

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 321 - 325

Shane didn't stop her this time. He merely watched mutely as Natalie hobbled away.

Jacqueline gazed after her. She then turned to Shane and said thoughtfully, "Shane, I think Ms. Smith hurt her leg too."

Shane looked away. "I know. Let's go," he said smoothly.

He then helped Jacqueline back into the Ophthalmology Department.

Natalie returned to Stanley's room. When she entered, the savory aroma of chicken soup immediately filled her nostrils. Natalie could feel her mouth water.

"Joyce, your cooking has really improved by leaps and bounds!" Natalie exclaimed, shutting the door behind her.

Joyce was sitting by Stanley's bedside, feeding Stanley the soup patiently. She was about to say something, but Stanley beat her to it. "Nat, what took you so long?" he exclaimed.

The expression on Joyce's face froze. She lowered her head and stirred the soup intently without speaking.

Natalie felt slightly discomfited. She walked over and patted Joyce on the shoulder, then offered by way of explanation, "I bumped into someone I knew on the way back. I was held up there for a while."

"Who was it?" Stanley demanded, completely ignoring Natalie's subtle gesture. He continued beaming.

Natalie was frank. She pointed above her, mouthing, "Ms. Graham."

"Jacqueline?" Stanley's eyes narrowed behind his glasses. "What did the two of you talk about?"

"Nothing much. She was very concerned about why I wasn't taking good care of my eyes," Natalie said, shrugging.

Stanley furrowed his brow, considering this.

Joyce brought another spoonful of soup to Stanley's mouth.

Stanley shrank slightly from it. He nudged the spoon away, indicating that he had had enough.

Joyce looked down at the bowl of soup in her hands, which was still half full. She knew, however, that Stanley was impervious to any coaxing from her. She might even risk infuriating him by doing so. With that, Joyce put the bowl aside, resigned.

"Nat, why was she so insistent about you protecting your eyes?" Stanley was utterly unconcerned about Joyce's feelings, choosing to focus wholly on Natalie instead.

Natalie shook her head and replied, "I don't know either. Jacqueline was admiring my eyes and last month, she told me to take good care of them. When she heard that they were infected just now, she flew into an absolute rage as if I had personally offended her."

Natalie recalled Jacqueline's look of unbridled fury with a shudder.

Jacqueline had been evidently on the verge of insanity back there.

"I knew it!" Stanley yelled. He'd squeezed his hand into a fist, and his eyes grew dark.

That woman, Jacqueline, is actually eyeing Natalie's corneas!

"Stanley, what do you know?" Joyce asked earnestly.

Natalie nodded, equally curious.

Stanley looked past Joyce, addressed his reply to Natalie. "Your corneas!" he announced triumphantly.

"My corneas?" Natalie was confounded. A second later, her eyes widened with comprehension. "Stanley, are you saying that she wants my corneas? Is that why she was so obsessed with ensuring that I took good care of them?"

"That's right. Besides this, I can see no other reason why she would be so emotionally invested in your eye infection." Stanley concluded.

Joyce gulped. "That can't be! How can that woman Jacqueline even think of acquiring corneas from someone who is alive? That's illegal!"

"I don't think so, either," Natalie said, after giving it a second thought. "Dr. Baker said they'd already placed a request for Ms. Graham's corneas. Why does she still want mine?"

Stanley had already anticipated these doubts. It was, after all, a most preposterous thought. He decided that it was not worth the effort to persuade either of them. Stanley pushed his glasses up his nose and said solemnly, "Well, it doesn't matter if Jacqueline is after your corneas or not, be sure to stay away from her."

"That's right, Nat! You have to stay away from anyone who has anything to do with Mr. Shane," Joyce chipped in sternly.

Natalie pinched herself fretfully. Then, as if she had made up her mind, she agreed vehemently. "Got it."

Her heart was still racing from everything that was racing through her mind.

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In fact, Stanley's words had struck her cold.

At that moment, a nurse suddenly rapped on the door and peered in. "Ms. Rivers, it's 9 p.m. It's time for me to take Dr. Quinn's temperature."

"It's 9 p.m. already?" Joyce blurted, taking a glance at the clock. Mildly reproving, she mumbled half to herself, "Time passes so quickly! I didn't realize that it had gotten so late. Come in, please."

The nurse smiled and nodded, pushing her cart into the room.

Natalie watched as the nurse drew out a thermometer and deftly took Stanley's temperature. Seeing her chance, Natalie grabbed her bag from where it lay at the head of Stanley's bed. "Stanley, Joyce, it's time for the kids and me to head back too."

"I'll walk you out," Joyce said, rising from her seat.

With the thermometer in his mouth, Stanley could only wave at them.

Modestly, Natalie said, "Please don't trouble yourself! Stay here and take care of Stanley. We'll see ourselves out."

Natalie then turned to her two children, who had been drinking what was left of the chicken soup and watching cartoons. "Connor, Sharon, let's go," she called.

"OK!" Connor replied eagerly. He immediately put down his phone and leaped off the sofa with Sharon in tow.

Natalie had them bid their farewells to Stanley and Joyce. They then left the room and walked towards the lift together.

As Natalie drew near the lift doors, Shane suddenly appeared within view. He was leaning casually against the wall nearby.

Sharon flung Natalie's hand aside in excitement and dashed towards him. "Mr. Shane!"

Shane's mouth cracked into a smile. He bent down and scooped her up in his arms.

Sharon was a small, squirmy mess and still bore the faint milk smell. Shane's heart softened as he held her in his arms.

Natalie frowned. She walked towards Shane and Sharon while pulling Connor along. She said blandly, "Mr. Shane, please put Sharon down. We're on our way home."

Shane ignored her. He playfully braided Sharon's hair and asked, "Why did you come out only after so long?"

Natalie's eyes narrowed. "Mr. Shane, are you implying that you were waiting here just for me?"

Shane raised his chin defiantly but did not reply.

So it is true!

Natalie gawped at him. "Mr. Shane, is there anything you need me for?"

"I'd like to apologize on behalf of Jacqueline for what happened in front of the Ophthalmology Department just now," Shane said as he placed Sharon down.

The moment Sharon's feet touched the floor, Connor snatched her over.

Natalie looked at her son approvingly. Then, she turned towards Shane and asked, "Mr. Shane, so you are apologizing on behalf of Ms. Graham?"

"Yes," Shane said readily.

Natalie smiled faintly. "You don't have to do that, Mr. Shane. Ms. Smith already apologized just now."

"Jacqueline's apology wasn't sincere. I could tell that you weren't entirely pleased with it," Shane replied, meeting Natalie's gaze levelly.

Natalie hesitated. "It wasn't ideal, but it was good enough. We'll take our leave then, Mr. Shane."

"Wait," the urgency in Shane's voice stopped Natalie in her tracks.

Natalie groaned inwardly. "Is there anything else, Mr. Shane?"

"I overheard everything you said in the room just now," Shane said deliberately.

Natalie inhaled sharply, her entire body stiffened.

Shane perceived her anxiety at once. He smirked. "Don't worry. Jacqueline isn't eyeing your corneas."

I won't permit her to either!

"Mr. Shane, what are corneas?" Sharon suddenly asked inquisitively.

Shane looked at her, pondering. How do I explain something like this to a child? Fortunately, he was saved by Connor. The latter dragged Sharon aside and said sternly, "This is between the adults! Stop asking so many questions."

"Oh," Sharon pouted. She retreated, sulking.

Natalie was not overly concerned with her children's antics. She was still turning Shane's words over in her mind.

Natalie felt a tremendous wave of relief wash over her. So Jacqueline wasn't after her corneas as she had previously feared. However, that hardly assuaged the terror that still lingered in Natalie's mind. The memory of Jacqueline's frenzied look rose unbidden before her. "Mr. Shane, how can you be so sure that Ms. Graham has no such intentions?" Natalie asked.

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Shane placed his hands into his pocket coolly, then announced, "Because the corneas that Jacqueline is interested in belong to someone who is already dying."

"Someone who's already dying?" Natalie stared at him, incomprehension written all over her face.

Shane nodded in affirmation. "Jacqueline said herself that the person she's thinking of only has about two or three months to live."

This revelation allowed Natalie to breathe a little easier, gradually recovering her composure. The suspicion she had been harboring in her mind began to slowly evaporate.

Two to three months to live? It sounds like a terminal illness. I guess we've truly misunderstood Ms. Graham.

Awkwardly, Natalie bobbed her head in apology. "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane. We've completely misunderstood Ms. Graham," she admitted.

"It's fine. I'll confess that even I found Jacqueline's reaction just now to be rather dubious," Shane replied kindly, dismissing Natalie's apology.

Natalie looked at him. "Since it was a pure misunderstanding, let's not discuss this matter anymore. We'll be off now."

She grabbed each of her two children's hands and hurried into the lift.

Shane followed them, much to Natalie's dismay.

Once inside the lift, Shane again fixed his piercing gaze on Natalie. He immediately perceived what she was thinking, and his face fell. "I'm heading downstairs too," he proclaimed.

How could she deny someone who was going in the same direction as herself?

Natalie was trapped. Flustered, she did her best to overlook his presence in the lift.

She clutched each of her children's hands tightly, deliberately keeping a distance from Shane. Natalie also kept her eyes desperately trained on the lift panel, as if hoping that everything else around her would fade away.

Natalie's refusal to acknowledge Shane was very obvious. Perturbed, Shane longed to confess his feelings for her and put a stop to all this.

But he couldn't do that. He had yet to uncover the identities of those trying to kill Natalie.

If Shane lay his heart bare to Natalie, he would only subject Natalie and her children to greater danger.

At the thought of this, Shane hardened his heart. He clenched his hands that were hidden deep within his pockets, with all his might.

Neither of them spoke. The silence in the lift was deafening, broken only by the occasional sounds of light breathing. Beneath the incredible weight of the tension, Connor and Sharon grew increasingly fidgety.

Ding! The lift doors slid open. Natalie practically hauled her two children out with her. Connor and Sharon both heaved a sigh of relief, glad to have escaped that claustrophobic space.

"What's wrong?" Natalie asked as she was bemused.

Connor and Sharon shook their heads. "Nothing, Mommy! Let's go home."

"Yes, let's go home," Natalie repeated. She patted their heads, and they walked to the car together.

After Connor and Sharon had gotten onto the car, Natalie walked over to the driver's seat. Instead of diving in, she glanced behind her.

Shane was nowhere to be seen. Natalie puzzled briefly over where he could have vanished to, given that he had been with them just moments ago.

She refused to let her mind linger on it. Then, Natalie quickly snapped back to her present, got into the car quickly, and drove off.

When the car had shrunk to little more than the glow of its headlights in the distance, Shane once again emerged at the entrance of the hospital. He brought his cell phone to his ear. "Speed up the investigation. I need you to find the culprit within a week," Shane commanded.

It was time for them to stop dithering around.

Natalie was indeed keeping her distance from him. If the investigation dragged any longer, Shane feared that Natalie's already-diminished feelings for him might evaporate entirely.

"Mr. Shane, won't that be a bit too difficult for us? After so long, we still haven't managed to find anything. Now that you're only giving us a week..." Silas trailed off uneasily.

Shane pressed his lips together tightly. "Look for Mr. Gunn," he suggested.

Silas blinked. "Mr. Shane, are you thinking of asking the government to help out?"

Shane nodded. "Mr. Gunn owes Grandpa a favor. He'll help us if we go to him."

"Got it. With Mr. Gunn's support, we'll definitely be able to find the culprit!" Silas remarked enthusiastically.

Silas reflected. Mr. Shane might have a considerable amount of influence, but it had its limits. They had not been able to do a thorough investigation for fear of offending those in high places.

However, now that they had authority on their side, the road was practically paved for them.

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After the call ended, Shane gave one last look in the direction that Natalie had driven off. He then turned and walked slowly back to the hospital.

The following week flew by.

Natalie was thoroughly occupied. She went on multiple trips back and forth from her studio to the textile mill, too busy to even carve out any time to visit the hospital.

Amidst the fierce competition for admission into the Design Association, fourteen participants were eventually chosen. With the inclusion of Natalie and that despicable half-sister of hers, Jasmine, eight out of the sixteen participants altogether would ultimately be selected.

On the day of the competition, Joyce wheeled Stanley out of the hospital and over to the venue to cheer for Natalie.

“Come on, Natalie!” Ever the ardent supporter, Joyce waved at Natalie from behind Stanley’s wheelchair.

Stanley also radiated good cheer. “Nat, you’ll come out on top for sure!”

“Thank you, I’ll do my best,” Natalie said, nodding in appreciation. With their support still ringing in her ears, she strode towards the Design Association building.

Just as she entered, Natalie collided with another figure. It was Jasmine, who had been rushing in from another direction.

They froze simultaneously.

Natalie recovered herself first and glanced at Jasmine with a look of contempt.

She had resolved to continue on her way without much ado. However, Jasmine bellowed from behind Natalie, “Stop right there!”

Natalie halted. Looking at Jasmine in her wheelchair, she asked politely, "Yes?"

"I'm disabled, so you have to let me in first!" Jasmine said haughtily.

Natalie smiled wryly. "Jasmine, are you that set on arguing with me? Are we really going to squabble about who gets to go through the door first? You've really regressed."

"So what? As long as I'm able to upset you, I will be happy," Jasmine scoffed.

Natalie set her jaw. "Is that so? What if I refuse to give in to you then?"

"You can try. There are tons of reporters around here. They're so eager to find out how the competition is progressing! All they do is camp here, hoping to snap a picture of Project Rebirth's Lead Designer. What do you think netizens will say when they see that you didn't give way to a disabled person and even scolded her?"

Natalie pursed her lips. "I see. You're using public opinion against me."

"That's right. Nobody online knows about our relationship or that we don't get along. They'll only believe what they see. Why shouldn't I use it to my advantage?" Jasmine shrugged.

Natalie had to admit that Jasmine was right.

Nobody over the Internet would care about finding out the truth. Most were simply interested in the gossips.

If Natalie really refused to give way to Jasmine, all sorts of abuse would be hurled online. There'd be indignant voices accusing her of being inconsiderate towards the disabled and decrying her arrogance. More concerning was the fact that these comments might negatively affect the Design Association, which would, in turn, direct its wrath towards Natalie.

"All right, I'll let you in first then," Natalie said coolly. She moved aside.

Jasmine adjusted the direction her wheelchair was heading in, then paused. She turned to Natalie and sniggered, "If I wasn't afraid of kicking up a fuss and getting blacklisted by the Design Association, I'd really want to see the photos those reporters would've taken of you. I'd love to see netizens cursing at you to their hearts' content."

Satisfied, Jasmine wheeled herself in.

Natalie looked after Jasmine's departing figure, then snorted. Was there really a need to fight over who got to go in first? As if that'd automatically put you in the first place!

Natalie shook her head glumly, then took a deep breath. She smoothed out her hair and composed herself before continuing her way in.

The competition venue was actually the Design Association's meeting room. As there were only sixteen participants, the Association had returned the original venue they'd booked and decided to hold it in the meeting room instead.

To ensure the fairness of the competition, the Design Association had taken a further step of inviting several trending media platforms to do a live stream of the entire event.

After Natalie received this news, a gleam appeared in her eye. She shot a glance in Jasmine's direction.

A live stream is perfect! Natalie had been agonizing over the fact that nobody had yet exposed Jasmine's blatant plagiarism. The live stream would definitely be of help.

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Never would she have thought that the Design Association would help her resolve the issue so easily.

Jasmine then noticed Natalie's gaze on her. For some reason, she felt a little uneasy.

Before she had a chance to speak, Liam began to host the competition, getting the sixteen models to stand on the stage as he announced the competition details.

Jasmine could only glare back at Natalie as she mouthed the question, "What are you looking at?"

Natalie read her lips but remained silent. She simply gave Jasmine a meaningful smile before turning her attention back to Liam.

The theme of the competition was 'Spring'. Designers had to create a blueprint for their design, select the fabric, then create the outfit on-site. Models would then wear the outfit and walked down the runway.

Thus, as soon as Liam stopped talking, aside from Natalie, the rest of the designers all rushed forward to select their model.

A good model would not only inspire the designer but also carry an impact on the competition results.

The model's aura, physical appearance, and runway walk could steer the designer in a certain direction on their designs. Even if the final product was not especially brilliant, as long as it suited the model well, there was still a chance of winning. Therefore, the designers were so actively picking their desired models.

At the same time, Shane was watching the live stream in his office at Thompson Group. Silas stood behind him, pushing up his glasses as he asked, "Everyone else is rushing to choose the models. Why isn't Ms. Smith doing anything?"

Looking at the designers snatching models on the live stream, Shane got annoyed. He fixed his eyes on Natalie who merely stood there calmly and said lightly, "She doesn't need to. With her abilities, she can definitely design the most suitable outfit no matter which model she gets."

"That being said, the theme this time is spring. Its representative quality is its gentleness. Everyone else picked the model they wanted and Ms. Smith is only left with a tanned-skinned model. It won't be easy for her," said Silas worriedly as he watched Natalie walking toward the model in question.

Local designers had the tendency to design clothes that were more conservative and delicate. Since most of them felt that tanned-skinned models were more suited to modeling prominent, fashionable clothes, they rarely hired such models.

Such models' visual styling also leaned more towards the wilder, more unrestrained side, making them unable to express the subdued softness of the spring season.

Shane understood Silas's concerns but he was not the slightest bit worried about Natalie. He simply leaned back in his chair and made himself comfortable. "Look at her. Does it look like she's flustered?"

Silas studied Natalie's face.

Just as Shane said, there was no sign of tension on her face. In fact, she even had a smile.

The corner of Shane's lips turned upward as he looked at Natalie's grin. "For a prodigy like her, participating in a competition too simple would just be pointless. It's definitely better if there's some difficulty. That way, she would win against all odds and that is more significant."

Silas looked at Shane, who was fully confident in Natalie's abilities and grinned.

If Mr. Shane, who loved Ms. Smith, is not even worried for her, why should I be?

Back at the competition venue, under the eyes of a gloating Jasmine, Natalie led the tanned-skinned model back to her table and started taking her measurements.

When she was done, Natalie got the model to take a rest before moving to check out the fabrics the Design Association had prepared.

All the fabrics prepared were of ordinary quality and were in basic colors. This restricted the designers' creative limits even further. The other designers had all begun to scratch their heads over the situation.

"Ms. Smith, aren't you worried?" An ordinary-looking female designer had walked up to Natalie, striking up a conversation as she chose her fabrics.

Natalie took a piece of white chiffon and placed it over her arm, before asking back, "What's there to worry about?"