

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 226

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As Shane watched the door of the elevator slowly close upon Natalie's reserved and withdrawn demeanor, the hand in his pocket gripped against itself.

She was deliberately distancing herself from me!

Even though he understood why, it did not feel good to have her treat him that way.

Inside the elevator, Joyce looked at Natalie. "Nat, has something happened? Why do I get the feeling that you are treating Mr. Shane rather aloofly?"

Natalie's eyes flickered as she evoked a subdued smile. "I used to work under him, but not anymore. We're just acquaintances now, so nothing could possibly have happened."

"But I keep thinking that there's some kind of awkwardness between you both. It's almost like you are keeping your distance from him." Joyce said as she primped her hair.

Natalie nodded. "That's right. He's a man who is engaged to be married. Should I not keep my distance from him?"

"Well..." Joyce was rendered speechless.

She then poked at Joyce's face. "Enough of the gossip. You better take care of that or it might leave behind scars."

"What?" Joyce then fished out a pocket mirror from her bag to examine her own reflection.

She let out a blood-curdling scream when she saw the streaks of semi-dried blood left behind on her face by Jasmine's nails.

Natalie plugged her own ears. "What are you doing?"

Joyce was so angry that the flush from her face bled into her eyes. "That b*tch had the gall to mess up my face. Curses!"

Natalie was bemused. "Well, you did her a number too, so consider it even. Alright, we are here. Let's head to the infirmary."

"Alright." Joyce nodded as she put her mirror away and helped Natalie out.

It was past noon after they have both tended to their respective injuries.

Joyce dropped Natalie back at the hospital before returning to the studio on her own.

When Yulia saw the state of Natalie's leg, she was saddened unto tears. "Damn that Jasmine for doing this to you."

Natalie smiled as she comforted her mother. "It's okay, Mom. It'll be fine in a couple of days."

According to the doctor, her injury was not that serious. She should be able to recover from her strained ligament with a few days of rest.

As Yulia helped her daughter to her seat, she was full of self-reproach. "Now I can't let any one of your out of my sight. The minute I do, you'll end up getting yourselves into all kinds of trouble."

Natalie's head was lowered as she felt bad. "Alright, Mom. Let's not talk about that anymore. How's Connor today?"

"He's doing well so far. Went for a walk in the morning. He just went to sleep after taking his medication." Her mother said as she returned with a glass of hot honey.

She received the glass and took a sip from it. Her eyes were cast tenderly upon the little child on the hospital bed.

Then there was a rapping at the door of the ward.

Yulia got up to answer and shortly returned with the white-coated Stanley in tow.

He was about to greet Natalie when he noticed the bandaged cast on her right foot. The gentle smile on his face froze. "What happened to your foot, Nat?"

"I've sprained it," she replied nonchalantly.

Yulia snorted. "That was Jasmine's doing. She wanted to take Nat out of contention for the bidding exercise, so she greased the floor outside the restroom and caused Nat to fall. It was too much!"

"Jasmine..." Stanley repeated the name to himself. A cold glint flashed across the eye behind the glasses before it quickly dissipated. He then asked in his usual genial tone. "What did the doctor say?"

"It's nothing serious. I am just to avoid running and jumping," Natalie replied as she rubbed her ankle.

Stanley nodded as he placed down the fruits that he had brought along. "Which reminds me, Nat. I have something that I would like to discuss with you."

"Go ahead." Natalie looked attentively at him.

He settled himself down beside her. "It's like this. I have a patient from overseas who has just recovered. She invited me to her wedding but it isn't much fun for me to go by myself, so I thought about whether you might be interested to come with me."

"I see. But as you understand my situation at the moment, I could hardly..."

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"Just go!" Yulia interjected as she brought over a plate of washed fruits.

Natalie frowned. "Mom, how could I leave right now with Connor in this condition..."

"I'll be around. When your brother found out about Connor's accident, he specifically requested that I stay here with you for a while longer. As you've been under a lot of stress over Connor lately, it would be nice for you to take a break alongside Stanley and relax."

Stanley offered his thanks upon receiving his share of the fruit and seconded the points she made. "Yulia is right, Nat. Just think of it as a vacation. You'll be back sooner than you know it."

Natalie looked at the both of them and smiled in resignation as she shook her head. "Since you already put it that way, how could I refuse?"

Stanley's face perked up in delight. "So you have agreed to it then, Nat?"

She replied in the affirmative.

"That's wonderful. I'll come to pick you up when the time comes." He placed down the apple in his hand and got to his feet.

Natalie nodded. "Alright."

After he left, Yulia put the apple Stanley left behind back onto the plate. "What a thoughtful lad. He doesn't forget to ask you along even to attend a wedding."

Natalie took a bite of the apple. "Actually, I'm not that keen on attending other people's wedding. I'd rather he took Joyce instead."

Her mother twitched the corner of her lips. "I don't know if you are really oblivious, or pretending to be. You picked it up right away with Shane, so I wonder how is it that you could be this dense when it came to Stanley."

"Huh?" Natalie blinked in bewilderment. "What are you going on about, Mom? I don't get anything that you are saying."

The older woman rolled her eyes. "It's nothing. It's fine if you don't understand, but if you do, I fear that you may not be able to continue as friends with Stanley."

With that, she poked at Natalie's forehead once or twice before she went into the restroom.

Natalie rubbed her forehead, all the while still feeling quite uncertain.

Regardless, she put it all at the back of her mind. She lifted the apple to her lips to finish it up before she placed the drawing board and started work on her designs.

The next day.

Joyce came to the hospital to pick up Natalie so that they may go to the studio together to put pen to paper on the contract with Plumlee.

She seemed over the moon when she arrived. "Nat, I have a piece of great news."

Natalie looked up from her breakfast. "What is it?"

"Of course it has to do with Jasmine. Mr. Shane is simply amazing. Do you remember that he said he was going to punish her? Today, Jasmine suffered a broken leg. Mr. Shane is my hero. I am super satisfied with this outcome." Joyce was so emotionally charged she started throwing punches in the air.

In contrast, Natalie's expression was grim. "Has Jasmine really broken her leg?"

"Yup, yup. I saw it in the news this morning. The report stated that she was found in an alley by a cleaner." Joyce nodded.

Natalie put down her fork immediately and pulled out her cellphone to search for the said news report.

It did not take her very long to find it.

She skimmed through it quickly and frowned after she reached the end of the article. "That's not right!"

"What?" Joyce eyed her with doubt.

Natalie then lowered her phone. "This was not of Mr. Shane's doing."

"Huh?" Her friend was genuinely surprised. "It wasn't him?"

Natalie nodded. "According to my understanding of him, he would never raise a hand against a woman, even to one such as Jasmine. That is his principle and upbringing."

"That may be true, but he didn't have to do it himself. He could easily have gotten someone to do it for him," Joyce snorted.

As she rubbed her forehead in exasperation, she said. "You don't understand. What I mean to say is, he would not lay his hands on a woman, be it directly or indirectly, And haven't you noticed that there is a gaping loophole in all of this?"

"Which is?" Joyce shook her head.

Natalie bit her lip. "It's this alley. If Mr. Shane wanted to break Natalie's leg, why would he want to do so in a public space like an alley for it to end up all over the news?"

Joyce seemed to understand now that the finer points have been broken down and explained to her. She then slammed her hands onto the table. "That's right. With Mr. Shane's influence, he could kill Jasmine and disappear her if he wanted to, and no one would be any the wiser. If he wanted to break Jasmine's leg, he could have done so in front of your Dad. There's no reason for him to do it outside."

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"This only proves that someone else was responsible for the attack on Jasmine," Natalie said as she fondled the back of her phone.

"But who could it be," Joyce wondered as she rubbed her chin.

Natalie shrugged. "Who knows. Whoever it was sure doesn't like Jasmine much. It may not necessarily be a bad thing, as at the very least she won't be troubling anyone for a while. It's almost time. Let's get going."

With that, the two of them left the hospital for the studio.

Plumlee arrived with the bodyguard shortly after them.

"Good morning, Ms. Smith." Plumlee hailed Natalie.

She returned a smile. "Morning, Mr. Plumlee. Please, have a seat."

"Thank you." The secretary pulled up a chair and settled into it with the bodyguard standing behind him.

Joyce brought the teapot into the office and proceeded to pour some for Natalie and Plumlee.

Reaching into his briefcase, he retrieved the contract for Natalie. "Ms. Smith, this is the contract that we've drafted. Please review it and let us know if everything is in order."

"Alright." Natalie smiled as she received it.

Joyce also came over to her side and scrutinized the document with her.

Natalie closed the file after she was finished. "Everything is fine."

"Then let's sign on it." Plumlee then passed along an exquisite fountain pen.

Natalie seemed a little lost in thought at the sight of that pen.

Joyce nudged her. "Nat, what are you doing, spacing out right now?"

Natalie came to and winced in embarrassment. "I'm sorry. It's just that this fountain pen reminded me of someone who had one just like that."

Shane's fountain pens were all of this brand.

"Oh, if you don't mind me asking, who might that person be?" There was a glow in Plumlee's eyes.

However, Natalie did not notice it. She smiled as she put pen to paper. "He was my direct superior at my previous job."

Isn't that Mr. Shane?

Plumlee raised his eyebrows as he suddenly recalled Silas mentioning that this Ms. Smith was their boss's true love.

The secretary wondered if his boss would be so pleased to hear this from him later as to award him a pay raise.

"Mr. Plumlee. Mr. Plumlee?" Joyce hailed as she waved a hand in front of him.

That brought Plumlee back around. "What?"

"We've already signed the contract so now it's just missing your signature. How is it that you are spacing out too?" Joyce asked in suspicion.

The young man self-consciously cleared his throat. "I'm sorry that I was distracted for a moment. You've signed the contract, yes? Let me just stamp it with Mr. Smith's seal."

He proceeded to produce the seal from his breast pocket before committing it to paper.

The contractual documents were split into three. Plumlee handed one set over to Natalie before leaving with the other two.

When he walked out of Studio Nouveau, Plumlee climbed into a limousine parked by the side of the road. He passed the contracts along to Shane, who was resting with his eyes closed. "Mr. Shane. The contract has been finalized!"

Shane opened his eyes. He reached out to receive the documents and leafed through them before returning to his secretary. "Take care of this. From now on, you will be liaising with them for this project."

"Understood." Plumlee nodded.

Silas in the front passenger seat turned to regard Shane. "Mr. Shane, I don't understand why you have to do this in such a roundabout fashion. Since this is professional work, she should not reject your offer even if you approached her yourself."

"She would!" Shane pursed his lips as he replied plainly.

She values the people around her. For their sake, she would choose to keep her distance from him, no matter the reason.

He almost made her lose her life, twice, so he had to find a way to make it up to her. If he did it openly, she would surely turn him down, so he had no choice but to adopt this approach.

"Let's go." Shane's brows knitted.

Plumlee then turned the ignition.

While they were on the road, Silas received a call.

After he heard what the caller had to say, he sounded rather vexed. "Mr. Shane, Ms. Jasmine has awakened. She demanded to see you."

"No!" Shane frowned as he replied bluntly.

The assistant conveyed his boss's sentiments to the person at the other end before he ended the call.

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"Mr. Shane, Harrison hopes you can help to find out the culprit who broke Ms. Jasmine's leg," Silas put down his cell phone.

With narrowed eyes, Shane said placidly, "I know who the culprit is."

"What?" Silas was stunned. "When did you find out?"

Shane tossed his cell phone towards him.

Silas caught it hurriedly and unlocked it with a passcode. The text message read: I am the one who broke your fiancée's leg. This is just a warning for her. If she dares to hurt Nat again, I want her to spend the rest of her life miserably in a wheelchair!

"What? It's Dr. Quinn?" he gasped. Still holding the phone, his hand trembled.

Shane explained casually, "He's never an ordinary man. His lack of compassion and cruelty are just hidden by his gentle appearance. Jackson mentioned before that he has psychological issues."

"Ms. Smith is very close with him. Do you think she is at risk?" Silas asked worriedly.

Shane pursed his lips and replied confidently, "No, he won't hurt her."

Stanley will never hurt Natalie because he is deeply in love with her.

However, having a person with mental problems by Natalie's side is indeed worrying.

"Mr. Shane, are we supposed to do anything, given Dr. Quinn broke Ms. Jasmine's leg?" Silas questioned and returned the phone to Shane.

Shane took it from Silas and placed it in his suit pocket. "No need. She should blame herself for her broken leg. She shouldn't have assaulted Natalie!"

"Understood, Mr. Shane," Silas answered obediently and remained silent.

At Jackson's hospital. Once Harrison finished his phone conversation with Shane, Jasmine immediately asked eagerly, "Dad, did Shane say he's coming?"

Harrison sighed. "No, he's not coming."

Jasmine's face turned pale. She asked in disappointment, "Why is he like that? Even when I'm injured, he still refuses to visit me?"

"It's all right; never mind that. This is not the first time he behaves like this. When you were sick previously, he also didn't come to see you," Harrison spoke as he sat down with his walking cane.

Jasmine became agitated and hit her blanket nonstop. "This time is different! I was only mildly sick previously, but this round I'm seriously injured. My leg is broken!" she wailed.

"What do you think we can do? You expect me to abduct him and bring him here forcefully?" Harrison glared at her and asked sulkily.

Susan brought a jug into the room. "What are both of you arguing about?"

"Mom, Shane is not coming to visit me," Jasmine grumbled with a twitch on her face.

Susan put the jug down and stroke her head. "It's all right. Just give him a call later and ask him to come. What matters most now is to arrest the culprit who attacked you. Darling, did Shane say he will help to find out who the culprit is?"

Before Harrison could answer, Jasmine responded coldly, "Why are we wasting time to look for the culprit? It's surely Natalie! She must be wanting to take revenge on me for making her sprain her ankle!"

"What?" Susan shrieked. "Let me confront her now!"

Harrison tried to stop Susan but his effort was in vain. The woman stormed out of the room and left the hospital at once.

After asking around for Natalie's whereabouts, Susan headed straight to where Natalie was.

Natalie was accompanying Connor to watch TV after she came back from the studio earlier. All of a sudden, they heard someone blast outside their room, "Natalie, you brat! Come out at once!"

"Mommy, somebody is scolding you." Connor frowned.

"Don't worry, Mommy will go take a look now. You just stay here." Natalie stroked his head lovingly. She stood up grimly and left the room slowly with her crutches.

She saw Susan standing outside the room arrogantly, with her hands on her waist. "Susan, what are you here for?" she asked in dismay.

"What for?" Susan sneered and raised her hand to scratch Natalie's face. "You wicked b*tch! How dare you get people to break my daughter's leg!"

Natalie was unable to duck in time as her injured foot was hindering her from moving swiftly. Instantaneously, she felt a burning pain on her face, inflicted by Susan's sharp nails.

However, she had no time to check the wound. Susan's abrupt attack caused her to lose her balance. Her body swayed and she was about to collapse on the floor.

Fortunately, Yulia was back in time. She immediately held onto Natalie and asked nervously, "Nat, are you all right?"

"Mom, I'm fine," Natalie consoled Yulia.

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"Luckily, you're not hurt again." Yulia gave a sigh of relief before turning to stare at Susan furiously. "You really are crazy! How dare you hurt my daughter!"

"Hmph! Anything wrong? Why don't you ask what she has done?" Susan pointed at Natalie disdainfully.

Yulia looked at Natalie and asked in concern, "Nat, what have you done?"

Natalie responded in an ice-cold tone, "Susan said that I broke Jasmine's leg!"

“Bullshit!” Yulia blurted. She bellowed at Susan, “How can you accuse my daughter of breaking your daughter’s leg without any proof? I haven’t even said anything about your daughter causing Nat to sprain her ankle, yet you are finding fault with her now!”

“What do you mean by finding fault? I’m telling the truth! She has been holding a grudge against Jas just because Jas caused her ankle injury. But it’s too wicked of her to ask someone to break Jas’ leg!” Susan stared at Natalie maliciously.

Yulia moved in front of Natalie instantly to block Susan’s glare. “My daughter is wicked? Why don’t you say your daughter is wicked? She had set Nat up!”

“I don’t care! Natalie has only sprained her ankle, but my Jas’ leg is broken! If you refuse to apologize to us today, I will lodge a police report and accuse you of intentionally assaulting Jas for revenge!” Susan roared with clenched fists.

“Go ahead as you like! Let the police come and investigate. If it turns out we’re not the culprits, then you will be charged with framing and lodging false police reports!” Yulia sneered at her.

Since Susan insisted that Natalie was the culprit who broke Jasmine’s leg, she was not the least bit shaken by Yulia’s words. As such, Susan took out her cell phone to call the police.

After that, she looked at Natalie and Yulia smugly. “Just wait till the day you get locked up in prison!”

“Susan, I personally feel that you and Jasmine will be the ones imprisoned in the end.” Natalie poked out her head from Yulia’s back and smiled.

Susan was stunned. “What do you mean?”

Natalie fluffed her hair a bit and replied placidly, “You’ll know soon.”

Susan started to feel insecure as Natalie was still joking and not worried about the arrival of the police. She was now doubting if Natalie was really the culprit who broke Jasmine’s leg.

If it were not Natalie, Susan herself would be charged with lodging a false police report and framing Natalie!

Thinking about this, Susan became nervous and her face turned pale.

"I suddenly recall that I need to settle something. I will make a move first." She turned and was about to escape at once.

Yulia sensed her motive at once and held her back. "You can't leave now; the police aren't here yet."

"I..." Susan started to stammer.

"There's no need to say anything. You'd better stay here and don't think of going anywhere!" Yulia grabbed her tightly.

A while later, the police reached and questioned, "Who lodged the report?"

Before Susan could explain anything, Yulia pushed her forward and replied loudly, "It's this woman. She accused my daughter of breaking her daughter's leg!"

"Oh?" the police glanced at Natalie then turned to stare at Susan. "Is she telling the truth?"

At that stage, Susan could not confirm if Natalie were the culprit, but she did not mind anymore. She started to get restless, worried that she would be accused of framing Natalie.

She took a deep breath and smiled in embarrassment. "Sir, it's just a misunderstanding. I was too quick to jump into a conclusion, so..."

"So, you are admitting that you have lodged a false report?" the police frowned and looked at her sternly.

Yulia intended to make things worse by adding, "You're right, Sir. She lodged a false report!"

Susan could only glare at Yulia and nod in embarrassment. "I'm really sorry, Sir."

Lodging a false police report was still a less serious offense compared to framing somebody.

She would at most be criticized for doing the former, but the latter was an act detainable by the police.

The police officers were understandably displeased with Susan; they sternly warned her not to repeat the offence.

When the police were about to leave, Natalie emerged with her crutches and said, "Sir, I also want to lodge a report. Since she alleged that I broke her daughter's leg, I would like to hold her daughter responsible for committing first-degree murder!"

"What are you talking about? When did my daughter commit murder?" Susan became agitated instantly and roared at her.