

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 623

Shane strode over to the head of the bed and pulled open the drawer of his nightstand. From within, he took out a pre-cut cigar and lit it as he strode over to the balcony. After a puff, he responded. "Is that what she told you?"

"Well, no." Jackson shook his head. "She called me as she was crying. Kept saying that she didn't mean to, so I took a guess that you might have been giving her a hard time."

Shane scoffed. "Did you ask her what actually happened?"

"I did, but she cried the entire time and did not tell me. That is the reason I called. Shane, what's going on?" Jackson asked with a frown.

Shane blew a cloud of smoke and told Jackson everything.

He froze when Shane finished. It was a long while before he spoke. "How could she do something like that?"

Jackson could not understand. All the child did was touch her piano.

Why did she have to overreact and shove Sharon aside? Was that the Jacqueline I knew?

Jackson began to wonder if the sweet girl that he knew was still in there somewhere.

Perhaps she really was gone. The last time, she had managed to frame Natalie for shoving her.

At that thought, Jackson gave a bitter laugh. "Shane, perhaps Jacqueline had changed. She isn't who she used to be anymore."

"I know." Shane sighed uncertainly.

“Then how do you plan on handling this?” Jackson asked.

Though he felt disappointed in Jacqueline, he still loved her and did not wish for Shane’s punishment to be overly severe.

Shane guessed Jackson’s thoughts. With a flick of his cigar, he spoke up. “I did not do anything to her. I just told her that after her rehabilitation, she will be going back to Mr. Gunn’s residence.”

“That’s a good idea too.” Jackson heaved a sigh. “Oh, by the way,” he added. “Let her go to the hospital next week. Her right cornea has to be operated on. It is beginning to exhibit signs of losing sight.”

“Has a donor been found?” Shane asked at once.

Jackson shrugged. “I have found her an exact match. The one she had in mind seemed to not have worked out. I asked her if the donor of hers had died but she did not answer me, so I guess he’s still alive. If he’s alive we can’t extract his cornea. The only thing we can do is to look for another cornea to be used in her surgery.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Shane agreed.

“Alright, Shane. It’s getting late, I should be heading to bed. I’m dead tired after an eight-hour surgery today.”

Shane grunted in acknowledgement.

Jackson hung up and Shane pocketed his phone as he turned to return to the bedroom.

Natalie had just emerged from the shower and caught sight of Shane coming from the balcony smelling like tobacco. “Did you smoke?” she frowned disapprovingly.

Shane did not deny it. He took off his jacket and threw it on the couch. "It was only one cigar. Is the smell that unbearable?"

"Well, no." Natalie shook her head. "It's actually rather pleasant. I just don't like you smoking, that's all. You're already thirty. You should take care of your health."

Thirty? Health?

Shane raised his eyebrows indignantly. "Are you saying that I'm old?"

Natalie brushed her hair with a laugh. "I did not say that, though it is true that you are not that young anymore."

She sized her husband up.

Not that young anymore?

Her words pierced Shane's heart like an arrow. His eyes narrowed as he caught her by the hand and pulled her into him. Lifting her chin, Shane lowered his gaze to look her in the eyes. "Not that young? I'll show you!" he breathed.

Shane pressed his lips against Natalie's.

She was stunned, not expecting a casual remark about his age to upset him.

She wouldn't have said it if she knew the trouble she was getting herself into.