

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 673

Just as she made two steps forward, she was suddenly reminded about something, so she stopped and turned around, looking at Sean. Sean was still lying on the ground, motionless. It was unknown to her if he was alive or dead.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she turned around and walked toward Sean. The last bit of humanity left in her prevented her from leaving Sean just like that. Hence, regardless of whether Sean was alive or dead, she couldn't just leave him there.

Natalie walked up to where Sean was lying with much difficulty and squatted down despite the pain. Slowly, she reached out her hand to Sean.

She was delighted when she sensed the warmth in Sean's body. Right away, she proceeded

with checking his breathing.

"He's still breathing!" Natalie exclaimed excitedly and pushed Sean lightly. "Sean, wake up!"

Still, Sean lay there, unconscious and inert.

Natalie couldn't check the condition of his injury in the dark, but seeing as he remained

senseless even as he was all soaked in the heavy rain, his injuries must be much severer than hers.

Natalie had no choice but to hold him up and take him together with her as she searched for a shelter.

All of a sudden, her hand caught hold of a hard object. It seemed to be a cell phone. Natalie's eyes brightened up, and she quickly reached out to fish for it. When she finally drew

it out, it was indeed a cell phone. As soon as she pressed the power button, the screen lit up.

Natalie almost teared up in joy. "This is great! It's not spoiled and still functioning."

Having a functioning cell phone meant that she could use it to contact Shane to rescue them.

Nonetheless, she felt her last ray of hope dashed, and the smile on her face froze in an

instant as she saw the display showed that there was no sim card.

It took her some time to regain her composure, and she let out a bitter laugh as though

succumbing to her fate.

Even though the phone couldn't get her connected to the outside world, it could be used for illumination.

Natalie turned on the torchlight feature on the phone and held Sean in her arms as she trod

forward slowly. After a while, she came to a cave.

Natalie took Sean into the cave for shelter.

Nevertheless, not long after she stepped in, she was so drained of energy that she collapsed

together with Sean to the ground. She fell unconscious again.

It was still raining.

In the campsite at the foot of the mountain, Silas watched the driving rain outside with a

heavy heart.

We've taken such a long time searching, and yet madam was nowhere to be found.

She

might still be alive, but it's certain that she must have sustained some injuries.

And this heavy rain can be fatal to someone injured.

If madam is still alive, can she survive through this?

As he was still deep in his thoughts, one of the rescue team members came behind him.

"Mr. Campbell, Mr. Shane is awake and wants to see you."

Silas froze upon hearing that and replied with a forced smile, "Got it. I'll be there right away."

With that, he took in a deep breath and put down the glass of warm water in his hand.

Taking an umbrella, he walked over to the biggest tent.

I've seen it coming; I have to face it eventually.

A wry smile crept up his face.

Lifting the mesh at the tent's entrance, Silas stepped in. "Mr--"

He only managed to utter a word, and a fist came aiming at him, landing heavily on his face.

Silas' glasses were hurled away while he slumped to the ground, covering his cheek where it

had been hit, looking at the exasperated man looming over him.

"Why did you do that!" Shane stood before Silas holding his fist as his voice rang coldly as

though it was from the netherworld.

Silas knew he was talking about himself being knocked out previously. Looking up at Shane,

Silas answered, "Mr. Shane, I know you're incensed right now, but it was for your safety that I

did that."

“Then, have you ever considered the possibility that if Natalie is still alive, this torrential rain might have taken her life just because you stopped me?” Shane roared in a frenzied state.

Silas looked down. “I know, but I’m your assistant. I can only choose you over madam.”

It was his primary role as an assistant.

Shane understood that very well. Otherwise, it would not be as simple as giving him a punch in the face. He might have killed him.

“Rest assured, Mr. Shane. As soon as the rain stopped, we would set off searching right

away,” Silas picked up his glasses and stood up as he said.

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Shane sat back on his sleeping bag, closed his eyes, and only opened them again after a long while.

As he reopened his eyes, there were no more rage and fury within them. He was composed,

but it was so composed that it began to feel eerie.

“Give me the satellite phone.” Shane reached out his hand.

Silas handed it to him immediately.

Shane made a call to the villa.

It was Mrs. Wilson who answered the phone, “Hello, Mr. Shane, it’s so late already; why

haven’t you come back? Have you found madam?”

Mrs. Wilson knew that Natalie had been kidnapped, too.

It was Joyce who relayed the news to her when she went to the police station to pick up the children.

“No.” Shane tightened his grip on the phone. There were tinges of weariness, hoarseness,

and self-accusation in his voice.

He was beating himself for not being able to save her.

And it was him who promised that he would not let it happen a second time when she was

kidnapped back then.

In spite of that, he failed to keep his promise. Not only did she experience it for a second

time, but she even fell off the cliff the next day she was kidnapped.

Shane had never felt as worthless as he was at that very moment.

“Madam hasn’t been rescued yet?” Mrs. Wilson’s jaw dropped in surprise.

Both the children were worried about Natalie, so they didn't sleep and stayed up all night, waiting for them to return.

Now that Shane called home, the children naturally huddled over to Mrs. Wilson, hoping to

catch a glimpse of news regarding their mommy.

Yet, all they heard from Mrs. Wilson was Natalie still hadn't been saved. Devastated, Sharon

broke out in tears.

Connor clasped his hands tightly together. "Daddy, why hasn't Mommy been saved?

Did

something happen?"

Shane had ended the call with Connor when Sean threatened to jump off the cliff with

Natalie.

Hence, Connor didn't know what happened after that.

As with Shane, he didn't plan to tell the kids about it either.

He was worried that the children would be traumatized to learn that Natalie had plunged

from the cliff again.

"No, it was just some minor accident." Shane lowered his gaze to mask the struggling emotions in his eyes and tried to make himself sound collected. "Connor, you try to locate

Mommy's tracker again."

"Did the kidnapper run away with Mommy again?" Connor frowned and asked.

A gleam flashed across Shane's eyes. "Sort of."

"Alright, I'll get to it right away." With that, Connor returned the phone to Mrs.

Wilson and ran

upstairs in a jiffy.

Jacqueline was about to come downstairs when she saw Connor come up hurriedly and

almost bumped into her. A flash of vexation and resentment glowed in her eyes.

The bandages around her eyes had just been removed, and she could finally see things

again.

If that little boy knocked her down again, it would definitely affect her eyes again.

However, in that instance, all Connor could think about was his mommy's safety.

Thus, he

totally didn't notice that he almost stumbled into someone else.

More precisely, he wasn't aware of Jacqueline's existence at all.

Watching as Connor ran into the study while Sharon burst into tears in the living room,

whereas Mrs. Wilson was busy comforting Sharon, Jacqueline squinted.

"Mrs. Wilson, does anything happen?" Jacqueline asked curiously.

Mrs. Wilson remembered when Silas asked her to pick up the children from the police station, he told her, in particular, to not relay the matter about Natalie to Jacqueline. Hence, Mrs. Wilson patted Sharon on her back and answered with a smile. "Oh, there's nothing much. Sharon was just terrified by her nightmare a little while ago" "Ah, I see." Jacqueline took a glance at Sharon. But the way this girl is crying now doesn't look like she's frightened by a nightmare. What are they trying to keep from me?

Jacqueline rolled her eyes and a darkened glint flashed across them. Looking at the clock on the wall, she uttered, "Oh, it's already ten o'clock, aren't Shane and Ms. Smith coming back yet?" A hesitant glint flashed across Mrs. Wilson's eyes as she replied, "Perhaps they're dating outside and would come back later. If you're tired, you should go to sleep, Ms. Graham." Jacqueline could tell that Mrs. Wilson was lying. A shaded glint flickered in her eyes and vanished in a second. "Alright, I shall head upstairs then. You rest earlier, too, Mrs. Wilson." "Sure." Mrs. Wilson nodded. Jacqueline turned around and went upstairs. However, when she reached the second floor, she hid in the corner of the stairwell.