

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 466 - 470

In horror, Natalie stumbled backward involuntarily and almost fell.

Shane quickly let go of the hospital bed and gripped Natalie in alarm, pulling her into his arms. "What's wrong?"

Natalie looked after the departing hospital bed, then composed herself. When she turned to smile at Shane, it was almost a grimace. "It's nothing. I was just surprised by Ms. Graham's scars."

Shane nodded in understanding.

To the unsuspecting eye, the scars indeed presented a rather horrifying image. When Shane had first encountered them, he'd also been rather stunned.

Afterward, when he had gotten used to it, they'd ceased to bother him.

"Jacqueline got her scars from multiple operations," Shane explained to Natalie as they walked towards Jacqueline's hospital room.

Natalie had almost recovered her wits entirely by then. She tilted her head and looked at Shane curiously. "Has Ms. Graham really gone for so many operations?"

"Yep. A tumor grew in Jacqueline's head when she was in a vegetative state. Due to its location, No doctor dared to remove it completely. The portion of the tumor that was left behind kept growing, so multiple surgeries had to be done to keep it in check," Shane said, sighing.

"Ah, I see." Comprehension dawned on Natalie, and she nodded. "Then, has the tumor in Ms. Graham's head been completely removed by Stanley?"

Shane nodded again.

One had to admit that Stanley's surgical skills were unparalleled.

His character, however, was an entirely different matter altogether.

Natalie and Shane eventually arrived at Jacqueline's room.

Shane entered first, with Natalie in tow. Jacqueline had woken up by then and was sitting in bed propped up by pillows. Jackson was waiting on her with water.

When Jacqueline saw them enter, her face darkened. She pushed the cup of water away from her lips brusquely.

Jackson resignedly returned the cup to the bedside table and threw the straw away. He turned, beaming, towards Shane and Natalie. "What took you both so long?" he asked.

"We were held up on the way here," Shane answered briefly. Turning towards the pale Jacqueline and, his expression softened. "Are you feeling better?"

Jacqueline shook her head but did not reply.

Perceiving that Jacqueline was in a disagreeable mood, Shane pursed his lips and said to Jackson and Natalie, "You two head out first. I'll have a chat with Jacqueline alone."

Natalie guessed what was on Shane's mind and left the room. Jackson followed behind her.

The two of them walked over to some seats along the corridor and sat down.

"When did you start dating Shane?" Jackson asked casually, reclining in his seat with his hands crossed behind his head.

Natalie darted a glance at the hospital room they'd just come out from. "Last night."

"Last night?" Jackson blinked. "I thought it would at least have been a few days ago. After all, Shane hasn't come to the hospital to visit Jacqueline for a few days at least."

Not even once?

Natalie was taken aback by this information. She ruffled her hair to conceal her astonishment, then commented, "He was probably too busy."

"Perhaps," Jackson replied. He shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. His gaze, however, was fixed steadfastly on the floor, and Natalie couldn't guess what was running through his mind.

Natalie was not too familiar with Jackson. She remained beside him in companionable silence.

The long wait, however, made Natalie feel rather restless and uneasy. Thankfully, the door of the hospital room soon opened, and Shane walked out.

Natalie and Jackson sprang to their feet.

"Is it over?" Natalie asked anxiously, looking up at him.

Shane nodded. "Jacqueline wants to say a few words to you."

"To me?" Natalie pointed at herself, nonplussed.

Shane nodded again. "Go on in."

"All right," Natalie said hesitantly. She walked past Shane and entered the hospital room.

Jacqueline was sitting up in bed. She hastily wiped the tears from her face the moment she caught sight of Natalie. Turning to Natalie with swollen eyes, Jacqueline said, "Congratulations on getting together with Shane."

Natalie could detect more than a hint of bitterness in Jacqueline's voice. She sighed wearily. "Thank you."

Jacqueline looked at her haughtily. "Why are you thanking me? What do you have to thank me for? Do you really think I'm congratulating you?"

Bemused, Natalie replied, "I knew that you weren't really..."

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 467

"If you knew that, why did you bother thanking me? Are you just rubbing it in my face?" Jacqueline broke in. "Are you trying to show off to me that you're together with Shane?"

"I'm not!" Natalie retorted.

Jacqueline refused to believe her. Quivering, Jacqueline said, "Natalie, I've really been mistaken about you. Do you think you're being fair to me?"

"What?" Natalie's mouth twitched. Jacqueline's harsh accusations left Natalie rather confounded.

Jacqueline turned to Natalie with a look of absolute loathing. "Don't tell me you don't remember what I told you before about staying away from Shane?"

Natalie nodded uncertainly. "I remember."

That had occurred when Stanley was first admitted to the hospital following his accident. Jacqueline had come to visit Stanley and bumped into Natalie instead. Jacqueline had issued that warning to Natalie then.

Jacqueline's voice rose. "If you remember, then why aren't you doing it? You're not being fair to me. I love Shane. I'd loved him ever since we were little. You knew this for a fact, yet you still went ahead and got together with him! You're really adamant about being a third party, aren't you?"

Upon hearing the charges that Jacqueline had flung to her, Natalie felt a twinge of guilt. Lowering her eyes, she said, "I'm sorry, Ms. Graham. I never had the intention to do this, but things happened along the way. Besides, I don't think I've ruined any relationship between Mr. Shane and you."

"Really?" Jacqueline almost choked with anger. "Are you trying to say that you don't think you've snatched Shane away from me?"

"That's right," Natalie raised her head and met Jacqueline's glare defiantly. "Mr. Shane told me that he'd never loved you. He's always treated you like a sister, and you've never been in a romantic relationship with him. Mr. Shane was single when I met him. Therefore, I didn't snatch him away from anyone."

Even if Jacqueline has any place in Shane's heart at all, it's definitely only a small corner! Shane would never date her. Natalie thought triumphantly.

"You... you..." Jacqueline pointed a shaky finger at Natalie. She was evidently overcome with rage.

After a moment's pause, Jacqueline's hand fell. "Get out. I don't want to see you anymore. Get out!" she shrieked.

Natalie's mouth curled. She turned and left.

She walked out of the room under the watchful eye of both Shane and Jackson. When Natalie saw them, she shook her head and marched towards the lift.

Shane chased after Natalie and got into the lift with her.

As the lift descended, Shane pressed, "What did Jacqueline say to you?"

Taking a deep breath, Natalie honestly recounted the conversation between Jacqueline and herself.

Upon hearing what had transpired, Shane took Natalie into his arms and said softly, "Don't take Jacqueline's words to heart."

Natalie's arms encircled his waist. She leaned her head against his shoulder and replied, "Of course, I won't. I don't think I did anything wrong. I never came between the two of you, nor did I snatch you away from anyone."

Her heart, however, contained a tinge of remorse nonetheless.

It was true that Natalie had not kept her distance from Shane as she had agreed.

"I know you didn't," Shane said teasingly. He leaned over and planted a kiss on Natalie's forehead.

Natalie prodded his shoulder and squeezed him a little tighter. "What about you? How did your conversation with Ms. Graham go? What did you talk about?"

Shane ruffled Natalie's hair and said slowly, "I told Jacqueline that the one I loved was you, not her. That you were the one I wanted to be with and not her."

Natalie was flabbergasted. "Wasn't that too straightforward of you? No wonder Ms. Graham was crying when I entered the room."

She vividly recalled the scene that had greeted her when she first entered the room. Her heart ached a little at the memory of Jacqueline wiping away her tears.

"I had to be straightforward to achieve a clean break. It's the best thing for her and for us," Shane said resolutely, pulling Natalie with him out of the lift.

Natalie clung to Shane's arm. "But what if she can't let go of you?"

Shane had evidently not considered this. He held the door to the passenger seat open for Natalie, saying thoughtfully, "I believe Jacqueline will come to her senses."

"Is that so..." Natalie lowered her eyes, masking the expression that flitted through them. She said nothing.

How was Jacqueline going to let go of Shane that easily? She has loved him for ten years! If she wanted to give him up, she would have done so long ago.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 468

Besides, even if there were no longer any romantic feelings left, obsession could still remain. It was this obsession that was the trickiest to deal with.

Shane closed the door behind Natalie, then crossed over to the driver's seat. "Where to?"

"To the studio," Natalie announced, fastening her seatbelt.

Shane started the car and drove off.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the studio.

Natalie waved and sent Shane off with a fond look. She only turned away when the car had vanished into the distance, then walked towards the entrance.

Joyce teased Natalie as she walked into the studio. "Who's this youthful-looking person?"

Natalie merely gave her a look and continued making her way to her office. She hung her bag onto the rack and slumped onto her chair.

Joyce followed Natalie in. She stood before Natalie's desk and remarked jovially, "Nat, I just saw Mr. Shane send you here! You even kissed him. Are you..."

"Quiet, quiet!" Natalie hurriedly raised a finger to her lips, cutting short Joyce's probing.

Joyce leaped up, having confirmed her suspicions. "No way! How can we keep quiet about something as big as this? It's time for you to treat me to a meal, Nat. Didn't we agree that the first person to get into a relationship would treat the other to a meal?"

Natalie chuckled. "Fine, I'll treat you to a meal."

"This is not bad," Joyce said, satisfied.

Natalie turned on her computer and said, "By the way, please don't tell anyone that Mr. Shane and I are dating. Don't even tell my mom or Stanley. Don't tell Stanley in particular; I'm afraid that he may get overly agitated."

Stanley was obsessed with Natalie.

If he caught wind of Natalie and Shane dating, his condition would surely be aggravated along with his mood. As for her mom, Natalie preferred to wait until she came back to tell her.

"Don't you worry! My lips are sealed," Joyce promised cheerfully. The look in her eyes, however, was rather dismal.

Natalie sighed, then tried to change the subject. "We released another line of clothing yesterday, didn't we? How are the sales?"

"I was just about to discuss this with you," Joyce said, clapping. "I took a look at the numbers, and they're higher than last month's sales by sixty percent!"

Natalie's jaw dropped. "Sixty percent?"

"That's right!" Joyce exclaimed, nodding vigorously. "The main reason was actually because of the controversy created by your jerk of a father during the finals. It really shot you to fame! That's why we have such a boost in the sales figure this time around."

"I guess I should be thanking Harrison after all," Natalie said, shaking her head in resignation. "All right. Record the sales and let everyone know that we'll be organizing a celebration for this achievement tomorrow night."

"Sure," Joyce agreed, making her way out.

Natalie pulled open a drawer, took out the brochures within, and went to work.

When afternoon came, Joyce had already ordered lunch. Natalie stretched lazily and was about to join her when her cell phone rang.

She glanced at it and saw that it was the detective. Natalie immediately picked up the call.

"Ms. Smith, something terrible has happened!" the detective said over the phone, sounding somewhat perturbed.

Natalie instantly grew somber. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Jasmine... Jasmine's committed suicide by throwing herself off a building!"

"What?" Natalie's mind reeled. Her voice rose.

Joyce had overheard Natalie's reaction from the main office and peered into Natalie's office apprehensively. "Nat, what's wrong?" she queried.

"Jasmine has killed herself by jumping off a building!" Clutching her phone, Natalie shot back at Joyce.

The spoon Joyce had been holding dropped onto the floor. She paid no heed to it and ran towards Natalie. "Is that for real?"

"I want to know too," Natalie said through gritted teeth, addressing the detective on the other end of the line.



On his end, the detective looked at the crowd gathered not far off and said sternly, "It's true. I witnessed Jasmine throw herself out of her window with my own eyes. The ambulance, police, and the media have all arrived at the scene. The news should be circulating online soon."

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 469

"Let me look for it now," Joyce said. She'd practically pressed her ear against Natalie's cell phone to listen. Upon hearing what the detective had said, she immediately bolted over to Natalie's computer to search for the news online.

Natalie joined her. Watching as Joyce scoured the internet, she queried, "How is Jasmine now?"

"I don't know. I didn't go over to check on her. But from the solemn look on the policemen and paramedic's faces, it's likely that..."

The detective trailed off, leaving Natalie to draw her own conclusions.

Natalie's hand curled up into a fist.

Jasmine's room was on the twelfth floor. The average distance between each floor was a little less than ten feet. Twelve floors was a whole 120 feet from the ground.

Could anyone survive falling from that height?

"Got it!" Joyce cried. She'd found information about Jasmine's suicide.

Natalie watched the video that played on the screen. The footage was extremely shaky and blurred. A passerby had probably captured it on his cell phone.

In the video, a disheveled-looking woman in a patient's gown was sitting on the window ledge, facing inward. The next second, she had tumbled out and hurtled downward.

She hit the ground a few seconds later. Her body violently convulsed twice, then lay still. A crimson pool gradually seeped out from beneath it and gathered around her.

Joyce screamed in terror. She covered her eyes with her hands and refused to watch any further.

Natalie was similarly petrified. Her face had grown visibly pale. With a trembling hand, she reached forward and turned off the computer.

“Nat.. was that really Jasmine?” Joyce lowered her hands from her eyes and asked shakily.

The scene flashed once more before Natalie’s eyes. She opened her mouth, then finally admitted, “I don’t know. Her figure looked very familiar, though, and that was the window of Jasmine’s room.”

“Does that mean that was really Jasmine? So she has really committed suicide!” Joyce gulped. It seemed like an absurd thought.

Natalie, too, was overwhelmed by how surreal it all felt. However, she could not refute the evidence that she had just seen. It had happened regardless of whether Natalie was willing to believe it or not.

Just then, it occurred to her that the call hadn’t ended. Natalie brought the phone to her ear and inhaled several times deeply before asking, “What’s the situation like over there now?”

“Hold on, Ms. Smith. Let me take a closer look,” the detective replied and walked over.

He had barely made it a few feet forward when a car abruptly came to a halt right in front of him.

A man in a white coat got off the car and strode towards the police cordon on the scene.

The sight of the white coat stopped the detective in his tracks. It was enough proof in itself that the situation was as they feared.

“Ms. Smith, Jasmine is dead. The coroner is already at the scene,” the detective said.

Natalie’s mouth went dry. It was a long time before she managed to croak out her reply. “Got it.”

The call ended. Natalie stonily put her cell phone down on the table and collapsed onto her chair.

Joyce looked at her, distraught. "Is she really dead?"

"The coroner's already arrived," Natalie answered, bowing her head.

The coroner would only be called in when there was no life left for he had to examine the body and announced the time of death.

Joyce was silent. It was a long while before she spoke again. "What do you think happened that made her do such a thing? I absolutely detest Jasmine, but I've never wished for her death."

Don't I feel the same? Natalie brooded. Disliking Jasmine is one thing, but wanting her dead?

Natalie had never imagined that.

"I can understand, though," Joyce said sympathetically, taking a seat. "So many men had violated her. Her reproductive organ was badly injured, and she was a cripple too. It's only natural that she would have suicidal thoughts. If I were Jasmine, I would probably have done the same."

Natalie said nothing in response. Her gaze fell on the documents that she had left on her desk earlier. They contained the results of Jasmine and Harrison's DNA profile.

She'd only just confirmed that Jasmine wasn't Harrison's daughter. What was Natalie supposed to do with this information now that Jasmine had ended her own life?

The significance of this revelation no longer mattered.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 470

When Natalie was wondering if she should destroy the document, Joyce let out a gasp of disbelief. "Oh, my. Jasmine died a horrible death."

"What? Did the netizens actually upload those gory photos? Aren't you afraid?" Natalie snapped back to reality and frowned.

Joyce rolled her eyes. "There isn't any photo of that sort online. The authorities keep an eye on this and will delete all the relevant photos. I read this from a reporter's description."

She pointed at her phone and revealed, "The reporter said Jasmine fell flat on her face, so her face is disfigured and unrecognizable. That was why I said she died a horrible death!"

"Wait a minute. Did you say she fell flat on her face?" Natalie narrowed her gaze in suspicion.

Joyce nodded. "Yep. That was what the reporter said."

"Don't you find it strange?"

"Huh? What is so strange about it?" Joyce stared at her.

Natalie lowered her gaze. "Of course, it's about how Jasmine fell flat on her face. Do you remember she was sitting with her back against the window when we saw the video?"

"Yes." Joyce nodded profusely.

"So, when she fell, she should fall flat on her back instead of her face. She couldn't have done a somersault in the air, right? No one can do that," said Natalie sternly with her fists clenched up.

"Well..." Joyce did a double take. That does sound suspicious.

Natalie rose to her feet and declared, "Something is amiss with the corpse!"

Joyce felt a chill down her spine upon hearing Natalie's declaration. She couldn't help but shudder. "Nat, stop it. That's too scary. Don't tell me someone switched the corpse?"

"That's impossible. The corpse fell on the ground in public. No one would dare to switch it under everyone's watchful gazes." Natalie shook her head and added, "There is another suspicious thing."

"What is it?" urged Joyce.

Natalie shut her eyes for a moment. When she opened them again, her gaze was steely. “It’s about how Jasmine jumped down from the building. Joyce, if you were to commit suicide, would you choose to face the window or jump with your back against the window?”

“I’ll face the window, of course. I’ve never heard of anyone who would jump with their back against the window...”

Realization dawned on Joyce as her eyes widened in fear. “Are you serious? Nat, are you saying Jasmine didn’t commit suicide? Someone else put her in that position and pushed her out of the window?”

“That could be possible. I feel that her position before she jumped and the corpse’s position on the ground are both abnormal. Hence, my doubts. But of course, I could be overthinking. I need to see the scene no matter what.”

With that, she stood up and headed to the rack to grab her bag.

Joyce rose to her feet as well. “What is there to look at? Jasmine is dead. It doesn’t matter whether she was murdered or committed suicide. This is none of our business. Just ignore it. Also, aren’t you going to have lunch?”

Natalie’s lips pursed as she scowled. “Do you think I can still eat after watching that video?”

Joyce’s expression clouded over as she stopped harping about lunch.

Natalie walked out of her studio and headed to the elevator.

Joyce’s right. Jasmine’s death is none of my business. I should stay out of this. However, I didn’t tell Joyce about one of my doubts—is that corpse Jasmine?

The figure seemed familiar, but there are plenty of people who have similar figures. Most importantly, we didn’t get to see Jasmine’s face before or after she committed suicide. That’s why I suspect the weird jumping position and the corpse’s face on the ground were arranged to hide the deceased’s features.

Natalie was deep in thought when her phone began ringing.

She strode ahead without stopping and answered the call.

"Hey, Shane," she greeted.