Feel the Way You Feel, My Love 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."								

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"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.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 904

Silas	knew that	a more	important	discussion	awaited tl	hem, and	he follo	wed Sha	ne upst	airs
in a s	serious mo	od.								

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.

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"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.

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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."