

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 431

"How can I convince Mr. Shane?" Natalie's palm clasped her forehead, feeling worn out.

Joyce put her hands on her friend's shoulder and said, "You can definitely do it. I don't know about others but you definitely stand a good chance in convincing that man because he likes you!"

Natalie was initially stumped, then smiled to dismiss her friend. "Joyce, how can you joke about this..."

"I'm not joking. He really likes you. Nat, believe me. I can feel it. Judging by the way he looks at you, he definitely has a crush on you!" Joyce interrupted her and said.

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Natalie's smile started to falter as she noticed that her friend was being serious. Her red lips twitched in response. "How is that possible?"

Shane likes me?

This is absurd. He likes Jacqueline!

"Nat, I know all these must sound implausible to you but it's true. Mr. Shane likes you, and only you can convince him to give up on the notion to seek revenge. Please, you have to at least try to convince him. As long as he's willing to let him go, I promise that Stanley will never come back to this country," Joyce swore a vow.

"Let me process this." Natalie sat back down as she steadied herself against the cold, hard wall.

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"Alright, take your time to process this. I'll contact my uncles abroad and ask them to get a psychiatrist ready."

Joyce then fished out her phone and retreated to a quiet corner to make her call.

Natalie lowered her head as she tried to make sense of Joyce's words just now.

The cell phone in her bag started to ring all of a sudden, interrupting her train of thought.

She breathed out deeply to calm herself down before she took her phone out.

Her eyes widened at the sight of the caller ID. Natalie's hands trembled in response as she nearly threw it out.

Luckily, she managed to steady it in time, and effectively preventing her phone from getting smashed.

"Mr. Sh- Mr. Shane." Natalie put her phone to the side of her ear.

Shane's low and husky voice rang by her ear. "Jackson told me that you went to visit Stanley?"

"Yep..." Natalie nodded her head. Even though she looked calm, her heart was thumping wildly in her chest, like rumbling thunder as Joyce's words replayed, over and over, in her head.

"What's the matter with you?" Shane noticed her odd tone as if she was trying to hide something from him. The man who was waiting in the airport lounge frowned slightly as he thought that the woman was not feeling well.

"I'm fine. Why did you call me, Mr. Shane?"

She threw the ball back at him, taking the pressure off herself.

Shane adjusted his posture slightly. "I just wanted to ask if you had thought about how to deal with Stanley?"

"Yeah." Natalie cast a glance at his ward. "I'm not going to do anything. I'm thinking to just let it slide."

"Let it slide?" Shane pursed his lips in disapproval. "He hypnotized you, and tried to rape you, and you're thinking to let it slide?"

"What else can I do? I mean, I'm not going to sue him and send him to jail, right?" Her lips curled into a bitter smile. "He's different from Jasmine. She had been my enemy from day one, but Stanley's my benefactor. If it wasn't for him, Sharon, Connor, and I wouldn't have made it five years ago."

Shane's heart constricted at her remark, and it managed to calm the fire burning in his chest.

I never knew this, so Stanley is her benefactor.

"Okay, it's settled then, since you don't plan to do anything to him," Shane said as he took over the boarding pass that Silas handed over to him.

Natalie mumbled a response, and clenched her teeth before she mustered the courage to ask, "What about you, Mr. Shane? Are you going to seek revenge from him for hurting you last night? Please let him go. Let me make amends for his mistake."

Shane was hurt because he tried to save her after all. Hence, Natalie felt the need to be accountable for Stanley's transgression.

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Shane's face sank.

He had actually dismissed the notion to seek revenge after listening to her recount how Stanley had helped her through her darkest time.

However, after listening to her defending the psychopath, the man was vexed.

"You're going to make amends for his mistake? How are you going to do that?" Shane crossed his legs, his tone frigid.

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"I don't know." Stumped by the question, Natalie lowered her head.

She had not given her words much thought before she blurted it all out.

The boarding announcement rang in the background, and Shane got up from the sofa.

"Okay, fine. We'll talk about this later. I won't do anything to him, but I have my condition. He has to make sure that he doesn't step on my tail ever again!"

"No, he won't. Joyce has arranged for him to undergo therapy overseas. He will not be back anymore." A hint of delight fled across her eyes.

"Okay, I'm boarding now," Shane said as he headed toward the VIP line.

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"Have a safe flight," Natalie said her goodbyes and put down her phone.

Incidentally, Joyce was back from making her call. "Nat, my uncles abroad had agreed to look for a doctor, you..."

"And Mr. Shane has agreed to let things slide with Stanley," Natalie said as she took a seat.

Joyce was stunned and then held her hands as she beamed with joy. "Really, Nat? Is this for real?"

"Yep, I just mentioned it him." Natalie shook her phone in front of Joyce.

Overjoyed, the latter circled her into an embrace. "That's great! Thank you, Nat. I knew you'd be successful, and look! Mr. Shane really likes you."

Natalie's smile froze on her face.

Did he agree to it in a heartbeat because he likes me?

She still found the notion somewhat implausible, laughable even.

"Okay, Joyce." Natalie pushed her friend away gently and asked, "When are you planning to take him overseas for therapy?"

"We'll leave in the afternoon. The sooner, the better." Joyce sighed. "I've even booked the tickets."

"Will he agree to go with you?" Natalie bit down on her lip. That was her greatest concern.

Joyce smiled. "Don't worry about it. I've communicated this to the hospital. They will sedate him."

"Alright, then." Natalie smiled and said goodbye. "Well, then I'll send you guys off in the afternoon. I have to get to the studio. My work is not going to do itself."

"Sure." Joyce nodded in response.

Natalie waved at her, and took one last look at Stanley's ward before turning around to leave.

In the afternoon, Natalie went to the airport on time to send Joyce and Stanley off.

It was uncertain how long Joyce would be away. With that, Natalie would have to be responsible for the studio on her own from then onward.

Time flew by, and it was already two days after Stanley and Joyce had left.

Natalie was arranging for shipment in her studio when she suddenly got a call from the police station, requesting her presence.

When she finally got there, the police had told her a piece of grave news—Jasmine was released from prison.

"Why has she been released?" Natalie clenched her fist tight and asked, puzzled by the turn of events.

It was impossible for her to get a bail since the evidence of her plagiarism was solid.

The police said apologetically, "It's been arranged by your father."

"Harrison?" Natalie bit down on her lip. "What did he do?"

“Two days ago, after Harrison paid a visit to Jasmine, she went crazy. Then, after extensive examination by multiple professionals, she was diagnosed with a mental disorder.”

“Ms. Smith, as you are well aware, our country is very lenient with mental disorder patients. As a result of her condition, she has been transferred to a mental hospital.”

Frustrated, Natalie berated, “Jasmine has gone crazy right after Harrison visited her. How can there be such a coincidence in the world? It’s obvious that she’s faking it!”

“We understand that it might be her ploy to get out of jail, but we do not have the concrete evidence to support our claim as every doctor who has examined her has produced the exact same diagnosis.” The police were at a loss too.

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The main problem was that Jasmine’s acting skills were too good that even the doctors were fooled.

Natalie was infuriated.

She had not expected Jasmine to be able to get out of the prison in such a fashion after being sentenced to jail.

She had underestimated both Jasmine and Harrison—the pair of despicable father and daughter.

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“Which mental hospital is she currently committed to?” Natalie asked, furrowing her brows.

The police gave her with a piece of name card.

Taking a quick glance, she thanked them. Immediately, she left and drove towards the mental hospital where Jasmine was.

She was adamant to check out whether her sister was genuinely mad or pretended to be mad!

Very soon, the mental hospital loomed at the distance.

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Natalie enquired about Jasmine's location at the front desk before walking towards the elevator.

Within two minutes, she had found Jasmine's ward.

She found that the door was open, and Jasmine was plopped on the ground. A nurse was bending down trying to pull her up.

Jasmine, however, was struggling and kicking. Refusing to get up, she was throwing tantrums at the poor nurse.

Seeing Jasmine in such a condition, Natalie could not help but feel that she had indeed gone crazy.

Ahem. Natalie knocked on the door and cleared her throat.

Caught by surprise, the nurse stood up and stared at her before asking, "Who are you?"

"I'm her relative. I've heard that she has gone mad as a hatter and dropped by to check her out myself," Natalie explained while pointing to her own head.

The nurse did not doubt her identity, but rather smiled and replied, "In that case, I'll just leave you alone with her."

"Alright," Natalie nodded.

The nurse left.

Stepping into the ward, Natalie proceeded to walk in a circle around Jasmine who was on the floor before stopping in front of the latter and sneered, "I see that you're pretty good in putting up an act!"

Jasmine appeared not to hear her. Instead, she was muttering something under her breath while pulling the Barbie doll's hair in her hand.

Feeling impatient, Natalie squatted down, lifted Jasmine's chin, and proceeded to warn, "Snap out of it! I know you're just bluffing. You're not really crazy, aren't you?"

Jasmine remained irresponsive. Her eyes were all over the place and unfocused. Mayhap she indeed had a few screws loose in her head.

Natalie could only frown deeper.

The Jasmine she had known in the past would have easily lost her temper at her goading. Instead, she remained impassive and nutty. In order to avoid jail, Jasmine had been able to keep up her act and ignored provocations— which conversely was something really admirable.

Seeing Jasmine in front of her, Natalie was tempted to test how long her crazy sister could keep pretending!

With this intention in mind, Natalie rolled her eyes and pushed Jasmine abruptly.

Seemingly taken by surprise, Jasmine fell onto the ground without any resistance. The Barbie doll she was holding flew out of her hands, stunning her.

A few seconds later, her lips twitched as she put her hands up to her eyes like a child and started bawling, "Mom, mom! Bad woman hits me! Boohoo... Baddie hits me..."

The sounds of hurried footsteps could be heard coming from outside the door.

In the next second, Susan stepped into the ward, carrying a thermal food jar in her hand.

Seeing the state Jasmine was in, Susan quickly put aside the thermal food jar and hurriedly stepped forward to pull her up. Patting her back, Susan comforted her, "Now, now. Good girl. Don't cry. My dear Jas, don't cry."



Natalie could only stand and looked on blankly at the unfolding scene before her.

Did Susan just soothe Jasmine like a small child?

Her sister's performance thus far had exceeded her expectations indeed. Whether her sister was genuinely mad or pretended to be so, she had hoped to expose Jasmine's lies with that sudden push.

Alas, she had not expected Jasmine to endure and did not give anything away.

Soon, Jasmine's sobs gradually grew softer before finally falling asleep in Susan's arms.

Susan put her mad daughter on the bed and covered her in her blanket. Turning her head towards Natalie fiercely, she hissed, "Oh, you little b\*tch! What are you here for? You've sent Jas to prison and caused her to go mad. Now you're back to torment her. Would you be satisfied only after my dear Jas had died by your hands?"

Hearing these words, Natalie could only sneer and asked, "Since when did I torment her?"

Gritting her teeth, Susan accused, "Didn't you just now? If you did not lay your filthy hands on her, Jas would not have cried!"

Natalie blinked her eyes innocently and retorted, "Oh, come on! I did not bully her! I'm merely confirming whether she's really crazy."

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"You..." Susan was shaking all over from fury. "You've caused Jas to end up in this condition. How dare you accuse her of pretending?"

"Oh really? I would say she's putting on an act! I don't believe she's as insane as she portrayed herself to be!" Natalie stared at Jasmine who was lying in the bed.

Narrowing her eyes dangerously, Susan jabbed back, "How could you even utter those words! Even if Jas were pretending, you're not qualified to judge. Are those psychiatrists

mere decorations? Are you calling them farces as well? It's obvious you're here to cause a ruckus! Off with you!"

With that, she raised her hand, ready to strike.

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Natalie did not flinch, but instead laughed, "Slap me if you will. I'll call the cops immediately on you. You'll be dragged to the police station for a few days of free food and accommodation."

Her words were effective. Immediately Susan's furious expression paled. She held her hand back and pointed to the door reluctantly, "Get out! You've overstayed your welcome. Out with you!"

"I'll be taking my leave then." Lifting her handbag strap onto her shoulder, Natalie proceeded to walk out through the door.

Stopping short at the doorway, she turned back and glared at Susan who was still fuming and warned, "I'll still say this again. I believe that Jasmine is not crazy as she made herself out to be. I'll arrange for someone to come and monitor her twenty-four seven all year round. The moment she shows any sign of sanity, I'll send her packing back to the prison where she rightfully belongs!"

Susan could only clench her fists tightly.

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Tucking her hair behind her ears, Natalie continued, "When the time comes, she'll be charged with yet another crime. By then her sentence will be extended. For good."

"Hrmp! Be prepared to be disappointed. Jas has indeed gone insane!" Susan grimly replied.

Pursing her lips, Natalie countered, "As for that, time will tell. Your statement bears no weight. I'll still be skeptical no matter what. If she had really lost her mind, it'd do her good for her to remain here for a lifetime. Else..."

Pausing ominously, she purposely lowered her voice as her eyes fell on Jasmine, "I heard that should a normal person remained in this mental hospital for too long, even if one were

not mentally ill, sooner or later one would succumb to madness. I only pray that the very same would not befall you. Take care!"

With that, she walked out. She headed to the director's office to find out more about Jasmine's current situation.

The director willingly revealed all information gleaned on Jasmine, as well as round-the-clock security footage of her. To date, they could not detect any telltale signs of feigned madness.

Making no further progress, Natalie reluctantly left and went to the detective's office. She willingly spent a small fortune to arrange for someone to keep an eye on Jasmine to allay her misgivings. She specially instructed them to contact her immediately of any suspicious signs.

After that, she drove back to her studio and busied herself with her unfinished work.

While she was engrossed in her work, a knock was heard on her office door.

Stopping her frenetic scribbling, she looked up and saw Joyce outside the door. Surprised, Natalie exclaimed, "Joyce dear! Why are you back?"

Joyce walked in with a tired look, pulled out a chair, and plopped down exhaustedly.

Pouring a glass of water for her, Natalie curiously inquired, "Didn't you accompany Stanley for his psychotherapy abroad? Why..."

"The doctor asked me to come back here. He said that my presence there would only affect Stanley's treatment." Swallowing the lump in her throat, Joyce continued with a wry smile, "After all, Stanley hates me. Seeing me would only worsen his condition."

Natalie was dumbstruck. It took her a couple of seconds for her to regain her voice and spoke, "What's the beef between you and Stanley?"

Joyce could only tinker with the cup in her hand without a word.

Feeling her reluctance, Natalie shrugged, "I won't force you if you're reluctant to reveal..."

Joyce raised her eyes and looked at Natalie, "It's a longstanding grudge between both our families. Stanley and I, we're both engaged initially."

Caught by surprise at the sudden revelation, Natalie's jaws dropped as she stuttered, "Engaged?"

Squeezing her cup tighter, Joyce revealed, "Yeah. It was something that was decided back when we were still very young. Both our families were very close back then and our parents decided on the engagement for us. However, when we're both in high school, for some reason, our ties with Quinns broke."

Witnessing her downcast look, Natalie took her hand and silently comforted her.

Smiling wryly, she continued, "I remembered asking my parents about it. They adamantly refused to reveal the reason. Right after, Stanley's parents were being hunted down. They tried to hide in a basement. I discovered their location and Stanley implored me not to tell. I promised him. Yet, not long after, both his parents were assassinated."

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Hearing this, Natalie managed to guess the outcome. "So Stanley thought that you were the one who leaked the location?"

"Rightfully so. He thought I was the one who told my parents about the whereabouts of his parents. He suspected my parents were the ones who notified their assailants. No matter how much I tried to defend myself, he wouldn't buy it."

Joyce covered her face in agony. "Truth be told, when his parents were murdered, the perpetrator actually called my parents. Rushing to the scene, it was already too late. My parents could only find their bodies and there was no sign of the murderer. It so happened that Stanley returned afterward and saw them there."

Hugging her best friend's trembling body, Natalie consoled, "I understand the whole situation now. Those who murdered Stanley's parents in cold blood deliberately called your parents over to cause Stanley to misunderstand. He was purposely made to think that your

parents were the ones who murdered them, thus cementing his hate towards you and your family.”

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“Yes. Everybody could see this fact clearly, except for Stanley. He’s blinded by hatred and refuses to acknowledge it,” Joyce cried in desperation.

Patting her back comfortingly, Natalie coaxed, “So what happened next? How’s Stanley?”

“Later, Stanley was committed into a mental asylum for three years.” Wiping away her tears, Joyce continued, “He had a mental breakdown upon seeing the corpses of his parents. He almost developed a split personality. Yet, even though the split did not happen, the damage had been done. He became easily susceptible to stress and could not handle any emotional upheavals. Once triggered, he would become extremely maniacal.”

Upon hearing these, Natalie could not help but visualize the Stanley she had witnessed back then. His attitude was almost insane and cranked up to the extreme.

“Knowing his weakness and in order to keep his mental instability under control, the moment he was discharged from the mental hospital, Stanley did a double degree in neurology and psychology,” Joyce revealed with a sigh.

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“So that’s how he learned to perform hypnosis.” Natalie nodded as she finally understood the whole story. Her heart felt sympathetic towards Stanley for his traumatic past.

Having revealed the secret which had greatly burdened her all these years, Joyce could finally feel her whole body loosened and her mind began to relax. With the weight of her world off her shoulders, she soon fell asleep on the desk.

Seeing Joyce’s haggard face, Natalie could only sigh worriedly. Covering her sleeping friend with a coat, Natalie tiptoed out of the room.

That evening, Natalie put on a figure-hugging black gown that accentuated her lovely silhouette and drove to Century Hotel to attend Mr. Dylan’s exhibition.

Upon her arrival, she discovered that the venue was already packed with specially invited designers and well-known fashion connoisseurs.

Natalie stepped up and greeted some of the designers and attendees whom she personally knew. Then, she went to see Mr. Dylan's designs.

Mr. Dylan's style of design was very similar to hers. She planned to take photographs of all the exhibited works so she could study them back home. Through this, she was confident she would be able to greatly enhance her design skills and brought them to the next level.

Just as Natalie was busy snapping pictures after pictures, a figure suddenly appeared beside her. "When did you arrive?"

Hearing the all-too-familiar voice, Natalie accidentally pressed the shutter button with her thumb. The picture turned out to be blurred.

She did not mind a single bit. Deleting the photo, she put her phone down and looked to her side, only to see the clean-cut yet apathetic face of a familiar man. Surprised, she asked, "Mr. Shane! Fancy seeing you here. You're back?"

Shane nodded slightly and said, "I got here right after disembarking from the plane."

"I see," Natalie nodded her head too.

Right at this moment, the cell phone in her hand started ringing.

Raising the device, she saw that it was someone from the detective's office. Frowning, she managed to smile at Shane apologetically as she explained, "Excuse me, Mr. Shane. I have a call to take."

Noticing her reaction, Shane inferred that the call must be a very important one. Without a word, he gestured politely and excused himself.

Not wanting to disturb others from immersing themselves in the exhibition, Natalie walked a distance away while holding the cell phone. Reaching a corner with fewer people, she put her phone to her ear and answered, "Hey, Mr. Malone. You have something on Jasmine?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. Just half an hour ago was the recreational time for the patients at the mental hospital. All the patients had gone to the garden for some fresh air, except for one person. Someone you know very well—Jasmine, did not appear in the garden. I suspected something was amiss and went to her room to check. Guess what? She's not there."

