

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 323

Shane placed his hands into his pocket coolly, then announced, "Because the corneas that Jacqueline is interested in belong to someone who is already dying."

"Someone who's already dying?" Natalie stared at him, incomprehension written all over her face.

Shane nodded in affirmation. "Jacqueline said herself that the person she's thinking of only has about two or three months to live."

This revelation allowed Natalie to breathe a little easier, gradually recovering her composure. The suspicion she had been harboring in her mind began to slowly evaporate.

Two to three months to live? It sounds like a terminal illness. I guess we've truly misunderstood Ms. Graham.

Awkwardly, Natalie bobbed her head in apology. "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane. We've completely misunderstood Ms. Graham," she admitted.

"It's fine. I'll confess that even I found Jacqueline's reaction just now to be rather dubious," Shane replied kindly, dismissing Natalie's apology.

Natalie looked at him. "Since it was a pure misunderstanding, let's not discuss this matter anymore. We'll be off now."

She grabbed each of her two children's hands and hurried into the lift.

Shane followed them, much to Natalie's dismay.

Once inside the lift, Shane again fixed his piercing gaze on Natalie. He immediately perceived what she was thinking, and his face fell. "I'm heading downstairs too," he proclaimed.

How could she deny someone who was going in the same direction as herself?

Natalie was trapped. Flustered, she did her best to overlook his presence in the lift.

She clutched each of her children's hands tightly, deliberately keeping a distance from Shane. Natalie also kept her eyes desperately trained on the lift panel, as if hoping that everything else around her would fade away.

Natalie's refusal to acknowledge Shane was very obvious. Perturbed, Shane longed to confess his feelings for her and put a stop to all this.

But he couldn't do that. He had yet to uncover the identities of those trying to kill Natalie.

If Shane lay his heart bare to Natalie, he would only subject Natalie and her children to greater danger.

At the thought of this, Shane hardened his heart. He clenched his hands that were hidden deep within his pockets, with all his might.

Neither of them spoke. The silence in the lift was deafening, broken only by the occasional sounds of light breathing. Beneath the incredible weight of the tension, Connor and Sharon grew increasingly fidgety.

Ding! The lift doors slid open. Natalie practically hauled her two children out with her. Connor and Sharon both heaved a sigh of relief, glad to have escaped that claustrophobic space.

"What's wrong?" Natalie asked as she was bemused.

Connor and Sharon shook their heads. "Nothing, Mommy! Let's go home."

"Yes, let's go home," Natalie repeated. She patted their heads, and they walked to the car together.

After Connor and Sharon had gotten onto the car, Natalie walked over to the driver's seat. Instead of diving in, she glanced behind her.

Shane was nowhere to be seen. Natalie puzzled briefly over where he could have vanished to, given that he had been with them just moments ago.

She refused to let her mind linger on it. Then, Natalie quickly snapped back to her present, got into the car quickly, and drove off.

When the car had shrunk to little more than the glow of its headlights in the distance, Shane once again emerged at the entrance of the hospital. He brought his cell phone to his ear. "Speed up the investigation. I need you to find the culprit within a week," Shane commanded.

It was time for them to stop dithering around.

Natalie was indeed keeping her distance from him. If the investigation dragged any longer, Shane feared that Natalie's already-diminished feelings for him might evaporate entirely.

"Mr. Shane, won't that be a bit too difficult for us? After so long, we still haven't managed to find anything. Now that you're only giving us a week..." Silas trailed off uneasily.

Shane pressed his lips together tightly. "Look for Mr. Gunn," he suggested.

Silas blinked. "Mr. Shane, are you thinking of asking the government to help out?"

Shane nodded. "Mr. Gunn owes Grandpa a favor. He'll help us if we go to him."

"Got it. With Mr. Gunn's support, we'll definitely be able to find the culprit!" Silas remarked enthusiastically.

Silas reflected. Mr. Shane might have a considerable amount of influence, but it had its limits. They had not been able to do a thorough investigation for fear of offending those in high places.

However, now that they had authority on their side, the road was practically paved for them.