

## 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.

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.

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.

## **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.

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.

“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.

## **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.

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.

“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?”

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.”

