

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 806

However, Shane's attitude toward Jacqueline then was comparable to the cold shoulder he gave Natalie back then.

Although it was subtle, Jacqueline could still discern the coldness in his gaze when he looked at her.

Could it be that Sean said something to Shane, and that's why he's treating me so indifferently?

As that thought occurred to her, her face contorted in a mask of fury for a brief second as she trembled in rage. She then took to leave Mr. Gunn beside her and went to the lounge to make a phone call.

Meanwhile, Shane walked over to Jackson, who was drinking alone.

"Why didn't you go over when Jacqueline is over there?"

His head snapping up, Jackson glowered at him. His usually cheerful and adorable baby

face was marred with frustration and anguish. "How am I supposed to do that? Couldn't you

see that she doesn't want me to keep her company by her side? I've been here for ages, yet

she didn't seem at all inclined to introduce any of the Gunn family to me."

Shane frowned upon hearing that. "So, what's your take on that?"

The other man took a gulp of wine before stating, "Honestly speaking, Shane, I don't know

how much longer I can put up with this."

"What do you mean?" Shane stared at him.

Jackson chuckled bitterly as he replied, "Actually, I've always known that she doesn't love

me. Initially, I thought I could slowly make her fall for me once I started dating her. But it's

been such a long time, yet nothing has changed. She may be talking to me and going out with me every day, but it's basically been me initiating everything. She's still as indifferent towards me as ever."

At that, Shane went silent.

Only then did he know that such was the interaction between Jackson and Jacqueline; it wasn't that of lovers but more of casual acquaintances.

"So, you're thinking of breaking up with her?" Shane inquired as he swished the wine in his glass.

Nudging his glasses, Jackson admitted, "I'm considering it. After all, it'll be awkward to keep her by my side when she doesn't have any feelings for me. Besides, I could sense that she's waiting for me to break up with her."

Shane pursed his thin lips for a moment. "In that case, just break up with her since the two of you aren't suited for each other."

"You're supporting me?" The other man gaped at him. "Back then, it was you who encouraged me to confess my feelings to her."

"I only encouraged you back then because I could tell that you truly loved her. But now, reality has proven that she has no feelings for you. Since dragging things out will result in nothing, it's better if the two of you break up," Shane commented placidly.

Jackson clutched his chest. "You're breaking my heart, buddy!" In response, Shane harrumphed lightly. In the next moment, his expression turned solemn.

"Have you looked at the information Silas sent you?"

Hearing that, Jackson's expression turned serious as well. "Yeah."

"What's your opinion on it?" Shane queried.

Jackson was silent for several seconds before confessing, "Actually, Shane, there's

something I didn't tell you. The truth is, I already knew about some of the things in there a long time ago."

Shane's eyes narrowed a fraction. "You knew?"

"Yeah."

At that moment, Shane's expression was as dark as charcoal. "Why didn't you tell me anything when you knew Jacqueline's true personality and the things she has done in the past?"

"Jacqueline didn't want me to tell you, and as you know, I..."

"You helped her hide the truth because you love her?" Shane regarded him contemptuously.

Knowing that he was in the wrong, Jackson hung his head. "I'm sorry."

"Jackson Baker!" Shane slammed his wine glass on the coffee table.

"Don't you know that her personality is that of a psychopath?"

"I know." Jackson clutched his wine glass tightly.

"If so, why didn't you tell me about it? If you had told me earlier, perhaps it could have been rectified." Shane's brows were deeply scrunched together as he growled.

However, Jackson shook his head. "You don't understand the medical field, Shane. Such a personality isn't as easily rectified as you think because it's innate. If it's forcefully rectified,

it'll only backfire. Her personality might have become all the more extreme, pushing her to

commit unimaginable acts such as murder. Do you understand that?"

When he was at the tender age of ten, Jackson had already discovered that Jacqueline was different from the average child.

Once, a child was scratched by his pet cat, so everyone comforted the child. Jacqueline,

however, stood at the side with her face contorted by malevolence as she said, "If I were the

one scratched by that cat, I'd snap its head and skin it alive!"

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At that time, all the other children were terrified by Jacqueline's remark. Jackson himself was scared witless. When he told his father about it upon returning home, his father had told him that she might have a mental disorder. It was because he had liked Jacqueline since young that he chose to follow in his father's footsteps and study medicine after learning that she was sick. He wanted to study psychiatry so that he could cure her. Alas, he truly had no talent for it, so he ended up specializing in surgery instead. Nonetheless, he still consulted several psychiatrists about Jacqueline's condition during his studies. All the psychiatrists told him that he couldn't blindly force her to accept treatment unless she was willing to do so. Otherwise, it would only stimulate her and make her even more psychotic. Unfortunately, Jacqueline refused to admit that she was sick, so she naturally declined all treatment. Thus, he kept it a secret until now. Most importantly, she hadn't done anything that crossed the line ever since she regained consciousness. Shane had no inkling of Jackson's thoughts as he stared at the latter with narrowed eyes. "I understand, but Jacqueline might have crossed the line into murder now." Hearing that, Jackson's expression changed drastically. He shot to his feet at once. "What did you just say? Jacqueline has committed murder?" "I merely said that it's a possibility," Shane asserted while massaging his temples. Gulping, Jackson plopped back down onto his chair in shock. "Who are you referring to?" "Natalie," Shane murmured.

Jackson sucked in a breath upon hearing that. But in the next moment, he shook his head in

denial. "That's impossible! When has she ever attempted to kill Natalie?"

"Have you forgotten about the two times Natalie almost died back then?"

Shane tilted his

head and gazed at him coldly.

Jackson's eyes quivered. "So, you suspect that she's behind the two incidents? But she was

in the hospital then and couldn't even get out of bed. How could she..."

"Who said she must have done it personally?" Shane cut him off.

Jackson's gaze flickered. Yet, he was still unwilling to accept the reality and continued

defending Jacqueline, arguing, "Even if she could've had someone else do it, what about the

money? The Graham family went bankrupt ten years ago, so how could she have any money

to hire anyone?"

"Don't you know this?" Shane lowered his eyes and noted lightly, "The Graham family indeed

went bankrupt, but her father once used illegal channels to transfer a sum of money away

before that to make a comeback in the future. However, he passed away shortly after the

bankruptcy, so the money naturally went to her."

It was the result of the investigation done by the Garcia family that had been sent to him

earlier in the afternoon.

Even then, they had only stumbled upon it. Otherwise, no one would have ever known that

Jacqueline actually had such a huge inheritance.

To top it off, they also investigated the flow of the funds and discovered that the money had

been wired out twice a few months ago. And that two times coincided with Natalie's near

brushes with death.

Therefore, even if they hadn't yet determined whether Mr. Gunn had covered up for her, it

was certain from the flow of the funds that the culprit was indeed Jacqueline.

"That's impossible!" Jackson's face drained of color.

Jacqueline actually inherited a sum of money? Then, why did she keep telling me that she had no money?

Shane stared at Jackson, who was at sixes and sevens. "Are you still unwilling to believe it now?"

Shaking his head, the other man grabbed his shoulders emotionally. "No, Shane! How could she possibly do such a thing? Isn't the culprit a member of the Brown family?"

"Alice Brown didn't do anything. Mr. Gunn blackmailed her into being a scapegoat for

Jacqueline." Shane shook Jackson's hands off his shoulders.

"Mr. Gunn..." That was a huge blow to Jackson. A long time passed before he spoke in a

hoarse voice, "Even Mr. Gunn played a part in it."

Shane merely lifted his chin in affirmation.

Downcast, Jackson lowered his head and said nothing further as he contemplated something.

Shane didn't bother him either, merely sitting beside him and drinking his wine in silence.

He knew everything he had just told Jackson was a heavy blow to the man, and Shane

understood that his friend needed some time to digest it all.

Thus, he didn't mind giving him the time to do so.

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No one spoke or moved for the next ten minutes or so. It took some time before Jackson

finally lifted his head to reveal his reddened eyes. As he took his glasses off, it was plain to

see that agony had donned his youthful face. He asked, "Shane, you're telling me all this

because you want me to make a choice. Is that it?"

"Yes," replied Shane before he nodded slightly. "We've pretty much confirmed that

Jacqueline is the culprit behind everything. All that's left is to wait for Mr. Gunn to provide us with the evidence. I will hand Jacqueline over to the police as soon as I receive the evidence."

He beckoned the waiter to top off his glass of wine before he continued speaking, "You are Jacqueline's boyfriend, so you have the right to know the truth. I'm telling you everything because I want to know what your thoughts on the matter are. Will you blindly let Jacqueline wreak havoc? Or will you support me and put Jacqueline in jail?" Jackson let out a bitter smile and pointed out, "It doesn't matter what I think, does it? You'll send Jacqueline to prison, anyway."

"That's true," replied Shane with a slight grin.

"Then why bother asking me at all?" demanded Jackson as he glared at the man.

Shane swirled the wine in his glass and answered, "I'm just going through the motion. I want you to know that I will not change my mind so that you won't put the blame on me when everything is done."

Hearing that, Jackson stopped talking.

Shane waited patiently while the man was lost in his thoughts.

Sometime later, Jackson shifted his gaze to Shane and asked, "Shane, can't you let

Jacqueline go just this once?"

Shane narrowed his eyes as he pointed out, "That woman has already attempted to murder

Natalie twice. How can I let her go under these circumstances? Besides, it's not like you can ensure that she won't go after Natalie again."

"I can!" insisted Jackson while nodding. "I will take her out of the country. We will go somewhere far away and never return."

Shane's lips curved into a mocking smirk before he replied, "Like you said, Jacqueline was

born a sociopath. She doesn't want to leave the country, and if she is forced to do so, wouldn't she hate you for it? What's to stop her from killing you and sneaking back into the country?"

"I..." muttered Jackson. He was at a loss for words as he had never considered that before.

His friend's words sounded a little far-fetched, but there was undoubtedly some truth in them.

In other words, the only way to deal with the matter was to hand Jacqueline over to the police.

Jackson slumped down upon coming to that conclusion as though all energy had drained out of him.

Seeing his reaction prompted Shane to stand up and say, "It seems that you have already thought things through. In that case, I hope that you will stay out of this matter and keep

this a secret from Jacqueline. If you fail, the consequences will be dire."

After saying his piece, Shane got up and went for a toilet break.

He was exiting the restroom when his vision suddenly turned dark.

Fortunately, he was quick to support himself against the wall in the restroom and stop himself from falling.

Still, he could tell that his vision was getting blurrier while he became dizzy. It felt as if the entire world was swirling before his eyes, and he couldn't even see anything clearly.

Shane's expression darkened instantly.

He wasn't an idiot and knew that there was something amiss with the situation. Someone drugged me.

However, his body didn't show any other symptoms, so the drug probably wasn't lethal. It's some sort of sedative.

His entire body exuded a murderous aura when he thought about the waiter who refilled his wine.

Shane supported himself against the wall while he walked with much difficulty. As he did so, his trembling hand reached into his pocket to get his phone, intending to contact Silas.

Unfortunately, his vision was blurry, and his hand was weak. He swiped a few times but failed to unlock his phone. In the end, his phone slipped out of his hand and fell onto the floor.

Just as he was about to bend down and pick it up, a sweet fragrance enveloped him.

What happened next was a woman throwing herself into his arms. She held him tightly and

asked, "Hey, what's wrong, Mr. Shane? You don't look so good."

"Leave!" growled Shane in an icy tone.

However, he was frail, so he sounded somewhat seductive instead of intimidating.

The woman swallowed hard. Her eyes shone with passion and lust when she looked at him.

If it weren't for a certain someone, she would most definitely go to bed with the most

charming man in J City, who was right next to her then.

It's too bad.

The woman's eyes shone with a fleeting glint of hesitation before she took a deep breath

and steeled herself. She inched closer to Shane before she said, "C'mon, Mr. Shane. I heard

that your wife is out of the country. I'm sure you feel lonely all by yourself. Let me keep you company."

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"I will kill you!" threatened Shane. He wasn't able to see the woman clearly, but he could still hear her voice.

Hence, he knew where she was and lowered his head to glare at her.

Looking into his emotionless eyes got the woman to tremble instinctively, and her fear

revealed itself on her face.

He looks as though he wants to kill me... Is it too late to back out and flee now?

The woman was just about to leave when her cell phone vibrated.

She quickly fished it out and read the text message.

Almost immediately, the woman's face fell.

In the end, she stomped hard on the ground as though she had decided to go all out. She

put a smile back on her face before she claimed, "I will welcome death with open arms if it

means I get to spend one night with you, Mr. Shane. Besides, it's not like you can fight back

in your current state. After all, you were given two doses of the drug."

"Were you the one who spiked my drink?" demanded Shane when he heard about the double

dosage, narrowing his eyes in suspicion.

A sharp glint flashed across the woman's eyes before she said, "That's right, Mr. Shane. I

went through so much trouble, so please just do me this favor, okay?"

As she spoke, she dragged Shane toward the lounge.

Shane wanted to push her away, but his energy was completely depleted.

The effect of the drug was slowly getting stronger as well.

If things kept spiraling out of control like that, he would lose consciousness soon.

Thinking about that got the murderous aura emanating from Shane to become even more

intense. He bit his tongue to try to wake himself up with the pain.

Unfortunately, the drug was too powerful, and he couldn't feel the pain from biting his own

tongue. There was no way he could regain his footing under those circumstances.

Right then, something happened just before Shane got to threaten the woman again and get

her to leave.

Jacqueline's voice suddenly sounded. "Huh? Shane, what are you doing here? Who is this?"

"I am Mr. Shane's date," replied the woman before she rested her head on Shane's shoulder and smiled tauntingly at Jacqueline.

Jacqueline's expression darkened for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure.

Staring at Shane in disbelief, she questioned, "Shane, you got yourself an escort? How could

you do that? Have you considered Ms. Smith's feelings?"

"It's not like that. I was drugged," replied Shane weakly as his heavy eyelids threatened to close.

Only then did Jacqueline realize that something was off about him. She sounded worried

when she asked, "Shane, what's wrong?"

"I was drugged," said Shane once more.

His voice was even weaker than before.

Jacqueline shifted her gaze to the woman beside Shane and asked, "Are you the one who drugged him?"

"So what if I am?" said the woman as she held her chin up high.

Jacqueline had a grouchy expression as she warned, "That's f*cking brave of you. I can't believe you drugged the head of the Thompson family. Do you have a death wish? Let him go right now!"

"And if I don't?" said the woman as she tightened her grip on Shane's arm.

Jacqueline grinned menacingly and answered, "Then don't blame me for what happens next."

After saying her piece, Jacqueline got her cell phone out and made a call.

"Hey, is this the security guard? There's a..."

"Hey, how could you alert the security guard? Fine, I'll leave him with you," said the woman,

who started to seem scared. She was quick to push Shane over to Jacqueline before she turned around and left. Jacqueline scoffed and instructed, "Block every exit to the place. A woman in a yellow dress is trying to flee. Capture her." After issuing her orders, Jacqueline put her cell phone away and steadied Shane. She asked, "Shane, are you alright?" Shane was barely holding on at that moment. With both of his eyes closed, his eyelids fluttered a little as he requested, "Take me to the lounge, then call Silas. Have him get the doctor over." "Okay," replied Jacqueline before she helped him into the lounge. She placed him on the bed before standing up and wiping away the sweat on her forehead. After that, she lowered her head and stared menacingly at Shane. It seemed like she had no intention of calling Silas. Later, she opened her purse and fished a small device out of it. She placed the device on her throat before calling out to the man on the bed. "Shane, Shane?"

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Although she wasn't loud, the voice that escaped her lips was enough to shock anyone, for it wasn't hers but Natalie's. Shane forced his eyes open upon hearing that voice. He still couldn't see anything clearly, only able to make out a red figure looming over him. "Nat?" blurted Shane suspiciously while frowning. Jealousy flashed past Jacqueline's eyes, but she replied sweetly, "Yeah, it's me." "What are you doing here?" asked Shane as he moved uncomfortably, trying to get up. Jacqueline pushed him back onto the bed and urged, "Stop moving. You're too weak now, so just lie down."

Right then, Shane detected the familiar smell of the perfume Natalie used, so although he was still curious as to why she would suddenly show up, he was convinced that the person beside him was Natalie. Hence, he lay there and stopped moving about. "I just got back, Shane, and I am so tired. Will you rest with me for a while?" asked Jacqueline as she leaned down and rested on the guy's chest. Shane murmured an affirmative reply before he closed his eyes again. Jacqueline grinned and slipped her hand under his shirt. Sensing her actions, Shane frowned a little but didn't stop her.

Seeing his reaction prompted Jacqueline to be even more unrestrained, and she was quick to unbutton his shirt. Her hands were on the guy's belt when she heard even breathing coming from the guy's lips. She paused and looked up to realize that Shane was already asleep. Jacqueline felt so irritated that her eyes turned bloodshot. She had made tons of preparation that day to sleep with him. In the end, he fell asleep before I could get down to business! There's no way he can get an erection in this state. At that thought, Jacqueline bit her lip in frustration. If she had known that the drug would make him sleep that quickly, she would've given him something else. Unfortunately, Shane was already on another medication, and date rape drugs might cause an allergic reaction in him. But as she dwelled on the matter, she felt that she would have had enough time to send him to the hospital after the deed was done. "I knew it. I am just too soft-hearted," complained Jacqueline as she dug her nails into her palm. Still, things had already progressed to that point, and she had to make everyone assume that they had slept together, even if nothing happened between them.

Jacqueline took a deep breath after coming to that conclusion. She removed the device from her neck before pinching herself hard on her neck, thigh, and other sensitive regions. When red marks were all over her body, she stripped naked and crawled onto the bed. After that, she took Shane's clothes off and made some red marks on him as well. She lay in his arms and got her cellphone out once she was done with that. The last thing she did was take a few selfies of herself and Shane naked before sending them to Natalie. It was ten in the morning for Natalie, who was still in another country.

At that moment, she was in the conference room with the other participants, and they were discussing the details of the competition. The competition would kick off on the following day, so they needed to know all the details beforehand. That way, they'd be able to deal with any sudden issue that might arise. The meeting didn't last for long and ended in an hour or so. When Natalie walked out of the conference room, she saw Sally approaching her with a weird expression. "Nat." "What's wrong?" asked Natalie curiously. Sally bit her lip a little and answered, "I, uh, your phone vibrated earlier, and I accidentally tapped on the button and opened the message." Natalie grinned as she found it amusing and replied, "It's no big deal. The look on your face... Gosh, I thought something bad happened." "Something bad did happen," informed Sally. Seeing Sally's grim expression, Natalie's smile faded away as she requested, "Give me my phone." Sally took out the phone obediently. However, she retracted her hand at the last minute. Natalie stared at her in confusion and asked, "What is it?"

“Listen to me, Nat. You must remain calm after you see what’s in there, okay?” said Sally in a comforting tone.

Uncertainty slowly rose in Natalie’s heart when she saw how serious Sally seemed. Still, the former nodded and promised, “Sure, I’ll stay calm.”