

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1206

Chapter 1206 A Secluded Sea View

Concern over Natalie's safety and Shane's possible disdain for her friend churned in Joyce's heart.

Both Sally and Lina noticed her conflicted expression, and Sally asked, "What's wrong, Joyce?"

Joyce stared at Shane, opening and closing her mouth when she realized she did not know what to say.

She shook her head, both in reply to Sally's question and to shake off her concerns. "I'm fine."

I can't voice my concerns now. The most pressing thing on our agenda is to rescue Nat. I may do more harm than good if I were to bring that up now. If Shane's head starts swirling with negative thoughts, he may call off the rescue operation altogether. Let's save Nat first and worry about the future later. If he truly scorns Nat after her return, I'll convince Nat to divorce him!

The decision loosened a knot in her heart, and Joyce sighed in relief. She turned to Sally and said, "Sal, can you get in touch with Mr. Campbell and check when they'll arrive?"

"Okay. I'm on it." Sally nodded before calling Silas.

Shane was on the phone with the local government at that moment.

They had agreed to give him access to the satellite in his rescue operation with a strenuous demand of their own.

In short, they wanted Shane to donate a jaw-dropping sum to support the development of their national enterprises.

They asked for a billion, and Shane did not even blink as he immediately agreed to their terms.

Joyce was grudgingly moved by his gesture, yet her confidence in the resilience of their relationship remained shaky, at best.

No one could deny Shane and Natalie's love for each other. Nonetheless, love alone was not enough to sustain a relationship. Their previous misunderstanding was a perfect example.

Joyce eventually shook her head and sighed in resignation.

There's no point in thinking about all these now.

Meanwhile, on a private island in the Aplothean Ocean, Natalie's eyelashes fluttered as she finally regained her consciousness.

She opened her eyes and saw an unfamiliar ceiling. The grogginess left her body in an instant, replaced by an intense flashback.

Natalie remembered running into a security guard as she left the restroom at the stadium. She fell unconscious after that.

Did that security guard bring me here?

She hurriedly sat up in bed and surveyed her surroundings.

The bedroom she was in oozed luxury, and it was almost as opulent as the master bedroom in the Thompson villa.

Natalie appraised her clothes. She sighed in relief when she realized she was still wearing the black maxi dress she wore to the stadium.

She was still befuddled over the security guard and his reasons for housing her in such a luxurious room.

Natalie got off the bed and approached a window wall, her bare feet sinking into the soft carpeting.

She pulled open the curtains and was temporarily blinded by the sunlight.

On instinct, Natalie closed her eyes, waiting for the smarting sensation to subside before she opened them again.

She now had a clear view of the scenery beyond her window.

A vast expanse of blue sea greeted her eyes.

Coconut trees dotted the pristine beach. Everything looked as beautiful as a painting.

Wisps of Natalie's hair came loose from the sea breeze, and her skirt billowed, making for an arresting sight.

Natalie's heart sank as she took in the scenery. She fisted the curtains as she frowned.

Though she did not know where she was, one thing was clear—she was no longer in the same country as Shane.

The coastal areas in their honeymoon destination had all been developed into tourist spots. The secluded beach before her eyes undoubtedly belonged to a private island.

Just then, someone knocked on her room door, startling Natalie.

She whirled around and stared at the door warily.

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Chapter 1207

Chapter 1207 The Mysterious Abode

A tanned woman dressed in a housekeeper's attire opened Natalie's room door and walked in. She smiled at Natalie and said in Ustranian, "Madam, you're awake."

Madam?

The frown on Natalie's face deepened.

Why is she calling me "Madam"? Does she know I'm married?

Natalie's gaze drifted toward the ring finger on her left hand. The diamond ring sat snugly on her finger, glinting as it caught the light.

I guess the housekeeper called me "Madam" because she saw my ring.

Consequently, Natalie did not think too much about the housekeeper's address, though she remained wary of the woman.

She clutched the curtain tightly and asked in Ustranian, "Where is this place?"

The housekeeper evidently understood Natalie's question, though she shook her head in response.

Wondering if she had been too soft, Natalie repeated her question, only to receive the same mute response from the housekeeper.

Natalie realized then that the housekeeper was purposely keeping her in the dark about their location.

When the housekeeper next spoke, she asked, "Madam, are you hungry? I've prepared your favorite Chanaean cuisine."

Natalie would be lying if she said she was not hungry. However, she did not think she could stomach anything in the mysterious abode.

What if something's wrong with the food? I need to figure out where I am and who brought me here. Oh God, I wonder how Shane's coping.

She had been brought away from the stadium at night. It was now daytime. At least half a day had passed since she last saw Shane, maybe even days if she had been unconscious for that long.

Shane must be anxiously tracking me down. I don't know how he'll feel when he sees me, but dear God, I miss him so much.

"Madam?" the housekeeper prompted after spying Natalie biting her lip in sorrow.

Natalie took a deep breath to recollect herself and replied, "I know. You may head down first. I'll be there in a while."

She needed to continue scouting for clues to her whereabouts, after all.

"Sure." The housekeeper heeded her orders and left.

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief, grateful that the housekeeper had not waited to head downstairs with her. She was not done examining the room for clues, and the housekeeper's presence complicated her investigative efforts.

Natalie rubbed her temples to soothe her tension before exploring the room. She paid extra attention to the furniture labels.

Some labels mentioned the country of manufacture, which would give her insights into her location.

After taking a turn about the room, Natalie was confident that she was in Nalanica.

Most of the furniture labels indicated Nalanica as the country of manufacture.

While there was always the possibility of the homeowner being an avid fan of Nalanica-made furniture, Natalie's gut instinct told her that it was a long shot.

I can draw a firmer conclusion once I've explored downstairs.

She rubbed her palms nervously before opening the room door.

Hand railings stood outside her room instead of another room door like traditional villas.

She confirmed the villa's small size based on its interior architecture.

When Natalie approached the hand railings and looked down, she determined that her room was on the third floor. She could see straight to the living room, where the housekeeper who had spoken to her earlier was filling a vase with fresh water.

As though sensing Natalie's gaze, the housekeeper lifted her head and smiled at her. "Madam, you should come down soon. Lunch is ready."

Lunch?

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Chapter 1208

Chapter 1208 Odd Housemates

Natalie blinked in surprise. So it's noon?

The first thing she noticed after waking up was that her phone, watch, and jewelry were all missing; the person who brought her here had evidently discarded her belongings.

There was nothing in her room with which to tell time either. If not for the housekeeper, she would never have realized that it was noon.

Natalie hastily nodded at the housekeeper and headed downstairs.

She observed the villa discreetly on her way downstairs.

By the time she reached the living room, she had deduced that the villa was three stories tall, and it had three rooms on both the second and third floors.

She spied something hanging on one of the room doors on the second floor, and she knew someone else was residing in the villa.

Now I just need to figure out who owns this place!

Natalie lowered her gaze as she trailed the housekeeper into the dining room, graciously accepting the seat that the housekeeper had pulled out for her.

The housekeeper served her a plate of pasta salad.

Natalie's gaze roved over the dining table. They had indeed served her Chanaean cuisine, all right, though it was a poor substitute to the dishes on her home soil in terms of appearance or taste.

She believed the housekeeper only recently learned how to prepare Chanaean cuisine.

But why? Does the owner of this villa enjoy Chanaean cuisine, or did they prepare this for me?

Natalie was not putting on any airs by making that assumption. She simply recalled the housekeeper's earlier mention of her love for Chanaean cuisine.

The recollection strengthened her theory that the housekeeper had prepared Chanaean cuisine specifically for her.

After bringing all the dishes to the dining table, the housekeeper uttered, "Madam, please enjoy your food." She took a few steps back and waited.

Natalie picked up her silverware but did not touch a thing on the table.

The housekeeper asked worriedly, "Have you lost your appetite?"

Natalie pursed her lips in thought. Instead of answering the housekeeper, she replied with a question of her own, "Am I the only one staying in this villa?"

"No, you're not. Our sir and miss reside in this villa as well, but they've gone out for business today. You will only see them later tonight," the housekeeper explained.

Natalie narrowed her eyes thoughtfully.

So there are two more people in this villa, a man and a woman.

She looked at the food before her and hesitated. Eventually, she took a small bite of her pasta salad before asking, "This sir and miss you've mentioned... Are they father and daughter?"

A bite wouldn't hurt. Even if it's poisoned, I doubt I'll keel over and die from this amount of food. At least I'll know that the food here is safe for consumption if I'm unharmed later.

The housekeeper shook her head and clarified, "They are not. He is her employer."

Natalie furrowed her brow in confusion. "Employer?"

What a weird relationship. Why is an employer living with his subordinate? And why is the housekeeper addressing them with such familiarity?

Another question left Natalie's mouth. "What are their names? How old are they?"

"I don't know their names. This is how I've been instructed to address them. As for their age, Sir is slightly older than you, while Miss is about your age," came the housekeeper's reply.

"I see." Natalie bit her lip in frustration.

Not knowing their names had thrown a wrench in her plans to figure out the identity of her kidnapper.

There was little more she could do on that front if even the housekeeper claimed to be ignorant of the villa residents' identities.

At least I know how old they are.

Natalie had more questions to ask, but she wisely kept them to herself, fearful of raising the housekeeper's suspicions if she appeared too curious about her surroundings. She would find another opportunity to pose her questions in the future.

Sensing nothing wrong with her body after that fateful bite of pasta salad, Natalie concluded that the food was safe and began digging in earnest.