

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 303

Snapping back to her senses, Natalie suffered a fright when the first thing that greeted her was Jacqueline's magnified face. She shuddered for a moment. It was only after a few seconds had passed did she manage to school her expression and reply with a forced smile, "Nothing."

"Okay, it's alright if you're not willing to tell me, Ms. Smith. Anyway, it's late, so I should be going back. Otherwise, I'll be scolded later if Jackie doesn't see me when he does his rounds." Jacqueline chuckled wryly as she stood up while supporting herself on the edge of the bed.

At this, Natalie got to her feet as well. "I'll see you out."

Jacqueline didn't decline, so Natalie saw her to the door.

With a hand propped against the wall, Jacqueline slowly ambled forward.

Jacqueline had just taken a few steps when something suddenly occurred to Natalie, and she called out to her, "Ms. Graham."

Upon hearing her name, Jacqueline looked over her shoulder at Natalie. "Is there anything else, Ms. Smith?"

Natalie's nails dug into her palms. "Well, it's about the conversation we had yesterday on Mr. Shane's cell phone. I..."

"I know what you want to say." Jacqueline cut her off with a smile. "Shane has already explained things to me, so don't worry. I've already forgotten about it."

When Natalie heard that, she immediately breathed a sigh of relief, her nerves easing as well.

Yet in the next moment, the smile on Jacqueline's face vanished, and her voice turned sharp. "However, Ms. Smith, it's important that you know your place. Since you're aware of the situation between Shane and me, you should keep your distance from him. Although I'm a gentle person, I'll still be jealous. So..."

At this, she narrowed her eyes. "I can't say what I might do to you if my jealousy flares, Ms. Smith. Thus, Ms. Smith, I hope you won't approach him again in the future. Do you understand?"

Natalie was shellshocked for a moment. Then, her lips parted, and she hastily explained, "You've misunderstood, Ms. Graham. I've never approached Mr. Shane."

"I know that, but you often interact with him. Is this not true?" Jacqueline stared at her as though she wanted to discern something from her face.

At her intent gaze, a lump lodged in Natalie's throat.

Out of the blue, words eluded her because she couldn't deny that she was indeed rather close to Shane recently. While we merely met by coincidence every single time, our interaction inevitably increased after bumping into each other.

When Jacqueline saw her hanging her head in contrition, she nonchalantly averted her gaze. "Ms. Smith, since you think that I'm speaking the truth, please do as I said earlier so that you won't have any regrets in the future."

After saying that, she turned back to the front and continued ambling toward the elevator while supporting herself against the wall.

Meanwhile, Natalie stared at her back with pursed lips and a grim expression on her face.

Was that a threat? Or was it a warning? Or maybe... it's both!

Then, she lowered her eyes, knowing full well that she should indeed put some distance between her and Shane regardless of whether it was a threat or warning.

While I've always said the same thing in the past, yet never once succeeded in doing so because I always failed after standing my ground for a while. Hence, I must do it this time! I can't allow the situation to persist, for Jasmine is already more than enough for me to handle! If Jacqueline targets me as well, my life will be inconceivably dangerous in the future!

Heaving a long sigh, Natalie closed the hospital room door and went back into the room.

At the same time, the bathroom door swung open, and Connor came out while dragging along Sharon, who was all drowsy.

Upon seeing this, Natalie stepped forward and scooped Sharon into her arms. Then, she patted her back gently, coaxing her to sleep.

Connor, on the other hand, stood before her and looked up at her. "Mommy, did that lady left?"

"Yup." Dipping her head, Natalie looked at him. When she glimpsed the displeasure on his face, she couldn't help quirked an eyebrow. "You don't like the lady earlier, Baby?"

At this, Connor wrinkled his tiny nose. "Yeah, I don't like her."

"Why?" Natalie questioned as she placed Sharon, who was asleep, on the sofa.

Climbing on the chair, Connor parked his butt down. "I don't know. Anyway, I just don't like her."

"Alright, then." Natalie gave up asking further when she saw that he couldn't explain why.