

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 1201

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)  
Chapter 1201 Natalie Goes Missing

Joyce's hurt sunk when she realized that Natalie was not in the restroom.

She had no idea if Natalie had returned to the seating area or gone to another restroom.

She only knew with certainty that Natalie was missing.

Joyce immediately called Shane. He answered the phone gruffly, "Hello."

"Mr. Shane, has Nat gone back?" Joyce asked hastily.

His spine stiffened as he surveyed his surroundings. He replied, "No. What's wrong? Natalie's not in the restroom?"

Joyce nodded even though Shane could not see her. "She's not here. I've turned the restroom upside down. I tried to call her earlier, but it seems that her phone is switched off."

"What?" Shane barked into the phone, leaping to his feet in an instant.

Sally and Lina cut their conversation short and turned to stare at Shane.

Sally asked, "What's wrong, Mr. Shane?"

Instead of answering her, he asked Joyce urgently, "Where are you right now?"

"I'm coming back to our seats. I'm planning to look for Nat along the way," she explained.

Shane began walking briskly as he ordered, "Go to the broadcast control room and arrange for an announcement on Natalie."

He was headed for the security room to examine any footage that could help them track down Natalie.

Natalie has never had a problem with directions. It's more likely that she was kidnapped instead of simply losing her way. That would explain why her phone is switched off!

Shane's expression grew colder and tenser by the second. He soon broke into a run toward the security room.

When he arrived, he demanded someone to pull up the security footage. When the guards refused his request, Shane revealed his identity, and they eventually pulled up the security footage covering the restroom that Natalie had visited.

Meanwhile, Joyce, Lina, and Sally had released an announcement through the stadium's PA system to search for Natalie.

On the slim chance that Natalie had wandered off, the announcement would implore her to seek her friends out in the broadcast control room.

Alas, their efforts were fruitless.

Natalie did not miraculously show up after Joyce's repeated announcements, and Shane could not find Natalie on any of the security footage.

A dejected Shane was about to leave the security room when a staff member piped up, "Hey, the cameras in the parking lot caught a security guard bringing someone away. Seems like it was a woman."

"What?" Shane turned on his heels and immediately approached the staff member who had just spoken.

He was already zooming in on the incriminating footage. A man dressed in a security guard's uniform walked past the security camera, carrying an unconscious woman on his shoulder. The woman wore the same black maxi dress Natalie had worn to the stadium.

Shane immediately recognized the dress, having picked it out for Natalie himself. His heart sank as the footage confirmed Natalie's kidnapping.

He exploded with rage, storming out of the security room to call the police.

Once the police received news of Natalie's kidnapping, they immediately launched an investigation and dispatched their officers to scour the area for clues.

Joyce and the others were fraught with worry when they heard about Natalie's kidnapping.

They left the stadium to look for Shane and forwent the rest of the concert.

"Mr. Shane," they called out to Shane when they saw him.

His bloodshot eyes and palpable anger made for a horrifying sight.

Joyce empathized with his pain and distress at losing Natalie. She repressed her fear of his frightening state and coaxed, "Don't worry, Mr. Shane. We'll find Nat; I'm sure of it. The kidnapper can't have been gone for more than two hours. They're probably still in the city. I'm sure we can save her if we lock down the city."

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### Chapter 1202

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Chapter 1202 A Clue

Shane silently lowered his gaze.

Locking down the city could work, provided Sean isn't behind this. If he truly masterminded Natalie's kidnapping, he would have designed an escape plan impervious even to lockdowns.

A lockdown would be too late if Natalie had been whisked away by helicopter or speedboat.

He could only pray that the police could luck out during their inspections of all air and sea ports in the country.

Joyce was at a loss for what to do next in the face of Shane's moody silence.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up as though she remembered something. She suggested, "Mr. Shane, why don't you ask Connor to track Nat's location? Didn't Connor plant a GPS tracker on her? He might be able to discover Nat's whereabouts!"

Clenching his fists, Shane croaked hoarsely, "I've already called Mrs. Wilson about this. Connor is trying his best, but we have no news of her whereabouts."

Joyce furrowed her brows in concern and repeated, "No news?"

Does this mean Connor can't track Nat's location? Could her kidnappers be using a signal jammer?

The shrill ringing of Shane's phone snapped her out of her thoughts.

Shane whipped out his phone and saw that Connor was calling.

A relieved smile came to Joyce's face as she urged, "It's Connor! Answer the call, Mr. Shane! He might've tracked Nat down!"

Shane immediately accepted his son's call.

Connor cut straight to the point. "Daddy, I've found Mommy's location."

Shane stood up and demanded, "Where is she?"

His son paused before replying, "In a river."

"What?" Joyce overheard Connor's words and wailed, "A river? Did they toss Nat in the river?"

Oh dear lord, it's been hours since her disappearance. She could've drowned!

Shane evidently shared her fears, his grip visibly tightening on the phone. He exuded a murderous aura that sent chills down everyone's backs.

Joyce and the others anticipated Shane's dismay and turbulent emotions at that news.

"Where?" Shane choked out.

Connor realized then that Shane misunderstood his words. He hastily explained, "The location is Panorama River, not far from the stadium. Likely, only Mommy's phone and jewelry are there. The GPS tracker I gave Mommy can detect and monitor her body temperature. I've checked the temperature logs, and Mommy's temperature hasn't changed. I'm sure only her belongings are in the river."

Shane's eyes narrowed as he asked, "Really?"

"Yes. I'm quite sure of it." Connor even nodded for good measure.

Joyce patted her chest, utterly relieved. She exclaimed, "That's great! It means Nat is still alive. Connor, why didn't you say all this clearer? You almost scared your daddy and me to death. We really thought someone tossed your mommy in the river."

"Sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to scare all of you," came Connor's apology.

Connor had been so eager to share his news that he had blurted his information without a second thought about its delivery.

Shane frowned slightly and uttered, "It's fine, Connor. I want you to hack into the security footage near Panorama River and identify the people who took your mommy away."

His son agreed eagerly, "Okay!"

After ending the call, Shane turned to the three ladies and said, "Please get in touch with a salvage crew and search the river for Nat's belongings."

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## Chapter 1203

[/ Feel the Way You Feel, My Love](#)  
Chapter 1203 A Familiar Face

Sally acknowledged his orders and reassured, "Leave it to us, Mr. Shane."

Joyce asked him, "What are you going to do, Mr. Shane?"

"I'm going to gather reinforcements," he replied grimly.

Shane was not on home soil, where he had round-the-clock access to reinforcements, and he could not solely rely on the local police to rescue his wife.

After all, the police would be useless if Natalie had left the country. Shane needed reinforcements that could travel with him if Natalie's rescue operations became an international mission.

Joyce understood his intentions and responded, "All right, Mr. Shane. But please take care of yourself. Don't land yourself in trouble while we're looking for Nat. She'll have a hard time if your safety is compromised."

"I know."

Shane knew he needed to protect himself better than last time.

Once was more than enough; I'll do all the worrying this time.

After Shane's departure, Joyce and the others set off to contact a salvage team.

Meanwhile, a private helicopter flew several thousand meters above the city, rapidly leaving it behind.

Sean took off his wireless headset and stared at the rear seats of the helicopter.

A gorgeous woman in a black maxi dress sprawled across the seats, unconscious.

The unwilling passenger in the helicopter was none other than the missing Natalie.

Sean stared at her, his lips curving into a satisfied smirk.

I've finally brought her away!

He had been plotting to whisk her away for ages, yet her tight security detail had made it impossible for him to strike until now.

Sean was overjoyed when Shane and Natalie gave him the perfect opening by embarking on their honeymoon without a single security guard in sight.

He drew up plans to kidnap Natalie while she briefly separated from Shane during tonight's concert.

The stadium's massive size worked out in Sean's favor. The restrooms were sufficiently far from the seating area, giving him just enough time to execute his plan.

Sean stared at Natalie like a besotted man, muttering, "You're mine from now on."

He dropped the creepy act soon enough and turned to face forward. Putting on his wireless headset, he said, "How's everything? What's Shane doing now?"

A voice crackled through the headset. "Shane hired numerous reinforcements from a security company, Mr. Thompson. He's working together with the local police to lock down the city, and a salvage team is searching Panorama River as we speak. They're probably looking for Natalie's possessions in the river."

Sean narrowed his eyes thoughtfully.

He had known of Shane's mysterious genius hacker for a while now. Sean's past efforts to discern the hacker's identity had been futile.

To prevent the hacker from tracking Natalie down through devices planted on her accessories or phone, Sean had instructed his men to discard Natalie's belongings in the river before they boarded the helicopter.

Judging by the presence of the salvage crew at the river, Sean's caution had paid off. There had indeed been some form of GPS tracker in Natalie's jewelry or phone.

Shane would be hot on his heels now if not for his foresight.

Sean addressed his subordinate through the headset, "Roger that. Keep an eye on them."

"Yes, Sir!"

He removed the wireless headset, and the helicopter cabin fell into silence.

It continued flying until daylight broke and landed on a small island.

The helicopter came to a stop on a small helipad. Sean alighted from the cabin, carrying Natalie toward a villa in the middle of the island.

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## Chapter 1204

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Chapter 1204 Owing Up

A few people stood to attention in front of the villa, dressed in housekeeper uniforms.

A woman clad in a purple dress stood in front of them, fists clenched at her sides as she glared at Sean and the woman in his arms.

Jacqueline's face contorted with hatred as she recognized Natalie.

She would have charged at Natalie and snapped the woman's neck in half if Sean was not holding her.

Sean's expression darkened as he noticed her animosity. He warned coldly, "Listen carefully, Jacqueline. Natalie will be living here from now on. If you even touch a single hair on her, I'll tie you up with some bait and toss you into the ocean for the sharks. Try me!"

He added a glare for good measure.

Jacqueline huffed in response and averted her gaze. She bit her lip before complaining pettily, "I won't harm her for the sake of our plans, but you're sorely mistaken if you think I'll be all smiles toward her."

"I'm sure Natalie shares your sentiments," Sean replied drily. He smirked at Jacqueline before carrying Natalie into the villa.

Jacqueline turned around and glared at his back, rage burning in her eyes.

Just wait until I've usurped you from your comfy throne! I'll kill both you and your precious Natalie! But not before paying you back tenfold for all the humiliation you've thrown my way!

Meanwhile, Sean gently laid Natalie on a bed in the master bedroom. He tucked her under the blankets before turning to the maids who had entered the room. "She's the new mistress of this house. Take good care of her."

"Yes, Sir." The housekeepers bowed in deference.

He stroked Natalie's face tenderly, lingering on her eyes for several seconds.

Sean left the room soon after.

In the meantime, Shane had successfully gathered his reinforcements. The local police had locked down the city in search of Natalie.

Several hours passed without any news on Natalie. Connor's inspection of the security footage surrounding Panorama River produced equally disappointing results.

Shane now believed that Natalie had left the country long before the police's involvement.

Just then, Joyce knocked on the door of his presidential suite and announced, "There's a letter for you, Mr. Shane!" She entered the room and handed him an envelope.

He frowned at the unsigned envelope and asked, "Who gave this to you?"

Joyce explained, "It was a little boy. He stopped me on my way into the hotel and asked me to pass this letter to you."

Shane narrowed his eyes in thought.

The sender of this letter obviously knows that Joyce and I are acquainted. The sender either knows me or my subordinates well. Could it be Sean?

He hastily ripped open the envelope, his heart plummeting at the sight of the familiar scrawl on the letter.

It is Sean!

Observing the change in his expression, Joyce moved closer to peek at the letter and asked, "What's in the letter?"

Shane had been too shaken by Sean's handwriting to pay attention to the letter's contents. Joyce's question snapped him out of his stupor, and he began reading the letter.

Shane, you can drop the search. I've taken Natalie away with me. By the time you receive this letter, I will have succeeded in my plans. Don't worry. I'll cherish her as my wife for the rest of my life.

Bam!

Shane slammed his fist on the table so hard that he drew blood.

He looked downright murderous, and Joyce could not control the shudder that went through her body.

Shane seethed, "Sean Thompson!" If looks could kill, even across the ocean, Sean would be dead on the ground on his private island.

Joyce fumed and swore out loud, "B\*stard! He's kidnapping Nat and forcing her into a relationship! He's disgusting and shameless!"

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 1205

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Chapter 1205 A Restless Night

Joyce looked at Shane and pleaded, "You have to save Nat, Mr. Shane!"

Shane clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles cracked. There was only one decision he could ever make.

Natalie's my wife. I'll do anything to rescue her. Anything!

He took out his phone to dial someone. When the line connected, he barked, "Get in touch with the local government! I need access to their satellite footage."

Realization dawned upon Joyce as she exclaimed, "Satellite footage! Of course! We'll be able to find Nat in no time."

Shane fell into thoughtful silence once more.

He had always been reluctant to broach the topic of satellite imagery, a technology that indebted him to governments.

Still, he was left with no choice but to bow down to the local government's requests as long as he could access the precious satellite footage and be reunited with his wife.

While Shane was busy getting in touch with the local government, Silas was in the process of escorting Connor to his father.

Shane needed his son's hacker skills to decode the satellite footage for useful information.

Sleep would not come to him that night, no matter how hard he tried.

Natalie's missing. I can't sleep until I know where she is.

Joyce, Sally, and Lina were equally restless.

To distract themselves from wallowing in shock over Natalie's kidnapping, they threw themselves into aiding the rescue operation.

Natalie was their friend, and they fervently wished for her safe return.

The next morning arrived sooner than expected.

The salvage crew under Sally's purview had sent news about finding Natalie's purse in the river. Her phone and jewelry were tucked in the purse.

Shane tensed even more at the sight of Natalie's purse.

Joyce sighed and uttered, "We should be glad Sean only threw Nat's things in the river. What would happen if he threw Nat—"

"He could never bear to throw my wife in the river," Shane interrupted gruffly.

He had no appetite to eat or drink, and worrying about Natalie's safety the entire night had turned his throat scratchy.

Joyce was initially shocked by Shane's words. Her eyes soon widened in understanding, and she muttered, "I almost forgot that Sean's, erm, intentions toward Nat. I thought he kidnapped Nat to seek revenge on you, and I assumed the letter from last night was merely to rile you up."

She smacked her forehead, cursing her naivety.

How could I forget such an important thing? When Sean jumped off that cliff with Natalie, he broke his limbs while she was unscathed.

When Natalie mentioned the incident to Joyce, the latter had begun suspecting Sean's romantic feelings for her friend.

Her suspicions were confirmed when Natalie mentioned seeing posters of Lindsay in Sean's study.

Joyce had silently disagreed with Natalie's opinion that Sean viewed her merely as Lindsay's replacement.

If Sean merely viewed Nat as a replacement, he wouldn't have risked his life to cushion her fall. Replacement or not, Sean definitely has romantic feelings for Nat. He didn't just kidnap Nat to take revenge on Shane; he's intent on making Nat his partner. Oh dear God, has he already taken advantage of her? Will Shane still love Nat after that?

Joyce regarded Shane with trepidation.

She doubted Shane would continue to love and cherish Natalie like before if Sean had indeed taken advantage of Natalie.

If push comes to shove, Nat won't be able to defend herself against Sean's advances.