

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 675

Downstairs, Sharon got up from Mrs. Wilson's embrace. Both her eyes were red and puffy

from all the crying.

That gave Mrs. Wilson a twinge, so she held her puny face up and blew some air to her eyes.

Sharon sobbed as she asked, "Mrs. Wilson, Mommy will be fine, right?"

"Yes, she'll be alright. Your daddy has gone to rescue her, so Sharon should just wait at

home, alright?" Mrs. Wilson stroke Sharon's hair and comforted her.

Sharon bit her lip in apprehension and returned, "But I'm still worried."

"Don't worry." Mrs. Wilson replied softly, "We have to have faith in your daddy. He will surely

bring Mommy back."

Sharon nodded and acknowledged what Mrs. Wilson said.

Mrs. Wilson added, "Are you tired? Let me take you back to your bedroom to rest, okay?"

Maybe when you wake up, Daddy and Mommy will be home then."

"No." Sharon shook her head. "I don't want to sleep. I want to wait here."

"That's fine, too." Knowing that Sharon couldn't get it off her mind, Mrs. Wilson didn't persist

in persuading her. It's the weekend tomorrow after all. I shall just let her wait a little longer

then.

At the stairwell on the second floor, however, Jacqueline heard everything that Mrs. Wilson

and Sharon said. Her fingers on the railing curled up tightly in excitement as a sparkly glint

glowed in her eyes.

Something unpleasant happened to Natalie. That's why she still hasn't come home.

This is great!

It's just that I have totally no idea what happened.

Nevertheless, looking at the way that damn little girl was crying and the look of distress in

that old woman's eyes, I'm sure it isn't something simple.

It would be best if Natalie never makes it home ever again.

Jacqueline was bearing some vicious thoughts.

In the study on the third floor, Connor was sitting in front of the computer with his fingers

tapping on the keyboard incessantly. And as he typed, his tender little face grew increasingly

somber.

After around a minute, Connor finally stopped his typing motion. Both his hands clasped around each other, and his eyes reddened as tears welled up within them, almost overflowing. He took in a deep breath and snuffled, repressing his urge to cry as he reached out to the microphone at the side and spoke into it, "Daddy, I can't find Mommy." "What do you mean?" Shane's gaze turned drastically sharp in an instant. Connor answered chokingly, "Mommy's tracker has malfunctioned, and I can't track her location, boo hoo hoo..." At that moment, the child who had always been strong couldn't hold it anymore and burst out crying. Listening to the little boy's crying, Shane felt a twitch in his heart as well.

He held the satellite phone tightly, suppressed his own disconcertment, and comforted the little boy as softly as he could, "Don't worry, I will find her. I promise I will!" "Really?" asked Connor. Shane acknowledged, "I promise. You stay home and look after your sister, alright?" "I got it, Daddy. You must find Mommy, you must do that!" Connor said repeatedly. Shane gave him his word. After ending the call, Shane set down the satellite phone. Silas came around carrying a glass of warm water and handed it to him. "Mr. Shane, has madam's location been tracked down?" "The tracker has malfunctioned," Shane took a sip of the water as he took the glass over and replied in a husky voice. Silas' heart sank at that. If the tracker is damaged, that means we'll not be able to track madam's location. That's to say that it will be even more difficult to find madam next. "Mr. Shane, how about this? I'll summon a few more search and rescue teams over and intensify the search after the rain." Silas looked at Shane. Shane agreed and gave him a nod. Since they couldn't locate her, that was the only option left. For the rest of the night, neither Shane nor Silas said anything else. They just sat quietly, listening to the rainfall outside the tent, without the slightest sleepiness. It wasn't until dawn the next day that the downpour stopped eventually.

Shane lifted the mesh at the opening of the tent and went out, putting on the necessary

equipment before he called out to the other team members to enter the mountain again and continue their search.

In the meantime, on the other side of the mountain, Natalie woke up again in the cave.

This time round, she was awakened by the chill.

The clothes on her were still drenched and hence, clung tightly to her body. It was freezing,

and as a wind gushed through, she couldn't stop shivering.

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Shivering, Natalie opened her eyes and sat up. She immediately sneezed.

"Are you awake?" A man's weak voice called out.

Natalie paused in the middle of rubbing her arms for heat. She looked toward the direction of the voice.

Sean was staring at her from where he was sitting at the entrance of the cave.

"When did you come to?" Natalie asked.

Turning his head to look out the cave, he replied, "I'm not sure. It should be around the time the sun rose."

"Oh," was her only response, as Natalie curled herself into a ball to conserve heat.

It was difficult to generate any warmth owing to her drenched clothes. Thus, she continued to shiver from the cold.

At this rate, I'm going to come down with a fever. We have to find some way to get out of

this mountain. If we don't get help soon, we're going to die here.

She was jolted from her thoughts by a question from Sean. "Did you bring me here?"

Lifting her gaze, Natalie nodded at him.

Sean looked at her with an indecipherable gaze. "Why?"

"What do you mean?" She was confused by his question.

Smirking mirthlessly, Sean elaborated. "Why did you save me? I kidnapped you and forced

you to jump off a cliff with me. You should be treating me like your sworn enemy.

How could

you be so stupid as to save me? Aren't you worried that I'll use you to blackmail

Shane again

once I'm back on my feet?"

Natalie scooted backward and leaned against the wall of the cave. Looking at the pebbles

next to her feet, she replied, "I do hate you. After all, you tried to kill me. I'm lucky to be alive.

When I saw you lying unconscious on the ground, my conscience would not just let me

leave you there alone. That's why I saved you."

I'm not a saint, but I'm not going to leave someone to die either.
Sean scoffed lightly, and she thought she could sense the mixed emotions in his tone.
"You're the stupidest woman I've ever met," he sneered.
Stupid enough to save her enemy. She's also the kindest woman I've ever known.
Natalie did not feel insulted by his words. I don't see the point in getting angry. We should be
focusing on staying alive.
"Before I forget, Mr. Sean, I'd like to know how we survived in the first place."

The cliff they had jumped off of was incredibly high.
No one could have survived that fall under normal circumstances.
Yet, we survived with all our limbs intact. How was that possible?
She had to figure out what actually happened. During the fall, she had fainted from her fear
of heights and only regained consciousness moments after she landed on the ground.
Sean looked at his dislocated arms and crooked left leg. Pain flashed through his eyes
before he recounted the incident. "We were lucky that a tree growing on the cliff broke our
fall before we crashed to the ground."
"Huh?" Natalie was surprised.
We were that lucky?
"We were on the tree for quite some time until the branch supporting us cracked.
We
survived that fall since the tree wasn't that far off the ground," he added.
Natalie nodded her head in understanding with a bitter smile on her face. "Ah. Lady luck was
shining upon us, or we wouldn't be alive after that fall."
Though Shane remained silent, he could not help but sigh in relief at their luck as well.
Sean had been convinced of their imminent death when they plunged off the cliff.
He had
even been glad at the thought of his death; he would not need to worry about Shane coming
after his family after the discovery of the will.
When I'm dead, I won't know what'll happen to them.
Little did he expect that he would survive that fall.
"Achoo!" Natalie sneezed again from the cold.