

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 435

Hearing this, Natalie managed to guess the outcome. “So Stanley thought that you were the one who leaked the location?”

“Rightfully so. He thought I was the one who told my parents about the whereabouts of his parents. He suspected my parents were the ones who notified their assailants. No matter how much I tried to defend myself, he wouldn’t buy it.”

Joyce covered her face in agony. “Truth be told, when his parents were murdered, the perpetrator actually called my parents. Rushing to the scene, it was already too late. My parents could only find their bodies and there was no sign of the murderer. It so happened that Stanley returned afterward and saw them there.”

Hugging her best friend’s trembling body, Natalie consoled, “I understand the whole situation now. Those who murdered Stanley’s parents in cold blood deliberately called your parents over to cause Stanley to misunderstand. He was purposely made to think that your parents were the ones who murdered them, thus cementing his hate towards you and your family.”

“Yes. Everybody could see this fact clearly, except for Stanley. He’s blinded by hatred and refuses to acknowledge it,” Joyce cried in desperation.

Patting her back comfortingly, Natalie coaxed, “So what happened next? How’s Stanley?”

“Later, Stanley was committed into a mental asylum for three years.” Wiping away her tears, Joyce continued, “He had a mental breakdown upon seeing the corpses of his parents. He almost developed a split personality. Yet, even though the split did not happen, the damage had been done. He became easily susceptible to stress and could not handle any emotional upheavals. Once triggered, he would become extremely maniacal.”

Upon hearing these, Natalie could not help but visualize the Stanley she had witnessed back then. His attitude was almost insane and cranked up to the extreme.

“Knowing his weakness and in order to keep his mental instability under control, the moment he was discharged from the mental hospital, Stanley did a double degree in neurology and psychology,” Joyce revealed with a sigh.

“So that’s how he learned to perform hypnosis.” Natalie nodded as she finally understood the whole story. Her heart felt sympathetic towards Stanley for his traumatic past.

Having revealed the secret which had greatly burdened her all these years, Joyce could finally feel her whole body loosened and her mind began to relax. With the weight of her world off her shoulders, she soon fell asleep on the desk.

Seeing Joyce’s haggard face, Natalie could only sigh worriedly. Covering her sleeping friend with a coat, Natalie tiptoed out of the room.

That evening, Natalie put on a figure-hugging black gown that accentuated her lovely silhouette and drove to Century Hotel to attend Mr. Dylan’s exhibition.

Upon her arrival, she discovered that the venue was already packed with specially invited designers and well-known fashion connoisseurs.

Natalie stepped up and greeted some of the designers and attendees whom she personally knew. Then, she went to see Mr. Dylan’s designs.

Mr. Dylan’s style of design was very similar to hers. She planned to take photographs of all the exhibited works so she could study them back home. Through this, she was confident she would be able to greatly enhance her design skills and brought them to the next level.

Just as Natalie was busy snapping pictures after pictures, a figure suddenly appeared beside her. “When did you arrive?”

Hearing the all-too-familiar voice, Natalie accidentally pressed the shutter button with her thumb. The picture turned out to be blurred.

She did not mind a single bit. Deleting the photo, she put her phone down and looked to her side, only to see the clean-cut yet apathetic face of a familiar man. Surprised, she asked, “Mr. Shane! Fancy seeing you here. You’re back?”

Shane nodded slightly and said, “I got here right after disembarking from the plane.”

“I see,” Natalie nodded her head too.

Right at this moment, the cell phone in her hand started ringing.

Raising the device, she saw that it was someone from the detective’s office. Frowning, she managed to smile at Shane apologetically as she explained, “Excuse me, Mr. Shane. I have a call to take.”

Noticing her reaction, Shane inferred that the call must be a very important one. Without a word, he gestured politely and excused himself.

Not wanting to disturb others from immersing themselves in the exhibition, Natalie walked a distance away while holding the cell phone. Reaching a corner with fewer people, she put her phone to her ear and answered, “Hey, Mr. Malone. You have something on Jasmine?”

“As a matter of fact, yes. Just half an hour ago was the recreational time for the patients at the mental hospital. All the patients had gone to the garden for some fresh air, except for one person. Someone you know very well—Jasmine, did not appear in the garden. I suspected something was amiss and went to her room to check. Guess what? She’s not there.”