

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 761

As time ticked away, her eyelids felt heavier and heavier, and finally fell shut.

As he saw that she had been successfully hypnotized, he bent over to get closer to her face
and was ready to guide her to find the erased memories when someone barged into the room.

Shane and Jackson immediately rushed inside.

Upon seeing that the two were so close to each other, Shane's pupil constricted in shock,
and the next second, a wave of rage engulfed him entirely. "Stanley Quinn! How dare you!"

Without a second thought, he charged toward Stanley and threw a punch at him.

Stanley sidestepped him calmly and flashed him a smile. "Mr. Shane, I'm not the man I used to be anymore. Do you think you can beat me up easily?"

Shane pursed his lips in annoyance and glowered at him silently before asking Jackson to check on Natalie.

Jackson snapped out of his daze and immediately hurried to her, his heart racing.

Oh my gosh. Luckily, we got here in time!

Otherwise, Stanley would have gotten his own way.

I didn't expect him to be so shameless. How could he take advantage of Natalie when she's asleep?

And Natalie, too. Why is she here? She knows Stanley is a lunatic, and yet, she dares to

come and nap in his office.

How could she be so careless!

"Hey, wake up," Jackson called, nudging her gently.

Still, there was no sign of her waking up.

Realizing that something was off, he furrowed his brows deeply and looked toward Stanley

with a stern look. "Did you drug her?"
Upon hearing that, Shane's gaze darkened instantly.
On the other hand, Stanley was still as cool as a cucumber. He took out his glasses, put them on unhurriedly, and answered, "Do you think I need to rely on medication to render her unconscious?"
Taken aback, Jackson went silent for a while as he suddenly remembered that neurology was not the only branch of medicine he majored in. "Did you hypnotize her?"
Stanley merely smiled in response, not denying his statement. Realizing that he did hypnotize her, Shane gritted his teeth. "You..." But before he could finish his sentence, Stanley interrupted, "Mr. Shane, instead of asking the reason I did so, I think you should ask me why she is here." Shane frowned.
Jackson nodded in agreement. "Shane, he's right. There must be a reason why Natalie pays him a visit. Otherwise, given his previous misdeed, I don't think she'll come to catch up with him."
As he spoke, he suddenly caught sight of the CT film on Stanley's desk, and his expression changed instantly. He immediately went over and picked it up. "She's here for a brain examination?"
Shane froze.

Brain examination?
Is she...
Feeling a sense of panic, he whirled around and looked toward Natalie worriedly.
Meanwhile, Jackson scanned the film. Needless to say, he was a surgeon, and he knew how to read CT brain films.
A minute later, he blinked in confusion. "But she seems fine."
"Are you sure?" Shane turned to him.

"Absolutely." Jackson put down the film and looked at Stanley. "What's the point of hypnotizing her then?"

Stanley's lips curled into a cryptic smile. "Who knows?"

Knowing that he probably would not give them a definite answer, Jackson rolled his eyes

and said, "Fine. I won't probe anymore. Anyway, you should get her out of hypnosis now."

"Chill. She'll wake up within an hour." Stanley shrugged. "If you guys don't believe me, feel

free to take her to another psychiatrist."

After that, he returned to his desk and sat down.

"Just so you know, I won't let this slide." Shane shot him a cold look before carrying Natalie out.

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Jackson folded his arms behind his head as he followed them out.

After Shane put Natalie in the passenger seat, he did not drive away.

Instead, he sat by her

side and watched her quietly as he waited for her to wake up.

Before long, an hour flew by, and she was awake, just as Stanley said.

Seeing him looking at herself, she thought she must be dreaming, so she rubbed her eyes a

few times and found that he was still there. Only then did she realize that she was fully

conscious at the moment.

"Why are you here?" she inquired, baffled.

A second later, it dawned on her that she was in his car, and she became even more puzzled.

Wasn't I in Stanley's office? I'm supposed to be hypnotized by him, but why am I with Shane now?

Just then, something popped into her mind. She flicked Shane a glance.

"Did you bring me out of Stanley's office?"

He pursed his lips and questioned back, "Why did you go and meet him?"

"It's none of your business."

Enraged, he clenched his fists and snapped, "How is that not my business? Do you know that he would have taken advantage of you if I didn't go to you in time?"

"That's impossible!" Natalie objected immediately.

He let out a scoff. "How so? Do you remember what he did to you before?"

Stumped by his question, she blinked and lowered her head. "Yes, but the past is in the past.

It's different this time."

"Go on. Tell me what the difference is," he huffed. "The only possible reason he hypnotized you is..."

"I was the one who asked him to do that." She cut him off.

Shane was dumbstruck. "What? You asked him to hypnotize you?"

"Yes."

A deep frown formed on his face. "Why? Give me a reason."

Heaving a sigh, she massaged her temples. "I've been having headaches these few days,

but it's particularly painful today. So I came here to let Stanley check on me. He said that

there was nothing wrong with my brain, so he suspected that it might have something to do

with my memory, and that was why I asked him to hypnotize me."

I see. That explains why there was a CT film on his desk.

Shane's anger dissipated substantially after hearing her explanation, and his voice softened.

"Why didn't you tell me about your headaches?"

"Why would I? How can I expect you to care about me when our relationship is so strained?"

She scoffed.

He bit his lip and kept quiet, displeased.

After a few minutes of silence, she closed her eyes and leaned back in her seat, emotionally

exhausted. "My memory hasn't changed the slightest. I bet you had stopped Stanley before

he could do anything. Ugh... You're such a meddler."

With that, she opened the door and got out of his car.

"Where are you going?" Shane narrowed his eyes in suspicion. She halted in her tracks and turned back to him. "I'm going to visit my mother. Do you want to go with me?"

Upon hearing my reply, he glanced away and said in a low voice, "No." Without saying anything else, she closed the door and walked away. She knew that he would not want to go with her because he was adamant that Yulia was a murderer. There's no way he'll want to visit her.

After that, she headed to her car. It was not a joke when she said that she would be going to visit her mother.

Knowing that it was risky to have several rounds of hypnosis in a day, she decided to meet Stanley again the next day.

After buying a bouquet of flowers, she went to the cemetery and stood in front of Yulia's tombstone for a long time. Only when her phone rang did she come back to her senses.

"Mommy, where are you? Why haven't you come to pick us up?" Sharon's sweet voice sounded from the phone.
Natalie took a deep breath and forced a smile. "I'm sorry, Darling. Mommy loses track of time. I'll come to pick both of you up right away. Stay there with Connor and wait for Mommy, alright?"

"Okay. We'll be here waiting." Sharon nodded.
Natalie ended the call and stared at her mother's picture one last time before turning around and left forlornly.

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"Mommy." Natalie arrived at the kindergarten an hour later. Her two kids were at the entrance, chatting with Joe. Natalie honked to indicate that she had arrived.

At once, Connor's eyes lit up when he heard the car honk. He quickly pulled Sharon up.

"Mommy's here."

"Mommy." Sharon broke away from Connor and dashed toward Natalie with Connor and Joe in tow.

"Mrs. Smith." Joe called out shyly.

Natalie smiled. "Joe."

"Mrs. Smith, this is for you." Joe took a box out from his school bag. Natalie bent down and accepted the box with both hands. "What is this?" she asked gently.

"These are cookies baked by my mom."

At that, Natalie widened her mouth in surprise. "Why are you giving me these cookies then?"

"My mom told me to. It's to thank you for taking good care of my sister." Joe beamed.

Natalie smiled in response. "Okay. Thank you, Joe. Tell your mother I said thank you as well."

She had donated some police equipment after visiting Alice in prison some time ago. It was

so that the staff members there would take good care of her.

She wasn't expecting much – just a simple helping hand whenever Alice was bullied so that

she wouldn't get beaten up.

It was probably a token of appreciation from Lucinda for what Natalie had done for her daughter.

"Alright, get in." Natalie held on to the box of cookies as she ushered the three children into the car.

By the time she sent Joe back, the sun had already set. Natalie arrived at the villa with her kids soon after.

After having dinner prepared by Mrs. Wilson, the three of them washed up and went to bed.

That night, Natalie had a hard time falling asleep. Her mind was preoccupied with evidence

that would be provided at Thompson Group tomorrow, as well as everything the detective told her.

It wasn't until the wee hours when she finally fell asleep with a heavy heart.

However, it was a fitful night's sleep as she fell into a nightmare. She dreamt that she was seated in the backseat of a car in a beautiful dress and playing with a cute teddy bear.

Meanwhile, her mother was seated in the front passenger's seat and talking on the phone.

She didn't know who was on the other end of the phone, nor what was being said. However, her mother suddenly got into a heated argument. The next thing she knew, the color drained from her mother's face, and she stepped on the brakes.

Then she got off the car with her mother. She got the shock of her life when she turned around and saw a man and a woman in a bloody mess behind the car. "Aaahhhh!" Natalie screamed in fright and bolted upright. Her face was pale, and her whole body was drenched in cold sweat.

She gasped for air in an attempt to calm herself down.

When she finally calmed down, Natalie reached for the glass of water she had placed beside her bed, drank it, and rubbed her temples.

"Why did I have such a terrifying nightmare?" Natalie mumbled to herself in fear.

Her dream was so vivid that she thought it was real.

And just like that, Natalie sat on the bed till daybreak before she got out of bed to wash up.

Since it was the weekend today, her kids did not have to go to school. After breakfast, Natalie left her two kids at home while she drove to Thompson Group.

She had agreed to meet up with Shane today to see the so-called evidence.

Hence, she had to go.

After Natalie parked the car, she entered the building and took Shane's private elevator to the top floor.

Silas' eyes lit up when he saw her on his way out of Shane's office. He smiled and greeted,
"Madam."

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He couldn't bring himself to be rude even though Shane was giving Natalie the cold shoulder at the moment.

Natalie nodded at him. "Is he in?"

Silas knew who she was referring to. Pushing up the glasses on the bridge of his nose, he answered, "Mr. Shane isn't in. He's having a meeting in the conference room, but you can wait for him inside, Madam."

"Ok." Natalie pursed her lips. "Please tell him to come right over after his meeting."

"Sure," Silas replied.

Then, Natalie walked into Shane's office and sat herself down on the sofa.

She looked around and noticed that Shane's office looked different from before.

The soft toys stood out most among other things in his office.

Natalie's face paled as she stared at the soft toys and snacks placed on the opposite sofa.

It most definitely wasn't meant for Sharon and Connor since she hardly brought them over.

Moreover, she had seen those soft toys before. It belonged to Jacqueline.

Those snacks probably belonged to her as well.

Natalie pursed her lips, her heart feeling bitter at that mere thought.

Shane sure treats her well. He must have let Jacqueline use his office as a lounge.

She could even imagine Jacqueline lying on the sofa with her snacks and toys while Shane busied himself with work. Her blood boiled upon that thought.

Just then, Jacqueline, who was dressed in a business suit, walked into Shane's office carrying a tray.

"Ms. Smith, Mr. Campbell told me you were here." Jasmine smiled and served Natalie coffee. "Excuse me."

Natalie glanced at the steaming cup of coffee and said in a chilly tone, "No thanks. I wouldn't want to be poisoned."

Jacqueline didn't expect her to be so sarcastic. Thus, her smile faltered when she heard

Natalie said that. "Oh, you must be joking, Ms. Smith. I would never do such a thing."

"You would." Natalie looked her in the eye. "I have a feeling you would." Jacqueline narrowed her eyes, and her heart skipped a beat.

Has she found out about it?

No, probably not. She's just trying to make me mad.

Jacqueline composed herself upon that thought and smiled. "You're so funny, Ms. Smith."

Nonetheless, Natalie snorted and ignored her.

Jacqueline wasn't upset about it either. She placed the tray on top of the coffee table and

sat down.

Seeing that, Natalie narrowed her eyes. "If I'm not mistaken, you're one of Shane's secretaries, right?"

Jacqueline didn't know why she was bringing it up all of a sudden, but she played along.

"Yes."

"Then would you please do your job as a secretary? There's nothing wrong with you serving me coffee during office hours, but shouldn't you return to your desk right after instead of sitting down here as if you own the place? Do you think you're doing the right thing?" Natalie looked at her coldly.

Jacqueline stiffened at her words and clenched her fists. "Ms. Smith..."

"Please address me as madam. Besides, don't forget, I'm still legally married to Shane,"
Natalie corrected.

Jacqueline's face contorted in a mask of fury for a brief second, but she quickly composed herself. "Yes, Madam. I sat down to have a chat with you because I thought we were friends, but..."

"Do you think you have the right to talk to me?" Natalie cut Jacqueline off once again.

It wasn't her intention to verbally abuse Jacqueline.

However, she found the entire situation rather ironic.

She had closed her eyes to Jacqueline's and Shane's affair, but Jacqueline was pushing it.

How dare she openly place her toys and snacks in Shane's office? Would her clothes and personal items be next?

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Hence, she decided not to put up with it any longer, even though she was about to get a

divorce. She wanted to exercise her rights as Shane's wife since she was still legally married

to him and stop Jacqueline from getting a one-up on her.

After all, she didn't want to end up like her mother, who tried to put up with her father's

mistress and was left with nothing after their divorce.

At that, Jacqueline couldn't put up with Natalie anymore because of her constant

harassment. Thus, she snorted, "Rights?"

"Did I say anything wrong?" Natalie stared at her. "You're an employee, and I'm your boss'

wife. Have you ever seen a boss' wife chat with her employees? Even if you did, it would be

as per the boss' wife's request, instead of the employee herself. Do you understand me?"

"You..." Trembling with rage, Jacqueline didn't know why Natalie was being so critical today.

"Those are yours, right?" Natalie wasn't planning on letting her off as she pointed at the soft toys and snacks.

Jacqueline looked warily at Natalie. "What do you want?" Natalie sneered. "I'm about to ask you the same thing since you placed your personal belongings in your boss' office. Are you trying to tell the world there's something going on between you and your boss? Or are you trying to tell everyone you're the boss' wife?"

Jacqueline's face darkened. She merely gaped at Natalie, unable to summon a response.

"Looks like I'm right." Natalie's tone dripped with sarcasm.

"No, I put it here because my office is running out of space. Moreover, what's wrong with putting my stuff here when Shane's my godbrother?" Jacqueline replied, disgruntled.

Natalie fluffed her hair. "Nice one. I've never seen god-siblings fantasize about being with one another. How could you do this to Dr. Baker?"

The more she thought about it, the more she was certain that Jacqueline and Jackson

became a couple not because Jacqueline really wanted to.

She simply wanted to approach Shane as Jackson's girlfriend so that Natalie would put her guard down around her.

After all, who would treat her as a love rival when she was already taken.

Jacqueline bit her lip. "Ms. Smith, I can sue you for defamation if you keep this up."

Natalie snorted. "Go ahead then. We'll see who'll have the last laugh. But first, you have to move your things out. This is my husband's office. How dare you place your stuff here when you're just an employee?"

"I see that you're jealous of me. Well, what are you going to do to me if I refuse?" Jacqueline crossed her arms and taunted.

Hearing that, Natalie narrowed her eyes. "Oh, you'll know right away what I can do to you."

With that, she stood up, grabbed the soft toys and snacks on the sofa, and walked toward the door.

"What are you doing?" Jacqueline quickly shouted upon seeing that. However, Natalie ignored her as she opened the door and threw her things out immediately.

Jacqueline rushed up to her and shrieked hysterically, "Natalie, how dare you throw my things away?"

"Why wouldn't I? I'm just giving you a lesson for lustng over someone you shouldn't have,"

Natalie said coldly.

Right then, those who were inside the secretary's office had opened the door to check out

what was going on when they heard the commotion.

They were confused to find Natalie and Jacqueline arguing with each other.

"Ms. Graham, what's going on?"

Others recognized Natalie instantly. "Aren't you Ms. Natalie?"

Natalie smiled. "It's me."

"Ms. Natalie, what are you..." The man pointed at the things on the ground, then at

Jacqueline.

Natalie snorted. "This woman placed her stuff in my husband's office in an attempt to tell

everyone else she has something going on with my husband. What do you think I'm doing?"