

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 612

Before Natalie had noticed it, Sharon had already caught it. Pointing at Jacqueline, she declared, "Mommy, Ms. Graham is looking at you with hatred in her eyes!"

As soon as she said that, everyone stopped eating and swung their gazes at Jacqueline.

Meanwhile, Jacqueline had never expected the envy that she usually concealed so well to be discovered by a little girl, who even blurted it. Thus, she hadn't the time to mask it before everyone turned their gazes on her.

Shane's face darkened at once. "I need an explanation from you, Jacqueline."

Natalie didn't say anything since there was no need for her to do so when he had already spoken. She merely waited for Jacqueline's explanation.

Jacqueline's eyes instantly turned red, and she bit her lip. "I... I only... Cough, cough..."

She abruptly went into a coughing fit, coughing so badly that her face turned bright red and tears swam in her eyes. On the whole, she appeared exceedingly pitiful.

Upon seeing that, Shane could no longer muster any anger toward her, his demeanor softening. Putting down his cutlery, he stood up and walked to her back. "Are you okay?" he inquired while patting her back lightly.

However, Jacqueline didn't answer him as she continued coughing.

After coughing for a while, her eyes suddenly rolled back in her head. She then collapsed onto the table in a dead faint, startling Natalie and Shane.

Shane's expression tightened, and he immediately scooped Jacqueline up. As he strode up the stairs, he called out to Mrs. Wilson to get her medicine.

Very quickly, only Natalie and the two children were left in the dining room.

Connor continued eating his breakfast calmly as though everything had nothing to do with him.

Sharon, on the other hand, pouted in disgruntlement. Tapping the cutlery against her plate, she huffed, "How could Daddy carry Ms. Graham? That was too much! I don't like him anymore!"

Frowning, Sharon chastised her sternly, "That's enough, Sharon. Ms. Graham is sick, so don't run your mouth."

"Do you really think that was the case, Mommy?" Connor lifted his head and looked at her. "I think she was faking it. She was sitting across from me, so I saw her eyelashes quivering when she collapsed just now. It's obvious that she only did that to evade Daddy's question."

Natalie pursed her red lips without commenting on that.

Well, I know she was faking it. She was perfectly fine, yet she suddenly started coughing at that precise moment. So, what else could it have been if not an act?

"Alright, that subject is closed. Let's eat." Propping a hand against her forehead, she then forbade them from speaking further, urging them to eat instead.

Being obedient children, both Connor and Sharon zipped their mouths.

Natalie sat back down and picked up her cutlery, but she had no appetite, so she put them down again. Taking out her cell phone, she accessed a software she downloaded previously.

When she entered the software, hour-long videos popped out with dates indicated underneath.

Needless to say, all those videos were security footage.

She scrolled down and clicked on the security footage between eleven o'clock to midnight yesterday.

The video started with the image of the stairs on the third floor.

The first thing that greeted Natalie's sight was the scene of herself descending the stairs while Jacqueline stood in the third-floor corridor, staring at her with her head lowered.

A while later, Jacqueline moved and crept down the stairs after her.

When she was two steps away from her, Natalie saw her extending her hands with a malevolent look on her face, no doubt wanting to push her down the stairs.

Natalie's eyes went wide, and she swiftly stopped the video right there, freezing Jacqueline's pushing gesture and feral expression on the screen.

Witnessing that scene, she instinctively leaped to her feet.

Connor and Sharon then looked at her in surprise. "What's wrong, Mommy?"

Nonetheless, Natalie didn't hear them. Her heart was hammering wildly, almost pounding out of her chest, and even her body was trembling slightly.

No wonder I felt that she appeared guilty as though having done something bad last night! It turned out to be true, and she actually wanted to kill me! It was fifteen meters from the third floor to the ground, so if she had truly pushed me down the stairs, death would've been a foregone conclusion. It's really a stroke of luck that Shane appeared in the nick of time and foiled her plan. Otherwise, I'd be lying in the mortuary right now!