

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 432

Shane's face sank.

He had actually dismissed the notion to seek revenge after listening to her recount how Stanley had helped her through her darkest time.

However, after listening to her defending the psychopath, the man was vexed.

"You're going to make amends for his mistake? How are you going to do that?" Shane crossed his legs, his tone frigid.

"I don't know." Stumped by the question, Natalie lowered her head.

She had not given her words much thought before she blurted it all out.

The boarding announcement rang in the background, and Shane got up from the sofa. "Okay, fine. We'll talk about this later. I won't do anything to him, but I have my condition. He has to make sure that he doesn't step on my tail ever again!"

"No, he won't. Joyce has arranged for him to undergo therapy overseas. He will not be back anymore." A hint of delight fled across her eyes.

"Okay, I'm boarding now," Shane said as he headed toward the VIP line.

"Have a safe flight," Natalie said her goodbyes and put down her phone.

Incidentally, Joyce was back from making her call. "Nat, my uncles abroad had agreed to look for a doctor, you..."

"And Mr. Shane has agreed to let things slide with Stanley," Natalie said as she took a seat.

Joyce was stunned and then held her hands as she beamed with joy. "Really, Nat? Is this for real?"

“Yep, I just mentioned it him.” Natalie shook her phone in front of Joyce.

Overjoyed, the latter circled her into an embrace. “That’s great! Thank you, Nat. I knew you’d be successful, and look! Mr. Shane really likes you.”

Natalie’s smile froze on her face.

Did he agree to it in a heartbeat because he likes me?

She still found the notion somewhat implausible, laughable even.

“Okay, Joyce.” Natalie pushed her friend away gently and asked, “When are you planning to take him overseas for therapy?”

“We’ll leave in the afternoon. The sooner, the better.” Joyce sighed. “I’ve even booked the tickets.”

“Will he agree to go with you?” Natalie bit down on her lip. That was her greatest concern.

Joyce smiled. “Don’t worry about it. I’ve communicated this to the hospital. They will sedate him.”

“Alright, them.” Natalie smiled and said goodbye. “Well, then I’ll send you guys off in the afternoon. I have to get to the studio. My work is not going to do itself.”

“Sure.” Joyce nodded in response.

Natalie waved at her, and took one last look at Stanley's ward before turning around to leave.

In the afternoon, Natalie went to the airport on time to send Joyce and Stanley off.

It was uncertain how long Joyce would be away. With that, Natalie would have to be responsible for the studio on her own from then onward.

Time flew by, and it was already two days after Stanley and Joyce had left.

Natalie was arranging for shipment in her studio when she suddenly got a call from the police station, requesting her presence.

When she finally got there, the police had told her a piece of grave news—Jasmine was released from prison.

"Why has she been released?" Natalie clenched her fist tight and asked, puzzled by the turn of events.

It was impossible for her to get a bail since the evidence of her plagiarism was solid.

The police said apologetically, "It's been arranged by your father."

"Harrison?" Natalie bit down on her lip. "What did he do?"

"Two days ago, after Harrison paid a visit to Jasmine, she went crazy. Then, after extensive examination by multiple professionals, she was diagnosed with a mental disorder."

“Ms. Smith, as you are well aware, our country is very lenient with mental disorder patients. As a result of her condition, she has been transferred to a mental hospital.”

Frustrated, Natalie berated, “Jasmine has gone crazy right after Harrison visited her. How can there be such a coincidence in the world? It’s obvious that she’s faking it!”

“We understand that it might be her ploy to get out of jail, but we do not have the concrete evidence to support our claim as every doctor who has examined her has produced the exact same diagnosis.” The police were at a loss too.