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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1306

### Chapter 1306 III Tidings

After all, that was his daughter.

"What about me, Daddy? What about me?" With his hand held by Natalie, Connor raised his head to regard his father.

Shane lowered his head and smiled. "I'll always protect you too."

And Anders as well.

Aside from Natalie, his children were the ones who were most near and dear to him in this world.

Hence, he would stake everything in their care and protection.

Delighted at what Shane said, the two children reacted boisterously and filled the entire dining room with the sound of their joyous laughter.

Mrs. Wilson felt comforted just observing by the side.

"All right. That's enough. Connor, Sharon, stop pestering your father and get started on your food already. Your father hasn't gotten to eat yet," Natalie hastened to say in response to the trio's tomfoolery.

Connor obediently relinquished his hold on Shane's legs. Sharon, too, allowed Shane to set her down.

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After he patted Sharon on the head, Shane put her on her feet. Then, taking each child by the hand on either side, he made his way toward the dining table.

Meanwhile, Jackson was at the hospital. He had just completed an operation and was walking out of the operating theater when a nurse came up to him with his cell phone. "Your phone rang earlier, Dr. Baker. It was a call from someone named Silas."

With that, the nurse passed the phone along to Jackson who received it gratefully. "Thank you. You should go on ahead and get back to your work."

The nurse responded with an affirmative nod before turning to depart.

Once he had gathered himself, Jackson's expression grew solemn.

Why did Silas suddenly call me, and at night, at that? Could it be that something has happened to Jacqueline?

Shane surely would not have gotten Silas to reach out to me if it did not concern Jacqueline, because apart from that, there's nothing else left to be said between us.

That thought drove Jackson to pull up Silas' number and dial it.

Silas picked up promptly the moment the call connected as he had been waiting for his counterpart to get back to him. "Dr. Baker."

"Do you have something for me?" Jackson asked while he made his way back to his own consultation room.

On the other end of the line, there was a lengthy pause before Silas spoke up, "There is something you need to know, Dr. Baker, and please prepare yourself mentally for what I'm about to say."

Jackson stopped in his tracks when he heard that as he felt turbulent inside. "Prepare myself mentally? What exactly are you trying to tell me?"

Silas took in a deep breath before he replied, "Mr. Shane wanted me to inform you that Ms. Graham is dead."

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The entire world seemed to have gone completely silent for Jackson when he heard that.

His expression froze in place as though he had his own soul drained away. The fingers he had around the phone loosened involuntarily, causing the device in his hand to slip and fall to the floor with a clatter.

Picking up on that sound, Silas called out swiftly, “Dr. Baker? Dr. Baker?”

That elicited no response from Jackson, who continued to stand rooted to the spot, looking shocked and discombobulated.

Jacqueline... is dead...

It took Jackson a while to process what Silas had just told him. Jacqueline... Jacqueline is dead!

His body wobbled before his knees buckled beneath him. Jackson kneeled on the floor with his head in his hands, howling in gut-wrenching agony, “Ahhh!”

Evidently, that was not an outcome he was able to come to terms with.

Although he understood that a tragic end was inevitable for Jacqueline and had worked on psyching himself up for the eventuality, he had not expected that day to arrive that soon. It came so abruptly that he had yet to let go of his feelings for her—he was not ready for this.

Quivering all over, Jackson’s tears came in torrents.

Concerned, the nurses close by hurried over to check on him. “What’s the matter, Dr. Baker? Are you all right?”

Jackson did not respond to any of their queries but reached out to grope for the phone on the floor. After he got his trembling hands on it, he put it to his ear and asked in a shaky voice, “Tell me that this isn’t true, Silas. You must be lying to me, am I right? Jacqueline’s not really dead, is she?”

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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1307

### Chapter 1307 To The Morgue

Lowering his eyes, Silas sighed. "Although I understand your feelings, Dr. Baker, I'm sorry to say that I wasn't deceiving you. Jacqueline's really dead, and her body has already been transported to Stanford Hospital."

Stanford Hospital also happened to be Stanley's previous place of employment.

When he heard Silas' words, Jackson felt like his heart was being crushed. It hurt so much that it left him feeling short of breath.

He held the phone in a vice-like grip. "Why? How could it have happened so quickly? It was you lot who killed her, am I right?"

All along, Jackson was aware that Shane had no intentions of handing Jacqueline over to the police and that the man sought to procure justice for himself.

Hence, he thought it highly possible that Shane could have killed Jacqueline.

That got Silas' brow bunched up into a frown. "You've misunderstood us, Dr. Baker. Although we did indeed plan to kill her, we aren't responsible for it. She was the one who took her own life."

"Took her own life?" Jackson's eyes narrowed asudden in skepticism. "How... Why would Jacqueline kill herself?"

"That's the truth of the matter, Dr. Baker. Ms. Graham knew that we are not going to let her off, so out of desperation, she chose to take matters into her own hands. Seeing how much you loved her, you ought to know as well as anyone her prideful and conceited nature. How would someone like that ever allow herself to be subjected to the judgment of others?" Silas said.

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Mouth agape, Jackson was rendered speechless because he knew it was as Silas described. Jacqueline's arrogance and egocentricity meant that she would rather die than place herself at the mercy of another.

So, Jacqueline must have really taken her own life!

That realization left Jackson dumbstruck. He sunk his head so low that no one could see the expression on his face.

His quiet sniffles, though, betrayed the fact that he was weeping.

That did not elude Silas, who could do little except sigh in response for he understood why Jackson cried so piteously. How could anyone not do so upon the death of one's own beloved? Although Dr. Baker had stated that he was not in love with Jacqueline anymore and would not see her again, he could not have just let go of his feelings within such a short time.

Hence, it was no surprise how Jackson emotional state wound up a mess in response to Jacqueline's passing.

With that in mind, Silas thumbed up the glasses on his nose bridge and tried to offer up some words of consolation. "I understand your sorrow, Dr. Baker, but she's gone. Please do restrain your grief."

"Restrain my grief?" Jackson gave a bitter laugh.

How could I take it easy when the love of my life is dead?

"Did you say that Jacqueline is now at the Stanford Hospital?" Jackson stood to his feet, sounding rather hoarse.

Silas affirmed it with a nod. "Yes. She had been sent to the Stanford Hospital morgue not too long ago."

Jackson asked no more and ended the call outright. Then, he removed his glasses to wipe away his own tears. Picking up his pace, he raced in the direction of the elevator and made his way out of the hospital without even changing out of the surgery attire he had on. He flagged down a ride that took him to the Stanford Hospital.

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On the other end, Silas was not too surprised to find himself being hung up on as it was a scenario he had already foresaw when Jackson asked about Jacqueline's whereabouts.

Dr. Baker must be on his way to Stanford Hospital by now.

Sighing, Silas went on to inform Shane of this development.

Natalie had just stepped out of the showers when she saw Shane changing out of his sleepwear and into his leisure wear. She could not contain her astonishment. "It's already so late, Darling. Are you still headed somewhere?"

Seeing him change out of his attire close to bedtime all of a sudden, she could not imagine for what purpose he might be doing unless he was going out.

Lifting his chin, Shane made no attempt to deny this. "Jackson has already learned that Jacqueline is dead. Silas said that he seemed distraught, and is currently on the way to Stanford Hospital to see her body. I'm going to go over to make sure that he doesn't do anything stupid."

Although he had fallen out with Jackson, they had been friends since they were little, so there's no way he could have left him alone.

"I see. Then, I shall come along as well," said Natalie upon that realization.

"You should stay in. The weather is too cold outside. I'll be back soon." Walking up to her, Shane reached out to gently ruffle her hair.

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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1308

### Chapter 1308 The Ballad Of Shane And Jackson

“Okay, but wouldn’t that mean you’d be going alone? What if Dr. Baker were to mean you harm?”

Although Jacqueline took her own life, there’s no telling whether Jackson would vent his anger on him.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, Shane responded with a snort. “Relax. He’s not beating anyone up with that scrawny frame of his.”

Not that he was acting in bravado, but the fact that Jackson was almost half a head shorter and much slighter of build compared to him meant the man was not going to be a threat to him.

Besides, he was more than capable of handling his own in a fight. Therefore, Jackson would most assuredly not be a match for him.

Hearing that from Shane reminded Natalie that he did know a move or two. Hence, she could not suppress a smile. “In that case, go quickly. I’ll be at home, waiting.”

“Got it.” Shane nodded. He then pulled her in for a peck on the lips before he made his way out of the room.

Shortly after, Mrs. Wilson walked in with a glass of milk in hand. “Where is Mr. Shane going, madam?”

“To look for Jackson. He’s worried that he’ll do something stupid,” replied Natalie as she received the milk from the housekeeper.

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Mrs. Wilson nodded. "Ah, I see. That's not too surprising, considering that Dr. Baker is the only friend Mr. Shane ever had."

"The only one?" Natalie's brow perked up. "Doesn't Shane have any other friends?"

That did much to pique her curiosity.

Although she knew that Jackson and Shane were acquainted, she did not expect Jackson to be the latter's only friend.

In the extended journey of life, one was bound to have more than a few that one may consider a friend. Even though some of these relations may grow distant over time, there ought to be a handful that would continue to stick around.

All the while for Shane though, there was only Jackson.

"Yeah, the one and only. Apart from Dr. Baker, Mr. Shane did not associate himself with others. Mr. Shane matured quickly for his age. Coupled with his own aloof personality and desire to excel in his grades, he did not much fancy the company of the other gents and ladies of his age within his social circles. Conversely, it was they who were very keen on seeking his."

At that point, Mrs. Wilson sighed. "Mr. Shane was rather inapproachable even as a boy, and he was a little shy as well. Most importantly, he was simply too outstanding. The parents of his peers liked to compare their own children to him, so as time went on, those young gents and ladies gradually kept their distance from him." Natalie chuckled softly when she heard that, "I see. That makes sense."

Children who stood out were often used as a benchmark against which parents would compare their own children to. Even though their own kids might gravitate to Shane in the beginning, they would only grow to resent him after a while. That was why it was kind of expected that Shane would end up friendless.

"That's not all. Owing to their jealousy toward Mr. Shane, those young gents and ladies started to gang up on him. In the end, Mr. Shane sorted them out. They dared not even come near him after all that, and would just scurry off like vermin in the presence of a cat whenever they saw him. Mr. Shane also mentioned that he felt like he was surrounded by unevolved simians whenever he was in their company." Mrs. Wilson guffawed with a hand over her mouth.



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Natalie was nonplussed as well. "Unevolved simians, huh? Hahaha. That's ingenious of him, describing his own contemporaries like that."

"It's a little too much, but that's how he felt about them. Like chimps, they'd never hold a candle to him."

Natalie replied with a lifted chin. "True that. Then, how did Dr. Baker end up being friends with Shane anyway?"

That was something she was quite curious about.

"Dr. Baker wouldn't quit, that's how," Mrs. Wilson reminisced with a fondness in her eyes. "He was the only kid who wasn't intimidated by Mr. Shane. In fact, he quite admired him. All the other children were afraid of Mr. Shane, but not him. Not only was he not fearful, but he'd also tagged behind Mr. Shane day in and day out. Although Mr. Shane was mature for his age and wasn't playful like the other kids, he was still merely a child. Hence as time went on, Mr. Shane gradually grew accustomed to having Dr. Baker around, and they just got stuck together."

Natalie primped her hair. "So that's the story behind all that."

"Come to think of it, I'm quite fond of Dr. Baker myself. Without him, Mr. Shane could have would up an even more detached person growing up without a single friend at all," Mrs. Wilson said.

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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1309

### Chapter 1309 Soulless

Natalie's eyes lit up as she, too, concurred on the point made.

"I've spoken for long enough, madam, so I shan't continue to impose. I shall take my leave now." Looking at the time, Mrs. Wilson realized how late it was and decided against continuing the conversation.

Smiling, Natalie passed the now empty glass back along. "All right. Take care, and do rest up soon, Mrs. Wilson."

"Will do." Mrs. Wilson then exited with a genial laugh.

At the Stanford Hospital, Silas was already waiting at the entrance by the time Shane arrived and quickly came down the steps as soon as he saw the car turn in. "Mr. Shane," he greeted.

"Where's Jackson?" asked Shane as he tossed him the keys.

Silas followed behind as he entered the hospital. "Dr. Baker's at the morgue."

"How long has he been there?" asked Shane with a squint.

Silas considered it before he replied, "Almost half an hour. I got here about half an hour ago and inquired with the person in charge. Dr. Baker had only arrived a few minutes before I did."

Normally, apart from the police coroner and the person working there, few who were at the morgue to view the body of the deceased were allowed to hang around for too long.

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First of all, it was out of concern of potential tampering with the bodies of the deceased, and secondly, because the morgue was cold enough to the extent that one could easily fall sick in there.

Shane's face grew frigid and severe when he heard how long Jackson had been inside.

Coming to the entrance of the morgue, Shane stood by and listened in on the outside. He was unable to hear anything happening within, regardless. Thus, his eyes narrowed as he turned to the two hospital security guards behind Silas. "Go inside and bring me the person in there."

"Understood." The guards nodded in acknowledgment before they pushed their way past the doors to the morgue.

Before the duo got here, the hospital had already instructed them to abide by Shane's orders, hence, they would abide by whatever Shane demanded.

Very quickly, a discord was heard from behind the doors in the form of Jackson's angry roar. "Get your hands off me! Let go of me this instant! I'm not going out, so let go!"

Nobody listened to him though.

Shortly after, Jackson was escorted out by the security guards, with one on either side of him.

Once they loosened their hold, his body immediately collapsed limply on the floor, unable to support itself.

Silas was astounded. "What happened to him?"

Shane's lips pursed into a slit. "Your legs..."

Afraid that they would be blamed for Jackson's inability to stand, the two security guards sought to explain themselves. "Dr. Baker has stayed inside the morgue for too long. When we found him, he was already sitting on the floor by the freezer like that. His legs must have gone numb from the cold and are unable to hold him upright. He should be all right once his body temperature and circulation normalized."

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"I see," Silas replied, enlightened.

Shane's tightly held lips also loosened up as he really thought for a moment that something else inconceivable had happened to Jackson's lower extremities.

The two guards nodded. "Yeah. There are people passing on in the hospital every day so we'd get family members coming into the morgue just as often. That's why we encounter this sort of situation quite a lot."

"Got it. You may step aside now," said Shane with a nod.

"Understood," the pair acknowledged before they stepped out of the way in concert.

Shane lowered his head, and with a deep furrow, he regarded Jackson who was sitting slumped on the floor, lifeless as a corpse.

"Can you see what you've become, Jackson?"

Jackson's lids lifted briefly before they lowered back down. There was no discernable reaction from him apart from that, as though he had really become a soulless mound of flesh. He was completely out of whack, as though he wished that he was dead.

His demeanor ignited the fury inside Shane, who went up and booted him to the floor.

Jackson was sent hurtling backward, and his body skidded along for a good two meters before it grounded to a halt. For a moment, he could only lay prone, clutching at his chest, coughing vigorously.

It was a sight that shocked not only Silas, but the two security guards standing not too far away as well.

They did not expect such violent conduct from the seemingly distinguished and refined-looking man, going up and kicking someone without even exchanging pleasantries prior to the way he did.

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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1310

### Chapter 1310 An Unfilial Son

From the manner in which the doctor was sent sprawling, it was apparent how much strength that refined man had put into his kick.

Coughing, Jackson looked up at Shane in sheer disbelief. "Shane, you..." Obviously, he had not anticipated that the latter would lash out so excessively against him.

Shane withdrew his foot and regarded his counterpart frostily. "Jacqueline's dead, Jackson, so what are you trying to prove by behaving like that? Do you plan to join her in the grave?"

The change on Jackson's face was palpable. "I..."

"It looks like that was what you had in mind." Striding forward, Shane sent another foot barreling into him.

He actually wanted to die, for Jacqueline Graham, of all people. Does he love her so much? So much so that he would quit on his own parents and follow her to death?

With a hand clasped onto his chest, Jackson had only just about managed to get back up when he fell back down again. This time, he felt like his insides were all topsy-turvy.

The first kick Shane landed was on his chest, and the subsequent one was aimed at his abdomen.

Jackson shriveled up, writhing and puking, and even started tearing.

In spite of that, Shane was not through with him yet. Burying a foot into the latter's chest to immobilize him, he then loomed over the other man and regarded him savagely. "I won't stop you from seeking death, Jackson, but before you die, get your parent's future affairs

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sorted out first. Don't expect an outsider like me to host their funeral when their time comes."

Jackson's eyes widened when he heard that. "Dad, Mom..."

Seeing him that way, Shane's eyes tapered to a slit. "Why? Don't tell me you haven't even thought about them?"

Jackson's body stiffened. It was as Shane said, he had not considered the plight of his own parents.

He had rushed down right away upon learning of Jacqueline's passing and suffered an emotional collapse the instant he saw her corpse. Sitting on the floor beside her body, he was mired in a profound state of anguish and despair.

After all, Jacqueline was the only love of his life, and someone he had adored for almost a decade. He was the one who really struggled the most to come to terms with her passing, more so than any other.

Hence, his gut reaction was to die alongside Jacqueline in the hopes that they could, perhaps, be reunited in the nether realms.

Ever since he became beholden to that idea, he had not really thought about the aftermath with regard to his own parents.

Seeing Jackson's pallid countenance caused Shane to tighten his fists. Then, he lowered his stance and swung a punch hard across the former's face.

In response to being hammered, Jackson let out a dull grunt and reflexively brought his hands up to cradle his own head.

Shane withdrew his knuckles and spoke in a mocking tone. "So, that's what's really on your mind. To think that your parents had raised you to this age, only to see you dying for a woman. Such a filial son you are!"

Trembling, Jackson held his silence because he had no means of retort.

He was indeed an unfilial son, and guilty as charged.

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Regarding the tearful Jackson, Shane straightened himself up and said, "I don't understand what it about Jacqueline is that makes her worthy of your affections to the extent that you'd do so many deplorable things alongside her, or even die for her. Don't you find her appalling? How could you be so besotted with her, and for ten over years, at that?"

Raising a hand to shield his own eyes, Jackson's lips curled into a bitter smile as he replied with a croak, "I don't know either. Love is strange like that. There is no explaining why I am so drawn to her."

"What ridiculous sort of answer is that?" asked Shane with a frown.

Jackson shut his eyes and spoke no more.

No longer bothered to care too much, Shane received Silas' handkerchief which he elegantly used to wipe down his own hands. "Forget it. I've already said my piece. I won't try to stop you, so go on ahead and join Jacqueline in death if you wish. As for your parents, I'm not going to get myself involved in their business either, so deal with them as you deem fit."