

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 436

“Not in her room?” Natalie narrowed her eyes as her voice volume went up a notch, “What do you mean?”

Shane, who was keeping his distance nearby, had been keeping an eye on the whole exchange. Noticing her grim expression, he pursed his lips and walked over. “What’s wrong?”

Natalie had not anticipated his approach. Shaking her head at him, she motioned to him that she would reveal the conversation to him later.

Reading the situation, Shane understood her hint and kept his silence. Yet his eyes remained fixed on her cell phone.

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On the other end of the line, Mr. Malone reported abashedly, “It means that she might have left the mental hospital temporarily. I’m sorry, Ms. Smith. I’ve lost sight of my target.”

Natalie pinched her brow. She did not mean to put the blame solely on him. “It’s okay. You’re not omnipotent. I’ll let this slide. However, I’m curious. What makes you say that she left the mental hospital temporarily?”

Mr. Malone pushed his glasses up. “Because I’ve just checked her check-in information. There are no signs of checkout, nor the ward has been vacated. Her mother, Susan, was still there. That’s why I suspected that Jasmine was only temporarily away.”

“Gone out, eh...” Natalie grasped her cell phone tightly before she instructed, “Seems like she’s pretending to be deranged and stupid after all. Mr. Malone, you are to stay put and continue your snooping around. The very moment Jasmine comes back, you shall notify me immediately. Capisce?”

“Sure!” Mr. Malone nodded.

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The moment Natalie ended the call, Shane raised his eyebrows and asked, "So, what happened to Jasmine?"

Looking at him intently, Natalie explained, "In order to escape serving jail term, Jasmine pretended to be mentally ill. The prison transferred her to a mental institution. To collect shreds of evidence of her act, I've employed a private eye to monitor her movement. However, I did not expect to receive a call from him so soon. He said that Jasmine had escaped from the mental hospital."

"Is this for real?" Shane was not pleased.

"Yes. For the sake of escaping imprisonment, she's willing to do anything and everything now." Rubbing her temples, she continued, "First and foremost I want to know Jasmine's whereabouts right now. Also, I would love to know her next move."

"I'll get Silas to dig around too." Saying that, Shane took out his own cell phone and dialed for Silas.

Natalie did not stop him, for she felt like she needed all the assistance she could get. What mattered most was to locate Jasmine as quickly as possible.

After all, Jasmine was now a ticking time bomb. Who could anticipate her next move?

While she was engrossed in her thought, she suddenly heard an excited commotion coming from the front. "Mr. Dylan is here!"

Upon hearing this, Natalie's eyes lit up somewhat as she stepped forward and craned her neck in an attempt to peer past the gathering crowd.

She could see a tall and handsome aged man surrounded by a group of people as he walked down from the second floor.

As he came down, he waved his hand, much to the crowd's delight. Everyone was feeling enthusiastic at the encounter. He, however, seemed to be looking around, as if he was looking for someone or something.

Finally, catching the sight of Natalie, the handsome old man beamed at her. Raising his brows and with a smile, he walked over to Natalie.

She could feel her heartbeat accelerated to the point of bursting out of her chest. She could not help but swallow the lump in her throat before grabbing Shane's arm and excitedly said, "I... I must be dreaming. Mr. Dylan seems to be looking right at us! At our direction!"

Shane looked down at her hands grasping his arm. Unable to resist, he chuckled and curled his lips, "You're not dreaming. He is walking over right now."

As soon as he finished speaking, the legendary Mr. Dylan stopped in front of the two of them.

He spared a couple of seconds to look at Shane before stretching out his hand and speaking in a thick accent, "Mr. Shane, it's been a long time."

"Yes, it has been a while," Shane shook his outstretched hand.

After the handshake, Mr. Dylan turned his attention to the lovely Natalie standing next to Shane and enquired, "And this young lady is..."

Natalie was stunned for a moment. The excitement of being face-to-face with her idol seemed to diminish somewhat.

That's strange. Doesn't Mr. Dylan recognize me?

Why would he invite me to such an important exhibition tonight if he doesn't know me?

Seeing Natalie's pensive and somewhat downcast look, Shane could easily guess her thoughts. With a gleam in his eyes, he immediately introduced her to Mr. Dylan. "She's Natalie Smith, a very talented upstart designer."

"Natalie Smith..." Mr. Dylan repeated her name in a low voice. A thought suddenly jolted him as he ruffled his gray beard, "So, you're the one Mr. Shane mentioned to me before. A young designer who is a diamond in the rough."

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Natalie looked up at Shane and asked in confusion, "What's going on here, Mr. Dylan?"

Mr. Dylan chuckled. "Mr. Shane contacted me a while back asking for another invitation. He said it was for you, Ms. Smith."

Natalie's jaw dropped in surprise when she heard that.

So it wasn't Mr. Dylan who sent me the invitation, but Shane instead! And here I thought it was because I made a name for myself here in J City and was noticed by Mr. Dylan...

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Noticing the somewhat disappointed look on her face, Shane gave her hand a light squeeze and said, "Hey, don't look so disheartened now. Mr. Dylan wouldn't have sent you an invitation unless your work impressed him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have agreed to give me the invitation even if I asked."

"That's right. I didn't agree to send him the invitation until he showed me your blueprints. Ms. Smith, the style of your design is very similar to mine and I must say you are very creative. While it may be a little green at the moment, I'm sure you'll reach my level over time with your amazing talent!" Mr. Dylan said with a look of admiration in his eyes.

Having been praised by her idol, the disappointment in Natalie was immediately replaced with joy and excitement.

"You give me too much credit, Mr. Dylan! I still have a long way ahead of me!" she said shyly and waved her hands in embarrassment.

Shane raised an eyebrow in amusement upon seeing her looking shy and flustered.

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She has never been one to shy away from compliments, and yet she's getting all flustered when it comes from Mr. Dylan... Haha, she looks kind of cute!

"It's true that you still have a lot to learn. Your style isn't fully mature just yet, and I noticed a hint of disorder in your design. However, it isn't as bad compared to the ones from other designers of your level. Do you have a mentor, Ms. Smith? If not, how would you feel about having me as your mentor?" Mr. Dylan asked with a smile.

All the other designers and appraisers nearby were shocked when they heard that.

It's been more than ten years since Mr. Dylan has taken in an intern! There have even been rumors claiming he's done with mentoring! Is he seriously offering to mentor someone right now?

Natalie was surprised and even slightly tempted by his offer, but she politely rejected it in the end. "I'm sorry, Mr. Dylan, but I already have a mentor."

That surprised everyone else around them once again, except for Shane.

Is she serious? She has actually rejected Mr. Dylan's offer to be her mentor?

"Oh? Who is it?" Mr. Dylan was somewhat surprised as well, but he maintained the smile on his face anyway.

"You know her too. It's Mercede Mackenzie," Shane spoke up before Natalie could say anything.

Everyone around them gasped in shock and disbelief.

It's no wonder she has rejected Mr. Dylan's offer so readily! She's got herself a mentor who's on par with him! So this is the world of geniuses, huh...

"That old hack?" The smile on Mr. Dylan's face was instantly replaced with a look of disgust when he found out Mercede was Natalie's mentor, and he walked away right after that.

Confused by his sudden change in attitude, Natalie asked, "What happened? Why did Mr. Dylan get so mad all of a sudden?"

"Mr. Dylan and your mentor competed for many awards in their younger days and had a mutual hatred for each other since young," Shane whispered into her ear.

"Really?" Natalie's eyes widened with shock.

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Shane nodded. "Yes, I am serious."

What a turn of events... Despite being her intern, I didn't know anything about this rivalry between them! So that's why Ms. Mackenzie is in contact with all the other top designers except Mr. Dylan... It all makes sense now! Natalie thought to herself as she watched Mr. Dylan walk away.

"Is Mr. Dylan angry? What if he won't see me anymore now that he knows who my mentor is?" she asked worriedly.

"Don't worry, Mr. Dylan isn't the type who would let his personal emotions get in the way of things," Shane replied while adjusting his shirt sleeve that she had creased earlier.

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"I see..." Natalie nodded in response, but she was still a little worried.

Shane was about to say something when a service staff approached them. "Mr. Shane."

"What is it?" Shane asked coldly.

"Ms. Graham is asking to see you. She's in the lounge." the service staff replied politely.

"Ms. Graham? As in Jacqueline Graham?" Natalie asked.

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Shane frowned. "Got it. Thank you."

The service staff nodded politely and walked away.

"I'll be right back," Shane said as he placed his hand back into his pocket.

"Okay," Natalie replied with a forced smile on her face.

She watched Shane disappear into the crowd before making her way towards the bathroom.

She touched up her makeup at the sink when she overheard a conversation taking place just outside the bathroom door.

"Layla, are you sure you saw the newbie enter Mr. Shane's lounge?"

"Yeah, I'm serious! Now that you mentioned it, she looks kind of familiar! I feel like I've seen her somewhere before... Ah, I remember now! It's Jasmine who was sued for plagiarism a while back!"

Natalie trembled when she heard that and broke her lipstick in the process, but she didn't care and simply discarded it in the trash can beside her.

She then wiped the lipstick off her face with a wet towel before approaching the two service staff. "Jasmine Smith is here?"

The staff recognized Natalie and nodded in unison as they knew about her grudge with Jasmine.

"Yeah, she applied for the position of service staff last night. We saw her enter Mr. Shane's lounge earlier. She even had Clary tell him to go to the lounge."

"This Clary person, does she have a mole here?" Natalie asked while pointing at the corner of her mouth.

The service staff nodded in unison once again. "Yes, she does!"

The look on Natalie's face turned cold instantly. "So it was Jasmine who wanted to see Mr. Shane, not Ms. Graham!"

Shane wouldn't have agreed to go if he heard it was Jasmine, so it makes sense that she used Jacqueline's name instead!

Natalie narrowed her eyes at the thought of that. "Do you know why she went into his lounge?"

The two service staff exchanged glances and shook their heads.

"I saw her holding something in her hand when she entered, though. She had a manic look on her face too!" one of them added.

Natalie felt a chill down her spine as she thought of Stanley.

Stanley tried to stab Shane with a scalpel just two days ago! Could it be that Jasmine is thinking of doing the same thing too? Given the fact that Shane had called off their engagement, it's quite possible that she'd do so out of revenge!

Natalie didn't dare think any further and made a run for Shane's lounge after confirming its location with the service staff.

She was puffing and panting as she arrived outside his lounge a few minutes later.

As she was about to open the door, she heard the sound of something shattering inside, followed by a high-pitched scream.

That's Jasmine's voice!

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What's going on in there? Why is Jasmine screaming?

Natalie decided to enter the room, only to realize that the door had been locked from the inside.

Having no other choice, Natalie could only knock on the door as she shouted, "Are you okay, Mr. Shane?"

There was no response, and all Natalie heard was Jasmine screaming in pain, which made her a lot more anxious about what was going on inside.

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She pulled out her phone and was going to have the hotel staff open the door when she heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

Her eyes lit up with hope and relief when she saw that it was Silas. "Over here, Mr. Campbell!"

Silas and the security guards behind him quickened their pace when they saw her.

"Ms. Smith? Is Mr. Shane inside?" Silas asked.

Natalie nodded. "Yes, he's inside, but the door is locked. I can't get in, and I don't know what's going on in there."

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"Got it!" Silas motioned at the security guards behind him who then kicked the door open.

Natalie was the first to rush inside. She saw Jasmine bleeding from her head with her clothes all messed up as she lay on the floor. Shane was sitting on the sofa next to her and had his clothes in a mess as well.

It was obvious to everyone what had taken place inside.

Jasmine must've been trying to seduce Shane, but she failed and ended up being struck down to the ground. I can't believe she would be crazy enough to break out of a mental hospital just to do this!

Natalie thought to herself as she glared at Jasmine who was still trembling from the pain before shifting her gaze towards Shane. "Are you okay, Mr. Shane?"

Silas turned towards him as well. "Yeah, is everything all right, Mr. Shane?"

I noticed something was off when I heard Mr. Shane's voice earlier... He sounded like he was struggling or something...

Shane looked up at them, shocking everyone in the room with his bloodshot eyes.

Natalie was especially frightened as she recalled the scene she saw in the security footages two months ago.

This is exactly how he looked like when he entered the room five years ago...

"Did she drug you, Mr. Shane?" Natalie asked, her face as pale as sheet.

Silas looked worried as well. "Mr. Shane?"

"That's enough!" Shane was panting heavily while glaring at Jasmine on the ground. He then motioned at Silas as he continued, "Since she wants to sleep with men that badly, you will arrange for a few to keep her company tonight! I want her to pay dearly for her actions today!"

Sean had drugged him five years ago in hopes of slapping a scandal on him and seize control over Thompson Group. In retaliation, Shane cut off all of Sean's resources and drove him out of the country for five years! There's no way he'd forgive Jasmine for attempting to do the same!

Natalie shuddered when she heard what Shane said.

Although she found his act of revenge to be a little overboard, she wasn't about to beg him to spare Jasmine as she had brought this upon herself. If she was bold enough to drug Shane, she should be prepared for the potential consequences of her actions as well.

"Yes, Mr. Shane!" Silas replied. He then shot Jasmine a fierce glare as he motioned at the security guards to take her away.

"No, stay back! Get away from me!" Jasmine went wide-eyed with fear and shouted at the top of her lungs when she saw the guards approaching her.

She even tried swinging her arms wildly at them in a desperate attempt to fend them off, but they were able to subdue her with ease.

"I'm sorry, Shane! Please forgive me! I promise I won't do it again! Please don't do this to me..." Jasmine broke down in tears as she begged Shane to spare her after being caught.

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Shane ignored her and simply tightened his grip on the armrest of the sofa.

Naturally, Natalie and Silas kept quiet as well.

Just like that, Jasmine was dragged away by the guards, and the room fell silent once again.

"Ms. Smith, please look after Mr. Shane while I take care of the arrangements for Jasmine," Silas said.

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"Me? But... How? Mr. Shane has been..."

"I've already called for a doctor, so all you have to do is keep everyone away from him until the doctor arrives."

Natalie let out a sigh of relief. "Got it..."

"All right, thanks!" Silas left the room after thanking her.

Natalie felt her heart ache seeing Shane suffer and tried to comfort him, "Hang in there, Mr. Shane! The doctor will be here soon!"

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"Get out..." Shane muttered under his breath as his body shuddered uncontrollably.

Natalie was confused as she didn't hear him. "Huh? What did you say, Mr. Shane?"

"Go..." Shane repeated himself, his voice a lot hoarser than before.

Still unable to hear him, Natalie took a step forward to hear him better.

Shane's pupils constricted the moment he detected her scent, and he lost whatever remaining control he had over himself.

Natalie felt a shiver down her spine when she saw him glaring at her with his bloodshot eyes.

When she was about to say something, he grabbed her by the wrist and pinned her onto the sofa by getting on top of her.

After taking a few seconds to regain her composure, Natalie began struggling with all of her might to push him off.

"Calm down, Mr. Shane! It's me, Natalie! Get off me, please!"

She screamed while pushing at him, but he had lost all sense of control and couldn't hear her at all.

He stared at her rosy lips and narrowed his eyes before kissing her aggressively.

"Mmph..." Natalie was so shocked by the sudden kiss that she had stopped struggling altogether.

It wasn't until he began running his hands over her body that she snapped out of it and began struggling again.

Her face was burning bright red as she went all out in her struggle, but that only agitated him further and made him a lot more aggressive.

In a desperate attempt to escape, Natalie bit down hard on his shoulder.

Shane let out a deep grunt from the pain and seemed to have regained some control over himself.

Shock filled his eyes as he realized what he had done, but that moment was short-lived as he closed his eyes and continued his "assault".

Even the doctor didn't dare knock on the door when he heard the noises coming from inside and simply waited somewhere nearby.

Shane eventually got off her, and Natalie glared at him with teary eyes before fainting before him.

Shane was a little stunned when he saw that. He grabbed her clothes from the floor and covered her body up before carrying her out of the lounge.

The doctor who was sitting on the floor outside sprung to his feet when he saw them. "Mr. Shane!"