

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 913

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Connor immediately released Sharon's hand, pushing her backward. "Go, Sharon! Run back to the villa!"

However, Sharon, who had never witnessed such a scene before, was so frightened she simply burst into tears, unable to even move.

Seeing that, Connor had no other way but to yank her by the hand and run with her toward the villa.

"Huh! Do you really think you could run?" Jacqueline sneered maliciously as she seized their shirt collars from behind.

"Let me go! Let Sharon go, you evil woman!" Connor shrieked as he struggled under her grasp.

He finally broke free, only to turn back and see that Jacqueline had gotten full hold of Sharon.

Panic-stricken, he began to kick and hit Jacqueline frantically in an attempt to save his sister.

However, he was only a child. How could he possibly beat a grownup?

Thus, although he manages to inflict Jacqueline with a significant amount of pain, she was still able to kick him away effortlessly.

The poor child immediately stumbled backward and fell on his bottom. His eyes reddened as pain shot through his body, but he did not cry.

Instead, he continued glaring fearlessly at Jacqueline.

In fact, he wanted to call out to Mrs. Wilson and the bodyguards nearby for help, but he did not dare to do so.

He was afraid it would only aggravate Jacqueline further, causing her to react by doing something crazy.

Besides, he had heard his father mentioning before that this woman wasn't right in the head. Thus, he knew he could only endure his pain and think of a way to save Sharon as quickly as possible.

Seeing Connor looking daggers at her from the ground, Jacqueline let out another burst of laughter. "There's no need for that look on your face, little brat! Neither you nor your sister is getting away from me today!"

With that, she lifted Sharon higher, and the latter's wails grew louder simultaneously.

Connor's face blanched. "W-What are you trying to do?"

"What am I trying to do?" A maniacal laugh escaped Jacqueline's lips. "I'm just wondering whether your mother would be furious if I smashed your sister on the ground! I guess I can only find out by doing that!"

As soon as she finished her sentence, she motioned as if she was indeed about to toss the girl on the ground.

"No!" Connor's pupils constricted at the sight. Ignoring the throbbing pain on his bottom, he sprang up and wrapped his arms around Jacqueline's legs in an attempt to stop her.

However, Jacqueline kicked him away again, and he fell to the ground a second time, instantly feeling the pain on his bottom doubling in intensity.

Now that Jacqueline had gotten rid of him, she no longer had any obstructions. In the next second, she lifted Sharon above her head and smashed her onto the ground.

"Sharon!" Connor shrieked in despair.

As Sharon crashed, her head hit a rock beside the flower bed, and she lost consciousness before she could even let out even a whimper.

“Ah!” Connor wailed uncontrollably as he crawled toward her.

Standing at their side, Jacqueline laughed so much until tears flowed out of her eyes.

Just then, Mrs. Wilson emerged from the villa upon hearing the commotion.

Seeing Jacqueline standing there, Sharon lying on the ground unconscious, and Connor weeping beside her, Mrs. Wilson immediately sensed that something serious must have happened. She turned to Connor with a panicked expression. “What happened to Sharon?”

“S-She was just t-thrown on the ground,” he choked out through his tears.

Mrs. Wilson shot a second glance and finally recognized the woman before her eyes. “It’s you?”

The smile immediately vanished from Jacqueline’s lips. Glaring at Mrs. Wilson through narrowed eyes, she did not dare to stay for another second but turned and fled at once.

Mrs. Wilson was about to go after her when Connor stopped her.

“Mrs. Wilson, we have to send Sharon to the hospital right now. She’s lost a lot of blood,” he pleaded as he tugged at Mrs. Wilson’s hand.

Lowering her gaze to the girl, Mrs. Wilson noticed that he was right.

Sharon was indeed badly injured and looked as if she had just been thrown violently on the ground.

Without further ado, she drove the two children to the nearest hospital.

Sharon was immediately rushed into the emergency room, whereas Mrs. Wilson and Connor stood outside, waiting anxiously.

“Mrs. Wilson, is Sharon going to be all right?” asked Connor as he massaged his bottom and wiped the tears from his face at the same time.

“Of course, she will,” Mrs. Wilson reassured him with a smile and bent down to pat him on his head while suppressing the sadness that was surging in her heart.

Clenching his fists tightly, Connor gazed at the red light shining above the door to the operating room, his eyes spilling with hatred.

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Connor thought about Jacqueline and how she had hurt his sister, and he vowed to make her pay for her evil deed.

“I’m going to give your father a call, Connor. He has to know about what just happened to Sharon. You sit here and wait for me, okay?” said Mrs. Wilson as she placed Connor on a bench.

To her surprise, he let out a howl of pain the moment his bottom touched the chair.

A worried look came over her face. “What’s wrong?”

“My butt hurts,” Connor replied with a pained expression.

Tugging his pants downward slightly, she saw his bruised buttocks and instantly let out a horrified gasp. “H-How did this happen?”

“I was kicked by Jacqueline and fell to the ground,” he answered through gritted teeth.

Mrs. Wilson immediately burst into a fit of rage. "That wretched woman! She'll pay for this someday!"

Then she patted the child's back lightly and reassured him, "It's all right, Connor. Let's get you some ointment for your bottom."

With that, she carried him and headed to the surgical department.

After all, Sharon's operation was bound to take some time. She figured she might as well get him treated for those terrible bruises while they were waiting.

After the doctor finished checking Connor's injury, he frowned deeply. "How did this child fall so hard?"

"Is it bad?" Mrs. Wilson asked anxiously.

The doctor nodded. "Yes. All the blood capillaries on his buttocks have ruptured. That's what's causing the swelling. He'll not be able to sit for some time but should instead only lie on his stomach. Fortunately, he had fallen on his bum. The flesh in that area gave good protection to his bones. If not, his bones would surely have fractured considering children typically have weaker bones than adults."

"Damn that b*tch, Jacqueline!" Mrs. Wilson blurted out angrily upon hearing the seriousness of Connor's injury.

"All right, small man. Come on and lie on your stomach. I'll apply some medication for you." The doctor's tone was kind and gentle when he addressed the boy.

"Go on, Connor. Let the doctor help you," Mrs. Wilson advised as well.

Nodding, Connor obediently pulled down his pants and lay on the couch, blushing in embarrassment.

The doctor then took out some cotton pads and began applying the medication for him.

Handing the situation over to the doctor, Mrs. Wilson exited the room to give Shane a call, which went through quickly.

Seeing that the call came from Mrs. Wilson, Silas pushed the door to the conference room and went in without hesitation.

Going straight to Shane's side, he handed him the phone. "Mr. Shane, Mrs. Wilson is on the line."

Silas knew she would not call Shane unless there was an emergency.

Thus, he had totally disregarded the fact that Shane was in the midst of a meeting and went to him with the phone.

Taking the phone over, Shane signaled for the meeting to be paused before answering the call. "What's up?"

"Something bad's happened, Mr. Shane. Jacqueline got out." Mrs. Wilson's distressed voice came on the line.

Lifting his chin slightly, Shane responded, "I know that. But how did you find out? Did you just see her?"

He had not told Mrs. Wilson about Jacqueline's release, yet she still knew about it.

That could only mean she had already met her.

"Yes, she came to the villa just now, a-and..." Mrs. Wilson choked up.

Shane's spine immediately stiffened. A serious look washed over his face as he urged her to continue, "And what? What happened?"

He had a bad feeling about what he was about to hear next.

Wiping her tears, Mrs. Wilson took a deep breath to calm herself down before going on, "She injured Connor by kicking him, and Sharon had it even worse. That woman lifted her and threw her on the ground. She's now undergoing an emergency operation. Could you come over please, Mr. Shane?"

The moment he heard that Shane's mind went completely blank. He felt as if an invisible hand had just reached into his chest and was squeezing his heart. It hurt so much he could barely breathe.

A sharp screech sounded as he pushed his chair back abruptly and leaped onto his feet.

Covering their ears from the sudden piercing sound, the men in the conference room stared in bewilderment at Shane. They had never seen him so flustered before and wondered what had caused him to act so out of character.

"Which hospital? Tell me now!" Shane held his cell phone in a death grip. Although his face remained expressionless, a violent storm was raging in his eyes.

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Everyone could see that Shane was dangerously close to erupting with fury.

Mrs. Wilson quickly told him the name of the hospital.

After that, he hung up and strode out of the conference room without another word.

Everyone became even more curious about what just happened. They all cast their gazes at Silas, staring at him questioningly.

Silas returned their gazes with a helpless smile. He was, in fact, in the dark just like them.

"Ahem... Well, that's it for today's meeting. You'll be informed of the next meeting after Mr. Shane has finished dealing with his matters. You're free to leave now."

With that said, he turned and hurried after Shane, finally catching up with him at the parking lot.

He quickly slipped into the driver's seat as Shane urged, "Quick! Go to Stanford Hospital!"

The undisguised quiver in his voice showed just how anxious he must have been feeling.

"What's going on, Mr. Shane?" Silas asked as he started the engine.

Shane gave him a brief summary of the recent events as he drove.

Silas' expression was completely stunned upon hearing it. "J-Jacqueline actually went to the villa, a-and-"

"Go faster!" Shane growled in an icy tone.

Gulping nervously, Silas swallowed the rest of his words and slammed his foot onto the gas pedal.

The car whizzed toward the hospital and arrived in no time.

Shane dashed to the entrance of the operating room, where both Mrs. Wilson and Connor were waiting.

Once she saw him, Mrs. Wilson immediately looked as if she had just found her pillar of support. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she went forward with relief. "You're finally here, Mr. Shane."

"How's Sharon doing?" asked Shane in a deep voice.

"We don't know yet. She's already been in there for an hour." Mrs. Wilson's worried gaze darted to the operating room's entrance.

Just then, Connor chimed in, his voice brimming with spite, "Daddy, you must capture Jacqueline!"

Shane turned toward him and saw the little boy sprawled out on the bench on his stomach.

That little face, which looked so much like his own, had no other expression but hatred.

Shane did not like seeing such a negative expression on the child's innocent face at all, but he said nothing and let him take his time to simmer down.

Now that such a terrible thing had happened to Sharon, he simply could not bring himself to ask Connor not to feel angry and resentful.

"All right. I promise you I'll catch her." Walking over to Connor, Shane squatted before the child and stroked his hair.

"What about his injuries?" he asked, looking toward Mrs. Wilson.

"He's mostly fine, except he'd have to lie on his stomach like this for a while and take care of his bum." Mrs. Wilson forced a smile as she spoke.

Shane nodded, feeling a weight lifted off his chest.

Standing up, he turned to Silas and ordered grimly, "Review the footage of the security cameras around the villa and trace the route Jacqueline took after she left. Find her, and get Jackson over here as well."

"Got it." Silas nodded. Then another thought struck him, and he asked, "Should I notify madam about this incident?"

A look of uncertainty flitted across Shane's eyes at first, but he eventually shook his head. "Not yet. She's competing right now. This news will only worry her. I'll let her know about it later. What do you think, Connor?"

He turned to the child, who nodded in agreement.

"I agree. This competition is really important to Mommy's career. I don't want her to give it up because of us either."

He knew his mother well enough to be certain that if she were to find out about this now, she would drop the competition and fly back to be with them without a second thought.

Tousling Connor's hair fondly, Shane turned to Silas. "Go on."

“All right, Mr. Shane,” Silas answered briefly before turning to leave.

“Am I useless, Daddy?” asked Connor suddenly in a dejected tone.

Shane gazed at him. “Why would you say that?”

“I promised Mommy before that I would take good care of Sharon, but I failed.” Connor’s eyes reddened, and he broke into sobs uncontrollably.

Shane’s voice was tender as he answered, “No, you didn’t fail. You did great. Didn’t you just try your best to protect Sharon? It simply didn’t work out as well as you wanted because you’re still too young to fight against an adult. But you still did wonderfully nevertheless.”

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“Really?” Connor gazed at him through teary eyes.

“Yes.” Shane nodded affirmatively.

Beside them, Mrs. Wilson nodded as well. “Of course, your father’s right. You were amazing, Connor.”

Hearing that, Connor finally smiled through his tears. “But I was still unable to fully protect Sharon.”

“Then, you’ll need to grow up faster and become stronger,” stated Shane as he stood up.

Like a flame, that statement set Connor’s heart ablaze.

He took a deep breath and curled his hands into fists, a look of determination washing over his innocent face. “All right, then. I will grow up and become stronger quickly! Daddy, I want to learn mixed martial arts.”

He reckoned as long as he went for training, he would possess better skills to protect his sister in the future, even if his opponent was an adult.

Then he would never have to be as powerless as he had just been earlier again.

“All right.” Shane nodded in agreement. “I’ll find you a teacher once Shane recovers.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Connor thanked his father gratefully.

Shane smiled to him in response.

Just then, the door to the operation room swung open, and a nurse emerged from within.

Mrs. Wilson stopped her at once, asking, “How’s the child in there doing, Miss?”

Sweeping her glance over them, the nurse answered quickly, “The patient came in with a fractured arm and a torn scalp, which caused massive blood loss. We’ve fixed her arm and sutured the wound on her scalp. The only thing left to do now is to get her a blood transfusion. However, her blood type is Rh-negative. I’ll have to run off to the blood bank to check if we still have that in supply.”

“You don’t have to. Just draw mine,” Shane stated at once.

His blood type was Rh-negative as well. Back when Connor got into the car accident, he was all prepared to donate his blood, but Natalie had stopped him and chosen Sean’s instead.

However, now was not the time to be jealous. Without another word, Shane took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves, revealing his muscular forearm.

Seeing that he was all ready to donate his blood, the nurse found no reason to reject his offer either. Just to be safe, she asked, “How are you related to the girl in there? You can’t donate blood to her if you’re her birth parent.”

“I’m not. I’m her stepfather,” answered Shane in a solemn tone.

The nurse was rather taken aback. “A stepfather with the same blood type as the girl? What a coincidence indeed. Come with me, then.”

“All right. Take good care of Connor,” Shane reminded Mrs. Wilson as he went after the nurse.

About ten minutes later, he returned, pressing a ball of cotton wool on the crook of his elbow. It was obvious that he had donated a significant amount of blood, as his complexion looked slightly drained of color compared to before.

“Are you all right, Mr. Shane?” Mrs. Wilson went forward to support him and helped him to be seated on a chair beside Connor.

“Yes, I’m fine. Just feeling a little light-headed,” Shane rasped out, shaking his head vigorously.

As he gazed at his father, Connor suddenly remembered that he had two sweets in his pocket. He took them out and handed them to Shane. “Here, Daddy. Take these.”

Shane raised his eyebrows at the sight of them.

A wave of sadness washed over Connor’s eyes as he explained, “I kept these with me for Sharon, but she...”

“Don’t worry. Sharon will be fine,” Shane assured, patting Connor’s head gently. He unwrapped one of the sweets and popped it into his mouth, and then peeled open the other one for the boy.

As the father and son duo sucked on the sweets, the turmoil in their hearts began to subside as well.

Just then, Shane’s phone rang.

His eyes immediately widened when he saw the caller’s name displayed on his phone.

Connor noticed it as well. "It's Mommy," he stated, blinking at his father.

Shane pursed his lips.

Isn't it the middle of the night over there? By right, she should be sound asleep at this hour. So why is she calling suddenly? Could she have found out about what just happened to the children? But who would have told her about it?

Lowering his gaze, he hesitated for a moment but picked up the call anyway.

"Hey, Shane." Natalie's voice sounded rather worn out on the phone. "I'm not interrupting your work, am I?"

Hearing that she had not asked about the children right off the bat, Shane's eyes flickered slightly.

Looks like the bad news hasn't gotten to her yet.