

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 433

The main problem was that Jasmine's acting skills were too good that even the doctors were fooled.

Natalie was infuriated.

She had not expected Jasmine to be able to get out of the prison in such a fashion after being sentenced to jail.

She had underestimated both Jasmine and Harrison—the pair of despicable father and daughter.

“Which mental hospital is she currently committed to?” Natalie asked, furrowing her brows.

The police gave her with a piece of name card.

Taking a quick glance, she thanked them. Immediately, she left and drove towards the mental hospital where Jasmine was.

She was adamant to check out whether her sister was genuinely mad or pretended to be mad!

Very soon, the mental hospital loomed at the distance.

Natalie enquired about Jasmine's location at the front desk before walking towards the elevator.

Within two minutes, she had found Jasmine's ward.

She found that the door was open, and Jasmine was plopped on the ground. A nurse was bending down trying to pull her up.

Jasmine, however, was struggling and kicking. Refusing to get up, she was throwing tantrums at the poor nurse.

Seeing Jasmine in such a condition, Natalie could not help but feel that she had indeed gone crazy.

Ahem. Natalie knocked on the door and cleared her throat.

Caught by surprise, the nurse stood up and stared at her before asking, "Who are you?"

"I'm her relative. I've heard that she has gone mad as a hatter and dropped by to check her out myself," Natalie explained while pointing to her own head.

The nurse did not doubt her identity, but rather smiled and replied, "In that case, I'll just leave you alone with her."

"Alright," Natalie nodded.

The nurse left.

Stepping into the ward, Natalie proceeded to walk in a circle around Jasmine who was on the floor before stopping in front of the latter and sneered, "I see that you're pretty good in putting up an act!"

Jasmine appeared not to hear her. Instead, she was muttering something under her breath while pulling the Barbie doll's hair in her hand.

Feeling impatient, Natalie squatted down, lifted Jasmine's chin, and proceeded to warn, "Snap out of it! I know you're just bluffing. You're not really crazy, aren't you?"

Jasmine remained irresponsive. Her eyes were all over the place and unfocused. Mayhap she indeed had a few screws loose in her head.

Natalie could only frown deeper.

The Jasmine she had known in the past would have easily lost her temper at her goading. Instead, she remained impassive and nutty. In order to avoid jail, Jasmine had been able to keep up her act and ignored provocations— which conversely was something really admirable.

Seeing Jasmine in front of her, Natalie was tempted to test how long her crazy sister could keep pretending!

With this intention in mind, Natalie rolled her eyes and pushed Jasmine abruptly.

Seemingly taken by surprise, Jasmine fell onto the ground without any resistance. The Barbie doll she was holding flew out of her hands, stunning her.

A few seconds later, her lips twitched as she put her hands up to her eyes like a child and started bawling, “Mom, mom! Bad woman hits me! Boohoo... Baddie hits me...”

The sounds of hurried footsteps could be heard coming from outside the door.

In the next second, Susan stepped into the ward, carrying a thermal food jar in her hand.

Seeing the state Jasmine was in, Susan quickly put aside the thermal food jar and hurriedly stepped forward to pull her up. Patting her back, Susan comforted her, “Now, now. Good girl. Don’t cry. My dear Jas, don’t cry.”

Natalie could only stand and looked on blankly at the unfolding scene before her.

Did Susan just soothe Jasmine like a small child?

Her sister's performance thus far had exceeded her expectations indeed. Whether her sister was genuinely mad or pretended to be so, she had hoped to expose Jasmine's lies with that sudden push.

Alas, she had not expected Jasmine to endure and did not give anything away.

Soon, Jasmine's sobs gradually grew softer before finally falling asleep in Susan's arms.

Susan put her mad daughter on the bed and covered her in her blanket. Turning her head towards Natalie fiercely, she hissed, "Oh, you little b*tch! What are you here for? You've sent Jas to prison and caused her to go mad. Now you're back to torment her. Would you be satisfied only after my dear Jas had died by your hands?"

Hearing these words, Natalie could only sneer and asked, "Since when did I torment her?"

Gritting her teeth, Susan accused, "Didn't you just now? If you did not lay your filthy hands on her, Jas would not have cried!"

Natalie blinked her eyes innocently and retorted, "Oh, come on! I did not bully her! I'm merely confirming whether she's really crazy."