

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 721

Joyce greeted her with a smile. “Nat, I’ve been waiting for you!”

Natalie forced a smile and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“You’re going to be part of an upcoming interview!” Joyce exclaimed, and handed over a document to Natalie.

“Interview?”

Nodding, Joyce added, “Yes! An interview session with those from Century—one of the most influential magazines in Aploth! Their chief editor had gotten in touch with me in the morning, expressing their interest to interview you!”

“Why do they want to conduct an interview with me out of the blue?”

Although I’m no longer a nobody, I don’t think I have made a name out of myself to the extent to be interviewed by such a renowned magazine.

It won’t be much of a surprise if they’re aware I’m Mina after the competition, but not many have been made aware of that as of now.

Joyce answered, “Century has agreed to conduct the session because of Mr. Horner’s recommendation and your designs! With that being said, it’s actually a session that’s conducted with another designer.”

“That won’t be much of an issue, but who’s the other designer we’re talking about?”

Natalie wasn’t particularly against the idea of being interviewed along with another fellow designer. After all, it was a great honor to be interviewed by Century.

Caressing her chin, Joyce replied, “Actually, I’m not sure, but Mr. Horner told me Jessie would be there as well.”

Natalie asked with her eyes narrowed to a slit, “Jessie? Is she the one who has challenged me?”

“Yes! She has returned and purchased Jasmine’s studio to set up her studio at J City!”

“She purchased Jasmine’s studio?”

“I have just heard about it as well. As of now, it’s still not open to the public yet.”

Natalie looked at Joyce and asked, “Alright, when will the interview session be conducted?”

“It’ll be conducted at Walden Hotel at two o’clock in the afternoon.”

“Alright, inform me when it’s about time. I’ll return to my office first.”

Natalie took over the document and returned to her office.

Staring at Natalie’s departing figure, Joyce tilted her head in confusion and thought Natalie

seemed to be in a foul mood.

However, she shrugged that off her mind and returned to her place.

When Joyce dropped by Natalie’s office during lunch hour, she was certain her speculation

was right—Natalie was in a foul mood to the extent of having no appetite to have a meal.

“Nat?”

As soon as Natalie heard Joyce, she snapped out of confusion and asked, “Yes?”

“Hello? It’s time for lunch! Are you telling me you’re skipping lunch again?”

Natalie glanced at the time and noticed it was already half-past twelve.

She tapped on her

forehead and announced, “My apologies! I’ll head over immediately!”

She put everything aside and made her way to the entrance. However, she staggered and

almost fell when she was about to reach Joyce.

Joyce managed to stop her in the nick of time. Otherwise, Natalie might sustain another serious injury.

As soon as Natalie brought herself up, she said, “Thanks, Joyce!”

“Nat, what’s wrong with you over the past few days? Are you still in the middle of a conflict with Mr. Shane?”

As Natalie looked elsewhere and went dead silent when she heard Joyce’s question, Joyce’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“Are you serious? It has been such a long time! Please tell me it’s not going to last forever!”

Sighing, Natalie answered, "I wish to patch things up with him, but he has turned down the suggestion to have a conversation with me. He was against the idea of meeting me in person, let alone telling me the things I had done wrong."

"That's very rude of him!"

Natalie closed her eyes in an attempt to keep her emotions to herself. She announced,

"Joyce, I'm afraid I won't be able to keep myself going for long."

"What do you mean, Nat? Are you indicating you're going to file for divorce with him?"

"I hope that won't be the case, but if the situation persists as it is, it's only a matter of time until things get to the point of no return. Connor told me I could always make my way back to the apartment if I couldn't take it anymore. However, I decided to stay because I had no intention to give up just yet."

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Joyce added with a nod, "Well, it doesn't make any sense for you to give up when you have just gotten married some time ago."

"I'm afraid the children will be the sole victim of our strained relationship. Shane didn't even bother to defend them when Jacqueline picked on them over a trivial matter."

Infuriated, Joyce slammed the table and yelled, "What the heck! How dare Jacqueline pick on my godchildren? This is so irritating! I'll get her back in the near future! What on earth is wrong with Mr. Shane? How can he neglect his biological children? Wait, it's your fault for keeping him in the dark!"

"I had long let the cat out of the bag."

"Huh? Have you told him he's Sharon and Connor's father?"

"Mmm!" Natalie nodded and said, "However, he said that was not the case because the DNA result indicated otherwise. He once did it with Connor, and the result indicated they weren't

related at all.”

“Wait! What do you mean?” Joyce was confused and spent the next few seconds gathering

her thoughts. “Are you telling me they’re not biologically related? How is that possible?

Haven’t you told me Mr. Shane is their father? They can’t be unrelated when Connor

resembles Mr. Shane so much!”

“I can’t figure out the things going on as well.” Natalie buried her face in her hands and said,

“He’s the only man I have engaged in such an intimate session with.

However, the DNA

result indicates otherwise. I can’t help but think if someone else was there during that

particular night.”

Joyce felt awful because of the things her best friend had to go through.

She asked, “Has

the thought of the DNA result being messed up not cross your mind?”

Natalie shook her head and rebuked, “I ruled out the possibility of that being the case

because Jackson was the one who had conducted the examination.”

It doesn’t make any sense for him to do that!

“If that’s the case, what could’ve gone wrong?” After much

considerations, Joyce suggested,

“Why don’t you engage another doctor’s service to conduct the examination? You need to

keep others in the dark until you get your hands on the report!”

Natalie’s eyes gleamed because she thought that would be her next best course of action

just to be sure.

If the outcome indicated they were biologically related, she could prove someone had been

messing with the result behind the scenes.

“Alright, thanks for the wonderful suggestion!” Natalie expressed her gratitude with a bright

grin.

Joyce tapped on her friend’s shoulder and asserted, “Shall we put that aside and go get

ourselves something to eat?”

Natalie nodded and showed Joyce the way out.
After they finished their meal, she took a short break in her office before heading over to the hotel for the interview session.
As soon as Natalie reached the entrance, a woman who was almost her height showed up in an ostentatious outfit and stopped her. "Ms. Smith."
"Yes?" Natalie asked after bringing herself to a halt.
She started sizing the woman up, but she couldn't recall anything about the woman in front of her. However, that woman seemed to be well aware of her identity. The mysterious woman ran her fingers through her hair and introduced herself with a proud grin, "Hello, I'm Jessie. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Jessie?" Natalie's eyes widened in disbelief. Seconds after she snapped out of bewilderment, she said, "Hello, I'm Natalie!"
"I'm conscious of that much because I have long heard about you, Ms. Smith. After all, you're considered a prodigy as well. I had always wanted to meet you when we were abroad. I can't believe I only get to meet you in person today."
Natalie answered with her eyes flickering, "I have always wanted to meet you in person as well. After all, I have been keeping the content of the email in mind."
"Ms. Smith, I'm glad you're still keeping that in mind. Since it's about time for the once-in-a-year competition, don't you think it's a great venue for a showdown? I can't wait to figure out who's the future of the fashion industry! What do you think, Ms. Smith?" Jessie provocatively repeated herself.
Although Jessie had made her intention clear, Natalie was confused by the hostile intent she detected from her.
Why is she picking on me when I have never encountered her? Is she jealous of my achievement because we're equally skilled?

Well, since I can't think of anything else, I think that must be the case. I guess I'll have to be on my guard against her in the future.

Natalie returned the favor and remarked in a sarcastic manner, "Sure! It's a pleasure of mine,

Ms. Syke! I mean, I can't possibly turn you down when you have indicated the will to have a showdown with me ever since such ages ago, can I?"

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It took Jessie a few seconds to gather her thoughts. Once she snapped out of

bewilderment, she answered with a smile, "I'll see you again very soon!"

"Sure!"

As Jessie turned around and marched into the hotel ahead of Natalie, Natalie stopped

forcing a smile and lost herself in a train of thoughts.

What is it about her that feels so familiar to me? All this while, I thought Jessie was

Jasmine, but it turns my speculation has missed the mark.

Jasmine wasn't as tall as Jessie. On top of that, they're of slightly different builds. Thus, it's

safe to assume Jessie isn't Jasmine. With that being said, what's with this awfully familiar

sensation I have?

As she couldn't recall their encounter, she thought she had run into Jessie on the streets

when she was still abroad. In the end, she decided to keep an eye on Jessie.

She had an inkling that Jessie was up to no good against her. However, she couldn't be sure

of the thing the mysterious woman was up to.

Nonetheless, she knew she couldn't afford to let her guard down against someone with

such a strong hostile intent against her.

She took a deep breath and gathered her thoughts for one last time before making her way

into the hotel for her upcoming interview session.

The interview session was conducted with Natalie and Jessie sitting next to one another on

a couch opposite the journalist.

It was a relatively straightforward interview session. The topic that had been touched on were Natalie and Jessie's inspirations for their designs and their upcoming plan.

To Natalie's surprise, Jessie had a similar vision of establishing her own label, tapping into the niche market of haute couture.

The journalist queried with a smile, "Well, I guess you guys are destined to be one another's rival, huh? Correct me if I'm wrong, but you guys are participating in an upcoming competition, representing different countries, no?"

When Natalie heard the journalist's question, she arched her brows in confusion.

I have always wondered the reason Jessie is able to take part in the competition when I'm nominated to represent the country. It turns out she's representing another country.

"I have to accept the offer because I can't wait to have a showdown with Ms. Smith. When I was abroad, I had heard all sorts of tales about Ms. Smith. I'm also aware she's Ms. Mackenzie's disciple."

Halfway through her orated speech, Jessie looked at Natalie in the eyes and added, "One way or another, the opportunity to represent our neighboring country has done me a favor."

"I see!" The journalist nodded and directed her upcoming question at Natalie, asking in a calm and collected manner, "Ms. Smith, how do you feel being deemed a worthy rival by Ms. Syke over here?"

"I guess it's an honor? I can't wait as well!" Natalie beamed her reply in a courteous manner.

The journalist had long figured out there was something odd about the duo. Initially, she thought she could get her hands on some juicy insider news, but her effort was to no avail.

She got up from her seat and wrapped up the session with a smile.
“Alright, I guess that’s all
for today! All the best to both of you in the upcoming competition!”
Similarly, the duo got up from their seats and expressed their gratitude
for the time and
opportunity given.

A few minutes later, Natalie and Jessie were the only ones left in the
private room after the
journalist’s departure.

Jessie recalled something and handed over her name card to Natalie.

“Ms. Smith, here’s my
name card! Please drop by my studio if you’re free!”

As soon as Natalie took over the name card, she took a peek at it. Her
eyes narrowed to a

slit when she saw the address of Jessie’s studio.

It’s really Jasmine’s studio! I think Joyce’s intel is spot on for
once—Jessie has acquired
Jasmine’s studio!

Jessie’s eyes glinted when she caught Natalie losing herself in a train of
thoughts while
staring at the name card. Grinning, she asked, “Ms. Smith, is something
bothering you?”

Natalie shrugged everything off her mind and answered, “Oh! It’s
nothing! I just find your
studio familiar!”

“I guess it’s because it used to be your sister’s studio! I had acquired the
studio since I

needed a place with the equipment for the upcoming competition. As
the studio had been

left inhabited after your sister’s passing, I got in touch with her mother
and persuaded her to
sell it off.”

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Natalie replied with her lips pursed, “That sounds like the best thing to
do, but allow me to

correct you, Ms. Syke. I don’t have a sister. My brother is the only sibling
I have.”

“Oh! I’ll definitely keep that in mind!”

After Natalie put the name card in her bag, she asserted, "It's getting late, Ms. Syke. I'll be heading off in advance."

Jessie waved and bade farewell to Natalie, "Goodbye, Ms. Smith."

Natalie made her way out of the private room after she responded with a simple nod.

As soon as Natalie departed, she placed her cup of tea aside and started caressing her

knees with her face scrunched up in irritation. Her wrath was written all over her

vicious-looking face.

A few minutes later, she moved her hands away and returned to her usual calm and

collected self, pretending as though nothing had occurred.

Meanwhile, once Natalie departed, she made her way to the kindergarten instead of making a trip back to her office.

She reached the kindergarten after an hour. Once she pulled over at the entrance, she

alighted from the car and leaned against it in anticipation of her children.

Two minutes later, she heard someone yelling and cursing.

She turned around and looked in the direction of the commotion. Three buff-looking little

boys had surrounded a little boy who was around Connor's height and started beating him

without holding back.

As they continued beating him up, they yelled at the scrawny little boy, "Beat him up! His

sister is a murderer! That makes him a potential murderer too! We can't let him off the hook!

Hurry up and beat him up!"

Wrapping his arms around his head to defend himself, the little boy yelled, "Move away from

me! I'm not a murderer! My sister has never murdered anyone!"

Unfortunately, the three buff-looking little boys couldn't be bothered at all—they got

increasingly brutal instead.

The rest of the parents that were nearby didn't bother to stop the fight as well. It was a horrifying and heartbreaking scene.

Natalie's brows furrowed because she had always deemed children the future of the

country. It was then she noticed she had made a mistake.

Although most of the children were of kind nature, there were a selected few who were born delinquents.

I can't believe they're so brutal when they're still so young! This is so disappointing!

Unable to suppress her anger anymore, Natalie rushed over and yelled, "Stop it!"

At the end of the day, they were just children. Thus, they fled the scene the moment Natalie approached them with a stern look.

She decided to let them off the hook and approached the beaten-up boy instead. "Hey, are you okay?"

The little boy inched away from Natalie in silence.

When Natalie found out the little boy had been bruised all over his body, her heart shattered into pieces.

He's around Connor's age! I can't believe he has to go through all this when he's supposed to have the best time of his life as a carefree child!

"Can you get up on your own?" Natalie asked in a gentle tone.

Influenced by Natalie's kindness, the little boy answered in a mellifluous tone, "Y-Yes."

"Alright, can you please bring yourself up?" Natalie got up ahead of the little boy and waited for him to bring himself up.

She felt a strong urge to help him up, but she knew it would be better to leave him alone, hoping he would become independent soon. That was the only favor she could do him.

As soon as he brought himself up, he expressed his gratitude for the favor Natalie had done

him. "Thank you so much for chasing them away."

“You’re welcome.” Natalie handed over a pack of tissue to the little boy as he had been stained all over his body.

He took a step back and dared not accept the pack of tissue Natalie had handed him as he deemed himself filthy when his pair of hands was covered in dust. Conscious of his concerns, Natalie stuffed the tissue in his pocket and asserted, “Just take it and clean yourself, okay?”

“Thank you so much.”

All of a sudden, two little ones sprinted over in Natalie’s direction and yelled, “Mommy!”

“Why are you guys running again?” Natalie stretched her arms and held them firmly in between her arms.

Sharon wrapped her arms around her mother’s thigh and announced, “We miss you!”

“I guess you’re not my sweetheart for no reason, huh?” Natalie caressed her daughter’s hair.

Sharon chuckled in return. Meanwhile, Connor stared at the little boy next to them and

asked, “Mommy, what’s he doing here?”

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Natalie asked when she heard her son’s question, “Huh? Do you know him?”

Connor nodded, indicating he was conscious of the little boy’s identity.

Afraid of

embarrassing himself again, the little boy looked elsewhere and

announced, “I-I’ll be leaving

immediately!

Natalie grasped his wrist and asked, “Wait! Aren’t your parents coming to pick you up?”

She had been wondering why no one had bothered to help the little boy when he was beaten

to a pulp. On top of that, his parents were nowhere to be seen.

The little boy started weeping and stuttered, “M-My father has long passed on! I-I have to

make my way home on my own because my mother isn’t feeling well!”

Natalie felt awful because of the series of misfortunes the little boy had to brace himself through when he was just a child. She couldn't stand leaving the needy children behind ever since she became a mother of two. Thus, she offered, "Where do you live? I'll give you a ride home today!"

The little boy gaped at Natalie's offer. He waved and asserted, "N-No—I-I—"

Natalie interrupted him and asked, "Aren't you afraid they're going to pick on you again?"

He was rendered speechless by Natalie's question. Holding the little boy's hand, she announced, "Come with me!"

She turned around and beckoned Connor and Sharon to follow her back to the car.

On their way to the little boy's place, Sharon took a seat next to Natalie. Connor and the little boy were seated next to one another at the back passenger seats. Once the little boy told Natalie the precise location of his place, Natalie asked, "What's your name?"

Connor got ahead of the little boy and answered on his behalf, "He's Joe."

Natalie chuckled and complimented, "Joe? That's quite an adorable name befitting a little boy like you!"

Joe flushed when she heard Natalie's reply.

A short while later, Natalie pulled over at the entrance of Joe's place and showed the little boy the way back to his place.

Once Joe alighted from the car, he waved and repeated himself, "Thank you so much for everything!"

Natalie urged Joe, "It's nothing worth thanking me over and over again, but promise me to share the incident with your mother and get her to acquire the teacher's help to resolve the issue. Otherwise, they're going to come after you again."

As a result, Joe's eyes flickered in despair. However, he forced a smile and assured Natalie,
"Alright!"

"We'll be heading back as well. I'll see you again." Natalie boarded the car and made their way back.

Joe waved at the departing car until Natalie and her children disappeared amidst the bustling streets. He seemed to be in a great mood and bounced his way back to the obsolete flat.

In the meantime, Connor broke the silence and announced, "It's not going to work, Mommy."

Confused, her mother looked at him through the rearview mirror and asked, "What do you mean?"

Connor shrugged his shoulders and added, "Joe has been bullied for a long time. The issue has been highlighted over and over again, but there's nothing the teachers can do to stop the boys. They'll stop picking on him for a few days. However, it's only a matter of time before they start picking on him again."

"Are you serious?"

Natalie thought the only solution to resolve the issue was to transfer Joe to another

kindergarten. Otherwise, he would be picked over and over again.

Out of the blue, her son added, "The ones who have been picking on him are his neighbors.

They had been spreading rumors of his sister, claiming she was a murderer after they

witnessed her being taken into custody. Thus, everyone in the kindergarten has been made aware of the rumors."

"Was that the reason the rest of the parents couldn't be bothered to defend him when he was beaten to a pulp?"

Her son nodded and answered, "Joe has always been a loner in kindergarten. No one is

willing to befriend him.”

Natalie went dead silent. A few seconds later, she asked, “Did Joe’s sister really murder someone?”

Connor shared his hypothesis with his mother, “I can’t be sure, but she seems to have been taken into custody for the failed attempt of homicide. Joe insisted his sister was a scapegoat, but no one could be certain of the truth behind the incident.”

His mother wrapped up the conversation and decided to stop poking her nose into Joe’s family affair.

They soon returned to the villa. When she walked her children into the foyer, she saw a suitcase in the middle of the living room.

Mrs. Wilson was in the middle of a phone call with someone. She nodded over and over again, assuring the person on the other end of the call, “Alright, I’ll get someone to send it over as soon as possible.”

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Once she wrapped up the conversation and hung up the call, she saw Natalie and the two little ones the moment she turned around.

Mrs. Wilson stuffed her cell phone into the pocket of her apron and greeted Natalie with a smile, “Madam, you’re back!”

Natalie nodded in return. She asked while having her eyes glued to the suitcase in the living

room, “Mrs. Wilson, is that Ms. Graham’s?”

Is Jacqueline moving out soon?

The thought of Jacqueline moving out soon made her ebullient.

Overwhelmed by the great news, she failed to notice the change in Mrs. Wilson’s expression.

Mrs. Wilson shook her head and stuttered in a hushed voice, “N-No, it belongs to Mr. Shane.”

Natalie's heart sank to the bottom of her stomach when she heard Mrs. Wilson. She felt a chill running down her spine and had a hard time gathering her thoughts. She repeated after

Mrs. Wilson, "Shane?"

As soon as she caught Mrs. Wilson nodding, she wanted to say something else but changed her mind at the last minute.

Meanwhile, Sharon wasn't able to fathom the meaning behind the incident, but Connor was well aware of the things awaiting them.

He asked with his fists clenched, "Mrs. Wilson, is Mr. Shane moving out?"

Mrs. Wilson was taken aback by the way Connor addressed Shane. She nodded and

explained, "He said he has quite a lot of things to deal with. Thus, it wouldn't make any

sense for him to travel back and forth. He will be staying at the apartment near the company for the time being."

"Ha! I'm pretty sure that isn't the case! He's just sick of living with us!"

Natalie's eyes started

brimming with tears once she finished her sentence.

Mrs. Wilson was about to say something, but she decided to keep those to herself since she

was in no position to meddle with their affair.

Although she was unaware of the things that had occurred over the past two days, she was

certain Shane had been avoiding Natalie.

"Mommy..." Concerned about his mother, Connor's brows furrowed.

Natalie took a deep breath and put on a strong front, asserting it was not a big deal with a

smile, "I'm fine! Why don't you guys head upstairs ahead of me? I'll give him a call!"

"Alright!" Connor knew his mother wanted to have a conversation with the man. Thus, he

brought Sharon upstairs with him as instructed.

Similarly, Mrs. Wilson, who could foresee the upcoming situation, excused herself and

departed with Shane's suitcase.

Natalie couldn't stop her hands from shivering when she made the call. She was unsure if it was a result of her wrath or the fear of the unknown. One thing that was for sure was the fact she felt awful. The call got through, but Shane refused to pick it up. Natalie wondered if it was just a coincidence or if he had been dismissing her call again. Usually, she would wait for a few minutes before making another call, but she couldn't wait any longer. She was determined to call him until the call was answered. In the end, after several consecutive calls, Shane finally picked it up. Natalie wasn't pleased the slightest bit—it was evident he had been dismissing her calls on purpose. Shane, who was on the other end, asked in a callous tone, "Yes?" "Shane, you have been ignoring me ever since some time ago! Now you're ignoring my calls and moving out of the villa? What the heck do you want from me? Why can't you tell me the things I have done wrong? Can you stop torturing me?" Irrked for real, Natalie could no longer suppress the wrath she felt. She yelled at the man and told him the things that had been bothering her. Shane's heart skipped a beat when he heard the woman sniffing. The emotions he had been keeping to himself came flooding out as well. However, when he recalled his parents' death, he forced himself to ignore the affection he had for her and asked in return, "Are those the reasons you have called?" Natalie burst out laughing because of Shane's absurd reply. "When are you going to tell me the things that are going on? I'm not even conscious of my sins! If I have done anything wrong, just tell me! I don't mind filing for divorce with you, but I can't stand any of this silent treatment anymore—"

She choked and paused for a few seconds. A short while later, she said, "Do you know how much it hurts? I'd rather file for divorce with you than being treated in this manner!"

Shane's pupil constricted when he heard the things she had brought up. He replied in a

hoarse voice, "I will never file for divorce with you."

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Unfortunately, it would take more than a promise to keep Natalie calm.

After she took a

deep breath, she asked, "If that's the case, are you indicating things will remain the same

into the near future?"

As Shane went dead silent, Natalie closed her eyes and announced,

"Alright, I guess I'll just

play along with you."

She hung up the call once she wrapped up the conversation. After she made her way back

to her room, she shut herself in and skipped her meal again.

Concerned, Mrs. Wilson headed upstairs and knocked on the door to check on Natalie.

Natalie refused to answer the door, but she reassured Mrs. Wilson she was fine.

Mrs. Wilson knew that wasn't the case when she heard Natalie sniffing in the room.

However, she couldn't seem to talk any sense into the weeping woman.

Thus, she returned

to the dining hall in despair.

Natalie, who was in a foul mood, had committed serious mistakes in several deals with

different customers. She had handed over the wrong blueprints to the wrong customers.

If it weren't because Joyce managed to intercept the blueprints in time, things would spiral

out of control soon.

Irked by the fact Natalie seemed to be in a daze in her office again, Joyce barged into

Natalie's office and yelled, "Nat, look at the silly mistakes you have committed over the past

two days!" Truth be told, she was heartbroken because of the things Natalie had to go through, which rendered her lethargic. Slamming the blueprints on Natalie's table, Joyce reprimanded, "You have neglected every single instruction and requirement of the customers! Not even the agreement that requires your immediate attention has been signed! Your life is a mess! When are you going to pull yourself together?"

Staring at the stack of blueprints on her table, Natalie remained silent since she was the one at fault.

"Nat, you have always been our role model, but you don't even bother to dress up for work!

Are you sure that jerk is worth your time? Can you give yourself a break already?"

"Joyce, you won't get it—"

Joyce interrupted her and denoted, "What do you mean I won't get it? I have had my fair

share of heartbreaks with several jerks in the past, okay? At the very least, I'm still able to

move on! It's not an excuse for you to torture yourself!"

The weeping woman was about to say something, but she stopped at the last minute

because she found Joyce's advice reasonable.

I guess she's far more capable than me when it comes to handling the challenges in life. At

least, Joyce has never given up her career because of a man.

"Nat, why don't you take a break and gather your thoughts?" Joyce approached Natalie and

held her friend in between her arms, asserting in a gentle tone, "I can't stand you punishing

yourself because of a jerk anymore. I'm well aware of the affection you have for him, but

you're not supposed to allow that to get to you. Since he's the one at fault, he needs to bear

the consequences of his decision."

"The consequences of his decision?"

Joyce nodded and answered, "You don't have to play along with him if he's messing around with you! It's just a waste of your time. He isn't the only man available, is he? If he refuses to

patch things up with you, just file for divorce with him and get into a relationship with someone else."

Natalie chuckled because of Joyce's hilarious statements. She added, "Are you sure it isn't one of your exaggerations?"

"How is that an exaggeration? You don't think things will be the same again, do you? Just

put your misery to an end as soon as possible! You can ignore your wellbeing, but can you

forsake your children for a jerk?"

Natalie's eyes flickered when she recalled she was a mother of two.

"Connor... Sharon..."

"See? You can't afford to drag Sharon and Connor down with you, can you? It's going to

influence them! I mean, hadn't you been living a great life without a man before getting

married? You being a single parent isn't an issue at all!"

She's right! I can't think of anything else to nullify her statements!

Connor and Sharon will be

the victims of our strained relationship if things persist as it is!

It's time to make up my mind for their sake! With that being said, filing for divorce with

Shane is easier said than done!

Natalie placed her hands on her heart when she thought of filing for divorce with Shane. Her

reluctance was written all over her face as she couldn't bear to leave the man.

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Joyce seemed to be conscious of the things Natalie had in mind. She tapped on her friend's

shoulder and said, "Speaking of which, aren't you going to conduct another DNA

examination?"

“That’s my plan, but I can’t get my hands on the sample I need because Shane’s not around.”

Joyce shrugged her shoulders and suggested, “Just take your time. If it turns out they’re related, it’s time for you to talk about it with him. If they’re not related, I think it’s better for you to leave him. On top of that...”

“What?”

“Well, on top of the affection you have for him, haven’t you gotten married to him because he’s Connor and Sharon’s father? He has to take care of Connor and Sharon if that’s the case, but you can’t possibly expect him to execute the role of a father if they’re not related, can you?”

Natalie gaped at Joyce’s rhetorical question. In the end, she shook her head and answered,

“I guess you’re right.”

Indeed, I married Shane because he’s the man I love and my children’s father. If that’s not the case, I’m not that shameless of a woman to insist on having him take care of Connor and Sharon.

“See? There are quite a lot of things you have to sort out. Take a break and gather your thoughts. I’ll drop by the mill on your behalf.”

Once Joyce departed, Natalie started brainstorming her next best course of action.

Meanwhile, Joyce made her way to Thompson Group instead of dropping by the textile mill as she had mentioned.

She couldn’t stand her friend sulking over a man anymore. Thus, she thought of teaching Shane a lesson on Natalie’s behalf.

As soon as she pulled over at the entrance, she made her way to the elevator that was

exclusive to the CEO without informing the receptionist.

Startled by Joyce’s presence, it took the receptionist a few seconds to snap out of

bewilderment. She rushed over to stop Joyce. “Miss, you’re not allowed to be here because this is designated for the CEO only. If you need to head upstairs, please make use of the elevator over there.”

Joyce brought herself to a halt and asked, “Can I reach the highest floor using that elevator over there?”

Stupefied by the question Joyce directed at her, she shook her head and answered, “That’s impossible.”

“See? Since I’m heading to the highest floor, isn’t this the elevator to take?”

Joyce was about to board the elevator once she made herself clear, but the receptionist got in her way and grasped her wrist to stop her.

“Miss, I’m afraid that’s impossible because the highest floor is the CEO and chairman’s office.”

Shrugging the receptionist off, Joyce yelled, “I’m here for the CEO! Why can’t I make my way to the highest floor? Stay out of my way!”

As the receptionist had no intention to give in just yet, Joyce was about to let loose of herself and yell at the receptionist.

Out of the blue, two people walked out of the designated elevator. They were none other than Silas and Jacqueline.

When they found out Joyce was in the middle of a conflict with the receptionist, they were equally shocked and confused.

Jacqueline got ahead of Silas and asked, “Ms. Rivers, why are you here?”

When Joyce heard Jacqueline’s question, she answered with a frown, “Is that any of your

concerns? What about you? Why are you here?” Jacqueline chuckled and replied with her

chest held high, “Well, I’ll soon be a staff of Thompson Group. I need something to kill my time after being discharged from the hospital.”

“You’re a soon-to-be staff of Thompson Group? May I know the exact position you’re holding?”

“I’m Shane’s secretary!”

Joyce rolled her eyes and remarked sarcastically, “Secretary? Is your main duty keeping him entertained?”

“Ms. Rivers, please mind your words!” Jacqueline raised her volume and warned Joyce with a stern look.

“Why are you getting worked up over a trivial question? Have I hit the bullseye? You’re just trying to drive them apart, aren’t you? I mean, everyone is aware of the sort of affection you have for Mr. Shane.”

Jacqueline’s face puckered in irritation. She clenched her fists and announced, “Ms. Rivers, Jackie’s my boyfriend. Stop blurting out baseless accusations. Otherwise, I’ll sue you for defamation.”

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 729

“Why don’t you go ahead and give it a try? It’s time to figure out the reason you won’t move out from Mr. Shane’s place when you’re in a relationship with someone else!”

“That’s enough!” Jacqueline yelled at Joyce and started shivering. “Ms. Rivers, I know you’re holding a grudge against me, but don’t you think you’re taking things too far?”

“Ha! It turns out you’re aware of the grudges I hold against you, huh? If that’s the case, can’t you figure out the reason behind my attitude?”

Jacqueline’s eyes started brimming with tears. She had her lips pursed in an aggrieved manner.

Silas, who had been anticipating another show, stepped in since Jacqueline was about to

burst into tears. He cleared his throat and asked, "Alright, I believe that's enough. Ms. Rivers, what brings you here today?"

The moment Joyce recalled the objective of her visit, she stopped picking on Jacqueline

and answered in a courteous manner, "I'm here for Mr. Shane!"

"Mr. Shane?" Silas asked with his brows arched in confusion.

Meanwhile, Jacqueline narrowed her eyes to a slit and asked, "What sort of business do you have with Shane?"

"Is that any of your concern? You must be aware that we're not really on good terms, so why don't you stop poking your nose into my business?"

Silas was afraid Jacqueline would burst into tears again. Thus, he suggested, "Ms. Graham,

I'll show you the way out since the chauffeur is already waiting for you.

I'll see you again tomorrow."

Jacqueline understood that it was a favor from Silas to get her out of the awkward situation.

She expressed her gratitude with a smile and marched in the direction of the entrance.

When she passed by Joyce, she paused for a few seconds and glared at Joyce in the eyes,

indicating she would get her back in the future.

Once Jacqueline departed, Silas looked at Joyce and announced, "I'll get in touch with Mr.

Shane at once. Please hold on a second, Ms. Rivers."

Joyce nodded and replied, "Alright."

A few seconds after the call was made, Silas heard Shane's voice from the other end, asking

indifferently, "Yes?"

Silas took a peek at Joyce and answered, "Mr. Shane, Ms. Rivers is here for you."

"Joyce is here?"

"Yes."

"Has she mentioned the reason she's here?"

"I didn't have the chance to inquire the objective of her visit yet. Should I show her the way

up?”

A few seconds of silence later, Shane made up his mind and instructed, “Alright, bring her to my office.”

“Understood.” Silas put his phone aside and announced, “Mr. Shane is expecting you. Please follow me.”

He showed Joyce the way to the elevator and brought her to Shane’s office.

As soon as they reached the highest floor, Joyce marched out of the elevator and barged into Shane’s office.

Silas gaped in silence because he failed to stop her in time. In order to stop her from

making a fuss, he went after her without further ado.

“Shane!” Joyce stomped her way to Shane’s table and slammed the table with all her might.

Silas’ heart skipped a beat when he noticed the cup of coffee that was next to Shane almost

spilled as a result of the powerful slam.

Has she lost her mind? How dare she picks on Mr. Shane? Isn’t she afraid of being thrown

out of the office?

Shane was in the middle of perusing an agreement when Joyce showed up. He glared at her

in the eyes with a frown and asked, “Are you aware of the things you’re doing?”

Truth to be told, Joyce was intimidated by the man’s ferocious glare, but she was

determined to defend Natalie. Hence, she took a deep breath to calm herself.

Joyce yelled at Shane in return, “Yes! I don’t care what’s awaiting me because I’m here on

Nat’s behalf! What the heck is wrong with you? Since you married her, why can’t you talk

things through with her? Is it necessary for you to punish her in such a brutal manner?”

As a result of Shane glaring at her in silence, Joyce secretly gulped in fear of offending the

intimidating man.

Nonetheless, she knew she had to do it. She added, "Nat's life is messed up because of you.

She hasn't been having her meals on time. Not only was she unable to complete the assigned tasks, she almost got herself involved in an accident. If I wasn't there to stop her, she might have been dead by now."

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 730

Shane was shocked and worried upon hearing that Natalie almost met with a car accident.

Meanwhile, Joyce was startled when she sensed Shane's worriedness.

"Mr. Shane, since you're worried about Nat, it means you still love her, don't you? Since you still love her, why don't you tell her everything? If Nat is at fault, you can ask her to change. However, please don't abuse her emotionally, for it isn't something that a man should do!"

"She can't and won't change!" Shane replied plainly.

Since Shane's parents were dead, there was nothing Natalie could do to compensate for it.

Joyce couldn't tell what was on Shane's mind but was disappointed to hear his answer.

"Why can't she change? Everything can change as long as it's not an unforgivable crime.

Besides, Nat is kind-hearted and won't commit any hideous crimes."

"That's enough! Get out if you're only here to lecture me!" Shane pointed at the door.

Joyce's eyes widened.

Before she could add something, Shane instructed once again, "Get out!"

Joyce pursed her lips and grumbled, "Fine, I'll go, you unreasonable man!

This is in revenge

for whatever you've done to Nat!"

With that, she took a deep breath and stretched out her arms to pull a few strands of

Shane's hair.

Shane grunted and frowned deeply.

At that moment, Silas was scared to death. Since Shane looked ferocious, he was afraid

that Shane would severely punish Joyce. As such, before Shane could say anything in anger,

he immediately grabbed Joyce's arm and dragged her out of the room.

"What did you do? How dare you pull Mr. Shane's hair? Are you out of your mind?" After

leaving the CEO's office, Silas let go of Joyce's arm and bellowed at her.

Meanwhile, Joyce was frightened after the ordeal.

Nonetheless, she looked at the strands of hair and felt that it was worth her effort.

"Humph! He deserved it for mistreating Nat," Joyce sneered.

Silas heaved a sigh and replied, "Mr. Shane didn't wish to do that either.

However, the entire

incident is too complicated."

"You know the details of how Nat offended Mr. Shane?" Joyce's eyes

beamed as she looked

at Silas.

Silas nodded in response. "To be exact, it wasn't about what madam did but what her mom

did. Madam has been dragged into the mess as a result."

Although Natalie wasn't the one who crashed into and killed Shane's

parents, she was also

in the car.

As such, Silas felt that it was kind enough of Shane not to take actions on Natalie.

"Did Yulia do it?" Joyce frowned and said, "But Yulia had already passed

away. What could

she do?"

Silas heaved a sigh again and responded, "I can't tell you the details. So, please stop asking

about it and go home now."

With that, he pushed Joyce toward the elevator.

Joyce didn't give up and continued to dwell on it. However, the next moment, she was

pushed into the elevator.

Joyce stomped her feet in anger and yelled, "What a prick! How could he pique my curiosity

but refuse to tell me the whole story?"

Although Joyce was disgruntled, she didn't go back to ask Silas. Instead, Joyce planned to ask Natalie if she knew what Yulia did that irritated Shane. Even though Joyce didn't get a satisfying answer this time, her time here was not in vain. She gazed at the few hair strands and chuckled. Her initial plan was to come here to teach Shane a lesson on behalf of Natalie. When Joyce argued with Shane just now, she suddenly recalled that Natalie wanted to do a DNA test but lacked strands of Shane's hair. As such, she mustered up her courage to pull some strands of Shane's hair from his head. Now that Shane probably hated Joyce, she thought she had to avoid showing up before him for the time being. After all, Joyce was afraid that Shane would retaliate against her. As Joyce was deep in thought, a shiver ran down her spine. Then, she took out a tissue paper from her bag and wrapped the hair with it cautiously. Just then, the elevator arrived with a ding. Joyce called Natalie while walking toward the entrance. "Nat, I have some good news."