

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 402

Back in the conference room at Thompson Group, Shane was in the middle of a meeting when Silas entered the room. He walked towards Shane and bent down, speaking softly, "Mr. Shane, you have a call from Ms. Smith."

"What's the matter?" Shane called for a pause in the meeting as he turned his attention to Silas.

Silas shook his head, replying, "I don't know. I haven't picked up."

"Here, give it to me." Shane took the phone from Silas.

Shane announced that the meeting would be postponed before he stepped out of the conference room to answer the call.

He placed the phone at his ear as he answered the call. "Hey, what's up?"

Natalie's voice drifted through the phone, but she appeared to be asking someone a question instead of talking to him. "Who sent you here? What are you trying to do?"

Her fear was evident in her tone; Shane could tell she was in trouble as his grip tightened on the phone. His expression had turned murderous and cold.

Now he realized that she was calling for help. Biting back his tongue, he suppressed his anger and concern as he listened quietly to the situation.

As long as I know where she is, I can go and save her.

Natalie didn't know if anyone had answered her call. She watched the thugs cautiously, her shoulders taut with tension.

The thugs couldn't see what was going on behind her back. They smiled at her sinisterly. "What are we doing? Of course, we're here to stop you from going to court."

“Stop me from going to court?” Natalie’s eyes widened. “Did Harrison send you here?”

The thugs seemed to blink in surprise when they heard Harrison’s name, though they collected themselves quickly. “Congratulations! Didn’t expect you to get it right on your first guess. In that case, there’s no point in hiding it from you. You’re right; he sent us here because he didn’t want you to show up at court. So just be a good girl and come with us for a spin.”

As they were talking, the thugs stepped forward, making a grabbing motion at Natalie.

Frightened, Natalie instinctively lifted her hands to block their advance.

It was at this moment that the thugs saw the phone in her hand.

“Sh*t! She’s calling someone for help! Quick, grab her phone!” yelled one of the thugs anxiously.

On the other end of the phone, Shane realized Natalie’s call had been discovered, and his heart sank. In a last-ditch attempt to discover her whereabouts, he asked hurriedly, “Natalie, where are you? Tell me!”

Hearing Shane’s voice, Natalie’s eyes began to fill with hope.

But before she could answer him, the phone was yanked hard out of her hands. As she looked on in alarm, one of the thugs hurled her phone to the ground.

“No!” Natalie’s eyes widened as she shouted, rushing forward to get her phone.

The thug who threw her phone on the ground stepped on it. Crack! The phone was ruined.

He also slapped Natalie as he barked ferociously, “You b*tch! How dare you call for help? You’ll regret this!”

Natalie cried out in pain as she fell from the sheer force of the slap. Her cheek immediately began to swell, while her head was ringing painfully from the impact. She felt as if all her thoughts had been knocked out of her head.

Taking advantage of her injured state, they covered her mouth and nose and tied up her limbs. They quickly fled the scene with Natalie in tow.

Meanwhile, Shane had been walking towards the operations department with a dark expression on his face. Silas was struggling to keep up with him.

“Mr. Shane, what’s going on?” Silas huffed as he rushed up to him.

Shane’s fists were clenched so tightly that the veins in his arms bulged. Working hard to keep his worry from spiraling out of control, he answered simply, “Natalie’s in trouble.”

Before Natalie’s call had been cut off abruptly, he had heard her desperately shouting no at her assailants. She must be in danger.

He refused to let himself imagine the kind of trouble Natalie had been embroiled in, as he focused all his attention on discovering her whereabouts so he could save her.