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# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1122

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Connor balled his little fists and nodded fervently. “Nurse, please let me sign it. My daddy will agree to it.”

“But...” The nurse hesitated. *He’s just a boy. Letting him sign it would be...*

“Nurse, please. My mommy’s still inside. If we keep dilly-dallying, something will happen to my mommy and my sister,” Connor cried out anxiously when he saw how the nurse was hesitating.

Silas, Sally, and Lina quickly chimed in, “He’s right. Miss, if we keep dragging this on, they might die!”

The nurse bit down hard on her lower lip. Finally, she made up her mind and said, “All right, then. Sign this immediately.”

With that, she handed the paper to Connor. Right as she was about to tell the boy where to sign it, Connor instantly turned to the next page and signed his name on the last row.

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Although Connor signed his name in Chanaean, which the nurse could not read, she figured that the boy was not a simple child based on the neat handwriting that did not fit his age.

“Okay, I’ll be going in now. Please wait outside.” With that, the nurse took the paper and reentered the emergency room.

The few people waiting outside were relieved to hear that Natalie was finally getting treated, but none of them could find it within themselves to be happy.

After all, no one would be able to feel happy after such a harrowing situation.

Shane was missing, and Natalie was experiencing premature labor after hearing news about his disappearance. It was nothing but a miserable moment. It was normal to be upset.

Meanwhile, in the country, smoke was everywhere in the industrial park that had just undergone a major fire.

Jacqueline, who was in a relatively old van, was staring emotionless at the remnants of the place. In her crazed eyes was hatred that burned as bright as the earlier fire.

Sean’s lips curled into a smile. “I never thought you’d be that ruthless. I’m surprised that you’ve put explosives and gasoline here. Are you trying to kill Shane?”

Indeed, none of this was his work.

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He had only gone to Thompson villa and Wells Properties to look for the share transfer agreement; he had not sent anyone to kill Mrs. Wilson.

To him, Mrs. Wilson was only a housekeeper. Even if she saw his face, it was pointless to kill her.

The one who wanted to kill her was Jacqueline. Jacqueline hated Mrs. Wilson's detached demeanor, and she wanted revenge for it. Furthermore, she wanted to lure Shane to the industrial park. That was the reason why the killer reveal to him about the industrial area.

"So what if you're right?" Jacqueline huffed out as she looked away from the window.

Sean adjusted his glasses and replied, "That's why I'm surprised. Don't you love Shane? Why do you want to kill him? Is it hatred stemming from love?"

Jacqueline did not deny his suggestion as she exhaled sharply. "He's the one who's so hung up about Natalie. Since he refuses to love me and be with me, I'll send him to hell. What I can't get, Natalie can't either!"

Sean burst out laughing. "What a terrifying woman you are."

At that, Jacqueline lowered her eyes. "However, I never expected Shane to escape by jumping into the river."

"So what if he did? It's been a day, and his men haven't found him yet. Perhaps he's really dead," Sean pointed out, his smile slightly widening.

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Jacqueline pursed her lips. "Who knows? Maybe someone saved him. Anyway, send your men to search the surrounding houses. Maybe someone is hiding him in their house."

"It looks like you really despise him to seek him out and kill him again," Sean mocked.

Jacqueline's face twisted into a scowl. "He only has himself to blame for wronging me. It'll be good if he's dead. If he's not, I'll kill him again. I'll let him know what my pain feels like!"

Sean nearly rolled his eyes.

*What rubbish are you on? Shane wronged you? You were the one who couldn't get him, but you're saying that Shane wronged you?*

*Unbelievable. What kind of twisted logic is this?*

Of course, Sean would not say those thoughts out loud. He pushed his glasses higher and said, "Sure. I'll send my men to ask around."

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