

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1300

Decide Her Fate By Herself

Once Shane and Silas came in, Jacqueline looked up at them and said in a hoarse voice, "Shane, you're here."

"Alice has been released." Shane stood a few feet away from the bed.

Apparently, he disdained Jacqueline and was unwilling to go near her.

Her lips curled into a self-deprecating smile when she saw his reaction.

Well, I'm not surprised at all. Since I'm filthy and smelly, who wants to come near me?

"Really? Alice has gone out of prison, and you have known what you wish to know. In that case, I'm useless to you. Shane, are you here to punish me?" Jacqueline clenched her fist nervously, even though she hid her hand in the blanket.

Nonetheless, Shane merely pursed his lips and didn't answer her.

Staring at him, she said defiantly, "Your silence proves that I'm right. Let me guess how you'll punish me. Will you throw me into prison? Wait a second... Since you hate me so much, throwing me into prison is akin to letting me off the hook. After all, I won't be tortured in prison. Even though the court will sentence me to death, I'll be treated nicely until the execution. I'm sure it's not the outcome you wished to see, given that your parents died because of me. Instead, you wish to torture me to death. Under such circumstances, why would you hand me over to the police and give me the best way to die?"

Shane narrowed his eyes. "You're smart enough to guess it right."

Jacqueline chuckled and replied, "Well, it's because I know you too well. You can cherish the one you love and give her everything she wants. On the other hand, you'll slowly ravage someone whom you hate. Hence, you'll let me die to avenge your parents, but won't make it easy for me. You'll slowly torture me until I die in pain. Am I right?"

Shane sneered, "Since you already have an idea about it, are you ready?"

"Why would I speak to you calmly if I'm not ready?" Jacqueline shrugged.

"All right. Silas, ask your men to transfer her to—"

"Wait!" Jacqueline interrupted him before he could finish his words.

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She tightened her fists under the blanket. At the same time, she clutched something in her hand tightly. As such, her palm was scratched, and blood kept flowing out.

Unperturbed, she stared at Shane and said, "I know they will transfer me to another place to torture me slowly. Shane, I'm telling you I won't allow you to do so. I was born into a wealthy family; I have always been high and mighty. I can punish others, but not the other way round. You want to punish me, yet my pride and dignity won't allow you or anyone else to do so."

"Oh? In that case, what do you want?" Shane mocked while his lips quirked.

Then Jacqueline took out the thing that she had been hiding under the blanket.

Seeing that her hand was bleeding, Silas couldn't help but scream, "It's a mirror's glass shard!"

He thought she had selected the shard carefully, for it was sharp and thin. Staring at Shane, Jacqueline put the shard against her neck and said maniacally, "What do I want? I've said that no one in this world can ever punish me. I will never let others decide my fate. The only person who can kill me is myself."

After taking a deep breath, she continued, "Considering the things I did, my death is inevitable. Nevertheless, I won't permit you to decide my fate. My life-and-death decision can only be decided by me, not you. I will not let you have your revenge!"

The next moment, Jacqueline guffawed and plunged the glass shard into her neck with all her might.

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1301

Tell Him I Am Sorry

Silas clearly saw the cut that the shard of glass caused was slightly over half an inch. Blood started seeping through the edges of the glass and dripping downward.

Soon, Jacqueline's hand was stained red with fresh warm blood.

The deep cut resulted in severe blood loss, and Jacqueline collapsed onto the bed. When she loosened her grip on the broken glasses in her palm, the piece she stuck into her neck stood upright.

She lay still as she stared vacuously at the ceiling with her widened eyes.

Her eyes grew dim, and life was fading from the windows to her soul.

Shane and Silas were utterly stunned as everything happened in the blink of an eye.

By the time they came to their senses, Jacqueline had stuck a shard of glass into her neck.

Silas covered his mouth in disbelief. "Mr. Shane, she..."

Shane, too, fell silent. His eyes twitched as he walked toward the bed.

He then leaned forward to check on Jacqueline.

Blood kept streaming down the woman's neck.

At that point, Shane could feel Jacqueline was about to breathe her last.

Although Jacqueline had begun to lose her consciousness, she could still feel Shane standing next to her.

She could barely move. But even if she could, she would have refused to. She stared at the ceiling listlessly and opened her mouth. "Shane... seeing that I'm about to die, can you please do me a favor?"

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Shane's lips twitched. His words were poised to tumble out, but nothing came out of his mouth.

Jacqueline's eyes started drooping, but she tried to stay awake by blinking repeatedly. Yet, as time passed by, her eyes narrowed into slits.

Her vision started deteriorating. So was her hearing.

She had no idea if Shane had spoken, but she assumed he did.

Jacqueline gave a bitter laugh and breathed as hard as possible. "T-Tell Jackie I'm sorry. I... I finally know who's the love of my life now..."

At that moment, she finally understood the complicated feelings she had for Jackson when she met him two days ago.

She also knew why she felt lost and crestfallen when Jackson told her he was not in love with her and bade her farewell.

It was because she loved him.

The man she loved was not Shane but Jackson.

Jacqueline did not know when she had developed an interest in Jackson, but at this point, she knew she had fallen for him. She also recalled how she had hurt his feelings in the past.

She regretted her actions.

If only I had come to this realization earlier. Things would have ended differently had I figured out my feelings for him, wouldn't they?

No. Nothing's gonna change anyway. I killed Shane's parents when I was at the age of ten. Even if I realize I'm in love with Jackson, Shane wouldn't have let me off either.

Jacqueline flashed a wry smile as if she was mocking her own fate. "I'm so tired..."

Instead of fighting to stay awake, she decided to shut her eyes.

Her vision soon plunged into total darkness.

Jacqueline's eyelashes fluttered weakly, and her head grew heavier.

Her breathing gradually stopped, and her chest no longer heaved.

Silas glanced at Shane before walking up to Jacqueline and placing a finger beneath her nose. Seconds later, he drew his finger back and exclaimed in shock, "Mr. Shane, I think she's dead!"

He gaped and did not know what else to say.

Shane's eyes flickered slightly. He responded with a deep grunt and replied, "Got it."

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1302

Let Bygones Be Bygones

“We didn’t expect this to happen, did we?” Silas looked at Shane and asked. “All we wanted to do was torture her, yet she killed herself. Does this mean our revenge had failed?”

Shane clenched his fists. He was obviously displeased with the turn of events.

But what else can I do? The woman is dead. I can’t possibly get a medical expert to resuscitate her so that I can kill her with my bare hands, can I?

Or should I whip her lifeless body to vent my frustration? But that’s not me. I’m not that perverted.

“Let’s just leave her as she is,” Shane said while staring at Jacqueline.

It’s a shame that I couldn’t avenge my parents, but since she’s dead, it’s time for me to let go.

He reached out his hands to grab a corner of the comforter and pulled it upward, covering Jacqueline’s body with the bed covering.

With a deadpan expression, he turned around and instructed Silas, “Let’s go. Get someone to clean this up later.”

“All right, Mr. Shane.” Silas nodded and left the room with him.

The moment they reached downstairs, they bumped into Natalie, who had just entered the building.

Natalie quickened her pace and walked up to him. “Shane, you…”

Before she could further, she noticed his blood-stained hands. She froze for a moment. “Shane, what happened? Are you injured?”

Shane followed her line of sight and lowered his head. He then shook his head and answered, “No. It’s not my blood.”

Natalie looked bewildered. She asked, “Then whose blood is it?”

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“It’s Jacqueline’s,” he answered.

I must have accidentally tainted my hand when I pulled up the comforter earlier.

Natalie was dumbstruck at that. “Jacqueline’s blood? Don’t tell me you—”

“No, I didn’t.” Shane cut her off and shook his head.

Natalie patted her chest gently and heaved a sigh of relief. “You nearly gave me the shock of my life. I thought you had already—”

“But she’s dead,” Shane interrupted her.

Natalie stared at him, dumbfounded. “What did you say? She’s dead? Didn’t you say you didn’t do anything to her? How did she—”

“She committed suicide, madam,” Silas explained.

Natalie could not believe her ears. “She committed suicide? Why?”

“Jacqueline knew she would not be able to walk out of here alive, and she knew Mr. Shane would torture her to death. So she kept a shard of glass and stabbed her neck with it,” Silas said.

He then continued describing the conversation she had with Shane in detail.

After hearing everything, Natalie seemed to have gotten over the shock. She sighed and said, “I guess I shouldn’t be surprised by what Jacqueline had done to herself. She’s a proud woman who would not allow anyone to step all over her, so I guess I can understand why she decided to end her life. In fact, I admire her guts for it because not everyone has the courage to do something like this. It’s just that you won’t be able to avenge your parents anymore, Shane.”

“I know, but since she’s dead, it’s time to let bygones be bygones,” Shane said while lowering his eyes.

Natalie nodded. “That’s for the best.”

She then looked up and saw two security guards busy walking in and out of Jacqueline’s room.

Natalie could roughly figure out what they were busy with. She immediately lowered her head and dared not look up again.

Although she had yet come across Jacqueline's body, she could not help but shudder when she thought of the body that still lay on the bed upstairs.

"Shane, do you think we should tell the cops about Jacqueline? After all, they knew Jacqueline was in your hands," Natalie asked while looking at Shane.

He lowered his eyes and replied, "Of course."

"We should update Dr. Baker too," Natalie added.

Shane frowned. "I'll get someone to update Jackson about this. Come on, let's go. We shouldn't stay here anymore."

Natalie murmured a response, "All right."

She did not want to stay there any longer either. The thought of sharing the same space with a dead person sent shivers down her spine.

Natalie and Shane left the Graham residence, but Silas stayed back to take care of the rest.

Besides handling Jacqueline's body, Silas also needed to make the other necessary arrangements in the Graham residence.

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1303

Unable To Let Go

When Shane and Natalie returned to the Thompson villa, Mrs. Wilson came out to greet them, "Sir, madam, welcome home."

Shane nodded gently.

Upon noticing the blood on Shane's hand, Mrs. Wilson exclaimed, "Are you injured, Mr. Shane?"

"No. It's not my blood," Shane replied and went upstairs right away.

Now that Jacqueline was dead, the grudges he was holding against her had also vanished.

Yet, everything occurred so fast that Shane had not quite figured out how to react to certain things. In other words, he had yet to make peace with himself.

He needed more time to sort his mind before he could completely let go of the grudge.

Natalie stood still and watched as Shane walk up to the third floor, only looking away when his figure disappeared from her sight.

Mrs. Wilson gave Natalie a confused look. "Madam, what's wrong with Mr. Shane? He seems to be in a bad mood."

"Yeah, he's in a bad mood because he didn't get to take his revenge against his enemy. His enemy died before he could do anything. So it might take him some time to learn to let go." Natalie let out a sigh.

Although Shane did say it was time to let bygones be bygones, he was, in fact, unhappy that Jacqueline had committed suicide.

Yet, there was no way he could vent his pent-up frustration. That was why his mood was down.

"His enemy is dead?" Mrs. Wilson exclaimed in shock. "Does that mean Jacqueline is..."

Natalie looked at her and nodded gently.

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Mrs. Wilson gasped. "Did Mr. Shane—"

"No. Jacqueline killed herself," Natalie answered while shaking her head.

Mrs. Wilson gulped and was stunned for a moment before asking in disbelief, "She killed herself? Did you say she killed herself?"

Natalie responded with a faint smile. "Jacqueline was a woman with a big ego, so she would never allow anyone to humiliate her. She ended her life because she knew there was no way she could escape Shane's clutches."

"I see. It takes great courage for Jacqueline to kill herself. Gotta take my hat off to her." Mrs. Wilson pursed her lips.

Natalie kept mum. Her eyes were downcast as she pondered about something.

Seconds later, she shook her head to shake the thoughts out of her mind and switched to another topic. "Where's Sharon and Connor?"

"Connor has gone to the kickboxing hall. Sharon went with him," Mrs. Wilson answered.

Natalie nodded in understanding and did not ask any further.

Time flew by, and it was already late evening.

Shane had yet to come out of his study despite the fact that Mrs. Wilson had called him several times for dinner.

She had no choice but to ask Natalie to do her a favor.

Natalie went upstairs and knocked on Shane's study.

A husky voice came from the study. "Come in."

Natalie twisted the doorknob and went into the study, only to find that it was pitch black inside.

She turned on the lights and saw the man sitting behind the desk. She opened her mouth and asked gently, "Why aren't you coming down for dinner?"

Shane was not surprised to see Natalie. It was as if he knew she would come to look for him.

After all, Mrs. Wilson would have called his name if she was the one who knocked on the door.

That was how he knew the person behind the door was Natalie. If the person were Mrs. Wilson, he would not have let her in.

"I'm not hungry," Shane replied and put down the hands he used to prop his head.

Natalie walked over. "Not hungry or don't feel like eating?"

Shane pressed his lips into a thin line and kept mum.

Natalie responded with a sigh. "You didn't even bother to turn on the lights. Still unable to let go?"

Shane wrapped his hands around her waist and buried his face in her belly. He said in a deep voice, "How can I let go so easily? After spending more than ten years looking for my parents' murderers, I finally found Sam and Jacqueline. Yet, Jacqueline ended her

life in such a way. It makes me feel the effort I put in in the last ten years was meaningless.”

Natalie stroked his hair and said, “I understand how you feel, but now that Jacqueline is dead, there’s nothing you can do. You’re just making yourself feel even more miserable. It’s time for you to accept it and move on. Even if you are not the one who ended it, she’s still dead. You should take comfort in knowing that she’ll now have to beg for your parents’ forgiveness.”

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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1304

Let It Go

Shane’s eyes narrowed as he said chillingly, “I know. I just think that she had it too easy.”

Natalie patted his back. “I don’t think she had it easy.”

“What makes you say so?” Shane raised his head to look at her. The crease on his forehead deepened. He was curious about her thoughts.

Natalie explained with a smile, “Didn’t you say that the reason Jacqueline took her own life was that she was an arrogant and conceited person that didn’t want to be punished by anyone else but herself? Well, I think people like her won’t choose a path to end their life like that if she has any other way. I reckoned she wanted to live more than anyone else. Otherwise, she would’ve committed suicide much earlier. I bet she must have experienced tremendous fear and suffering during the time she was confined in the Graham residence.”

Understanding flashed across Shane’s eyes upon hearing her words.

She’s saying Jacqueline chose to die because she was tortured mentally. So it doesn’t really matter if she didn’t suffer physically.

“Maybe.” He didn’t object as he massaged the spot between his brows.

Natalie rubbed his shoulder to soothe his tense muscles. “Stop overthinking things. Losing an enemy is a good thing. At least she died in front of you, knowing she had no

way of staying alive once she fell into your hands. If she had died from an accident at an unknown place, you would have been unsatisfied with her ending.”

After all, dying from an accident at some place Shane doesn't know of is a mockery of the decade-long revenge he prepared.

Natalie's long-winded advice finally got through to him. Shane sucked in a breath, relaxing his tense body. He was able to let go of his frustration slightly.

Natalie patted his shoulder gently. “How are you planning to deal with Jacqueline's body?”

“She'll be cremated and buried in some cemetery,” Shane answered with disgust in his tone.

One thing's for sure, I'll never bury Jacqueline with my parents. I don't want her to bother them even in the afterlife. They might feel troubled to see her every day.

“That works.” Natalie nodded, agreeing with him.

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Just then, Shane's phone rang, interrupting their conversation.

Natalie looked over her shoulder and saw Silas' name flashing across the phone's screen.

“You'd better take the call. It's from Mr. Campbell.” She reached for the phone and passed it over to Shane.

Shane muttered an acknowledgment as he took the phone. He didn't slide the phone to his ear. Instead, he put the call on speaker.

“Yes?” he asked.

Silas' voice echoed from the other end of the line. “Mr. Shane, we've sanitized the entire Graham residence and sent Jacqueline's body to the nearest morgue.”

Shane nodded his head. “Got it. Have you informed Jackson?”

“Not yet. Something delayed my schedule in the afternoon, so I didn't get the chance,” Silas scratched his head sheepishly as he answered. Shane frowned. “What was it?”

“It was something to do with the Gunn family. I think it's too much of a coincidence. When Jacqueline was alive, the Gunn family was still able to hang on despite being under the constant pressure of the Garcia family and the fact that a single push was all

that was needed to push them over the ledge. However, the moment Jacqueline passed away, the Garcia family informed me the Gunn family had collapsed, and Mr. Gunn and his sons were all taken in for investigation," Silas reported.

Initially, the Gunn family didn't have any grudges against the Thompson family despite the fact that Mr. Gunn was Jacqueline's great-grandfather.

In fact, Shane had enlisted the help of the Gunn family to search for the culprit behind Natalie's assassinations twice before. However, when the Gunn family found out the culprit was Jacqueline, they covered for her and blamed everything on Alice.

Of course, Shane wouldn't have asked the Garcia family to target the prominent Gunn family for that reason only. It was when he found out the truth about Jacqueline being his parents' murderer that he changed his mind.

When the Gunn family covered for Jacqueline, they not only covered for Natalie's murderer but also covered for his parents' murderer. They became his enemy the moment they took Jacqueline's side. He hated them for protecting the killer and enlisted the help of the Garcia family to take the Gunn family down.

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