

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 225

Natalie only realized then that Shane still had his arm around her, so she quickly freed herself using her own hands.

Bereft of his support, Natalie teetered unsteadily on one foot.

"Joyce." Natalie extended her hands towards her friend.

Joyce understood her and came forward to lend support.

Natalie then breathed a sigh of relief.

Seeing that she was okay, Shane withdrew the hand he had left hanging in the air into a fist before stuffing it into his own pocket.

Jasmine fronted him and raised a pair of teary eyes. "Explain yourself, Shane. Why were you holding her?"

He pressed his lips and answered rather impatiently. "Her foot was hurt."

"Even if it was, it's not your place to support her. You are my fiancé. What am I supposed to think when you put your hands on another woman in front of me?" Jasmine bit her lip in disgruntlement.

Shane furrowed, and was about to say something.

Then Joyce got in before him. "Hey, aren't you being a little too petty? Mr. Shane had already explained himself. Do you have to act as though they have somehow wronged you? Moreover, Nat's injury was of your doing. If your fiancé helped out, it should be considered atonement for your crimes!"

"You..."

Jasmine's eyes were aflame as she prepared to retort, but she was abruptly pulled aside by Shane. He lowered his sights towards Natalie's foot before lifting it up to meet her gaze. "Was it her?"

Natalie's lips parted slightly as she answered in the affirmative under her breath.

His mood took a hit as he turned sharply towards his own fiancée.

The color fell from Jasmine's face as she reflexively denied the allegations. "That's a lie. Don't listen to them, Shane."

"No, it's not. You were so determined to ensure that we fail in our bid that you smeared the floor outside the restroom with oil so that Natalie would get hurt. And this right here, is proof of your guilt!" Joyce took the bottle of essential oil over from Natalie and raised it for Shane to see.

He had seen the bottle before and was able to recognize it right away.

And this brand was Jasmine's favorite.

"Is this true?" He pursed his lips as he regarded Jasmine coldly.

Jasmine's heart pounded against her chest when Shane gets this way. She dared not look him in the eye. "Of... Of course not. I'm not the only one who uses essential oil. Who is to say that the oil used outside the restroom must surely be mine?"

"How about we send the sample to get tested?" Natalie's eyebrows were raised slightly when she spoke up.

Shane nodded. "That sounds fine. We could get it tested to see if the oil outside the restroom and the contents of this bottle matches."

"Brilliant idea!" Joyce's eyes lit up. "If we find a match, then you could no longer deny it, Jasmine."

When she heard them, Jasmine's legs went weak and she slumped seated onto the floor.

Her reaction was tantamount to an admission of her guilt.

Shane eyed her coldly. "You are incorrigible."

"Shane..." Jasmine shivered as she looked up at him.

He then narrowed his eyes. "Get out of here!"

Jasmine shuddered as she clambered to her feet. She picked up her clutch and exited through the elevator.

Joyce was not exactly pleased to see her just walk away. "Mr. Shane, are you going to just let her go? She hurt Nat. Aren't you going to punish her for it?"

Natalie looked to him as well.

Shane's look had regained some measure of warmth. "I will see to it that this matter will be handled to your satisfaction."

"In that case, we shall be looking forward to it." Joyce felt relief to hear his reassurances.

Natalie took a quick glance at her watch. "It's getting late. We should be going."

"Allow me to accompany you," Shane said as he lowered his gaze towards her foot.

Joyce jovially nodded before Natalie could respond. "Sure. Sure."

"Joyce!" Natalie furrowed as she shook her head. "We don't want to trouble you, Mr. Shane. We could go back on our own. Come on, Joyce."

"Oh..." Joyce then assisted her into the other waiting elevator.