

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 813

- 314

Joyce's scalp felt tingly upon coming to that conclusion. She lowered her head and checked the photo once more.

This time, she was able to notice that something was off after she had calmed down. Why are Shane's eyes closed? Jacqueline is the one who is physically weak, so shouldn't she be the one who is worn out and asleep? Why is Shane the one sleeping?

Naturally, it was also possible for the man to fall asleep before the woman did after completing an energy-depleting act like that. The strange thing was that Joyce couldn't see any signs of weariness in either of them.

Joyce was inexperienced in that matter, but she had done enough reading to know that both men and women would be tired after the deed. The fact that there is no sign of exhaustion means that they didn't actually sleep together.

"Mr. Campbell," said Joyce. She wanted to share her finding with Silas, but all she saw was him hurrying over to the elevator.

Joyce quickly followed him and said, "Mr. Campbell..."

However, Silas interrupted her before she got to finish her sentence. "Ms. Rivers, I understand why you are here. You want to help Madam. There is nothing wrong with what you're doing, but I'm telling you, there is no way Mr. Shane would betray her. He..."

"I know. This is all a set-up," said Joyce to finish his sentence. After that, she shared all of her findings with him.

Silas sighed a breath of relief after hearing everything.

Oh, thank the heavens. Mr. Shane didn't actually sleep with Ms. Graham.

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If anything had happened between them, he would've been regarded as having betrayed Madam, even if he was tricked.

Fortunately, the worst didn't happen.

The two were quick to arrive outside the room.

Silas and Joyce looked into each other's eyes for a moment before the latter nodded.

Then Silas got a key card out and opened the door.

The lights inside the room automatically came on as soon as the door was opened.

A woman's sharp voice came at them before they even entered the room.

Joyce recognized it as that of Jacqueline's right away. The former was so angry that she tossed her phone to Silas and requested, "Mr. Campbell, please make a video recording. I want to teach her a lesson!"

Silas didn't think it was the righteous thing to do, but he nodded in agreement nonetheless after considering that Jacqueline had tricked his employer.

Having said that, Joyce rolled up her sleeves and walked toward the bed, tossing a look at the unconscious Shane before shifting her gaze to the person beside him.

Jacqueline was cowering on the bed with her face hidden under the blanket, trembling uncontrollably like she was in shock.

Joyce narrowed her eyes and pulled the blanket off right away.

That got Jacqueline completely exposed.

She was wearing a torn dress that could barely hide her skin, and red marks donned the parts that were exposed. In that state, anyone would assume the worst.

"Aw, looks like things were going really well," dissed Joyce.

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Jacqueline's eyes bulged on her tear-streaked face as she stared at Joyce in bewilderment and blurted, "Why are you the one here?"

Joyce grinned and said, "Why am I the one here? Now that is interesting. Who do you think is supposed to be here?"

Instantly, Jacqueline was rendered speechless. She shifted her gaze down to hide the wicked glint in her eyes.

She thought that the paparazzi would be the one to show up, but to her surprise, Joyce came instead.

Could it be that Natalie sent Joyce over after seeing that photo? "Ms. Smith asked you to come over, didn't she?" demanded Jacqueline as she reached out to grab Joyce's hand.

Joyce moved away in disgust before she spat, "That's right. Isn't that your intention in the first place? You sent the photo to Nat to make her send someone over. Once you got caught naked with Shane, the fact that you two slept together would be exposed. Isn't that what you wanted all along?"

"No!" insisted Jacqueline as tears kept rolling down her cheeks. She continued, "I sent Ms. Smith that photo to inform her that Shane forced himself on me. I just wanted her to know that it was not my intention to hurt her. That's it."

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 814

"Oh, really? Do you actually think I'd buy your bullsh*t?" said Joyce as she crossed her arms. "Want to know what I think? I think you sent that photo to Nat as a taunt because you wanted to mock her. Also, you claimed that Shane forced himself on you. How is that even possible?"

Joyce checked the woman out and dissed, "Seriously, why don't you take a look at yourself in the mirror? Your hair is such a mess that it looks like crawling earthworms. Men would have nightmares at the mere sight of it. Why would they force themselves on you? Besides, if Shane really wanted to sleep with you, he would've done it ages ago. There's no need to wait until now."

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Silas, who was recording the entire thing, chimed in, "She's right."

Jacqueline looked away to hide her grimace. The way Joyce described her hair had truly stung Jacqueline.

The fact that she was almost bald and that there were scars left on her head after the surgery was her sore spot.

That woman actually had the guts to bring that up!

Jacqueline made a mental note to get back at Joyce for that, but she kept her act intact. Immediately, she shook her head and hand in denial as she explained, "That's not it. I am telling the truth. Shane was drugged at the party, and I rescued him from someone, but he later mistook me as Ms. Smith, so he..."

Jacqueline blushed when she reached that part of the story. She acted as though it took her a lot of courage to continue, "I didn't have the strength to free myself. When Shane was done, I sent Ms. Smith the photo right away to tell her that I was not the one who started it all."

"Oh, by the sound of it, it seems like you really don't want to sleep with Mr. Shane, huh?" scoffed Joyce.

Jacqueline nodded and replied, "I am Jackie's girlfriend, so naturally, I want to stay loyal to him."

"Oh, that's a nice story. Still, if you didn't want to sleep with Mr. Shane, you could've shouted and asked for help. There were so many people in the hotel, and someone would definitely have heard you if you had shouted. Even if, by some miracle, you couldn't shout, you could still call for help. Did you do any of that?" challenged Joyce.

"M-My cell phone was not with me at that time," answered Jacqueline as she bit her lip.

"Oh, you didn't have your cell phone? I guess that's yet another coincidence, huh?" mocked Joyce before she rolled her eyes at Jacqueline.

The latter had her head down and didn't say anything.

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Pursing her lips, Joyce pointed out, "Then what about what happened afterward? You claimed that you didn't want to hurt Dr. Baker, so why didn't you sneak away quietly? Why did you stay and wait here? You even sent Nat a photo. It's obvious that you wanted everyone to know that the two of you slept together so that you can force Mr. Shane to marry you after he wakes up."

"No, that is not true. I couldn't walk because it hurt so much," replied Jacqueline between sobs.

"My gosh, you're still denying it? I don't buy a word you say. In fact, I don't think the two of you slept together at all!"

"If we hadn't slept together, I wouldn't have all these marks..."

"You could've done that to yourself. Wanna see how?"

Joyce bent down and was quick to pinch Jacqueline hard on her shoulder.

The pain got Jacqueline to yelp and demand, "What the hell are you doing?"

"Helping you create fake hickeys. See? Here it is," answered Joyce as she moved her hand away and admired her own work.

Jacqueline's expression turned grim as she growled, "You..."

"What? Are you still going to insist that the two of you've slept together? Fine! I'll expose you once and for all. Get on your back," said Joyce before she pushed Jacqueline onto the bed and started touching her.

Jacqueline was so scared that she turned pale and demanded, "What are you going to do?"

"Won't there be semen left in a woman's body after she sleeps with a man? I'll help you check if there's anything in there. If there isn't, it means that I was right. If there is, we can have the semen tested and see if it belongs to Mr. Shane," replied Joyce with a menacing smile.

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Jacqueline's pupils constricted upon hearing that. Shoot! This woman is such a wild card. She's even checking my body now!

Unfortunately, Jacqueline wasn't strong enough to stop Joyce, so she panicked instantly.

Joyce's irrational and wild behavior had disrupted every exit strategy and plan Jacqueline had. In the end, she was left at Joyce's mercy.

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