

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 623

Shane strode over to the head of the bed and pulled open the drawer of his nightstand. From within, he took out a pre-cut cigar and lit it as he strode over to the balcony. After a puff, he responded. "Is that what she told you?"

"Well, no." Jackson shook his head. "She called me as she was crying. Kept saying that she didn't mean to, so I took a guess that you might have been giving her a hard time."

Shane scoffed. "Did you ask her what actually happened?"

"I did, but she cried the entire time and did not tell me. That is the reason I called. Shane, what's going on?" Jackson asked with a frown.

Shane blew a cloud of smoke and told Jackson everything.

He froze when Shane finished. It was a long while before he spoke. "How could she do something like that?"

Jackson could not understand. All the child did was touch her piano.

Why did she have to overreact and shove Sharon aside? Was that the Jacqueline I knew?

Jackson began to wonder if the sweet girl that he knew was still in there somewhere.

Perhaps she really was gone. The last time, she had managed to frame Natalie for shoving her.

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At that thought, Jackson gave a bitter laugh. "Shane, perhaps Jacqueline had changed. She isn't who she used to be anymore."

"I know." Shane sighed uncertainly.

"Then how do you plan on handling this?" Jackson asked.

Though he felt disappointed in Jacqueline, he still loved her and did not wish for Shane's punishment to be overly severe.

Shane guessed Jackson's thoughts. With a flick of his cigar, he spoke up. "I did not do anything to her. I just told her that after her rehabilitation, she will be going back to Mr. Gunn's residence."

"That's a good idea too." Jackson heaved a sigh. "Oh, by the way," he added. "Let her go to the hospital next week. Her right cornea has to be operated on. It is beginning to exhibit signs of losing sight."

"Has a donor been found?" Shane asked at once.

Jackson shrugged. "I have found her an exact match. The one she had in mind seemed to not have worked out. I asked her if the donor of hers had died but she did not answer me, so I guess he's still alive. If he's alive we can't extract his cornea. The only thing we can do is to look for another cornea to be used in her surgery."

"Sounds like a plan." Shane agreed.

"Alright, Shane. It's getting late, I should be heading to bed. I'm dead tired after an eight-hour surgery today."

Shane grunted in acknowledgement.

Jackson hung up and Shane pocketed his phone as he turned to return to the bedroom.

Natalie had just emerged from the shower and caught sight of Shane coming from the balcony smelling like tobacco. "Did you smoke?" she frowned disapprovingly.

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Shane did not deny it. He took off his jacket and threw it on the couch. "It was only one cigar. Is the smell that unbearable?"

"Well, no." Natalie shook her head. "It's actually rather pleasant. I just don't like you smoking, that's all. You're already thirty. You should take care of your health."

Thirty? Health?

Shane raised his eyebrows indignantly. "Are you saying that I'm old?"

Natalie brushed her hair with a laugh. "I did not say that, though it is true that you are not that young anymore."

She sized her husband up.

Not that young anymore?

Her words pierced Shane's heart like an arrow. His eyes narrowed as he caught her by the hand and pulled her into him. Lifting her chin, Shane lowered his gaze to look her in the eyes. "Not that young? I'll show you!" he breathed.

Shane pressed his lips against Natalie's.

She was stunned, not expecting a casual remark about his age to upset him.

She wouldn't have said it if she knew the trouble she was getting herself into.

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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 624

Natalie was nonplussed but her body was honest. She hugged Shane's neck.

Shane noticed the cue. He lifted her up in his arms to throw her down onto the couch and climbed on top of her.

The next morning, Natalie took the children downstairs. They ran into Jacqueline on the second floor.

Jacqueline did not appear to have had a good night's sleep. Her eyes were puffy with massive eyebags. Her mental state was visibly poor too as she stood swaying on the spot as if she was going to collapse any second.

At the sight of Natalie and her two children, A faint smile appeared on Jacqueline's pale face. "Good morning, Ms. Smith. Good morning, children."

Connor pretended not to have heard her. Sharon merely grunted.

Jacqueline's smile froze as her greetings were left hanging awkwardly.

As an adult, Natalie could not display her dislike as openly as her children did.

"Good morning, Ms. Graham," returned Natalie with a nod.

The color returned to Jacqueline's face. "Ms. Smith, about last night..."

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"Ms. Graham, the children are hungry," Natalie interrupted. "I have to bring them downstairs for breakfast and send them off to school." She pulled both children by the hand and headed downstairs without another word.

Jacqueline bit her lip as her eyes glinted malevolently.

She thought that Natalie and her children were being very snarky to be refusing to accept her profuse apologies.

If this was how I am being received, then I won't bother trying anymore.

After breakfast, Natalie left with her children in her car.

Shane had already departed earlier that morning before having his breakfast. Mrs. Wilson had mentioned something about an important client.

As a result, Natalie had to be the one to send the children that morning.

After depositing the children at their kindergarten, Natalie headed off to her workplace.

As soon as she stepped in, Joyce appeared before her. "Nat, you got here just in time. There is a jewelry designer looking for you."

"Is it a Ms. Cohen?" Natalie asked.

"That's right." Joyce nodded.

"Got it. Please bring two cups of coffee as I attend to our guest. Where is she?" Natalie asked as they walked to her office.

"She's in the guest room," Joyce answered from behind.

"Okay." Natalie nodded.

She left her bag in her office and walked to the guest room.

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Lina Cohen was stretched on the couch with a cup of tea in her hands. Peppa Pig was on TV which she seemed to be enjoying. She chuckled every now and then.

Natalie raised her eyebrows at the sight.

She did not expect someone who looked as confident and professional as Lina to enjoy watching cartoons.

"Ms. Cohen." Natalie knocked lightly as she entered.

Lina turned the TV off and gazed up as soon as she heard her name being called. "Natalie, you're here."

Natalie nodded and strode over to Lina in her heels.

The latter stroked her chin and nodded agreeably as she surveyed Natalie up and down.

Natalie was uncomfortable being looked at this way. "Ms. Cohen, is there anything on me that had caught your attention?" she asked courteously, examining her attire.

"Not at all." Lina waved a hand. "I'm just admiring your outfit today which looks lovely, by the way. As expected of a designer."

Natalie smiled. "You're not so bad yourself, Ms. Cohen. The jewelry and fashion industries are not so different from one another. If the jewelry designer does not dress well, how could she do the gems that adorn her justice?"

"Natalie, you're a smooth talker," Lina smiled, her amusement evident.

The two women exchanged pleasantries a little longer before Natalie made a hospitable gesture to Lina. "Ms. Cohen, please have a seat."

Lina rearranged her skirt before taking a seat as Natalie plopped down on the seat across from her.

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At that moment, the door leading into the guest room swung open as Joyce appeared with two mugs of coffee. "Here are the coffees you asked for, Nat."

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