Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1105

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Soon, the phone got through, and Shane's weary voice sounded on the other side. "Hello?"

"Darling, didn't you rest during the flight?" Natalie's brows knitted in frustration.

Rubbing the bridge of his nose, Shane made his way out of the airport and got into the car sent by the manager. "Yeah, I didn't. There were some documents that I needed to deal with myself, so I was busy."

"But it is daytime in the country now. I'm sure you won't rest." Natalie sighed.

Knowing she was concerned about him, Shane couldn't help but smile faintly. "Don't worry. After visiting Mrs. Wilson at the hospital, I'll take a rest."

"You'd better keep your words, or else I'll call the company to check on you. Hmph!" she warned.

The glint of joy in Shane's eye got brighter. "Sure."

At his words, a contented smile spread across Natalie's face. "Good. Are you on the way to the hospital now?"

"Yes, I'm going to check on Mrs. Wilson now." Shane nodded.

"Okay, tell me how she is afterward. I'm worried about her." Natalie heaved a sigh.

Mrs. Wilson is such a kind-hearted woman. She treats me and the children really well. It upsets me to know she's injured.

"I will," he replied.

The two chatted for a while before hanging up the phone.

Right after the call ended, Shane's phone rang again.

It was a call from the manager of the company. Shane's expression turned surly, and his voice became stern. "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Thompson, the manager of Wells Properties just contacted me, saying that someone had ransacked Wells Properties as well. Perhaps he's looking for the share transfer agreement," the manager replied.

Unfazed, Shane let out a snigger. "I'm not surprised. Since Sean couldn't find it at my place, he would surely think of sneaking into Wells Properties. He wouldn't miss out on any place where the agreement could possibly be. I bet he has even asked the bank about it."

"Would you like me to call the bank and ask?" the manager asked.

Shane rubbed the bridge of his nose. "No, there's no need to do so. I'm the bank's most valuable customer, so Sean won't be able to pry any information out of them. Besides, the share transfer agreement is not in the bank now."

He had actually stashed it away in a safe in the bank but had moved it to another place afterward.

Shane glanced at his watch and said, "All right, I'm going to the hospital now, and I'll be at the company two hours later. We'll discuss when we meet." "Sure, Mr. Thompson," the manager acknowledged him.

Then Shane put down the phone and continued going through the remaining documents.

Half an hour later, he arrived at the hospital.

The man pushed the door open and went in. Mrs. Wilson was still asleep, while her daughter-in-law was sitting by the bed.

As soon as she saw Shane, she stood up hurriedly. "Mr. Shane, you're here."

Shane nodded at her. "How's Mrs. Wilson?"

"She had a backache throughout the night until the doctor injected her with painkillers. I guess she's about to wake up soon," she said while gazing at the old woman on the bed.

Shane pursed his lips. "I'm sorry to have let such a thing happen to Mrs. Wilson."

The woman quickly waved her hands. "No, no, no... It's not your fault, Mr. Shane. She doesn't blame you but those heartless people, so please don't feel bad about it."

The man massaged his temples. "No matter what, Mrs. Wilson got injured at my place, so I'll pay for all her medical expenses."

"Thank you, Mr. Shane." She gave him a grateful smile.

Though her family was not on their uppers, they were far from being wealthy.

Apart from that, she had two sons. One was studying for a master's degree, while another one was going to college soon. She had a lot on her shoulders, so she was glad that Shane was willing to take up the responsibility.

Suddenly, the ringing of her phone broke her out of her reverie.

She fished out her phone and glanced at the screen, saying bashfully, "Excuse me, Mr. Shane. My husband is calling me, so I have to answer this call."

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"Sure." Shane nodded in agreement.

The woman made her way to the balcony with her phone.

Pulling a chair over, Shane sat beside the bed.

About two minutes later, the elderly lady on the bed whimpered and opened her eyes suddenly.

The man stood up right away. "Mrs. Wilson, you're awake."

"Mr. Shane?" Thinking it was an illusion, Mrs. Wilson blinked her eyes several times, but she saw that he was still here, next to her.

Only then she was sure this was not an illusion.

"Mr. Shane, it's really you. When did you come back?" Ecstatic, Mrs. Wilson tried to sit up, but the man gestured to her to stay still.

"Mrs. Wilson, you've yet to recover, so please lie down and don't move about."

She nodded. "Sure, sure, I won't move around. Mr. Shane, why are you alone? Didn't Madam come back with you?"

The woman glanced behind him. Disappointment filled her gaze when she realized Natalie and the children did not tag along.

Ever since Harrison passed away, Madam has gone overseas with the two little ones for a competition. It has been three months since I last saw them.

She missed them so much, especially the two little ones, whom she regarded as her own grandchildren.

Her heart melted every time the two children called her name during a video call.

"Natalie is going to take part in the finals soon, so she couldn't come back, and I feel worried about bringing the kids back. That's why I'm back alone. Don't worry. When morning comes on her end, I'll make a video call so you can see them." He took a seat again.

With a warm smile, Mrs. Wilson said, "It's all right. The competition and the children's safety are more important. By the way, Mr. Shane, did you run into Sean when you were overseas?"

"Yes, I did." The man's expression turned sour at the mention of Sean.

Mrs. Wilson sighed exasperatedly. "How can he be so wicked?"

"Mrs. Wilson, can you tell me what exactly happened when the intruder broke into the villa?" Shane gazed at her.

Though the manager had told him about it, there might be some missing details since he had yet to hear it from Mrs. Wilson herself.

Perhaps she knew something that nobody else knew.

The woman nodded. "Sure. The night before, I was in the laundry room when I heard some noise. At that time, I thought you and Madam came back, so I called out to you, but there was no response from upstairs. Then I sensed that something was wrong and went upstairs to check it out. I was so shocked to see an intruder in the house."

Mrs. Wilson glowered as she added, "The man pushed me off the stairs when he rushed down and bumped into me. Mr. Shane, I saw his face when I fell. He was Sean!"

"What?" Shane narrowed his eyes.

Sure enough, Mrs. Wilson was the only one who knew the incident inside out.

She did not tell the manager due to distrust. After all, he was not like Silas, who had been by Shane's side for a long time.

"Mrs. Wilson, are you sure it was Sean himself?" Shane questioned in a low voice, clenching his fists.

Immediately, the woman answered, "Yes, I'm sure it was him. Though he disguised himself, I could still recognize him, but he... He even..."

She just could not bring herself to utter those embarrassing words.

His brows drew together. "What did he do?"

Mrs. Wilson met his gaze. After a moment of hesitation, she finally said, "He... He took a lot of Madam's belongings."

Shane's expression turned gloomy at her words. His murderous aura could make the people around him feel suffocated.

"Sean Thompson!" Infuriated, he clenched his fists so hard that they were quivering, and the veins on the back of his hands were bulging.

Sean had held a revolting affection toward his mother. And after she passed away, he had diverted those feelings to his wife.

Any man would be enraged by such a thing.

One day...