

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 901

Shane tried his father's date of birth, but that wasn't the right combination either.

When it was time to try his birthday, he stopped as he couldn't afford to make any mistake. Otherwise, he might risk losing the will once and for all.

He started emanating an intimidating presence while having his eyes glued to the safe.

It feels awful when the will is right in front of me, but there's nothing I can do to get my hands on it!

Silas was equally frustrated.

What's wrong with Mr. Thompson? The fact the will has been buried around the burial grounds of Mr. Shane's parents isn't the worst but the lock that requires the right combination of passwords without any clue!

All of a sudden, silence fell in the study.

A short while later, Shane had a moment of revelation. He clenched his fists with all his might and started attempting the combination of passwords for one last time.

"Mr. Shane, have you figured out the right combination?"

Shane answered with his eyes narrowed, "I'll give it a try! If worse comes to worst, we'll acquire the aid of those from the army!"

Once he made himself clear, he tried another password for the last time.

The moment he was done, he stared at it before submitting his final attempt.

To his surprise, the indicator notified Shane he had keyed in the right combination of passwords.

Unable to contain his excitement, Silas yelled, "Mr. Shane, you did it! You have successfully unlocked the safe!"

Shane replied with a grin, "I'm aware of that."

"Mr. Shane, what was the combination of passwords that you have entered?"

"It's my grandmother's birthday."

"Mrs. Thompson? I thought it was the day your parents passed on!"

"He told me he had gotten used to having my late grandmother's birthday as his combination of passwords. Therefore, I thought it was worth a try."

"That's brilliant!"

Shane immediately opened the safe and found a stack of documents and a USB drive inside it.

He handed over the USB drive to Silas and started reading the stack of documents.

Those turned out to be the evidence he needed to prove Sam guilty of causing his parents' death.

The information of the driver and the car that was involved in the accident had been included. In fact, there was also the assessment report of the blood sample found at the scene as well as the transaction record.

All of a sudden, Silas turned around and announced, "Mr. Shane, I found the recording of the conversation between the driver and Sam in the USB drive. On top of the documents you have, there's also the surveillance footage of the accident back in the day. We're able to prove Sam guilty with all these."

Shane went dead silent and started playing the recordings Silas found from the USB drive.

The conversation occurred after the accident. The driver had reverted to Sam and assured him he had accomplished the assigned tasks.

Sam burst out laughing when he found out Seth and his wife had passed on a few minutes after the accident occurred.

Shane felt a chill running down his spine when he heard his uncle's vicious laugh.

Sighing, Silas remarked, "I thought he would at least show signs of remorse after killing his siblings. It turns out that I'm wrong—he's just a heartless man."

Smirking, Shane asserted, "It's fine! I can't wait to let him have a taste of his own medicine! His death is a cause for celebration as well!"

"It's time for him to bear the consequences of his actions."

Shortly after their conversation, Shane started playing the surveillance footage.

It was more or less the same as the one he had acquired some time ago. However, he could clearly see the registered vehicle plate of the red car that was involved in the accident.

The driver never brought the car to a halt even after the accident. A few seconds later, the car crashed down the streets and vanished.

Shortly after the red car's departure, another car with a similar color showed up. Yulia and Natalie were the ones inside the said car. It had a different registered vehicle plate as compared to the one before.

Natalie had been telling the truth—as soon as Yulia figured out Seth was heavily injured, Yulia brought the car to a halt and rushed over with Natalie.

In other words, Yulia wasn't the one at fault.

"That's—" Shane paused the surveillance footage.

When he zoomed in on the image, he saw a little girl in a yellow dress. She had been recording the incident with her handphone.

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Chapter 902

Unfortunately, the girl had a hoodie on. Thus, he couldn't get a clear glimpse at her face.

Silas looked at the little girl and the havoc on the streets. He finally distinguished the peculiar part throughout the entire incident. "Mr. Shane, is this little girl the one behind the footage you received some time ago? Judging by the angles, it's safe to assume she's the one behind the footage!"

"It's her!" Shane nodded with a serious look and added, "Don't you think it's weird when she was the only one with a phone when there were quite a few onlookers around?"

Silas gave Shane's question a thought, but he couldn't fathom the things Shane wished to tell him.

Out of the blue, Shane's expression darkened. He added, "Smartphones weren't a thing eighteen years ago. Only a few phones from a selected few manufacturers possessed the function of a camera. Since she happened to have one, it was evident she wasn't just another little girl on the streets."

"You're right! There were only a few phones with the function of a camera! In fact, each of them could easily cost more than tens of thousands! No ordinary people can afford it! The one she had been using belonged to Torres!"

Silas ruled out the possibility of the brand of the phone the little girl had with her through the vague logo he saw on the screen.

Shane instructed, "Get someone to drop by Torres Corp to gather the transaction record of purchases that occurred eighteen years ago. They must have kept a copy of the one purchasing the phone. Once we gather the transaction record, go after the little girl."

"It's not much of a challenge, but why are you going after the little girl when she just happened to be there during the accident?"

"Was it merely a coincidence?" Shane sneered and asked rhetorically, "If it was merely a coincidence, why would it show up in my email after eighteen years?"

Silas was astonished by Shane's reply as it made sense. If it was just a random clip, the little girl would have long deleted it after some time.

However, she had been holding on to it for eighteen years and dropped Shane an email after eighteen years.

"Do you still remember the things the hacker has told us?" Shane asked.

Silas responded with a nod and replied, "I do!"

"The footage hadn't been edited—it was deliberately produced to mislead me into believing Yulia was the one at fault. Are you sure the little girl, who was around ten-year-old, possessed the capability to pull off such an impossible feat?"

Silas' eyes widened in disbelief when he grasped the thing Shane had in mind. "Are you indicating she has also contributed to your parents' death?"

Shane nodded as he thought that was the case.

"How is that possible? S-She's merely a child—"

"Have you seen Natalie's response at the crash scene?" Shane interrupted Silas and asked.

Silas stared at Shane open-mouthed while the latter went on and added, "An ordinary little girl was supposed to respond in a manner similar to the horrified Natalie. Has she shown any signs of being traumatized in spite of being a few feet away? She was able to record the footage as if it wasn't a big deal. Do you really think she's just an ordinary girl?"

Silas was at a loss for words to defend the seemingly innocent little girl.

"I'm sure she has contributed to my parents' death. However, she's not affiliated with Sam. Sam mentioned nothing about sending someone to record the footage when I confronted him. It wouldn't do him any good. Therefore, the little girl is—"

"She's affiliated with the other party!" Silas got ahead of Shane and finished the sentence on Shane's behalf.

Shane nodded and asserted, "Yes! She's affiliated with the other party! Maybe the one who has sent me the footage is the murderer!"

"Mr. Shane, are you trying to get your hands on the identity of the murderer through the little girl?"

"Mmm!"

"Alright, I'll drop by Torres Corp immediately!"

Shane was left alone in the study as Silas had departed immediately after their conversation. He spent a long time going through the documents left behind in the safe before heading out of the study.

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Chapter 903

Shane called Natalie once he got back to the room.

Her sleep-tinged voice greeted him on the phone. "Morning."

“Did I wake you?” His frown immediately relaxed at the sound of her voice.

She shook her head and sat up in bed. “No, I was about to get up anyway. Let me guess. You’re calling me now because of the will?”

“Yes.”

“Did you find it?”

Shane pursed his lips before replying simply, “I did.”

“Is there enough evidence to convict Sam?”

“Mm-hmm.”

Natalie’s joy was palpable as she exclaimed, “That’s great! Shane, congratulations! When will you turn it in?”

“Tomorrow,” he answered.

I can’t let Sam be at large any longer.

She supported his decision wholeheartedly. “Tomorrow’s good. Let’s get it done and over with and seek revenge for Dad and Mom.”

“I know.”

They chatted for an hour more until a housekeeper knocked on the door to Natalie’s bedroom and announced that breakfast was ready.

Shane heard the housekeeper’s announcement and persuaded Natalie to have breakfast.

He had not slept last night.

It could be due to his excitement at discovering the incriminating evidence, though it could also be due to his concern over the fact that they had not found the killer.

Shane ended up hobbling downstairs in the morning with dark circles under his eyes.

Silas had arrived. "Mr. Shane."

He set down his coffee cup as Silas passed him a document.

"These are the sales records of Torres Corp from eighteen years ago."

There were about five to six pages, and Shane flipped through the document in anticipation.

There were too many names listed in the document, and he recognized a handful of them.

It was impossible to locate the girl's name in the list.

She was only ten years old back then. Even if she comes from a prominent family, she wouldn't have had enough money on her to get a phone under her name. It's more likely that an adult got the phone for her, which means her name won't be on this list.

"How about your investigation into my parents' network?" Shane asked as he set aside the document.

Silas replied hurriedly, "It's almost done. It's taking a while because I combed through all of their acquaintances, whether they were in good terms or otherwise."

Shane tilted his jaw in acknowledgment. "Once your investigation is complete, crosscheck the names with the ones on this list. Highlight those that overlap."

I can only track her down by the process of elimination. We can start by identifying any names that overlap between this list and my parents' network. From there, it might be possible to single out any girl around her age. Only then, this search might finally be going somewhere.

Silas nodded at his orders. "Got it. There's something else."

"Go ahead." Shane handed the document back to Silas.

"I had someone collect Warren's DNA sample."

Shane took a sip of his coffee before asking, "Where did you find it?"

"In an apartment under Harrison's name." Silas continued gleefully, "Harrison truly believed that Warren was Susan's distant relative and lend the apartment to him under her cajoling."

If Harrison knew that he had inadvertently loaned his apartment to Susan's lover, he might expire on the spot from anger.

Susan's pretty gutsy, huh. As if bringing her illegitimate child into the Smith family isn't bad enough. She's even parading Warren right under her husband's nose.

"Ok. You don't need to keep an eye on Warren anymore. Once you get Jasmine's hair, send it for a paternity test."

"Understood."

"Let's head upstairs." Shane placed his coffee on the table and stood up.

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Chapter 904

Silas knew that a more important discussion awaited them, and he followed Shane upstairs in a serious mood.

They ended up in Shane's study.

Shane passed the evidence he had collected last night to Silas. "Send this to the police station. It's time to get Sam arrested."

"Yes, sir." Silas took the evidence and placed it in his briefcase.

He spied an unusual document peeking out from the stack of evidence.

“What’s this?” Pulling the document out, Silas continued, “Mr. Shane, this isn’t evidence concerning Sam’s crime.”

“Hmm?” Frowning, Shane reached for the paper in his assistant’s hand. It turned out to be a share transfer agreement, in which his mother outlined her wishes to transfer shares to Sean.

He narrowed his eyes and asked, “Where did you see this?”

“It was in the car accident report,” Silas replied.

Shane’s lips tightened into a thin line.

He had skimmed through the report last night. I must’ve missed the share transfer agreement.

“The shares specified on the agreement belong to Wells Properties,” Silas exclaimed in surprise as he turned to gauge Shane’s reaction, who seemed to be deep in thought.

Shane had seen the name of the company at the same time as Silas.

Wells Properties was gifted by his grandfather to his mother when she married into the Thompson family. It was not a large real estate company back then.

Though it sounded like a real estate company, Wells Properties was, in fact, a renovation company.

Since it was under his mother’s name, it was never associated with Thompson Group, whose primary trade was luxury goods. His mother had managed Wells Properties alone until her death. From then on, the company was in the hands of a new manager, and Shane only dropped in from time to time to check on the company’s situation.

Thus, no one knew that Wells Properties belonged to the Thompson family.

It only left the family after his mother transferred the company’s ownership to someone else.

“Mr. Shane, it’s no wonder that manager said that Wells Properties didn’t belong to you when you tried to take over the reins. Your mother transferred fifty percent of the shares to someone else. We never would’ve expected the recipient to be Sean.” Silas was utterly shocked.

Shane remained silent, though he was stunned at the revelation as well.

He knew his mother’s signature was genuine.

She had an odd and inimitable writing habit of adding an upward stroke to the last letter of every sentence.

The confidence of the pen strokes convinced Shane that his mother had not signed this document against her will.

In other words, his mother’s intentions to transfer Wells Properties’ ownership to Sean were genuine.

Why would she do this?

Shane was perplexed, so was Silas.

Silas looked at the signature lines and commented, “Your mother is the only one who’s signed this document. Without Sean’s signature, he can’t officially own these shares.”

“No one knows about this, not even that manager. Everyone believes that the shares are already in the new chairman’s hands,” Shane said.

Adjusting his glasses, Silas replied, “The public’s been curious about the company’s new chairman and his seemingly low profile. Since Sean hasn’t gotten his hands on the shares, he can’t publicly claim ownership of the company. There’s a good chance he doesn’t even know that he’s the new chairman of Wells Properties.”

“No, he definitely knows.” Shane narrowed his eyes in contemplation.

“He knows?”

“That’s right.” Shane added, “He’s been searching high and low for the will, which we assumed was because he wanted to destroy evidence of Sam’s crimes. It turns out he hates Sam as well, and he would never help that b*stard escape. After all, threatening Sean with Sam didn’t get him to show his face.”

“Are you saying that Sean’s been after the will all this while because he wants to get his hands on the Wells Properties’ shares?” Silas widened his eyes in understanding.

“I can’t think of any other reason. He probably knew ages ago that the share transfer agreement was in grandpa’s hands, and that it would eventually end up in the will.”

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Chapter 905

“I suddenly thought of something,” Silas piqued up.

Shane looked at him curiously and asked, “What is it?”

“Seven years ago, I happened to see Sean and Mr. Thompson engaged in a conversation. I had been at the Thompson residence to retrieve some papers for you, and I stumbled upon them in the garden. Sean had been questioning Mr. Thompson about the whereabouts of a share transfer agreement.”

Running his hands through his hair in frustration, Silas continued, “I wonder if the agreement Sean mentioned was related to Wells Properties.”

“And then what happened?”

“I heard Mr. Thompson raging at Sean, saying something about Sean’s family being indebted to your parents and his audacity in claiming the shares. I didn’t think much of it back then. In retrospect, there were so many clues in their exchange.” Silas sighed.

Mr. Thompson must have been referring to Sam’s murder of Mr. Shane’s parents when he mentioned the debt by Sean’s family. If

only David had been less ambiguous with his words. Someone might have connected the dots sooner, and Mr. Shane could have discovered the culprit behind his parent's murder much sooner.

Shane was immersed in a thoughtful silence.

Silas asked, "Mr. Shane, what are you going to do with the share transfer agreement?"

"Let's leave it for now."

Silas blinked in surprise. "Aren't you going to tear it? What if Sean gets his hands on this in the future?"

"My mom meant to give him these shares. If he gets it, he gets it," came Shane's reply.

"You're going to let him take over Wells Properties?" Silas was dumbfounded.

"It's just a company." Shane continued thoughtfully, "I'm more interested in my mother's reasons for giving Wells Properties to Sean than the actual ownership itself."

Only Sean knows why. Something might have happened between my mother and Sean that led to her decision. No matter what happened, I have to get to the bottom of this.

Unsuccessful in his attempts to persuade Shane to destroy the share transfer agreement, Silas left with Sam's criminal evidence in hand.

At noon that day, Sam was officially arrested under the charges of first-degree murder.

Sam's murder of his brother and sister-in-law in order to inherit the Thompson Group had been a shocking revelation. The Internet was buzzing with comments and reposts of the news.

Many shareholders in the group criticized Shane's decision to publicize the affair, concerned that it would plunge their stock prices.

To their surprise, stock prices skyrocketed out of public sympathy for Shane, painted as an orphaned victim at the mercy of his cruel uncle. Sam and his wife were the only ones who took a battering from the public.

Sam was detained in prison despite his paralysis, owing to the brutality of his actions and Shane's irrefutable evidence.

A verdict could not be expected so soon from Sam's trial, but Shane's lawyer was confident of a death sentence.

This outcome was perfectly acceptable for Shane, who did not wish to see Sam on this Earth a minute longer.

Meanwhile, in the Graham residence, Jacqueline had learned about Sam's downfall from the web. She dropped her phone in shock.

He found the will and sent Sam to jail. What about me? Is there any information in the will that'll expose my identity?

She shuddered in fear at the possibility of the will containing information about her.

Either way, it's time to make a run for it. I have to leave ASAP! Otherwise, I'm dead meat when Shane tracks me down.

Jacqueline picked up her phone and called Jackson. "Jackie-"

"Jacqueline." Jackson had just completed an operation and was leaving the surgical theater. He sounded exhausted as he asked, "Did you call me about something?"

"Jackie, have you given more thought to my earlier request?" she asked cautiously.

Lowering his lids, Jackson muttered, "I'm sorry, Jacqueline. I can't agree to that."

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Chapter 906

“No, you can’t say no. You have to help me!” Jacqueline interrupted in a shrill tone.

Though he was not in the same room as her, Jackson thought he could imagine how desperate she looked at that very moment.

“Jacqueline, you should stay at the villa and repent. Maybe Shane will let you off easy out of pity. If you make a run for it now, you’ll only piss him off,” Jackson sighed as he doled out his advice.

Jacqueline vibrated with anger as she yelled, “What do you mean I’ll piss him off? I bet you’re the one scared of pissing him off! You coward!”

Jackson’s expression darkened. “Is that what you think of me?”

“How else should I look at you? You claim that you love me, yet you’ve never once confessed your feelings to me. What is that if it isn’t cowardice? Now that I’m stuck in the villa, you won’t come and save me after my begging. You’re nothing but a coward.”

Jackson smiled bitterly, feeling like a knife had stabbed straight through his heart. “I guess you’re right, Jacqueline. A coward like me can’t save you.”

Dejected, he prepared to hang up.

Jacqueline, on the other hand, was dumbfounded.

I called him a coward to provoke him into rescuing me! I didn’t think he would actually admit to being a coward. He’d rather admit to his timidity than save me!

Her hatred for Jackson ballooned, as did the urge to cut ties with him completely.

Before she could act hastily, she calmed down and reminded herself that he was her only lifeline. She could say any manner of harsh words to him, but severing ties with him was out of the question.

Taking a deep breath, Jacqueline swallowed her anger and pleaded, "Jackie, are you heartless enough to ignore me?"

The sound of her pleas elicited a sigh from Jackson. "Jacqueline, I can't help you out of this, nor can anyone else in this situation, frankly speaking."

"I don't understand what's the big deal. I was only acting a bit crazy out of love; there's nothing wrong with it. Jackie, you have to save me. I'm going mad in this villa. I think I'm starting to hallucinate. Jackie, please save me. I'm begging you, ok?" Jacqueline sounded like she was choking on her tears.

Jackson was always a soft-hearted person. He became upset at her pitiful cries. "How can I save you? You have committed a crime."

"I know I committed a crime. I'll repent, but I can't be stuck in this place forever. I can change for the better elsewhere. Jackie, I'm begging you. I'm going to go mad and die in this place," Jacqueline wailed hopelessly.

"B-but-" Jackson hesitated.

Jacqueline's tone chilled instantly. "If you don't want to see my dead body, you better agree to my request. You know better than anyone else that once someone sets their mind on wanting to die, there are a million ways to get there."

Shocked, Jackson released a self-deprecating laugh before saying, "I must've owed you my life in the past or something. Fine, I'll get you out."

Jacqueline was finally able to smile. "You're the best, Jackie. I always knew you cared about me the most. Thank you."

Jackie remained silent on the other end of the line.

Now that she had achieved her goal, Jacqueline could care less about his feelings and hung up.

Jackson stared at his phone screen, which had already reverted to the home page. He was overcome by a wave of exhaustion after the lengthy operation earlier, and his head throbbed in pain.

Deep down, he knew that Jacqueline did not have a death wish. An attempt to take her life, however, was entirely within her considerations.

He was worried that she would die before she was rescued or worse still from a gross misjudgment.

That was the only reason he agreed to her request.

Hopefully, she'll live up to her word to repent and stay away from unlawful ventures after she gets out. If she messes up again, I'll offer my life in return. That's the price I have to pay for freeing her.

Jackson sighed and walked toward a medicine cabinet. He opened the door and took out a bottle containing chloroform.

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Chapter 907

On the other side of the globe, Natalie had known about Sam's arrest from Shane. Hearing that, she was sincerely happy for him.

After all, he had finally avenged his parents.

The only uncertainty was whether Sean would make an appearance.

By now, he had probably learned about Sam's arrest and the fact that Shane had found the will.

Perhaps he would show up, though not because of Sam but the share transfer agreement in the will.

Speaking of that, it was truly shocking that Shane's mother actually left the company that was part of her dowry to Sean instead of her son, Shane.

Both Natalie and Shane were exceedingly curious to know the answer, but there was none to be found when Sean remained in hiding.

"Nat, the organizer of the competition is calling all designers for a meeting." Right then, a knock sounded on the door, and Sally's voice drifted in.

Natalie walked over and opened the door. "A meeting?"

"Yup." Sally nodded fervently with glee written all over her face. "I heard that Calandra has been apprehended, so the meeting is probably about that."

Natalie's eyes narrowed a fraction when she heard that. In the next moment, the corners of her mouth lifted. "Got it. I'll go over right away."

"Come back after the meeting and update me, okay?" Sally urged.

After grunting in assent, Natalie went downstairs.

Soon, she arrived at the competition venue.

When she reached, almost all the other designers were already there.

She simply chose a seat and plopped down.

Shortly after, the meeting started.

Sure enough, Sally was right in that the meeting was about Calandra's arrest.

Apparently, Calandra was arrested in a hotel. Perhaps she had known that she would be apprehended, for she went willingly when she was nabbed.

When she was interrogated after having been taken to the police station, she didn't deny anything either. Instead, she honestly told the police everything.

It turned out that Jasmine inadvertently got dirt on her and blackmailed her into doing the design for her. It was all so that she could quickly make a name for herself in the design industry.

Caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, Calandra had no choice but to concede.

In the previous rounds of competition, Jasmine conveyed the theme to Calandra, who was hiding somewhere in the competition hall via stud earrings equipped with Bluetooth. When Calandra was done with the design, she would use holographic projection and project the blueprint onto her glasses.

It was a newfangled technology that wasn't yet widely available in the market, so many people were still unaware of it. Actually, Jasmine got those glasses from Calandra.

With the stud earrings and glasses, she copied the blueprint exactly and remained in the competition thus far.

"Ah, so that was how she did it. No wonder she always wore those glasses during the competition though she usually doesn't wear them." After Sally had listened to the contents of the meeting Natalie related upon returning to the villa, she finally understood everything.

Natalie took a sip of her fruit juice. "Yeah, who would've thought that she has such an advanced method of cheating. Because of this incident, the organizer added a new rule—the jewelry, glasses, and buttons of all designers are to be examined. Only when it was certain that they were fine would they be allowed into the competition."

"That's essential to prevent anyone else from doing the same thing." Sally nodded in agreement.

Chuckling, Natalie added, "Besides, Calandra has also confessed that it was her who knocked you out outside the security room back then, not Tiffanie. At the same time, she also revealed that it was Jas... I mean, Jessie, who locked me in the washroom."

“Are you serious?” Sally’s eyes widened in delight.

Natalie nodded in affirmation. “Yup. As for your compensation for having been knocked out by Calandra, it will be paid by the organizer, who will later wire the money to you.”

“The money doesn’t matter. Most importantly, I want to know Calandra and Jessie’s fates,” Sally asserted.

Taking another sip of fruit juice, Natalie replied, “Jessie has been locked up, but I can’t tell you where exactly. As for Calandra, her punishment will be light since she was under duress. At most, her reputation will suffer. But then again, she never had much of a reputation to speak of, so it won’t affect her much.”

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Chapter 908

“What? How is it fair that she’s getting off so lightly?” Sally demanded in obvious resentment.

At that, Natalie chortled. “Of course, she’s not. Knocking you out was assault, and the punishment for that is even more severe here than back home. Don’t worry, for she’s not going to see the light of day for a few years.”

Only when Sally heard that did she snicker in gratification. “That’s more like it.”

“Anyhow, the curtain has finally closed on this matter,” Natalie murmured.

Looking at her, Sally inquired, “So, what about Amy and Tiffanie? Are they going to be released and subsequently return to the competition?”

“Nope.” Natalie shook her head.

Hearing that, Sally blinked in puzzlement. “Why? Aren’t they innocent?” “They are innocent in the matter of knocking you out and locking me in the washroom, but the same can’t be said for

other matters. Tiffanie once oiled the high heels of another model to vie for a spot on the catwalk, causing her to slip and break her legs, destroying her career as a model.”

“What?” Sally’s jaw dropped in shock. “That’s simply absurd!”

Natalie grunted in assent. “The information came from the organizer. Amy, on the other hand, was found to have used her assistant’s design as her own. Considering their atrocious conduct, the organizer is going to disqualify them from the competition and let them rot in prison.”

“Ah, so they actually committed so many heinous deeds. Then, it serves them right.” Sally curled her lips.

“Alright, I’m going upstairs to make a call.” Placing her glass down, Natalie got to her feet.

At that, Sally sniggered. “To Mr. Shane, huh?”

Nevertheless, Natalie merely blinked at her without answering the question.

In the room, she gave Shane a call and told him about the meeting.

After hearing everything, Shane nodded slightly. “That’s quite fitting.”

Anyway, he wasn’t interested in other people’s fates as long as Jasmine was in their hands.

“By the way, I’ve received Jasmine’s hair,” he blurted out of the blue.

Natalie murmured an acknowledgment. “I know. I saw the receipt here. Has it been sent for a DNA test?”

“Yup. The result will be out in three days.” Shane nodded.

Chuckling, Natalie commented, "There's no hurry. Even if we get the result now, I'm not planning to tell Harrison since it's not time yet."

Although Shane was curious about the timing she spoke of, he didn't ask her.

After all, he would naturally know when the time came.

"Tell you what, Harrison came to seek me out yesterday," Shane noted.

Upon hearing that, Natalie's brows furrowed. "Why did he seek you out? Was it because of Jasmine?"

"Yes, he wanted me to let her off, but I declined to see him. It was Silas who dealt with him," Shane answered.

Natalie nodded. "That's great."

"There's something else besides that. It's also about Harrison, so I think I should tell you after deliberating for some time. When all's said and done, he's still your father." Shane's lips were compressed into a thin line.

Perplexed, Natalie tilted her head. "What is it?"

"When Silas was dealing with him yesterday, he passed out. Silas sent him to the hospital, and he was found to be in a less-than-stellar condition," Shane admitted.

Natalie's eyes narrowed at once. "Is he terminally ill?"

Shaking his head, Shane replied, "No, he has been poisoned."

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Even Harrison himself had no idea that he had been poisoned. It was likely that he would still be in the dark when he breathed his last, thinking that he perished from an illness.

“Hah! It looks like Susan and Warren are eager to go public with their relationship,” Natalie mocked.

Shane massaged his temples. “Do you want to tell Harrison about it?”

“Why should I? I hate him, and I believe that Jared would also make the same choice after learning about this. Besides, I’ve never believed that my mother’s death was an accident. I’m dead certain that he and Susan had a hand in her death, but there’s no evidence,” Natalie gritted, her expression frosty.

Shane murmured in acknowledgment. “I’ll support you no matter what your choice is.”

Warmth enveloped Natalie upon hearing that. “Thank you. I thought you’d regard me as cold-blooded for not saving him.”

“Not at all. If I were in your shoes, my choice will be the same,” Shane admitted.

Natalie giggled. “That’s great, for it shows that we’re indeed a match made in heaven!”

“Yeah.” Shane’s thin lips curved into a smile as well.

“Oh yes, you didn’t tell him, did you?” Natalie suddenly asked.

Shane shook his head in denial. “No, I merely had Silas tell him that he passed out from anger, and he bought it.”

“Phew! That’s good.” Natalie breathed a sigh of relief.

“However, I’ve already ordered Silas to collect evidence of Susan poisoning him.”

“That’s only fair. While I’m not saving him, I don’t want her to get away with it. So, how much longer does he have?” Natalie inquired.

“Half a year,” Shane uttered slowly.

Hearing that, a smile bloomed on Natalie's face. "In that case, submit the evidence five months from now. By then, he'll probably be bedridden. It should be interesting when he learns that he's been poisoned by the person closest to him."

At that time, I'll also tell him that she's been cheating on him. Who knows, he might even keel over from fury. I can't find any evidence that they have murdered Mom, but I can use my own method to avenge her.

"Mr. Shane!" At that precise moment, Silas pushed open the door to Shane's office with a frantic expression.

When Natalie heard that, she said, "I'll leave you to it, Shane. We'll talk next time."

"Okay." Shane nodded in agreement.

After ending the call, he put down his cell phone and looked up at Silas, who was panting. "What's wrong?"

"Jacqueline has escaped!" Silas squawked.

At once, Shane's eyes narrowed. "What? She has escaped?"

"Yes." Silas nodded.

Shane's expression darkened. "Where were the guards guarding the villa? What were they doing?"

"It wasn't their fault. It was..."

"What is it? Spit it out!" Shane shot to his feet, radiating icy coldness.

Silas sucked in a breath. "It was Dr. Baker's doing."

"Jackson?" Shane eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Yes, Dr. Baker went to the villa on the pretext of visiting her and knocked the guards out before taking her away." Silas raked a hand through his hair.

He was so shocked upon hearing the news that he almost jumped out of his skin.

Good Lord! Dr. Baker is actually so gutsy that he dared to go against Mr. Shane? Does he really think that Mr. Shane won't hold him accountable just because he's been good friends with him for years?

Shane's hands clenched into fists, and his expression turned terrifyingly grim. "Where's Jackson now?"

"He's at the hospital. When I learned that he had taken her away, I immediately ordered our men to track them. In the end, they tracked him back to the hospital, but there's no trace of Jacqueline." Silas hung his head.

Subsequently, the corners of Shane's mouth curved into a cold arc. "We're going to the hospital now."

"Understood." Silas nodded.

About half an hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

Shane pushed open Jackson's office door and strode in unceremoniously.

Right then, Jackson was sitting at his desk. When he spotted Shane, his gaze flickered. Yet, he wasn't at all surprised as though having known that he would be here.

"You're here, Shane?" Jackson flashed him a smile.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 910

Shane stalked over to Jackson. "Where is Jacqueline?"

Lowering his eyes, Jackson murmured, "Please have a seat, and we'll talk."

"I asked you where Jacqueline is!" Shane kicked the desk so that that it screeched across the floor.

At the sight of the askew desk, Jackson knew that his best friend was truly livid and no longer dared to keep him in suspense. "She has left," he answered honestly.

"Left?" Shane stared at him without a trace of emotion in his eyes.

Stricken by guilt, Jackson hung his head. "I-It was me who let her go. After leaving the villa, she left by herself. Even I have no idea where she's gone right now."

"Ah, what a great answer!" Shane gave a bark of sardonic laughter. "Jackson, I want to know why you did that."

"Jacqueline contacted me and begged me to save her. She threatened to commit suicide if I didn't agree to help her. Shane, you know she would've had no qualms doing so, considering her extreme personality." Jackson looked at him beseechingly.

However, Shane merely snorted in response. "I don't deny that, but I've already removed all dangerous objects from her room. As such, she couldn't have done so."

"While that's true, a person who seeks death has thousands of ways to go around it that you can't guard against all possibilities," Jackson argued.

Shane's hands balled into fists. "So, you capitulated because you think that she'll truly commit suicide?"

Jackson grunted in affirmation. "Yes. I love her. I've always loved her, so I can't twiddle my thumbs while she loses her mind or dies. I'm sorry, Shane. Since I'm the one who freed her this time, just vent your anger on me."

"Don't worry, for I'll definitely do so. However, I won't let her off either." After saying that with narrowed eyes, Shane spun around to leave.

“Shane!” Jackson called him back.

At that, Shane halted in his tracks.

Taking a deep breath, Jackson pleaded, “Shane, can you please spare her this once since she has already left? Perhaps she has truly repented.”

“That’s utter stupidity!” Canting his head, Shane ruthlessly scoffed, “Do you really think she has repented? No, not at all! If that’s ever possible, she would’ve seen the errors of her ways long ago. She wouldn’t have asked you to help her escape!”

“I know, but...”

“Do you really love her?” Shane interrupted all of a sudden.

For a moment, Jackson was taken aback. “What?”

“I asked if you really love her,” Shane repeated.

Jackson frowned. “Of course.”

“But it seems to me that it’s not love at all. Instead, it’s an indulgence,” Shane asserted. “You claim to love her, yet you never once considered getting her to go for treatment despite knowing that she has a severe mental illness. You knew that she had done something wrong, yet you never thought of having her bear the consequences of her actions. Instead, you helped her to escape and evade her responsibility. Is that love?”

Jackson’s mouth opened as though he wanted to protest, but he simply couldn’t utter the words that were right on the tip of his tongue.

He felt that he wasn’t indulging her by doing all that, merely reluctant to see her suffer.

But in the face of Shane’s rebuke, he couldn’t refute it.

“The reason she worsened is because of you, Jackson. She knows that you’ll feel sorry for her, help her, and save her, so she dares to go increasingly further each time. Jackson, you think this is

love, but in reality, you're accelerating her ruination. Think about it."

Having said that, Shane retracted his gaze and strode out of Jackson's office.

After he had left, Jackson slumped in his chair alone. His head buzzed with a million thoughts.

Am I... really accelerating her ruin as Shane said?

Inwardly, he wanted to refute it and insist that Shane was wrong.

But at the same time, another voice in his heart whispered that Shane was right.

It was because he helped Jacqueline multiple times that she had nothing to fear.

Lowering his head, he clutched his hair tightly with both hands. His emotions were a chaotic mess, and a faint sense of regret assailed him.