

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 581

"Shane, where's Mom now?" asked Natalie hoarsely as she sat on the hospital bed. She stared at the floor lifelessly, her shoulders drooping.

Shane stroked her hair. "In the morgue."

"I want to see her." Natalie grabbed his sleeves.

Initially, Shane wanted to refuse her. However, after giving it some thought, he agreed in the end. "Okay, I'll inform Jackson."

Natalie murmured a response before falling silent.

Casting one last glance at her worriedly, Shane walked out of the hospital ward.

Outside the ward, Jackson was leaning against the wall and smoking. When he saw Shane coming out, he passed a cigarette to him too.

Just when Shane was about to reject it, Jackson withdrew the cigarette. "I forgot that you're undergoing treatment, so you can't smoke or drink. I'll smoke myself."

Shane glanced at him coldly.

Jackson placed the cigarette back into the box. "Is she awake?"

Shane nodded. "She wants to see Yulia."

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Jackson almost dropped the cigarette in his mouth. Choking on the smoke, he coughed till his face flushed. A while passed before he replied, "What did you say? She wants to see Yulia?"

"Yes."

"Are you joking? Isn't she afraid of having nightmares? Yulia's appearance when she died isn't exactly pleasant," said Jackson seriously.

Shane turned his head away slightly and glanced at the door of the hospital ward. "It's fine. That's her mother. She won't be afraid."

Jackson was at a loss for how to respond. Sighing, he nodded. "Fine, I'll allow it, then. You can bring her there."

"Okay." With that, Shane pushed open the door and entered the hospital ward.

Natalie looked at him lifelessly. "How did it go? Did he agree?"

He nodded. "Yes, he did."

Without saying anything, Natalie flipped her blanket away and was about to get out of the bed.

However, as she had not eaten for the entire day and cried multiple times, she no longer had any energy left. Hence, the moment her feet touched the ground, they became limp and her body toppled forward.

Luckily, Shane was right beside her. As he would never let her fall down in front of him, he carried her up before she even fell. "I'll carry you there."

Natalie did not refuse him.

Now that she had no strength left, she should not put up a strong front.

Just like that, Shane carried Natalie to the morgue.

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The morgue was located on the basement level. Although it was extremely cold, Natalie did not feel it at all. Perhaps, her heart had turned into ice.

She shoved Shane's chest gently. "Shane, put me down first. I'll go in myself."

"I'll accompany you." He did not place her down.

However, Natalie shook her head and refused his offer to accompany her. "No, I want to stay by my mom's side alone."

Shane did not say anything and placed her down.

Supporting herself against the wall, Natalie entered.

As the staff inside had already been informed about this, he did not say anything when he saw her enter. He pointed in a direction and said, "Go there. She's right there."

Natalie glanced at the steel bed, her eyes reddening. However, she did not cry this time. Biting her lips and taking a deep breath, she walked over.

Shane was waiting outside for her. After a few minutes, Silas arrived.

He glanced at the door of the morgue, his expression filled with pity and sorrow.

He only learned about Yulia's incident when Natalie was still unconscious. Shane was the one who told him about it and instructed him to investigate the truth behind the matter.

As Yulia was already dead, it was impossible to know from the victim whether she fell on her own or if someone pushed her. Hence, he had to investigate it.

The police were investigating it too.

"Mr. Shane." Silas averted his gaze and called out to Shane.

He nodded slightly in acknowledgement.

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Silas walked over to him and stopped. "Mr. Shane, is madam... alright?"

"She's fine for now," replied Shane as he continued looking at the morgue.

Judging from her personality, it would be some time before she could escape the sorrow of losing her mother.

Silas sighed. "I really didn't expect something like this to happen to Ms. Lawrence."

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"How's the investigation going?" Shane asked.

Silas' face turned serious as he said, "I looked around at the site. It looks like Ms. Lawrence was alone when she fell. Of course, I won't rule out the possibility that Harrison and his wife had gotten rid of the evidence that they were there."

The former narrowed his eyes at that.

Then, his assistant continued, "Since there were only the three of them there when it happened, the couple can definitely get rid of any disadvantageous evidence and act as though Ms. Lawrence had fallen on her own before calling the cops."

"So we still can't tell the truth about Yulia's death?" Shane's face darkened as he spoke.

Silas nodded. "That's right. We don't have enough evidence to prove that Harrison and his wife had pushed her down, nor can we prove that she had fallen herself. That's why we're stuck. If we can't find out the truth about what happened within the stipulated deadline..."

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“Then we’ll have to close the case with the conclusion that Yulia had fallen down the stairs on her own.” Shane completed Silas’ sentence.

Natalie pushed open the door just as the assistant was about to reply. Her eyes were red as she exclaimed, “That’s unacceptable!”

She still didn’t think that her mothers had fallen down the stairs on her own.

“You heard?” Shane stared at her.

She murmured a “Yes,” before adding, “I want to go to the police station and meet with Harrison.”

“No.” Shane didn’t agree this time.

Natalie fidgeted with her hands as she asked, “Why?”

“Your body couldn’t take it!” The man pursed his lips before he continued, “How are you going to meet him in this state? Get some rest first before you meet him tomorrow.”

Seeing Shane’s unwavering stance, she knew there was no room for negotiation.

“Come on, let’s head back to the ward.” He reached out to take her hand.

Natalie quickly moved away from him and hid her hand behind her. “I held my mom’s hand earlier.”

Shane did not insist as he lowered his hand upon hearing that.

They walked side by side towards the elevator, with Silas trailing behind.

After they entered the elevator, Shane looked at Natalie and asked, “What are your plans for Yulia’s funeral?”

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Her pale lips opened and closed a few times before she managed to say, "I need to find out the truth about her death first before sending her away!"

Otherwise, Mom wouldn't be able to rest in peace!

He understood her feelings and wasn't surprised that she made such a decision.

He had the same feeling back when David passed away. He was reluctant to hold his grandfather's funeral—a seeming attempt to escape reality.

In the end, he only agreed after people from the Thompson family worked together to persuade him.

After returning to the ward, Natalie splashed her face and washed her hands with cold water. Getting into bed, she closed her eyes.

Shane got beside her and said, "Don't fall asleep just yet. Eat something first. I told Silas to grab something earlier."

"It's alright. I don't have the appetite. I'm not in the mood to eat." She waved her hand, her expression full of despair.

He couldn't stand seeing her like this. Narrowing his eyes, he grabbed her hand and pulled her out of bed.

She didn't expect him to do that and jumped in shock. She quickly opened her eyes and said, "What are—"

"I brought food, Mr. Shane." Before she could even finish her sentence, Silas opened the door and interrupted her.

Shane hummed in response and took the food container from his assistant before handing it to Natalie. "Eat!"

The woman shook her head. "I'm not hungry."

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"You have to eat even if you're not hungry." The words he uttered were more of a command than a request.

Anger boiled in Natalie as she glared at him with reddened eyes. "You know how I feel now, Shane. How can I have the appetite to eat? Do you—"

"You'd better eat if you want to investigate your mother's death," Shane interrupted.

She opened her mouth to say retaliate but couldn't find the words.

He's right. If I don't eat anything, I won't have the energy to investigate what happened, nor will I be able to handle Mom's funeral.

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Bearing that thought in mind, Natalie covered her face and burst into tears. Her persistence had vanished into thin air.

Shane heaved a sigh when he realized that he managed to persuade her. He took her hands off her face and put a fork in her hands before saying gently, "Eat up. You have to stay strong for Yulia, okay?"

She bit down on her lips and whimpered. "Okay."

He then handed the container to her again.

This time, she didn't push it away but took it with shaky hands instead. After removing the lid, she started to eat while tears fell from her face.

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Even if she didn't have the appetite, she suppressed the urge to vomit and swallowed the food.

However, Natalie had only eaten half of her food when Shane took the container away from her. "Alright, that's enough. You haven't eaten the whole day so you shouldn't eat so much at one go. Rest up now."

Having no objections to it, she lay down on her bed and turned to another side, facing the man with her back.

He put the food container aside and left the ward quietly afterward.

"Mr. Shane, is madam asleep?" Silas asked.

Shane shut the door and instructed, "Yes, you should head back first. I'll be here to accompany her for the next two days. Please handle the company matters. Call me if there's anything."

"Understood," Silas answered and left.

Not long after he left, Mrs. Wilson led the two children over.

She was one of the few who knew about what happened to Yulia. Shane had called and told her about it when Natalie passed out. He needed her help to pick up the children at the kindergarten.

That was why she had rushed over to the hospital with the kids after picking them up.

"Sir—" Mrs. Wilson was about to say something when the children broke free from her and ran towards Shane.

"Daddy, what happened to grandma?" Connor's eyes were red as he asked while looking up at his father.

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Sharon wanted to know as well.

They didn't know that Yulia had passed since Mrs. Wilson didn't get into the details with them. All she said was that something had happened to their grandma.

Shane looked down at them for a moment before squatting down and taking them in his arms. "Your grandma... She's passed away."

Connor's eyes widened in shock.

Sharon, however, burst into tears immediately after hearing the news.

Her cries snapped her brother back to his senses. Shaking his head in disbelief, he wailed, "Impossible! She was just talking to us this morning! No! How could this be..." He broke down in tears before he could even finish his sentence.

He might be more matured than his age, but alas, he was just a five-year-old kid, after all. His grandmother, who loved him so dearly, had passed away. It was only natural that he couldn't take the bad news well.

Shane's heart ached at the sight of his children bawling their eyes out.

However, he didn't try to stop them, just like how he didn't stop Natalie from doing so as well.

He could understand their grief of losing the one nearest to them. It would do them worse if they bottled up their feelings—they would eventually break down mentally.

That was why he just let them be.

He was their support at that moment.

Mrs. Wilson felt just as sad as she stood beside and wiped her tears with her sleeves. "How could this happen? She was just fine this morning. How could this be?"

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Shane stayed silent as he patted the children's back gently to prevent them from choking from their tears.

It went on for quite a while before they fell asleep in his embrace.

He couldn't care less about his numb legs as he picked the both of them up in his arms. "Mrs. Wilson, both of them have fallen asleep. Please bring them home and take good care of them."

With that said, he handed them over to her.

Mrs. Wilson carried both children without breaking a sweat. "Don't worry, sir. I'll take good care of them."

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Shane nodded slightly in return.

"Oh, right. How is madam?" she asked after glancing at the door behind him.

"Don't worry, she will be fine," he answered while rubbing his temples.

Mrs. Wilson nodded and said, "She's in an extremely vulnerable state now. You have to take good care of her. We shall make a move first."

She left with the children right after that.

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Shane opened up the door and went back into the ward. He dragged a chair with him as he walked over to the bed and sat down beside her. He stared at the woman who was fast asleep before falling asleep eventually.

By the time Natalie woke up, it was already nighttime.

She was awoken by the sounds of people talking. Although they were soft, they still disturbed her.

With her head in her hand, she sat up slowly in her bed.

The people talking heard the rustling of her blanket and immediately turned to look at her.

“You’re awake.” Shane instantly left Jacqueline alone and walked over to her. He then put a pillow behind her.

Natalie leaned on the pillow and said weakly, “Thank you.”

Perhaps it was because she cried so much in the day. Hence, she sounded hoarse and awful when she spoke.

The man quickly handed her a glass of water and said, “Drink this to soothe your throat.”

Natalie lifted her pale arm to take the glass before taking a sip.

The water was warm and slightly sweet. Shane had probably poured it a moment ago and added honey in it, waiting to let her drink it when she was awake.

She felt comforted that he was taking such good care of her.

“Do you want some more?” Shane asked as he took the glass from her after seeing that she had finished the water.

“No thanks,” she answered while shaking her head.

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He put the glass aside before asking, "Are you hungry?"

Natalie shook her head again, expressing that she was not hungry.

Jacqueline watched as Shane took care of the woman so meticulously. She couldn't help but clench her fists in jealousy. However, despite her feelings, with a smile plastered on her face, she said warmly, "You're finally awake, Ms. Smith. Do you know how worried Shane was when you were sleeping?"

"What are you doing here?" Natalie asked as she shifted her gaze towards her.

"I came to visit you after hearing about your hospitalization from Jackie."

The former snorted inwardly upon hearing that.

You're here to visit me?

It's more like you're here to see Shane.

Despite the thought, Natalie said nothing in response.

Sunken in the sorrow of the passing of her dearest mother, Natalie couldn't care less about Jacqueline's true motives.

Suddenly, the sound of a ringtone broke the silence in the room.

Shane fished out his phone from his pocket. His brows furrowed slightly after taking a glance. "I need to take this call. It's about time you head home too, Jacqueline."

"It's alright. The nurses have yet to make their rounds. I'll stay here with Ms. Smith for a little while longer," she said.

After he hesitated for a moment, he agreed to it eventually.

He felt more at ease having someone accompany Natalie.

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Shane patted Natalie's head before heading out to answer the call.

Both women were the only ones left in the ward.

Natalie tried to ignore Jacqueline. However, the latter would not leave her alone.

She stood up and walked towards the bed. "I heard you passed out due to intense feelings of grief after the passing of your mother."

Natalie's eyes darkened at the mention of her mother's death. She slowly turned her stiff neck to look at her and said, "What does that have to do with you?"

"Nothing at all," Jacqueline replied with a shrug. A wicked smile hung on her lips as she continued, "Actually, I feel quite happy to see you so sorrowful."

"Happy?" Natalie repeated, her eyes flickered.

"Yes." The former's finger traced the bed frame as she continued, "Thinking back when you snatched Shane away from me, I was this miserable just like how you are now. That's why I'm so happy to see you like this."

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"I see." Natalie gripped tightly onto her blankets and sneered, "I can't believe you would say something like this, Ms. Graham. You're finally showing your true colors, aren't you?"

Jacqueline's eyes flickered slightly without denying it.

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The former shut her eyes and asked, "I want to know why you're not putting on an act in front of me anymore."

"It's nothing. It's tiring to put up an act, you know. Besides, Shane isn't here. So why should I bother?"

Natalie pursed her pale lips for a moment before saying, "Is that so? Since this is your true self, then may I ask if you were the one behind the burning of my warehouse, the car accident of my son and friend, and also my kidnapping with Harrison?"

She had already suspected it a long time ago but dispelled the thought later on.

Right then, Jacqueline had finally shown her true colors. So Natalie decided to make it clear with her once and for all.

The latter stared at her in shock. "Oh my, so you've been through so many traumatizing events!"

Natalie studied her face with icy cold eyes, trying to decipher her reaction.

However, it seemed as though she actually didn't know what happened.

For a moment, Natalie couldn't tell what was going on.

"Don't be disappointed, Ms. Smith. I'm sure you'll find out who's the one behind all this. But why would that person do all this to you?" Jacqueline asked with a smile.

Natalie lowered her gaze as she didn't want to answer.

Jacqueline's eyes turned cold as she was upset at her reaction. "Forget it if you don't want to answer. I won't ask anymore."

"Then please leave," Natalie said as she rubbed the bridge of her nose.

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The latter's lips curled as she said, "You're chasing me away? That's so heartless of you."

"Then what do you want?" the bedridden woman asked with furrowed brows.

"Nothing. I just enjoy the sight of you being miserable. It's such a rare sight, after all." Jacqueline crossed her arms before continuing, "I thought that I'd have to wait for a long time before I could see you like this. Who would've thought that it'd be so soon? It seems like your mother died at the right timing."

Her words successfully angered Natalie.

Her body was trembling with anger and her eyes were brimming with tears. "Jacqueline, how could you say such a thing! You vile witch!"

She dared say that Mom deserved to die!

Seeing Natalie so worked up, the look on Jacqueline's face turned even more wicked. "I am vile? Since when? Was I wrong?"

"Y-You—" Natalie raised her arms in anger, wanting to give the wicked woman a slap.

But ultimately, she held back and stopped her arm midway.

Even though Jacqueline deserved the slap, but with her health condition, she definitely could not take the hit. In the end, Natalie would be the one to suffer from the altercation.

That was why she couldn't hit her.

Jacqueline knew that she was going to hit her when she saw the raised arm. She was afraid at first, but soon, she seemed to have thought of something as she grabbed onto the bed rail. The woman didn't even try to move away as she waited for Natalie's slap.

However, she didn't expect the latter to have such good self-control.

This is unacceptable.

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My plan would be foiled if she lowered her hand.

Jacqueline quickly shoved her face forward to meet the former's palm.

Pretending to get slapped, Jacqueline fell onto the floor and let out a scream.

Both Shane and Jackson rushed in and instantly saw Natalie's raised hand and Jacqueline sitting on the floor in fright.

Everyone could tell what had happened before them.

Natalie had pushed Jacqueline onto the floor.

Jackson's face darkened while Shane furrowed at the sight of it.

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