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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1293

Chapter 1293 Utterly Exhausted

Shane grunted in affirmation as he massaged his temples.

He reckoned he should indeed leave the place right away to cool himself down.

As such, he turned and headed toward the door with Natalie. Silas threw an icy glare at Jacqueline and followed them out.

Even at that point, the latter still maintained her smile as she watched the three of them strode out.

Only when their backs disappeared from her line of vision and after the door closed did that sadistic smirk on her face fade away. The next second, she sat on the bed and angled her blank stares toward the floor, almost as if her soul had left her body.

She felt exhausted, utterly exhausted.

Having been someone with an extreme and radical mindset all her life, Jacqueline would unequivocally send anyone who upset her to hell.

She had resorted to the same way of dealing with people against who were her, and that was no exception for either Shane's parents or hers. It had never crossed her mind that there was something wrong with her action.

Yet now, she felt doubtful. The sudden revelation came after Jackson's visit earlier.

At the same time, she began to feel that despite whatever she had done, she had received nothing in return. Instead, she had been living a vagrant life.

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My life is pathetic. What's the point of everything? Everything I've done was for nothing!

Jacqueline was overwhelmed with doubts.

She could not believe how her past deeds were purely a joke and that all her efforts had come to naught. Her life was such a complete mess.

Shane's hatred for me is so intense. What will he do to me? Will he send me to jail, or will he punish me by himself? If he decides to send me to jail, I won't be able to stay there for long since those things I've done are sufficient to land me with a death sentence. But given his deep hatred for me, if he chooses the second option, there's no way he'll allow me to live. He'll unquestionably send me to hell to make me pay.

She then recalled the time when she was discharged from the hospital about six months ago. The doctor had told her that the car accident had caused significant damage to her body, and she only had about a decade to live.

In other words, it's death regardless of which outcome I'll consequently get. If that's so, why am I keeping my hopes up? I'm sick and tired of all this.

It was especially after hearing from Jackson that he no longer loved her anymore, and neither did he want to see her anymore did she feel so terribly worn out. She had a strong urge to put things to an end.

With those thoughts in mind, Jacqueline gripped her blanket tightly as she began crawling along the edge of the bed.

The next second, she fell off to the ground with a loud thud.

Coupled with the strong impact as her legs hit the floor, she screamed in pain.

The two bodyguards outside heard her screams and hurriedly opened the door to check. "What's wrong?"

Jacqueline did not answer. Neither did she bother to check on her legs.

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With her face twisted in pain and cold sweat beaded on her forehead, she bit her lip hard and crawled toward the bathroom while tolerating the excruciating pain in her lower limbs.

Seeing that, the two bodyguards heaved a sigh of relief.

"All right. There's no need to care about her. She probably only needs to use the bathroom," one of the bodyguards remarked.

The other bodyguard was perplexed. "Why didn't she ask for help if she wanted to go to the bathroom? She tries to move by herself and instead falls off the bed. Is she an idiot?"

"That's none of our business. She refuses to seek help, so she only has herself to blame for falling. Anyway, Mr. Shane has ordered us to watch her. It's fine as long as she doesn't die. We don't have to care about anything else."

"That's true."

With that, the two bodyguards closed the door and retreated to their position.

In truth, Jacqueline had overheard their mockery.

If it were the past, she would have killed them right away.

However, she was completely unresponsive now.

Ever since Jackson left, she clearly felt that half of her soul was missing. Despite her other half still intact, she could no longer muster an ounce of energy. It almost felt like she had given up on herself.

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1294

Chapter 1294 A Dying Wretch

Just let it be. I shan't think about anything or do anything. I don't want to fight for anything anymore. That's enough. Let me take a breather.

She talked herself into following those thoughts, and true enough, she felt a lot more relieved.

But at the same time, she had the urge to free herself.

At a slow speed, Jacqueline painfully crawled toward the bathroom. It took her a long time before she finally reached the door.

Because her knees rubbed so hard against the floor, it scraped her skin and left a trail of blood behind her.

Nonetheless, she could not care less about that. She continued forward into the bathroom and stared intently at the mirror.

After a long time, she abruptly grabbed the bottle of shower gel beside the toilet bowl and hurled it at the mirror.

Clank!

With a loud crash, the mirror shattered into pieces.

Fragments of glass fell like raindrops, covering the entire floor. Some flew toward Jacqueline, pricking through her skin and leaving her with stinging pain.

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However, she let it be and instead lay on the ground, reaching out her trembling hand and seemingly searching for something in those broken shards.

Naturally, the two bodyguards outside the room heard the commotion too.

"What's happening? I think that sounds like something broke," one of the bodyguards said. "Don't tell me she's breaking open the glass window in the bathroom to escape from there?"

The other bodyguard rolled his eyes at him. "Are you dumb? She's crippled; how do you expect her to run away? She can't even climb up the window. Besides, that window has been sealed since the beginning when she was locked up in here. Even if her legs get better, there's no way she'll be able to escape from the window. I bet it's probably difficult for her to move around, and that's why she accidentally broke it."

"You have a point. But I better go in and check on her. We won't be able to deal with the consequences if she dies in there."

"Yeah, we should go in and take a look."

Afraid that Jacqueline would get hurt and die after breaking some glass, the two bodyguards hastily rushed inside to check on the situation.

When they arrived at the bathroom, they were left in astonishment at the scene before them—the woman sprawled on the floor covered in glass fragments, her limbs and face full of cuts.

"What happened to you? What happened to this mirror?" The two bodyguards hurried in and pulled her out from the pile of glass shards.

It would spell trouble for them if any sharp fragment pierced through her body if she lay in there any longer.

Jacqueline only lowered her head without uttering a word.

Despite feeling the anger building up within them about how unresponsive she was, there was nothing the bodyguards could do except drag her out. Getting a response was too much to expect from her.

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"Don't you dare move!" They threw Jacqueline on the bed and headed back into the bathroom to clean up the mess.

As they were clearing the glass shards, they were grumbling and cursing about how she had only created more problems for them.

Hearing those unpleasant remarks made by the bodyguards, Jacqueline clenched her fists tightly. But she soon loosened her grip, pulled her shirt up, and reached in to grab something sharp out from under her shirt.

It was a piece of shard from the shattered mirror, which was triangular and approximately ten centimeters long, with one angle comparable to that of the tip of a knife.

The edges along that pointed tip were so sharp that as soon as Jacqueline ran her index finger across it, it left her a deep slit where blood began flowing out.

She put her index finger into her mouth and pursed it lightly. Then, she flipped a corner of her pillow and put that piece of glass shard under it. Following that, she shut her eyes tight and began dozing off to sleep.

When the bodyguards finished clearing the fragments and came out to see her sound asleep, they only grew more infuriated.

"That woman is so lucky. She smashes the mirror, yet she falls asleep while we're cleaning up the mess for her."

"Whatever, forget it. There's no need to be calculating with a dying wretch. Let's go."

Having said that, they walked out of the room, one of them holding the cleaning tools and the other carrying those glass shards.

The moment they slammed the door close, Jacqueline abruptly opened her eyes and tightened her grip on the piece of glass she had hidden underneath her pillow.

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1295

Chapter 1295 The Sudden Revelation

A dying wretch...

Jacqueline reckoned even the bodyguards knew what her fate was.

Meanwhile, Shane immediately headed to the study upon arriving at Thompson villa. Silas followed behind as they had some matters to discuss.

Natalie had worry written all over her face as she lifted her head and averted her gaze upstairs.

Hopefully, Shane can pull himself together.

Of course, while worrying for Shane, she felt a suffocating lump of air within her.

The amount of information Jacqueline had revealed was too much to digest in such a short time. That was why she could not regain her composure even till now.

All this while, Natalie thought the one who kidnapped Connor and caused him to get into a car accident was Jacqueline.

Similarly, she thought the woman was also responsible for landing Stanley in a car accident.

To her surprise, Jacqueline told her the culprit behind everything was Stanley.

Even the fire incident at the textile mill had something to do with him.

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While she was still in shock by the sudden revelation, puzzlement stung her, too.

Why would Stanley do that? He's Connor's godfather! He has treated Connor and Sharon so well all along. The two of them also see him as their father. Why did he do that? And what about his car accident? Why would he take the risk and put himself in harm? What could his motive be? And not to forget, why did he burn my warehouse? What good is that for him?

Natalie rubbed her forehead wearily as immense frustration overwhelmed her.

I have to find Stanley and clarify everything with him!

With that thought, she immediately fished out her phone and called Stanley.

An emotionless, automated female voice sounded from the other end of the call. "Sorry. The number you're calling is currently unavailable. Please try again later."

Why is his phone turned off?

Natalie scrunched her brows tightly.

Is he busy performing surgery, or...

While she was deep in thought, her phone rang suddenly.

Lowering her gaze to check, she realized it was from Joyce.

She swiped on the green dial icon. "Hey, Joyce."

"Nat, I've something to tell you." Joyce's raspy voice rang through the phone.

Furrowing her brows, Natalie asked, "What happened, Joyce? You sound weak. Are you ill?"

Apart from how feeble she sounded, Natalie sensed something else in her voice.

Yet, it was something that she could not piece together, and neither could she use words to explain.

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"Yeah, a little. It's just a mild cold." As Joyce answered, she let out two coughs.

"Is it serious? Did you get some medicine?"

"Yeah, I did. Fret not, Nat. I'm old enough to know what to do. There's nothing to worry about. I'll be fine in two days." Joyce laughed.

Her laughter was voided of vigor and instead full of bitterness, unlike her usual cheeriness.

Natalie felt that something had happened to her, but before she tried to probe, Joyce's voice reached her ears again.

"Nat, I want to tell you I won't be heading to work for the next two days. I'm thinking of heading back to visit my parents."

"Sure, it's time you visited them, too. It's been a few months since you last went back," Natalie agreed readily.

"Exactly. They're saying they miss me." Joyce chuckled.

"When are you going back? I can give you a lift to the airport."

"There's no need. I'll leave later." Joyce shook her head and refused.

Hearing her rejection, Natalie sighed. "All right, then. I won't send you over. But you have to tell me about your flight time. I have some gifts for Mr. and Mrs. Rivers. I'll get someone to bring it to the airport."

"Sure. It's at four in the afternoon."

Natalie noted it down. "I got it. I'll get someone to bring it over and wait for you at the airport before your flight."

Joyce merely mumbled a response.

Then, Natalie seemingly suddenly remembered something that she queried, "Oh yes, Joyce. Did you go look for Stanley after that?"

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The “after that” she meant was after Stanley cleared the air regarding the culprit.

Joyce grunted in acknowledgment. “Yeah, I did. I went to find him this morning as I wanted to bid him goodbye. But he’s no longer at the hospital.”

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1296

Chapter 1296 Do You Still Love Me

Perhaps it’s good that he’s not at the hospital and I didn’t get to meet him.

With how things were, Joyce figured at least she would not have to be afraid that she would be reluctant to leave.

“What? He’s no longer at the hospital?” Natalie was surprised. “Joyce, where did Stanley go?”

“I’ve no idea. I checked with the director, and he said Stanley has taken a long leave. Nothing’s decided about his return date. I bet he must’ve gone to look for that culprit,” Joyce explained.

That was the only reason she could think about why he had taken such a long leave.

“How will he be able to find the culprit alone?” Natalie frowned.

Joyce cast her gaze downward. “He’s a world-renowned neurologist with a broad network of connections. He hates getting in touch with them in the past, but now, I guess he’ll do that to help in his search for the culprit.”

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"If that's the case, there may be a chance for him to find the culprit." Natalie nodded in agreement.

"All right, Nat. I still have to pack my luggage. Let's talk later," Joyce said.

"Mmm, okay. Continue with your packing. I must prepare the gifts for Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, too."

Finishing her words, Natalie concluded the call and headed to the kitchen to get Mrs. Wilson to help her prepare some supplements for middle-aged people.

Joyce's parents were never in good health, much worse than many others of the same age. Hence, giving them health supplements was the best choice.

After Mrs. Wilson finished preparing the supplements, Natalie made a call to ask her assistant over to help her bring the gifts to the airport for Joyce.

By the time she finished, Shane and Silas had also come down from upstairs.

Seeing Silas leaving immediately, Natalie walked up to Shane and asked, "Darling, how is it?"

"Everything's fine now." Shane shook his head as he answered.

She poured him a glass of water. "I know why you have been acting this way. Jacqueline killed your parents because they objected to her marrying you. You believed you were the cause of that incident, the one who ignited the fire to everything."

Shane tightened his grip on the glass of water. "It was indeed my fault. If Jacqueline didn't—"

"No, that isn't your fault. Don't blame yourself. Of course, we can't deny how your parents' refusal triggered her murderous intent. But she's someone who can't take a little grievance or mistreatment from others, or else she'll have the urge to kill them. Think about it; even if she didn't say she wanted to marry you and instead had other demands, there's no way your parents could fulfil all of them. Eventually, she would still kill them for not agreeing to her other wishes," Natalie comforted as she held onto his hand tightly.

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Shane's eyes flickered. "Is that so?"

"Yeah. Just think about Mr. and Mrs. Graham. Jacqueline killed them because she was upset by a minor matter, even though they were her parents. So, don't blame yourself for that. If your parents learn about it, they wouldn't feel happy for you either." Natalie gently hugged him.

The man hugged her back and closed his eyes. "I know. Silas also tried to persuade me earlier."

"What did you and Mr. Campbell discuss upstairs?" Natalie turned to look at Shane.

He narrowed his eyes and frostily responded, "I've decided not to hand Jacqueline over to the police. Though she won't be able to escape the death penalty, it's too easy a death for her. I want to punish her by myself."

"Okay, do it yourself then." Natalie nodded without hesitation.

As much as that was against the law, she could totally understand his agony. The grudge he bore toward Jacqueline for killing his parents was not something he could easily let go of just by handing the case to the police to resolve.

In truth, there were many grudges and grievances in the world that one could only find closure after taking revenge by themselves.

If she were in Shane's shoes, she would have made the same decision.

"Don't you think it's frightening that I choose to do that?" The man stared intently at Natalie.

She smiled. "You've asked me the same question once. I told you I wasn't scared then, and my answer remains the same now. In contrast, I have a question for you. The fact that I supported your choice only proves I'm not a kind person either. Do you still love me in this case?"

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1297

Chapter 1297 Reopen The Case

Shane chuckled and said, "Of course, I'll love you no matter how you look. Anyway, an overly kind person can hardly survive in this world. It's good to stay like this."

Natalie rested her head against his shoulder. "Well, when do we act? Should we inform Dr. Baker in advance?"

"In another few days, perhaps. We can solve the matter related to Alice first. As for Jackson, we can deal with him later," Shane said with pursed lips.

Natalie nodded and said, "All right. Since Alice has been staying in prison for quite some time, she should come out now. Mrs. Brown must be anxiously waiting for her release."

Then she stood up. "Let me call Mrs. Brown to relay the good news."

Shane grunted in affirmation and said, "Sure."

With that, Natalie grabbed her phone to make the call.

Just then, a thought flashed through his mind, and he quickly took out his to call his assistant.

"Mr. Thompson."

"Did you set up a spy camera in Jacqueline's room?" Shane asked in a deep voice.

Silas replied while he drove, "Yes, it's a camera with audio."

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"In that case, make a copy of the security footage, in which she admitted to her wrongdoings, and send it to the police station. With that, Alice's case can be reopened," Shane said.

"All right. I'll go to the police station later."

"Okay."

As soon as Shane ended the call, Natalie had also hung up.

He gazed at her and asked, "Are you done?"

"Yes. Mrs. Brown was emotional, and she almost burst into tears," Natalie sat beside him and responded.

"I get it. After all, Alice is innocent. Mrs. Brown hopes to get her out, but she has to stay in prison for some time because we haven't arrested Jacqueline. Now that Alice can be acquitted, Mrs. Brown will surely be emotional."

"You're right." Natalie put down her phone and flashed him a smile.

Shane wrapped his arms around her waist. "I just instructed Silas to visit the police station to request reopening Alice's case."

Her eyes sparkled upon hearing it. "That's good news, but when will she be released?"

"I'm not sure. Anyway, I think it won't be longer than two weeks," he answered after giving it some thought.

Natalie narrowed her eyes at him meaningfully. "Do you mean you want to punish Jacqueline within this time?"

"Well, she has lived long enough," Shane said coldly.

Since Sam is dead, I have partially avenged my parents. Now, I only have to send Jacqueline there to apologize to them.

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Besides, Mr. Graham and his wife must surely miss their daughter.

As Shane was deep in thought, Natalie heaved a sigh and said, "You're right. Some people tend to create trouble for the world if they live longer."

"By the way, do you remember what Jacqueline told you before? What do you intend to do about it?"

Natalie could read his mind instantly. "Are you referring to what Stanley has done?"

Shane fell silent.

After a while, Natalie looked down and continued, "To be honest, I tried to reach him just now, but he didn't answer the call. I've heard from Joyce that he left J City to look for the culprit. Anyway, when I knew he had left, I felt relieved somehow because I didn't know how I could face him. Thanks to him, Connor got into a car accident, my warehouse was burned down, and all fabrics were destroyed. I hate him deep in my heart. However, Connor, Sharon, and I would have been dead if it weren't for him five years ago. Hence, I don't know how I should deal with it."

Knowing that she felt conflicted, Shane's gaze darkened. "If you don't know how to deal with it, allow me."

"You?" She was startled for a while upon hearing it. Gazing at his cold face, her heart suddenly pounded. "Darling, are you planning to... do that?"

After showing a throat-slitting gesture, Natalie shook her head a few times and added, "Don't do it. I still owe him. Hence, we can't do such a cruel thing to him."

"Why do you have such a thought? I won't kill him. As you said, he saved you and the kids before. I will remember his act of kindness. However, Connor got into an accident, and your sweat and blood were destroyed because of him. All these have canceled off his kindness to you. I will ask him to go abroad and never return."

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1298

Chapter 1298 Released From Prison

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief. "I see. Perhaps it's the best option. What Stanley did in the past surpassed his kindness and our friendship. Hence, we'd better not meet each other from now on."

Shane looked up and replied, "Anyway, you've said that he's abroad at the moment. I'll tell him about it when he returns. If he refuses to leave, I'll send him overseas anyway. I won't do anything if he leaves willingly."

She murmured a response. "Sure."

Time flew by, and two days had passed in the blink of an eye.

The police said that Jacqueline's testimony was legally valid, thus proving she was the one who harmed Natalie twice.

Alice had cleared her name and could be released.

However, she had violated the law when she willingly took responsibility for Jacqueline's crime. Considering that Alice had been imprisoned for almost six months, the police decided not to press further charges.

After all, staying in prison for six months was already a punishment.

Moreover, the police believed Alice wouldn't do silly things anymore.

Lucinda and Natalie stood outside the prison while gazing at the entrance.

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Shane didn't come with them since he had to go to the Graham residence.

While Alice was released, they would take Jacqueline into custody.

While staring at the entrance, Lucinda clasped her hands emotionally.

If she weren't sitting in the wheelchair, Natalie thought she would pace up and down impatiently by now.

"Mrs. Brown, please be patient. Alice will come out soon," she comforted Lucinda when she noticed the latter couldn't put her mind at ease.

Given that Lucinda wasn't as healthy as before, Natalie was worried that she would pass out due to excitement.

Lucinda forced a smile after Natalie finished. "Mrs. Brown, I understand what you mean. However, how can I ever calm myself down? After all, my only hope is that Alice can be released, and it is about to come true—"

Before she could finish, Natalie interrupted, "I know. Fine, forget what I've said."

Since she has always hoped to reunite with her daughter, how can she calm down? I would behave the same if I were her.

After the thought flashed through her mind, Natalie stopped advising Lucinda.

After a while, the gate of the prison finally opened.

Lucinda couldn't suppress her excitement and moved the wheelchair toward the entrance by herself, for she wished to see her daughter.

Meanwhile, Natalie stood still and leaned against the car.

After a while, a pale-looking and petite lady with short blonde hair came out.

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Although she looked pitiful, her eyes were sparkling as if she looked forward to the new future when she looked up at the sky.

Raising her eyebrows, Natalie praised Alice deep in her heart.

The latter didn't seem to feel dejected after going into prison. Instead, she was motivated and looked forward to her new life.

Awesome! In that case, I'm sure Alice won't be a burden to the Brown family.

"Alice." Lucinda gazed at her daughter and smiled emotionally as tears of delight streamed down her face.

Stunned to hear her mother's voice, Alice lowered her head and looked at Lucinda in the wheelchair. As her eyes turned bloodshot, she said chokingly, "Mom!"

"Alice!"

In the end, Alice couldn't suppress her emotions. She ran toward Lucinda while weeping. Then she hugged her mother tightly and kept saying sorry.

Alice knew she had made the mistake of taking the blame for someone else's crime. All the more so, she shouldn't have believed someone whom she had never seen.