

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 667

“Assh*le!” Sean bellowed as he kicked the warehouse door. “Find out who it is immediately!”

It took him a great deal of effort to find such an elusive location to store Natalie. Unfortunately, it was exposed so quickly.

Alex stood in his spot and lowered his head. “Director, I’ve already done a thorough check.

All of us carry a signal jammer with us. It couldn’t have been any of our men. I think...”

At that, he turned to look behind.

Sean’s eyes narrowed warily. “You’re saying it is Natalie?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“That’s not possible. She was searched from top to toe and no tracking device was found,”

Sean mumbled in a deep voice.

He was definite about that. After all, he was the one who conducted the examination.

Confused, Alex scratched the back of his head. “That’s odd... Since there isn’t any, how are

we exposed though?”

Sean fell silent.

Seconds later, he shut his eyes tightly and questioned, “We’ll get to that later.

Where is

Shane, and how grand is the entourage?”

“When I alerted you to their sudden appearance, they were several miles away.

They’re

probably approaching as we speak. As for his staff, the actual number is unclear. So far,

we’ve spotted at least four MPVs and three police cars,” Alex answered after a moment of

deliberation.

“Four MPVs and three police cars?” Sean sneered. “That’d be two dozen of people at the

bare minimum. I guess he’s determined to leave with the hostage.”

“Director, what should we do now?” Alex anxiously questioned.

As he massaged his temples, Sean commanded, “Let’s move right away. Also, don’t forget

to install more signal jammers.”

“Yes,” replied the assistant before he scurried out to relay his orders.

Shortly after, the army of men boarded their vehicles and prepared to set off.

All of a sudden, the sounds of helicopter blades whirring echoed in the air.

Sean’s and Alex’s expressions darkened perceptibly. They rolled down their windows on

instinct and were greeted by the sight of multiple helicopters. The rope ladders of the helicopters were all lowered, an indication of the possibility of its passengers descending at any moment. "Everyone on the ground, listen up. Drop your weapons and surrender right now. I repeat, drop your weapons and surrender right now." The warning roared from above. Alex was so frightened to the point he shivered uncontrollably. "Director, Mr. Shane even called for helicopters. They have us completely surrounded." Sean remained silent. An unreadable look crept into his eyes. After a while, he let out a diabolical laugh. "Well, well, well. I see Shane pulled all the stops just to rescue you. There are even helicopters. Nat, you must be thrilled, right?" He turned behind to look at Natalie, who was still tied up.

She paid him no heed and used all her might to lift her head and look out the window. If her mouth was free, she would scream at the top of her lungs to make it known she was in that particular vehicle. "Everybody on the ground, listen up. We'll give you another warning. Get down from your car right now. I repeat, get down from your car right now." The man controlling the system from above sounded the command once again. At the back, Shane and Silas stood at the doorway of the cabin and peered down with safety goggles strapped on. Silas said, "Mr. Shane, I still can't find which car madam is in." Shane merely kept mum and continued scrutinizing all the vehicles. After a while, he held onto the handle above his head with one hand as he tapped the Bluetooth earphone in his ear with the other. "Connor, which car is Mommy in?" In the police station, Connor sat in front of the computer. At the sound of his father's query, he instantly began typing on his computer and used the small microphone beside him to answer. "Daddy, Mommy's in the car that is right in the middle." Right in the middle! Shane squinted his eyes and fixated his gaze on the car in the middle. "Hand me the gun," demanded Shane as he reached out his hand. "But..." Silas opened his mouth to rebuke. "Hand it to me." Shane raised his voice to show that there was strictly no room for negotiation. Fully aware that he was getting impatient, Silas handed it to him immediately.

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After he took the gun, he aimed at the front of the car before pulling the trigger. With the deafening boom, the hood of the center car flew open and began emitting fumes.

The sudden turn of events startled everyone in the car.

Alex, who had always been a scaredy cat, instantly dived his head into the steering wheel.

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Even Natalie subconsciously jumped and shut her eyes tight.

Only Sean was unperturbed. He looked at the smoking car hood and coldly uttered, "Wow,

Shane. I can't believe you actually shot. Let's get off!"

"Director?" Alex timidly raised his head. He stared back at Sean incredulously and stammered, "If we get off now, we're just going to get caught."

"So does it mean that we won't get caught if we don't get off?" Sean returned his stare with an icy cold gaze.

That shut the assistant up.

Sean briefly shut his eyes as though he was trying to regain his composure. Then, he opened them again before opening the passenger door.

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His emergence triggered everyone on the helicopters to keep their guard up. Those with a gun on hand aimed their gun at him.

Evidently, Sean noticed that. He lifted his head and peered at Shane. Chuckling, he said,

"Shane, you brought so many men with guns. You even mobilized helicopters. I see you think very highly of me."

"Where's Natalie?" Shane had no interest in entertaining him and got straight to the point.

An emotional Natalie's eyes flew open when she heard Shane's voice. As she remained in

the back of the car, tears began flowing down uncontrollably.

Sean nonchalantly shrugged his shoulders and replied, "She's in the car."

"Let her out. I want to see her," demanded Shane as he aimed his gun at Sean's forehead.

Without a gun in his hand, Sean dared not go against Shane's wishes. Hence, he did as he

was told and dragged Natalie out from the backseat.

When her feet landed on the ground, her head immediately shot up to look at Shane.

Shane could tell Natalie was sobbing, but he was unable to make out what she was trying to say. Nonetheless, the sight of her being tied up with a tape on her mouth deeply infuriated him. His eyes flared up with a murderous glare. "Release her!" Shane ordered. Sean simply shrugged and mumbled, "I'm afraid..." "I told you to release her right this instant!" Shane cut him off as his index finger shifted closer to the gun trigger. Sean lifted both hands and cackled. "Alright, alright. I'll release her." He spun around and tore the tape off Natalie's mouth. Once she was rid of it, she promptly yelled, "Shane!" "Don't be afraid, I'm here." Despite maintaining a stoic expression, Shane's tone softened distinctly.

However, his words were insufficient to assuage her distress. All she could do was nod. She trusted him. Whenever she was in danger, Shane always showed up in the nick of time. She was confident that he would save her. With her piercing gaze, it was apparent to Shane that she had absolute faith in him. He took in a deep breath before urging Sean to release Natalie of her restraints. Sean complied and walked over to Natalie. Once he was behind her, he bent down and slowly reached out for the knot at her back. Just as his hand was about to land on the knot, he narrowed his eyes and lifted his jacket. He speedily fished out a gun from his pocket and pressed it against Natalie's temple while his other hand held her in a headlock. In a menacing voice, he shouted, "Everyone, put down your guns. Otherwise, I'll kill her first." With that, he poked her temple with the gun. A shiver crept down Natalie's spine as the iciness from the gun poked her temple. Her whole body went frigid from the contact. Who would have thought that Sean had a gun as well? Not even Shane had anticipated that. By this point, his expression had turned dark. Beside him, Silas was like a cat on hot bricks. "Damn it! We didn't think he would have this trick up his sleeve. What now, Mr. Shane? Madam is in his hands. We can't be rash!"