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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 909

Even Harrison himself had no idea that he had been poisoned. It was likely that he would still be in the dark when he breathed his last, thinking that he perished from an illness.

"Hah! It looks like Susan and Warren are eager to go public with their relationship," Natalie mocked.

Shane massaged his temples. "Do you want to tell Harrison about it?"

"Why should I? I hate him, and I believe that Jared would also make the same choice after learning about this. Besides, I've never believed that my mother's death was an accident. I'm dead certain that he and Susan had a hand in her death, but there's no evidence," Natalie gritted, her expression frosty.

Shane murmured in acknowledgment. "I'll support you no matter what your choice is."

Warmth enveloped Natalie upon hearing that. "Thank you. I thought you'd regard me as cold-blooded for not saving him."

"Not at all. If I were in your shoes, my choice will be the same," Shane admitted.

Natalie giggled. "That's great, for it shows that we're indeed a match made in heaven!"

"Yeah." Shane's thin lips curved into a smile as well.

"Oh yes, you didn't tell him, did you?" Natalie suddenly asked.

Shane shook his head in denial. "No, I merely had Silas tell him that he passed out from anger, and he bought it."

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"Phew! That's good." Natalie breathed a sigh of relief.

"However, I've already ordered Silas to collect evidence of Susan poisoning him."

"That's only fair. While I'm not saving him, I don't want her to get away with it. So, how much longer does he have?" Natalie inquired.

"Half a year," Shane uttered slowly.

Hearing that, a smile bloomed on Natalie's face. "In that case, submit the evidence five months from now. By then, he'll probably be bedridden. It should be interesting when he learns that he's been poisoned by the person closest to him."

At that time, I'll also tell him that she's been cheating on him. Who knows, he might even keel over from fury. I can't find any evidence that they have murdered Mom, but I can use my own method to avenge her.

"Mr. Shane!" At that precise moment, Silas pushed open the door to Shane's office with a frantic expression.

When Natalie heard that, she said, "I'll leave you to it, Shane. We'll talk next time."

"Okay." Shane nodded in agreement.

After ending the call, he put down his cell phone and looked up at Silas, who was panting. "What's wrong?"

"Jacqueline has escaped!" Silas squawked.

At once, Shane's eyes narrowed. "What? She has escaped?"

"Yes." Silas nodded.

Shane's expression darkened. "Where were the guards guarding the villa? What were they doing?"

"It wasn't their fault. It was..."

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"What is it? Spit it out!" Shane shot to his feet, radiating icy coldness.

Silas sucked in a breath. "It was Dr. Baker's doing."

"Jackson?" Shane eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Yes, Dr. Baker went to the villa on the pretext of visiting her and knocked the guards out before taking her away." Silas raked a hand through his hair.

He was so shocked upon hearing the news that he almost jumped out of his skin.

Good Lord! Dr. Baker is actually so gutsy that he dared to go against Mr. Shane? Does he really think that Mr. Shane won't hold him accountable just because he's been good friends with him for years?

Shane's hands clenched into fists, and his expression turned terrifyingly grim. "Where's Jackson now?"

"He's at the hospital. When I learned that he had taken her away, I immediately ordered our men to track them. In the end, they tracked him back to the hospital, but there's no trace of Jacqueline." Silas hung his head.

Subsequently, the corners of Shane's mouth curved into a cold arc. "We're going to the hospital now."

"Understood." Silas nodded.

About half an hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

Shane pushed open Jackson's office door and strode in unceremoniously.

Right then, Jackson was sitting at his desk. When he spotted Shane, his gaze flickered. Yet, he wasn't at all surprised as though having known that he would be here.

"You're here, Shane?" Jackson flashed him a smile.

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Shane stalked over to Jackson. "Where is Jacqueline?"

Lowering his eyes, Jackson murmured, "Please have a seat, and we'll talk."

"I asked you where Jacqueline is!" Shane kicked the desk so that that it screeched across the floor.

At the sight of the askew desk, Jackson knew that his best friend was truly livid and no longer dared to keep him in suspense. "She has left," he answered honestly.

"Left?" Shane stared at him without a trace of emotion in his eyes.

Stricken by guilt, Jackson hung his head. "I-It was me who let her go. After leaving the villa, she left by herself. Even I have no idea where she's gone right now."

"Ah, what a great answer!" Shane gave a bark of sardonic laughter. "Jackson, I want to know why you did that."

"Jacqueline contacted me and begged me to save her. She threatened to commit suicide if I didn't agree to help her. Shane, you know she would've had no qualms doing so, considering her extreme personality." Jackson looked at him beseechingly.

However, Shane merely snorted in response. "I don't deny that, but I've already removed all dangerous objects from her room. As such, she couldn't have done so."

"While that's true, a person who seeks death has thousands of ways to go around it that you can't guard against all possibilities," Jackson argued.

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Shane's hands balled into fists. "So, you capitulated because you think that she'll truly commit suicide?"

Jackson grunted in affirmation. "Yes. I love her. I've always loved her, so I can't twiddle my thumbs while she loses her mind or dies. I'm sorry, Shane. Since I'm the one who freed her this time, just vent your anger on me."

"Don't worry, for I'll definitely do so. However, I won't let her off either." After saying that with narrowed eyes, Shane spun around to leave.

"Shane!" Jackson called him back.

At that, Shane halted in his tracks.

Taking a deep breath, Jackson pleaded, "Shane, can you please spare her this once since she has already left? Perhaps she has truly repented."

"That's utter stupidity!" Canting his head, Shane ruthlessly scoffed, "Do you really think she has repented? No, not at all! If that's ever possible, she would've seen the errors of her ways long ago. She wouldn't have asked you to help her escape!"

"I know, but..."

"Do you really love her?" Shane interrupted all of a sudden.

For a moment, Jackson was taken aback. "What?"

"I asked if you really love her," Shane repeated.

Jackson frowned. "Of course."

"But it seems to me that it's not love at all. Instead, it's an indulgence," Shane asserted. "You claim to love her, yet you never once considered getting her to go for treatment despite knowing that she has a severe mental illness. You knew that she had done something wrong, yet you never thought of having her bear the consequences of her actions. Instead, you helped her to escape and evade her responsibility. Is that love?"

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Jackson's mouth opened as though he wanted to protest, but he simply couldn't utter the words that were right on the tip of his tongue.

He felt that he wasn't indulging her by doing all that, merely reluctant to see her suffer.

But in the face of Shane's rebuke, he couldn't refute it.

"The reason she worsened is because of you, Jackson. She knows that you'll feel sorry for her, help her, and save her, so she dares to go increasingly further each time. Jackson, you think this is love, but in reality, you're accelerating her ruination. Think about it."

Having said that, Shane retracted his gaze and strode out of Jackson's office.

After he had left, Jackson slumped in his chair alone. His head buzzed with a million thoughts.

Am I... really accelerating her ruin as Shane said?

Inwardly, he wanted to refute it and insist that Shane was wrong.

But at the same time, another voice in his heart whispered that Shane was right.

It was because he helped Jacqueline multiple times that she had nothing to fear.

Lowering his head, he clutched his hair tightly with both hands. His emotions were a chaotic mess, and a faint sense of regret assailed him.

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