Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 905

"I suddenly thought of something," Silas piqued up.

Shane looked at him curiously and asked, "What is it?"

"Seven years ago, I happened to see Sean and Mr. Thompson engaged in a conversation. I had been at the Thompson residence to retrieve some papers for you, and I stumbled upon them in the garden. Sean had been questioning Mr. Thompson about the whereabouts of a share transfer agreement."

Running his hands through his hair in frustration, Silas continued, "I wonder if the agreement Sean mentioned was related to Wells Properties."

"And then what happened?"

"I heard Mr. Thompson raging at Sean, saying something about Sean's family being indebted to your parents and his audacity in claiming the shares. I didn't think much of it back then. In retrospect, there were so many clues in their exchange." Silas sighed.

Mr. Thompson must have been referring to Sam's murder of Mr. Shane's parents when he mentioned the debt by Sean's family. If only David had been less ambiguous with his words. Someone might have connected the dots sooner, and Mr. Shane could have discovered the culprit behind his parent's murder much sooner.

Shane was immersed in a thoughtful silence.

Silas asked, "Mr. Shane, what are you going to do with the share transfer agreement?"

"Let's leave it for now."

Silas blinked in surprise. "Aren't you going to tear it? What if Sean gets his hands on this in the future?"

"My mom meant to give him these shares. If he gets it, he gets it," came Shane's reply.

"You're going to let him take over Wells Properties?" Silas was dumbfounded.

"It's just a company." Shane continued thoughtfully, "I'm more interested in my mother's reasons for giving Wells Properties to Sean than the actual ownership itself."

Only Sean knows why. Something might have happened between my mother and Sean that led to her decision. No matter what happened, I have to get to the bottom of this.

Unsuccessful in his attempts to persuade Shane to destroy the share transfer agreement, Silas left with Sam's criminal evidence in hand.

At noon that day, Sam was officially arrested under the charges of first-degree murder.

Sam's murder of his brother and sister-in-law in order to inherit the Thompson Group had been a shocking revelation. The Internet was buzzing with comments and reposts of the news.

Many shareholders in the group criticized Shane's decision to publicize the affair, concerned that it would plunge their stock prices.

To their surprise, stock prices skyrocketed out of public sympathy for Shane, painted as an orphaned victim at the mercy of his cruel uncle. Sam and his wife were the only ones who took a battering from the public.

Sam was detained in prison despite his paralysis, owing to the brutality of his actions and Shane's irrefutable evidence.

A verdict could not be expected so soon from Sam's trial, but Shane's lawyer was confident of a death sentence.

This outcome was perfectly acceptable for Shane, who did not wish to see Sam on this Earth a minute longer.

Meanwhile, in the Graham residence, Jacqueline had learned about Sam's downfall from the web. She dropped her phone in shock.

He found the will and sent Sam to jail. What about me? Is there any information in the will that'll expose my identity?

She shuddered in fear at the possibility of the will containing information about her.

Either way, it's time to make a run for it. I have to leave ASAP! Otherwise, I'm dead meat when Shane tracks me down.

Jacqueline picked up her phone and called Jackson. "Jackie-"

"Jacqueline." Jackson had just completed an operation and was leaving the surgical theater. He sounded exhausted as he asked, "Did you call me about something?"

"Jackie, have you given more thought to my earlier request?" she asked cautiously.

Lowering his lids, Jackson muttered, "I'm sorry, Jacqueline. I can't agree to that."

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"No, you can't say no. You have to help me!" Jacqueline interrupted in a shrill tone.

Though he was not in the same room as her, Jackson thought he could imagine how desperate she looked at that very moment.

"Jacqueline, you should stay at the villa and repent. Maybe Shane will let you off easy out of pity. If you make a run for it now, you'll only piss him off," Jackson sighed as he doled out his advice.

Jacqueline vibrated with anger as she yelled, "What do you mean I'll piss him off? I bet you're the one scared of pissing him off! You coward!"

Jackson's expression darkened. "Is that what you think of me?"

"How else should I look at you? You claim that you love me, yet you've never once confessed your feelings to me. What is that if it isn't cowardice? Now that I'm stuck in the villa, you won't come and save me after my begging. You're nothing but a coward."

Jackson smiled bitterly, feeling like a knife had stabbed straight through his heart. "I guess you're right, Jacqueline. A coward like me can't save you."

Dejected, he prepared to hang up.

Jacqueline, on the other hand, was dumbfounded.

I called him a coward to provoke him into rescuing me! I didn't think he would actually admit to being a coward. He'd rather admit to his timidity than save me!

Her hatred for Jackson ballooned, as did the urge to cut ties with him completely.

Before she could act hastily, she calmed down and reminded herself that he was her only lifeline. She could say any manner of harsh words to him, but severing ties with him was out of the question.

Taking a deep breath, Jacqueline swallowed her anger and pleaded, "Jackie, are you heartless enough to ignore me?"

The sound of her pleas elicited a sigh from Jackson. "Jacqueline, I can't help you out of this, nor can anyone else in this situation, frankly speaking."

"I don't understand what's the big deal. I was only acting a bit crazy out of love; there's nothing wrong with it. Jackie, you have to save me. I'm going mad in this villa. I think I'm starting to hallucinate. Jackie, please save me. I'm begging you, ok?" Jacqueline sounded like she was choking on her tears.

Jackson was always a soft-hearted person. He became upset at her pitiful cries. "How can I save you? You have committed a crime."

"I know I committed a crime. I'll repent, but I can't be stuck in this place forever. I can change for the better elsewhere. Jackie, I'm begging you. I'm going to go mad and die in this place," Jacqueline wailed hopelessly.

"B-but-" Jackson hesitated.

Jacqueline's tone chilled instantly. "If you don't want to see my dead body, you better agree to my request. You know better than anyone else that once someone sets their mind on wanting to die, there are a million ways to get there."

Shocked, Jackson released a self-deprecating laugh before saying, "I must've owed you my life in the past or something. Fine, I'll get you out."

Jacqueline was finally able to smile. "You're the best, Jackie. I always knew you cared about me the most. Thank you."

Jackie remained silent on the other end of the line.

Now that she had achieved her goal, Jacqueline could care less about his feelings and hung up.

Jackson stared at his phone screen, which had already reverted to the home page. He was overcome by a wave of exhaustion after the lengthy operation earlier, and his head throbbed in pain.

Deep down, he knew that Jacqueline did not have a death wish. An attempt to take her life, however, was entirely within her considerations.

He was worried that she would die before she was rescued or worse still from a gross misjudgment.

That was the only reason he agreed to her request.

Hopefully, she'll live up to her word to repent and stay away from unlawful ventures after she gets out. If she messes up again, I'll offer my life in return. That's the price I have to pay for freeing her.

Jackson sighed and walked toward a medicine cabinet. He opened the door and took out a bottle containing chloroform.