

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 316

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Natalie's heart sank when she saw no changes in Shane's expression. She chuckled bitterly on the inside.

Turns out, my confession didn't elicit a trace of emotion from him at all. I guess it's for the best. I can finally give up on him knowing that he feels nothing for me.

She retracted her bandaged foot and curled up on the seat. "Mr. Shane, I'm not sure when exactly I started having feelings for you either. But when I discovered it, it has already been too late. Did you know? I've wanted to suppress my feelings for you on several occasions."

Shane's thin lips twitched. He truly didn't know.

"But it didn't work. Each time I made up my mind to do so, you'd appear in front of me. Then I wouldn't be able to forget you. It wasn't until a few days ago when someone told me—"

"Who was it?" he interrupted, his eyes narrowed.

After he left the hotel that day, he sent Silas to investigate the person who met with her. However, it yielded no result. Since she brought it up on her own accord, he certainly wasn't going to let it go.

Natalie shook her head with no intention of telling him about Jacqueline Graham. If she did, it would only cause Jacqueline to assume she was trying to get between them. There was simply no point.

Therefore, she lowered her eyes to conceal the darkness in them and said, "It's not anyone you're acquainted with. She told me not to get close to you, and I think she's right. Hence, I hope you could quit doing such intimate actions from now on so as not to play with my feelings."

If you have no feelings for me, then stop showing up to protect me like my knight in shining amour.

Shane grasped the unused bandage in his palm tightly. "I'm not playing with your—"

"You are!" Natalie chuckled humorlessly. "You simply do it without knowing."

Shane kept quiet at that.

She raised her head and heaved a small sigh. "Mr. Shane, I have only confessed to you because I was moved by your actions and thought it was a waste to never let you know. There's no other meaning to it. Rest assured. I'll keep a distance from you and would never bother you with my feelings."

She had originally never intended to let him know about her feelings. But the other time on the cruise, he must have overheard her conversation with Stanley and found out her thoughts. Hence, it'd be meaningless to try to hide it any longer.

Shane's heart clenched, his expression dimming when he heard that she planned to distance herself from him. He felt a little panic at the sudden loss of control.

It was the first time he realized his plan to woo her only after capturing the unknown person who wanted to harm her was a mistake.

Right when he wanted to say something to dispel her thought of distancing herself from him, the loud sirens of the fire truck came approaching.

"It's the firefighters!" Natalie's eyes brightened, hurriedly retrieving her footwear and pushing the car door open to leave.

Shane held onto her wrist and said, "It's not a good idea for you to walk in this state."

Her gaze dimmed before swiftly returning to the aloofness she used against him several days ago. She shook his hand off subtly. "You don't have to interfere, Mr. Shane. I can handle myself." Having said that, she stubbornly held onto the car door to leave and limped her way toward Joyce.

Shane's temples throbbed as he watched her back view.

This woman changes her feelings in a blink of an eye. One moment she's confessing, the next moment she immediately flees from me. It is precisely how she was a few days ago.

He pursed his lips and exited the car but made no move to join her where she was. He leaned against the door as he watched her discuss the source of the fire with the firefighter.

Joyce stood next to Natalie, noticing Shane's gaze. She used her elbow to nudge her gently. "Mr. Shane's staring at you."

"I know." Natalie lightly nodded.

He stared at her like he was drilling holes into the side of her head. How could she possibly not notice?

"Then you must be ecstatic, aren't you?" Joyce had recovered from her earlier despair of the ruined fabrics and returned to her typical cheerful self.

Natalie lowered her gaze and muttered, "There's nothing to be happy about. Don't bring up Mr.

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"Huh?" Joyce was stunned. She finally noticed something was wrong.

Isn't she too cold toward him?

"Nat, did something happen between you and Mr. Shane?" Joyce whispered, sneaking a peek at the man in the distance.

Natalie hummed in response. "I've talked it out with him. I told him I liked him and that I'd give up on him."

"What? Why?" Joyce's voice rose an octave.

Still leaning against the car door, Shane squinted and kept his eyes peeled on Natalie's figure.

Natalie tried to ignore the burning gaze from behind her, refusing to give it any attention. She said in a faint voice, "It's impossible between us anyway. He has no feelings for me. What else am I to do if not give up on him? Letting him know of my feelings is more than enough."

"I suppose you're right." Joyce nodded, letting out a sigh. "Actually, I find the both of you rather compatible. However... Forget it, let's not talk about it anymore. The fire's extinguished!" She pointed at the warehouse.

Natalie lifted her head and took a look at what was left of the burnt warehouse. She felt like her heart was bleeding.

It was several hundred thousand worth of loss in fabrics. Not only that, but their rented warehouse was also in ruins. On top of purchasing new fabrics, they had to spend a large sum of money to compensate the landlord for the warehouse. Talk about bad luck.

"They've found the source of the fire," the fire captain dressed in orange uniform said as he approached them.

Shane heard it from afar as well and walked forward. He asked the fire captain, "What was the cause?"

"My men found traces of burnt white phosphorus at the vent," he said.

Natalie and Shane's expressions mirrored each other.

Only Joyce was confused. "What's that?" she questioned.

"It's a type of chemical solid that self-ignites upon contact with wind," Natalie explained simply.

Squinting, Shane added, "But it's not something ordinary people could get their hands on."

The captain nodded. "That's right. You guys must think carefully about where it came from." Having said that, he turned around and left to continue directing his team to clean up the scene.

"Someone must have put it there deliberately. Their purpose was to ruin our fabrics!" Joyce clenched her hands into fists and cracked each knuckle, her eyes bloodshot from anger.

Natalie made no comments to her opinion and said, "They'd gone for the fabrics twice. It's probably the same person who egged on the textile mill and refused to give us the fabrics that did this. Joyce, you said you would send an undercover amongst them. Has there been any result?"

"It'd slipped my mind after Stanley's accident. I'll ask right now." Joyce pulled out her phone and walked aside to make the call, leaving behind Natalie and Shane as they stood silently together.

A short moment later, Natalie inhaled an audible breath to break the silence. She raised her head and stared indifferently at him. "Mr. Shane, you may return."

"Are you chasing me away?" Shane frowned.

She shook her head. "I'm not. This matter has nothing to do with you. Therefore, it's pointless for you to be around."

Despite her words, she looked as if she couldn't wait for him to leave. Before he could say something to express his discontent, his phone rang in his pocket.

He had no choice but to swallow his words and pull out the phone, his expression turning dark when he glanced at the display. He placed the phone against his ear and barked impatiently, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Shane, Ms. Graham has fainted while doing her tests."

"What?" His face tightened. "Why did Jacqueline faint?"

Hearing the worry in his voice, Natalie felt sour on the inside. She did a good job concealing any expression on her face, merely keeping her face lowered to the ground as if she was not at all interested in his conversation.

"I'm not clear about the specifics. Dr. Baker is currently looking for the cause. Mr. Shane, are you coming?" Silas asked, looking anxiously into the ward through the glass.

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"I got it. I'll be there right away." Shane hung up the phone expressionlessly.

Natalie lifted her head. "Did something happen to Ms. Graham?"

He nodded.

"Then you better hurry," she urged.

"Do you really wish for me to go?" He stared at her tensely.

She stared back blankly, uncertain what his words meant. She nodded slightly.

Shane pressed his lips into a thin line, seemingly displeased as his aura became increasingly heavy. A short while later, he placed his phone back into his pocket and turned around to leave.

Watching his retreating figure, Natalie squeezed her palms and said, "Mr. Shane, treat Ms. Graham well in the future. Don't break her heart."

Shane's footsteps halted and immediately whirled around, intending to ask her what she meant by that, but she had already walked away by then.

His phone vibrated in his pocket once again. He contained the urge to interrogate her and took a gander at his phone. Seeing the contents of the text message, his pupils shrank. He increased his pace toward the car. Natalie's question was no longer on his mind.

Natalie caught a glimpse of Shane's car driving away. She smiled from the corner of her lips for a brief second before it disappeared as if it never was there, to begin with.

"Why did Mr. Shane leave?" Joyce had just hung up the call when she coincidentally saw Shane's car leaving.

"He has something on," Natalie answered blandly. She briefly glanced at her cell phone and asked, "How did it go? Did you find out who did it?"

Joyce's expression dimmed. "It's not anyone from the studio. The undercover I sent told me that the studio is indeed jealous of my sales performance, but they have never thought of doing anything to our fabrics. They have only planned to suppress our clothing's prices once they're put up for sale."

"What about Jasmine Smith?" Natalie narrowed her eyes.

Joyce shook her head. "It's not her either. Jasmine has been busy inquiring about the last few themes for the competition so she could look for blueprints to plagiarize. She doesn't have the time to go against us. It has to be someone else."

“Someone else...” Natalie lowered her eyes, mumbling the two words under her breath. A few seconds later, she fisted her hands and said in a cold voice, “Could it be her?”

Joyce looked at her urgently. “Nat, did you think of someone?”

“The same person who’s tried to kill me twice.” Natalie bit hard on her lip, her face flushed with anger.

Joyce was equally furious. “That’s right. She’s showed up again. Nat, we must catch her. Leaving an evil person like her alone would only threaten our safety.”

“I know. But it’s not easy to capture her. She’s hidden too well.” Natalie sighed, rubbing her temple.

“Then what should we do?”

Natalie shrugged. “I haven’t thought of it yet. As of now, our priority is to take care of the matters before our eyes. Joyce, you go and re-purchase the fabrics. I’ll contact the landlord to discuss compensation of the warehouse.”

“All right.” Joyce nodded.

Natalie pulled out her phone to give the landlord a call.

When they’d both individually completed their assignments, it was already late afternoon.

Natalie went to the studio to pick up Connor first, then to the kindergarten to pick up Sharon. She took the children to the hospital.

Seeing the trio, Joyce went into the communal kitchen to make some soup, letting them accompany Stanley instead.

In the end, the children took Natalie’s phone to watch cartoons on the couch, leaving her alone to accompany Stanley.

Natalie set down a chair next to his bedside and began peeling an apple.

Stanley sat on his bed and watched her. “Nat, I know about the warehouse. Is everything settled?”

“More or less. But it’s too much of a loss this time. I’ve told Joyce. We owe nearly two million.” She smiled bitterly, cutting up the apples into smaller pieces.

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She had already owed Shane four hundred thousand originally—all of which she’d spent on purchasing fabrics. Coupled with eight hundred thousand in compensation for the warehouse, another four hundred thousand to purchase new fabrics, and other miscellaneous expenses—it totaled up to nearly two million.

Other than owing Shane money, she also had a notarized IOU with Joyce. Should they not pay up before the deadline, they’d have to be prepared to be sued in court.

“Two million is quite a hefty sum indeed. I have about one and a half million in savings. I can lend it to you first,” Stanley offered, adjusting his spectacles on his nose bridge.

Natalie plated the apples neatly along with a small fork before handing them to him. “It’s all right, Stanley. Joyce and I will figure it on our own. Don’t worry,” she assured.

Seeing that she’d turned him down, Stanley knitted his brows. A fleeting trace of displeasure flashed in his eyes behind his lenses.

Natalie failed to notice his abnormality and wiped her hands as she stood up. “Eat the apples, Stanley. I’ll go to the Ophthalmology Department to get my eyes checked.”

“What’s wrong with your eyes?” Stanley tightened his grip on the plate, staring at her eyes in concern.

She lowered her head and rubbed her eyes. “They’re dry and itchy. It’s most likely irritated by the smoke earlier.”

After the beam incident where the smoke blinded her eyes, they hadn’t felt very comfortable since. But as she had a lot on her plate previously, she chose to bear with the discomfort.

“Let me see.” Stanley reached out a hand.

Recalling that he was a doctor, Natalie obliged. She leaned her head toward him.

Stanley pried open her eye to take a look and said in a deep voice, “The sclera is slightly yellow and bloodshot on the bottom. It should be inflamed from the smoke. It’s imperative to get it checked. Otherwise, it could easily turn into refractory keratitis if left untreated.”

“That serious?” She was taken aback by his words, having underestimated the severity.

Stanley released her and urged, “Go. Come back soon.”

“All right. I’ll leave Connor and Sharon with you.” Natalie nodded. She informed the children before heading to the Ophthalmology Department.

As it was nighttime, there weren’t many patients. She managed to get a consultation right away.

After a thorough check-up, the doctor had the same diagnosis as Stanley did. Her eyes were inflamed by the smoke and required several different eye drops to treat it.

Having dripped the eye drops, she carried the bag of medication and made her way back to the ward. The last thing she could expect was to bump into Shane and Jacqueline at the entrance of the Ophthalmology Department.

Shane was holding onto Jacqueline as they walked in her direction. When they noticed her, the couple seemed slightly shocked as well.

“What a coincidence, Ms. Smith.” Jacqueline halted her steps and smiled at Natalie.

Although Shane kept quiet, his gaze was permanently fixed on Natalie—especially at her wet, reddened eyes and the plastic bag she was holding. He frowned, feeling an unknown heaviness in his heart.

What happened to her eyes?

Had it not been for Jacqueline, Natalie would pretend she didn’t see them and leave without a word. She paused, returning a brief smile at Jacqueline. “Indeed. Good evening, Ms. Graham and Mr. Shane.”

That’s strange. During Shane’s phone call in the day, didn’t he say something happened to Jacqueline? However, seeing her complexion, nothing seems amiss.

“Good evening.” Jacqueline had no idea what Natalie was thinking of. She nodded and asked curiously, “What are you doing in the hospital this late at night? Are you here to visit Dr. Quinn?”

“That’s right. I’m here to visit Stanley.” Natalie smiled, forcing herself to only look at the woman instead of the man next to her.

But her deliberate aversion didn’t go unnoticed by Shane. His face turned glum as his aura became increasingly heavy.

Jacqueline’s eyes turned cold when she felt the change, but the smile on her face managed to remain gentle and tactful. “The friendship between Ms. Smith and Dr. Quinn is truly enviable. Don’t you think so, Shane?” She glanced at the man beside her.

To her dismay, Shane paid no attention to her and was watching Natalie like a hawk instead. He asked, “What happened to your eyes?”

Natalie pretended not to hear him. She looked at Jacqueline and said, “It’s late, Ms. Graham. I better get going.”

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Having said that, Natalie raised her leg, preparing to step over both of them.

Just as Natalie passed Shane, he grabbed hold of her arm and jerked her towards him. Glaring, he demanded, “I’m going to ask you again. What happened to your eyes?”

This woman is really trying to get away from me!

Jacqueline suddenly came to upon hearing Shane’s words. Natalie had indeed just emerged from the Ophthalmology Department. Jacqueline hurriedly snuck a look at Natalie’s eyes and saw that they were indeed rather red. The smile that had been hovering on Jacqueline’s face instantly vanished.

Natalie could not feign ignorance in the face of such direct questioning. Dismayed, she fidgeted with the bag in her hand as she muttered, “Smoke got into them. It’s slightly infected.”

"They are infected?" Jacqueline broke in before Shane could respond. She was quite agitated that she raised her voice.

Puzzled at what she felt was a rather extreme reaction from Jacqueline, Natalie answered, "Yep."

Jacqueline went pale. She wrestled free from Shane's grip and staggered over to Natalie.

Despite Natalie's confused expression, Jacqueline reached out and took Natalie's face with both hands savagely. "Natalie, didn't I tell you to take care of your eyes properly? Why didn't you listen to me? How could you let your eyes get infected? Don't you know that once your eyes get infected, your vision will deteriorate?"

"I... I know that," Natalie stammered, bewildered by Jacqueline's sudden burst of anger. She could only barely manage a nod in the face of Jacqueline's fury.

It was also Shane's first time seeing this side of Jacqueline. He was stunned for a moment, then yanked her hands away from Natalie's face. He helped Jacqueline back as gently as he could.

"Jacqueline, what are you doing?" Shane asked in a harsh tone. He looked at Natalie's flushed cheeks and Jacqueline, who was panting slightly with distress. His face looked glum.

At the note of indignation in Shane's voice, Jacqueline snapped back to reality and composed herself.

Realizing what she had just done, Jacqueline panicked. She immediately clutched Natalie's hands in hers and said apologetically, "I'm very sorry, Ms. Smith. I must have scared you! I didn't do it on purpose. I was thinking about my own eyes, so..."

Midway through her hasty apology, Jacqueline dropped Natalie's hands, covered her own face, and started sobbing.

Natalie was baffled at the sight of a distraught Jacqueline.

Wait, ain't I the victim here? Isn't she the one who frightened and hurt me? Why is she the one crying instead? Natalie wondered. An ignorant observer might have presumed that Natalie was the bully in this situation.

Natalie massaged the sides of her face and turned her gaze towards Shane, who was standing aside. "Mr. Shane, what did Ms. Graham mean? What about her eyes?"

"Jacqueline was in an accident many years ago. It damaged her corneas," Shane replied evenly, darting a look towards the crying Jacqueline.

"So that's why she's so upset." Recognition dawned upon Natalie. She nodded. So that's why Jacqueline's eyes always looked rather dull and not focused! I'd only assumed that it was because she wasn't feeling energetic that day.

Does this mean that the spare corneas Jackson previously reserved at Stanford Hospital were meant for Jacqueline?

"All right, stop crying," Shane tenderly took Jacqueline's hands from her face and consoled her.

Jacqueline stopped. She turned to look at Natalie with swollen eyes and said, "Ms. Smith, I'm only impatient with those who don't treasure their eyes because I'm almost blind myself. That's why I lost control of my emotions just now. I'm terribly sorry. Will you forgive me?" Jacqueline stuttered between sobs.

Looking at Jacqueline's pitiful state, Natalie could not bring herself to hold a grudge against her. Natalie forced a smile onto her own face as she said, "Don't worry, I forgive you."

"That's great! You're too kind, Ms. Smith," Jacqueline said gratefully.

Am I really being kind? Natalie wondered, scratching her head in embarrassment. "Thank you for the compliment, Ms. Graham. But it's getting late, and I should get going."