

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1271

Chapter 1271 Cruel Fate

He was about to head downstairs after leaving the study when he overheard Natalie talking about the killer.

Thinking Natalie had intended to talk to Joyce in private about it, Shane decided to remain upstairs and listen in instead.

That was how he ended up hearing the entire conversation.

“Darling, don’t you think fate is being rather cruel to Joyce and Stanley?” Natalie asked with a wry smile.

They were clearly doing good by sending Stanley’s parents food and supplies, but they ended up exposing their whereabouts and got them killed. I bet Joyce’s parents would be devastated if they find out about it... I don’t think anyone would take kindly to the fact that they got their closest friends killed!

Shane walked up to Natalie and hugged her gently. “Don’t worry too much about this. You already told them the truth, so all that’s left for you to do is let them handle it themselves. Do not get involved in it any further.”

“I know. I won’t get myself involved. I’m just worried about Joyce, that’s all,” Natalie mumbled worriedly.

Shane ran his hand through her hair as he said, “In that case, you can keep a close eye on her to make sure she doesn’t do anything rash.”

“Yeah, that’s exactly what I’m planning to do.” Natalie then glanced around and asked, “By the way, where’s Connor?”

“He went to play with Sharon in the room,” Shane replied while sitting down beside her.

Natalie nodded in response.

Their little quiet moment was disrupted when Shane's cell phone started ringing all of a sudden.

The frown on his face when he saw the caller ID made it obvious that he didn't like that person very much.

Natalie arched an eyebrow when she saw that it was Jackson calling. "Dr. Baker? He probably found out that you're back, huh?"

Shane avoided answering her question directly. "There are quite a lot of residents in this area. Given the commotion I caused upon my return, it's no surprise that a person like Jackson would know about it."

"Will you take his call, then?" Natalie asked.

Shane pursed his lips in hesitation, but answered the phone anyway. "What is it?"

"Hey, Shane! You're back home, right?" Jackson asked.

"Just get to the point," Shane said coldly.

"Well... I heard you caught Jacqueline," Jackson mumbled cautiously.

Shane exuded an icy-cold aura as he asked, "Who did you hear that from?"

It's normal for Jackson to know about me being overseas because everyone knew about us leaving for our honeymoon. However, I made sure to keep everything that happened overseas a secret. Nobody knows about Sean capturing Natalie, let alone what happened when I went to rescue her! How did Jackson find out about me capturing Jacqueline? Does he have spies planted in my organization?

A cold, murderous look formed in Shane's eyes at the thought of that possibility.

“What’s wrong, Darling?” Natalie asked.

Shane was about to say something, but Jackson had already started speaking on the phone. “It was Sean. He told me that you caught Jacqueline.”

“Sean?” Shane narrowed his eyes.

Jackson nodded. “Yeah, he gave me a call and told me about it.”

The look on Shane’s face eased up significantly after hearing that.

Oh, it was Sean, huh? And here I thought I would have to weed out spies! I suppose it’s nothing to worry about, then.

“So? Are you calling me to have me release Jacqueline?” Shane asked with a sarcastic smile.

Jackson’s expression turned gloomy when he heard the sarcasm in his voice. “No, not at all! I just wanted to see her and ask her some questions, that’s all! I would never ask you to release her!”

He knew full well that Jacqueline would never see the error of her ways nor change for the better.

On top of that, Jacqueline killed Shane’s parents, nearly killed Natalie, and could even be linked to the deaths of her own parents.

Given the heinous nature of her crimes, Jackson would never dare ask for her to be released. Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1272

Chapter 1272 He Deserves To Know The Truth

After all, there was no telling what crazy stunts she would pull next if she were to go free.

Shane arched an eyebrow upon hearing that. "Oh? Are you sure you won't rescue her? You love her very much, don't you? Things aren't going to end well for her now that she's in my hands. In fact, she might even die at my hand! Knowing this, you still won't try to save her?"

Of course, Jackson knew that Shane was testing him by spiting him. "That's right, I won't save her. It's true that I don't want her to die, but I also know that it would be unfair to your parents if she lives. Perhaps this is a form of release for Jacqueline."

I can't tell if Jackson is telling the truth, but it doesn't matter. Jacqueline isn't going to get away this time!

Shane narrowed his eyes at the thought of that. "Okay, I can allow you to see her. I'll give you further instructions tomorrow night."

Feeling relieved that his request had been approved, Jackson thanked him profusely, "Sure thing! Thank you, Shane!"

Shane simply hung up on him without saying anything further.

"Dr. Baker wants to see Jacqueline?" Natalie asked.

"Yeah, he says he has some questions for her," Shane replied while putting his cell phone aside.

"As well he should!" Natalie said with a smile.

Shane arched an eyebrow at her. "You know what he wants to ask her?"

Natalie nodded. "Kind of. It's most likely about their relationship or something. All right, enough talk about them. Let's go upstairs and see what the kids are doing!"

"Okay." Shane held her hand and went up the stairs with her.

Meanwhile, Joyce clenched her fists and took a deep breath before entering Stanford Hospital.

Stanley deserves to know the truth even if he'll end up hating me and my family more than before, so that's exactly what I'm going to tell him!

Having made up her mind, Joyce walked up to the front desk and asked, "Excuse me, is Dr. Quinn on duty today?"

The nurse eyed her from head to toe. "Who are you?"

"I'm a friend of his, and I need to see him quite urgently," Joyce replied.

"Sorry, miss, but I can't tell you anything about Dr. Quinn!" the nurse said with a sarcastic chuckle.

Joyce frowned in confusion. "Why not?"

"Why else do you think? It's because you're one of those women who have taken a liking to Dr. Quinn! We've had tons of other women like you asking about him. Some of them even wait here just to catch Dr. Quinn when he passes by! One particular woman went as far as causing a huge scene when she couldn't see Dr. Quinn. She threatened to sit on the floor until Dr. Quinn agrees to see her. Her actions nearly caused the delay of a critically ill patient's treatment!" the nurse replied coldly with a shrug.

Oh, so that's why...

The corner of Joyce's lips twitched slightly as she explained, "I'm sorry I didn't make myself clear enough earlier, but I'm not that kind of woman. I really am a friend of Stanley's, and I have something very important to tell him."

The nurse refused to believe her and decided to just ignore her altogether.

With no other choice, Joyce let out a helpless sigh as she pulled out her cell phone and dialed Stanley's number.

The nurse froze in shock when she saw that.

Although she didn't get a clear view of the phone number, she did notice Stanley's name on the caller ID.

Wait a minute... Is this woman really Dr. Quinn's friend? If that's the case, would he get mad at me for stopping her from seeing him?

Oblivious to the nurse's expression, Joyce held the phone up to her ear and prayed for Stanley to answer the call.

Fortunately for her, Stanley answered the phone after a few rings. "What is it?" he asked coldly.

"Stanley..." Joyce sobbed.

"I'll hang up now if you're not going to tell me," Stanley said with a frown. *Feel the Way You Feel, My Love* Chapter 1273

Chapter 1273 Culprit

Stanley was about to hang up when Joyce stopped him.

"No. Please don't hang up on me. I have something to tell you. It's related to the culprit."

"What?" He was resting after finishing a complicated surgery, but shot to his feet after hearing the shocking news. "You mean the culprit who murdered my parents?"

"Yes. I know who it is. So, can we meet, Stanley?" Joyce asked.

Stanley pressed his lips into a thin line as he told her to come to his office.

He immediately ended the call when Joyce had noted it down, not wanting to spare another word for her.

Disappointment flashed across Joyce's eyes as she set her phone down and looked at the nurse. "Can you show me the way to room 301 of the Neurology Department?"

Room 301 of the Neurology Department was Stanley's office.

The nurse was no longer suspicious of Joyce's identity. After confirming Joyce was Stanley's friend, she pointed down a hallway. "Go down this hallway, and you'll reach the elevator, take it to the third floor, then take a right turn. It's the first room down that hallway."

"All right, thanks," Joyce said, then strode toward the direction pointed out for her.

Soon, Joyce was standing in front of the door to Stanley's office.

The door was wide open. Joyce took in a deep breath before knocking on it.

"Stanley." Joyce looked at the man sitting behind his desk.

It was the first time they met after that night.

He was handsome and indifferent as usual, a contrast to her. She was worried sick for Natalie recently that she looked weary.

Inferiority and insecurity pricked at her at the comparison.

Stanley looked up at Joyce and frowned when he spotted the sharp lines on her face.

What has she been up to lately? Did she not eat or sleep well?

Stanley's expression was the usual indifference despite his concern. "You said you had something to tell me about the culprit of my parents' murder. What is it?"

Joyce dug through her purse and handed him a photo. "Here you go, this is the culprit."

"What?" Stanley's pupil constricted. He reached out to take the photo with trembling hands. "You're saying this person is the culprit. What proof do you have?"

"I don't have any proof, but it's the truth. Sean was the one who found out about it. You know as well that Sean and the culprit are from the same organization, so it's easy for him to get the truth," Joyce answered as she looked into his eyes.

Stanley smirked. "Indeed. It's easy for Sean to investigate, but why did he? He and I are not even friends."

"Nat asked him to. He kidnapped her a while back."

"What? When? How is that possible?" Stanley's expression turned into shock. "How is she? Is she okay? Where is she now?"

Hearing his worry and concern for Natalie, bitter jealousy coiled in Joyce's gut. Prickles of pain stabbed her heart as though a hundred needles had pricked it.

She lowered her head to conceal the hurt and the tears in her eyes. "She's fine. Mr. Shane had rescued her. Nat was the one that gave me this photo. She said the culprit had left the organization and had retired to a private beach, but she had no idea which private beach it was. Sean didn't tell her the specifics, so we still needed to investigate it ourselves."

Stanley stared at the man in the photo for a long while until Joyce could feel the air thicken with tension. Crumpling the photo, he said, "Got it. I'll investigate it myself. You can go now."

Joyce was still rooted in place.

Stanley narrowed his eyes at her disobedience. "Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

Joyce blurted out, "I'm sorry, Stanley!"

"What?" Stanley's expression turned somber. He had a bad feeling.

Joyce suddenly dropped to her knees. "I'm so sorry, Stanley. You were right to accuse us of causing your parents' death. My parents didn't know the culprit was on their tail when they went to deliver necessities to your parents. That was how the culprit knew where your parents were hiding, then managed to kill them. I'm so sorry, Stanley. I'm truly sorry." *Feel the Way You Feel, My Love* Chapter 1274

Chapter 1274 You Are Right

Stanley's expression darkened at her confession. Rage was burning brightly in his eyes. "So, what do you want from me? Forgiveness?"

"N-No. I never wish that you'll forgive me. I j-just--"

"Actually, I already knew about it. I knew it was your parents who unintentionally revealed my parents' location, leading them to their deaths."

"What?" Joyce's eyes widened with shock. "You knew about it all along?"

"Why did you think I kept emphasizing your family was the cause of my parents' death? Our families had close ties. I wouldn't point my finger at your parents if I didn't know about it. I accused them because I knew it was them. I was at the scene. I heard your parents repenting their fault to my parents," he said, with a voice that sounded like a demon from hell. He was bending down and grasped Joyce's chin when he said it.

Joyce's entire body shivered. "No wonder. No wonder..."

All these years, I thought he assumed my family was the cause of his parents' death because he saw them at the scene. I didn't know he was aware of the truth hence his hatred for us.

I just thought he wanted someone to blame and chose us because my parents were there, but in actuality, he didn't wrongly accuse us. He was right all along.

I was so naïve to think that I would find evidence to prove my family's innocence, to prove that he was wrong. I wanted him to regret blaming us for all these years.

"I didn't know about it. I swear I didn't know." Joyce shook her head fervently as tears flowed down her face.

Seeing her sadness and despair, a glimmer of heartache flashed across his eyes. He released her chin and rose to his feet. Taking out a handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped his fingers with it as though he had touched something filthy.

"I admire your courage and candor for telling me the truth on your own accord. I thought you would hide it from me," Stanley said sarcastically.

Joyce bit her lower lip. "Not once have I even thought about hiding it from you. There's no point hiding it because what's wrong is wrong. It doesn't change anything."

If I didn't know about it, I could insist on my family's innocence, but now that I know the truth, I can't deny it. The Rivers family was the one who caused his parents' death.

At that thought, Joyce got to her feet and met his gaze. "Stanley, I know the fault lies with the Rivers family. Don't worry. I will repay everything my family owes to your parents. Please stop hating my parents, and please don't harm them. They used to treat you like their son. Even though they caused your parents' death, it was unintentional. They were just two ordinary people delivering necessities to your parents. They didn't know someone was following them. Yes, they were wrong, but they don't deserve death. Let me be the one to shoulder the blame. Please let me be the one to end the feud between our families."

Stanley's eyes narrowed. "What are you planning to do? How are you planning to repay my parents' death?"

Joyce chuckled. "Rest assured. I won't let you down. Please give me two more days, and I'll arrange everything. I'll call you and tell you how I'll repay you once all the arrangements are in place. Is that okay?"

Discomfort and uneasiness rose within Stanley at her assurance.

He got a feeling that she was leaving a will.

Stanley scoffed, "Sure, I'll give you two days. I'll be waiting for your call."

A will of regret? No way! I don't trust for one minute that she'll use her own life to repay.

If she wanted to commit suicide, she would've done it a long time ago. All those while, she thought I was wrongfully accusing them.

At that time, she could've killed herself to prove the Rivers family's innocence, but she didn't. She is just a coward that fears death. She'll never be bold enough to commit any suicidal act. Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1275

Chapter 1275 Coward

The weight in Stanley's gut eased slightly, and the cynical look in his eyes deepened.

Joyce caught it and let out a bitter chuckle. "I'll take my leave then."

She lowered her head and dashed out of his office, not wanting him to see the tears falling again.

Once the open sky was above her, she raised her head.

She noted the sky was dark and cloudy as if it would rain soon. Well, at least the weather reflects my mood. It's dark, cloudy, and raining.

Reaching for her phone, she called a number.

Within minutes, her call connected, and a kind woman's voice sounded. "Hello?"

"Mom, it's me." Joyce plastered a forced smile on her face.

She could hear the joy in Caitlin's voice. "Joyce, why are you calling at this hour? Aren't you at work?"

"I'm on my leave today, Mom. Can I go see you and Dad tomorrow?" Joyce asked.

Caitlin answered, "Tomorrow? That's great! You haven't dropped by in a while. Your dad was talking about you at dinner yesterday. He was wondering when you'll be back for dinner. The chicken we're rearing in our backyard is fat enough."

Hearing her mother's affection, she could feel tears pricking her eyes, waiting to fall.

She sniffled and sucked in a breath to suppress her tears, feigning glee in her voice. "I'll be back tomorrow. Ask Dad to prepare chicken soup for me. Add mushroom too."

"Okay, I'll tell him that," Caitlin said with a laugh.

After a few more conversations were exchanged, she ended the call.

Droplets of water began raining from the sky.

As though the pillar supporting her had crumbled, tears began streaming down her face as she bent down, wrapping her arms around her knees. One could hear the overwhelming sadness in her sobs.

Passersby, who witnessed her crying, were guessing if her boyfriend had dumped her.

Yet no one came up and comforted her. They merely stood there watching with cold eyes and whispered among themselves.

As the rain got heavier, the sky had gotten even darker. Suddenly, a gentle voice came from behind her. "Are you all right, miss?"

Joyce wiped away her tears as she raised her head from her knees and looked over her shoulder at the person who cared about her.

The man was tall and good-looking. Despite wearing a suit, he seemed approachable. He should be one of the upper management in some companies.

"Thank you for your concern. I'm fine," Joyce answered through the sobs.

The man offered her a handkerchief. "Your eyes are swollen from crying. Here, wipe it."

Joyce had wanted to reject it but remembered she didn't have any tissue in her purse. She couldn't use the hem of her shirt to wipe her tears, so she accepted it. "Thank you. I'll pay you for it." She quickly wiped her tears and fumbled for her purse.

The man merely smiled. "Don't worry about it. You don't have to pay me for it. It's just a handkerchief. Are you here for a consultation?"

"No, I'm about to leave." Joyce shook her head.

The man tilted his chin. "It's raining cats and dogs out here. Do you have an umbrella with you?"

Joyce wore a sheepish smile. "I don't have one, but my car is just right around the block. I'll just run over there."

"You'll be drenched even if you run. How about I escort you there since I have an umbrella?" The man waved the umbrella in his hand.

Joyce put the handkerchief in her purse. "Thank you then."

Since I've already accepted his handkerchief, I might as well borrow his umbrella.

Joyce got up and walked to his side. The man opened up his umbrella and wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

Feeling his arm around her shoulder, her entire body stiffened. "You--"

"Sorry about not telling you prior, but I just wanted you to stand closer to me under the umbrella since it's not big enough to support two people. I don't want you to get wet," the man explained with a smile.

Joyce looked up at the umbrella and noticed it was indeed not wide enough for two people. Moreover, he didn't place his palm on my shoulder. He just used his wrist. At the assurance, she let go of any uneasiness and stepped into the rain with him toward her car.

Not long after, Stanley came out of the hospital with his hands stuffed into the pockets of his white coat. His gaze was focused on the two that just left. *Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1276*

*Chapter 1276 I Will Get Her Back*

Stanley didn't imagine he would see such a sight when he came down to see his patient off.

She was claiming how much she loved me earlier, yet she was leaving with a man. They were standing so close together that their shoulders were touching. I caught glimpses of them joking around. Is this how she loves me?

“Fake!” he scoffed and spun on his heels, returning to the hospital.

Yet here I was, worried about her committing suicide. It looks like I don’t have to worry about it now since she has a new boyfriend. She won’t simply risk her life.

Stanley’s hands were curled so tightly into fists in his pockets that the veins were bulging.

After a while, he uncurled his fists and shut his eyes to get his rage under control. Exhaling a breath, he stepped into the elevator.

Meanwhile, Joyce and the man had arrived at her car.

She dug through her purse for her key and clicked on it to unlock her car.

Two chirps from her car, signaling the doors had been unlocked. Joyce turned to the man to thank him again. “Thank you so much for sending me to my car with your umbrella. I would’ve been drenched otherwise.”

“Don’t worry about it. It’s my pleasure.” The man flashed her a gentle smile.

Joyce asked, “Oh right. I haven’t gotten your name yet. I’m Joyce.”

“Joyce, nice name,” he repeated, then complimented her name.

With blushing cheeks, Joyce let out a giggle. “My dad was the one who named me. He wanted a unique name for me, so he thought long and hard about it, but he couldn’t come up with anything special. Coincidentally, an actor on the television had called out Joyce at that moment. A light bulb lighted up in his head, and he decided to name me Joyce after that. That’s how I got my name.”

“Really? Your dad seems like a funny person,” the man chuckled.

Joyce tucked her hair behind her ear. “Yeah, my parents have a weird sense of humor. You still haven’t told me your name yet.”

“Sorry about that. Your story got me sidetracked. I’m Justin Sutter,” Justin introduced.

Joyce uttered his name under her breath. “Got it. I’ll be taking my leave then, Mr. Sutter. See you around.”

“Sure, bye!” Justin nodded.

Joyce opened the door and got in the driver’s seat. She revved up her engine and pulled out of her parking spot.

Justin stood there holding his umbrella as he watched the taillights disappear. He turned and strode in another direction.

His phone rang while walking.

Taking it out of his pocket, he glanced at the screen and saw the name on it. With a soft smile, he took the call. “Hi, Mom.”

“Justin, have you found her?” A kind, gentle voice spoke through the phone.

Justin cast another glance in the direction Joyce left. “I did, but I don’t think she remembers me.”

She didn’t have any reaction when she heard my name.

“It’s normal that she can’t remember. Both of you were so young then. It has been almost two decades since you last met her.” She sighed.

Justin looked down at his feet. "Yeah, it has been almost twenty years. That's fine, though. She'll remember me in the future."

When he arrived at J City, he ran a background check on Joyce and found out she wasn't happy in the twenty years apart from him.

After she separated from him, she moved to another city with her parents and became the neighbor of the Quinn family.

Joyce's childhood sweetheart had switched from him to Stanley from the Quinn family.

Despite Stanley's horrible treatment, she still loved him.

Justin couldn't understand what was so good about Stanley that she couldn't move on from him. He wasn't kind toward her and had always treated her with indifference.

That's fine. I've finally found her now. I'll always stay with her and try to get her back to my side. She'll only have her eyes trained on me, and I'll be the only man in her heart. That Stanley is not worthy of her.

Meanwhile, Natalie was looking through the window of the Thompson villa at the pouring rain outside. Her worry for Joyce intensified. I wonder how is Joyce doing? Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1277

Chapter 1277 Someone To Blame

Natalie knew Joyce well. She knew Joyce would look for Stanley after she left Thompson Villa. Natalie had no idea what Stanley would do to Joyce.

With that worry filling her mind, she called Stanley.

Stanley's voice soon came through the speaker. There was slight exhaustion lacing his tone. "Nat, what's wrong?"

“Has Joyce been to your place?” Natalie asked.

He didn’t respond at first and answered after a brief silence, “She did.”

As I thought!

She rubbed her face. “Then I supposed she had told you about the culprit and-”

“She did.” Stanley knew what she was going to say, so he cut her off.

Worry filled Natalie. “Then you-”

“Are you trying to ask me how my attitude toward her was?” Stanley asked with downcast eyes.

Natalie admitted, “Yes.”

“How should I have treated her? I just treated her the same as usual,” Stanley said casually.

The hatred I felt for her didn’t intensify nor diminish.

I already knew that the cause of my parents’ death was related to Mr. and Mrs. Rivers hence my hatred toward the Rivers family.

So it’s the same now. It won’t change just because Joyce told me who the culprit is.

Natalie let out a relieved sigh after hearing Stanley’s confession.

That's good. As long as it didn't worsen, everything is good. I'm scared Joyce won't be able to handle it if he had treated her even worse than before.

"Stanley, I know you can't forgive Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, but you have to understand it wasn't intentional. They didn't know they were being followed. They were just normal people. I hope you can see it from that perspective," Natalie persuaded.

Stanley's grip on his phone tightened. "I know what you're trying to say. I'm aware that they didn't intentionally reveal my parents' position because they were merely delivering supplies, but my parents did die for that exact reason. Even if they were being kind, did their kindness worth two lives? Tell me, Nat. Is it worth two innocent lives?"

I used to have a happy family. I didn't want to be a doctor. I never liked medicine. I wanted to be a pilot.

My parents were the ones who realized I had the talent to be a doctor and wished I could be one, but I was against it all the way. I didn't want to study medicine until they were gone forever. I picked up the subject I hated the most because it was their wish for me.

I could've been a pilot and had a happy family. The murderer and the Rivers family ruined everything!

Listening to Stanley's questions, Natalie felt sad for him. With a bitter smile, she replied, "I know it can't be compared, but Stanley, you have to look at it from a different perspective. Your parents were under the organization's surveillance, but Mr. and Mrs. Rivers were just normal people. They should be living a normal life, but they were implicated because of your parents. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers knew your parents were being pursued, yet they didn't cut off their ties with them. Instead, they chose to risk their lives to help your parents. For that alone, I think they're admirable people."

Not everyone would help their friends after knowing their friends were in trouble, nonetheless, being pursued. The Rivers family didn't hesitate to hide Stanley's parents' whereabouts and even delivered meals to them. That's more than I can say for some people. Some would've cut off all ties and kept their distance, worried they would be implicated.

After all, evil people had no conscience or mercy. They might even kill Mr. and Mrs. Rivers. Still, Mr. Rivers decided to help Stanley's parents in the end despite knowing he might lose his life. That's true friendship right there.

Stanley's eyes darkened at Natalie's words. He stayed silence after that.

He did think of that, but he needed someone to blame. Someone to be the target of his hatred and rage.

After all, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers did cause his parents' death by revealing their location.

Natalie massaged her temple and said, "Stanley, there was one more thing that you didn't consider. Without Mr. and Mrs. Rivers' help, your parents might have lost their lives even earlier." *Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1278*

Chapter 1278 Freedom From Hatred

Stanley murmured, "I know."

Back then, the Quinn family unilaterally severed their relationship with them.

Consequently, their family failed to garner any help from their relatives. Those relatives refused to see them for fear of being dragged into the matter.

In fact, some of their relatives even intended to capture them and potentially claim a reward from the organization.

If their parents hadn't chased those relatives away, their family would have been offered to the organization and executed.

The only reason they were able to survive the organization's hunt for so long was due to the Rivers family's help.

"Since you know about it, you should be aware that Mr. Rivers and his wife might have made a mistake, but it's one that's entirely understandable. You can't expect perfection or miracles from two ordinary human beings, to the extent of running circles around such a large organization. That's just not possible. Furthermore, has it occurred to you that Mr. Rivers and his wife were equally devastated over your

parent's death? How do you think they felt when they realized they were responsible for the death of their friend?"

Stanley pursed his lips and didn't say a word.

Natalie took a deep breath. "Let me tell you, they were filled with remorse and would never forgive themselves for the rest of their lives. I'm sure it has been more than a decade since you last saw what they looked like. All their hair has whitened while their faces are full of wrinkles. Despite just being fifty-two, they look seventy and a lot older than their peers. Do you know what caused that? It's guilt. All these years, Mr. Rivers and his wife were filled with unimaginable guilt."

In the beginning, she was only curious as to why Jonathan looked significantly older than men his age. Despite her asking about it, Jonathan refused to tell her.

Later on, it was Joyce who revealed to her the bad blood between Stanley and the Rivers family.

Only then did she feel what a shame it was.

The moment Stanley heard Natalie mention that Jonathan and his wife aged a lot, his eyes narrowed by reflex, for it was something that he wasn't aware of.

After all, he had not seen them for more than ten years and never had the desire to.

Therefore, he didn't know what had become of them.

"Stanley, I'm telling you all of this not just to let you know that what they did was understandable. More importantly, I hope that you will not live your life mired in hatred. The person whom you should direct your vengeance toward is the perpetrator and not Mr. Rivers and his family, do you understand? In fact, if your parents were alive, I believe they would never blame Mr. Rivers. After all, it's obvious to everyone that Mr. Rivers isn't responsible. It's just that you are too stubborn and extreme to accept it. Stanley, I hope that you will give this matter serious deliberation."

With that, Natalie ended the call.

At that moment, Shane came out of the bathroom, wearing a bathrobe and carrying a towel. Drying his hair, he strode up to her and sneered, "You really are good at providing counsel."

Natalie gave him a look. "Why? Are you jealous?"

Shane responded with a snort.

Subsequently, Natalie waved at him. "Come over here."

"What for?" Even though he didn't know what she was up to, he still stopped in front of her.

Natalie grabbed him by the collar and pulled him down toward her.

Having brought Shane closer by his neck, she looked up and planted a kiss on his lips. "How about now? Are you still jealous?"

As a smile descended on his face, Shane's mood visibly improved. "Not anymore."

Not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, Natalie let go of his collar before she gradually lamented, "My goal is to help Stanley free himself from the hatred that is consuming him. Sooner or later, it will destroy both him and the Rivers family. Moreover, Joyce is my friend. The last thing I want is for them to see each other as enemies for the rest of their lives despite being the best of friends once." *Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1279*

Chapter 1279 Jacqueline In Custody

"If Stanley hadn't saved you and your children, I wouldn't have allowed you to show him so much concern." Shane took a seat beside her.

Natalie smiled. "I knew you would remember this debt of gratitude. That's the reason why I dared to speak to him in front of you. Nevertheless, I'm not sure if he is willing to accept what I have said."

If he accepts the truth, he would quickly see the light and set aside the hatred he holds for the Rivers family. Following that, there might still be a chance for him and Joyce to be together. Otherwise, I'm afraid both of them will never get the opportunity for the rest of their lives.

"It will be difficult!" Shane asserted. "If Stanley was someone who would listen, he wouldn't have loathed the Rivers family for more than a decade."

"That's why I'm worried." Natalie sighed.

Shane looked at her. "All right now. Instead of worrying about other men, you should worry about your husband instead. My hair is still wet, so please dry it for me before I catch a cold."

Worried that she would refuse, he stuffed the towel into her hands.

Natalie was nonplussed. "Given the warm air from the heater, there's no need to dry your hair nor will you catch a cold. It seems to me that you're just jealous."

Shane reacted by closing his eyes as if he didn't hear a word she said.

After rolling her eyes at him, Natalie got behind him to dry his hair.

As for Shane, he just sat there and enjoyed the feeling.

The next day, the family of four sat together for breakfast.

Since almost ten days had passed since the last time they did so, the two children were utterly delighted.

When Shane and Natalie went on their honeymoon, they didn't take the children along with them. If it wasn't for Natalie's accident, both of them would still be on their honeymoon.

The two children would have to wait for twenty days more before they could have breakfast together.

Consequently, they were elated over the fact that they didn't need to wait that long to have breakfast as a family.

Amidst the jovial atmosphere and the family's laughter, Shane's phone suddenly rang.

Furrowing his brows slightly, he took his phone out to check. The moment he saw that it was Silas, he put down his coffee and answered, "Hello?"

"Mr. Thompson, it's me. I'm back in J City," Silas replied over the line.

When Shane heard the sound of cars in the background, he figured that Silas was still on the road.

"Very good, what about Jacqueline?" Shane asked with a narrowed gaze.

The moment she heard the name, Natalie quietly put down her cutlery and looked in his direction.

Even though Connor didn't stop eating, his little ears were already pricked.

"Jacqueline is here with me. I'm sending her to the Graham residence right now," Silas replied.

Shane lifted his chin. "Very good. Did she wake up this whole time?"

Silas nodded. "She did manage it once after her high fever subsided. Nevertheless, she lost consciousness very quickly. The doctor said that it was hard for her to stay awake due to the excruciating pain in her legs."

Shane unwittingly cracked a smile. "I understand. Keep an eye on her and just make sure she doesn't die on you. As for the pain, just leave it be, and don't give her any painkillers."

He intended for Jacqueline to suffer, let alone the pain she was currently in wasn't a big deal anyway.

Is it more painful than what my parents felt when they were run over by a vehicle that weighed a couple of tons?

"Don't worry Mr. Thompson. I know what to do. I definitely won't give one to her," Silas chuckled.

Shane grunted in acknowledgment. "Let me know once you arrive at the Graham residence, and I'll head over."

"Sure," Silas acknowledged.

After ending the call, Natalie looked at him. "Has Jacqueline arrived?"

Shane nodded. "She's in J City and is currently on her way to the Graham residence."

Natalie picked up her fork to take some food before adding, "In that case, do we need to go over in a while?"

"Of course. There are certain matters that need to be cleared up." Shane nodded.

Natalie took a sip of milk. "That's true. However, Dr. Baker wants to see Jacqueline too." *Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1280*

*Chapter 1280 Seeing Jacqueline*

"Just get him to come along with us, as there's no way I'm going to let him meet with her alone given how soft-hearted he is." Shane narrowed his gaze.

Shane knew very well how extremely kind Jackson was in both his speech and conduct. Ever since he was young, he harbored significantly more compassion and sympathy than his peers.

As a kid, he would cry over the death of the villain on television. His unwavering respect for life was what drove him to become a doctor.

Furthermore, Jacqueline was the one he loved despite having declared that she deserved her punishment and that he wouldn't save her again.

In spite of that, no one knew how Jackson would react when he heard Jacqueline's pleas.

"You have a point," Natalie agreed.

When Jackson wavered the last time, he ended up freeing Jacqueline, which led to Connor and Sharon being hurt.

Subsequently, Jacqueline was on the run for a very long time.

As a result, they had to keep a close eye on Jackson this time so that he wouldn't be bewitched by Jacqueline again.

With that, Shane gave the latter a call.

At that moment, Jackson was seeing a patient. When his phone rang, he excused himself and answered, "Shane?"

"Jacqueline has been brought back to J City," Shane informed candidly.

Jackson widened his eyes in shock. "She's here?"

"Mmm-hmm, she'll be at the Graham residence one hour later. You should head over if you want to see her. If you miss this opportunity, I won't give you a second chance," Shane plainly replied.

That was the only time he would permit Jackson to see Jacqueline.

After that, he would never allow it again.

Upon hearing those words, Jackson acknowledged, "I understand. I'll go over in a while."

Without another word, Shane ended the call.

Feeling lost after the call, Jackson spaced out briefly. After that, he returned to his office and smiled at his patient. "I'm sorry. Let's continue with your diagnosis."

The patient nodded.

Jackson then pulled out his chair and sat down to analyze the patient's condition.

Once he had given the patient his diagnosis, Jackson gave his boss a call and took the rest of the day off.

After his leave was approved, Jackson packed his things and took off his coat before driving to the Graham residence.

At the same time, Natalie and Shane left for the same destination.

As luck would have it, all three of them arrived at the same time.

Jackson walked up to them. "Shane, Natalie."

"Dr. Baker," Natalie greeted in a cordial yet distant tone.

Ever since Jackson helped Jacqueline to escape and hurt her children, that was how she treated him. He was neither close nor a friend to her. Instead, he was relegated to just being an acquaintance.

It was also the same for Shane.

Obviously, Jackson knew the reason behind the way they treated him and had no choice but to bravely accept it.

He didn't feel bad losing Natalie's friendship, for he was never close to her.

Unfortunately, he couldn't accept losing Shane as a friend, for both of them had grown up together.

As of then, Shane had fallen out with him due to a momentary lapse of judgment on his part.

Consequently, he couldn't deny that he was filled with regret over losing his one and only friend.

Sadly, it was too late for regrets, for no one was able to turn back the clock.

"Come, let's go in first." Evidently, Shane had no intention of catching up with Jackson. Holding Natalie's hand, he led her inside and didn't bother to even give Jackson a look.

Unlike Shane, Natalie smiled politely at Jackson before heading in.

With that, Jackson wiped his face as he followed them with a wry smile.

As the three of them entered the Jackson residence, Silas came down from upstairs. "Mr. Thompson, you're here."

"Where's Jacqueline?" Shane asked without delay.

Silas pointed upstairs. "She's in her room."

“What about Marina?” Natalie asked.

Silas replied, “She has been handed over to the police. Even though she works for Sean, she was never personally involved in the matters between Sean and us. Also, she didn’t participate in what Jacqueline had done. Therefore, I turned her over to the police for them to deal with her.”