentment of her. That's why I used that as an entry point to get close to you, and predictably, it worked like a charm..."

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