

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 320

Having said that, Natalie raised her leg, preparing to step over both of them.

Just as Natalie passed Shane, he grabbed hold of her arm and jerked her towards him. Glaring, he demanded, "I'm going to ask you again. What happened to your eyes?"

This woman is really trying to get away from me!

Jacqueline suddenly came to upon hearing Shane's words. Natalie had indeed just emerged from the Ophthalmology Department. Jacqueline hurriedly snuck a look at Natalie's eyes and saw that they were indeed rather red. The smile that had been hovering on Jacqueline's face instantly vanished.

Natalie could not feign ignorance in the face of such direct questioning. Dismayed, she fidgeted with the bag in her hand as she muttered, "Smoke got into them. It's slightly infected."

"They are infected?" Jacqueline broke in before Shane could respond. She was quite agitated that she raised her voice.

Puzzled at what she felt was a rather extreme reaction from Jacqueline, Natalie answered, "Yep."

Jacqueline went pale. She wrestled free from Shane's grip and staggered over to Natalie.

Despite Natalie's confused expression, Jacqueline reached out and took Natalie's face with both hands savagely. "Natalie, didn't I tell you to take care of your eyes properly? Why didn't you listen to me? How could you let your eyes get infected? Don't you know that once your eyes get infected, your vision will deteriorate?"

"I... I know that," Natalie stammered, bewildered by Jacqueline's sudden burst of anger. She could only barely manage a nod in the face of Jacqueline's fury.

It was also Shane's first time seeing this side of Jacqueline. He was stunned for a moment, then yanked her hands away from Natalie's face. He helped Jacqueline back as gently as he could.

"Jacqueline, what are you doing?" Shane asked in a harsh tone. He looked at Natalie's flushed cheeks and Jacqueline, who was panting slightly with distress. His face looked glum.

At the note of indignation in Shane's voice, Jacqueline snapped back to reality and composed herself.

Realizing what she had just done, Jacqueline panicked. She immediately clutched Natalie's hands in hers and said apologetically, "I'm very sorry, Ms. Smith. I must have scared you! I didn't do it on purpose. I was thinking about my own eyes, so..."

Midway through her hasty apology, Jacqueline dropped Natalie's hands, covered her own face, and started sobbing.

Natalie was baffled at the sight of a distraught Jacqueline.

Wait, ain't I the victim here? Isn't she the one who frightened and hurt me? Why is she the one crying instead? Natalie wondered. An ignorant observer might have presumed that Natalie was the bully in this situation.

Natalie massaged the sides of her face and turned her gaze towards Shane, who was standing aside. "Mr. Shane, what did Ms. Graham mean? What about her eyes?"

"Jacqueline was in an accident many years ago. It damaged her corneas," Shane replied evenly, darting a look towards the crying Jacqueline.

"So that's why she's so upset." Recognition dawned upon Natalie. She nodded. So that's why Jacqueline's eyes always looked rather dull and not focused! I'd only assumed that it was because she wasn't feeling energetic that day.

Does this mean that the spare corneas Jackson previously reserved at Stanford Hospital were meant for Jacqueline?

“All right, stop crying,” Shane tenderly took Jacqueline’s hands from her face and consoled her.

Jacqueline stopped. She turned to look at Natalie with swollen eyes and said, “Ms. Smith, I’m only impatient with those who don’t treasure their eyes because I’m almost blind myself. That’s why I lost control of my emotions just now. I’m terribly sorry. Will you forgive me?” Jacqueline stuttered between sobs.

Looking at Jacqueline’s pitiful state, Natalie could not bring herself to hold a grudge against her. Natalie forced a smile onto her own face as she said, “Don’t worry, I forgive you.”

“That’s great! You’re too kind, Ms. Smith,” Jacqueline said gratefully.

Am I really being kind? Natalie wondered, scratching her head in embarrassment. “Thank you for the compliment, Ms. Graham. But it’s getting late, and I should get going.”