

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 677

Sean pursed his lips at her sneeze. "I have a lighter in my pocket. You can use it to light

some firewood for warmth."

Natalie's eyes brightened at his words. "You have a lighter? Why didn't you collect some

wood and build a fire sooner then?"

"I can't walk," Sean muttered as his gaze landed on his crooked leg.

Her eyes widened as he followed his gaze. "Your leg--"

"It is broken," Sean interrupted and finished her sentence. His nonchalance made it seem

like they were talking about dinner instead of discussing his broken limb.

Natalie's voice shook as she commented, "No wonder you said you can't walk."

"Oh, both my arms are dislocated as well," Sean added.

Natalie took a deep breath and looked at him in pity. "Damn, that's really unlucky of you."

She had merely suffered minor scratches and cuts from the fall.

The state of his injuries were shocking.

Coughing lightly, Sean said, "Yes. I was very unlucky."

He did not know what had possessed him to place himself beneath Natalie as the branch

snapped. She was relatively unscathed because he had used his own body to cushion her.

He would never have done that in a million years; yet, he did not feel regret at the sight of his

injured limbs.

I must have gone mad.

A self-deprecating smile appeared on his face.

Natalie walked toward him. "Where's your lighter?"

"It's in my right pocket, just above my thigh." He indicated the exact spot with his gaze.

Natalie instantly felt awkward at the placement of his lighter. She felt reluctant to retrieve it.

Amused, Sean looked at her and teased, "Why? Are you scared you'll touch something

off-limits?"

Natalie glared at him. "Who says I'm scared?"

She immediately reached her hand into his pocket and grabbed the lighter.

So much for propriety. I could care less since I'm freezing to death.

Natalie inspected the lighter. Though it was out of shape, it worked fine, so Natalie sighed in

relief.

"I'll collect some firewood; wait for me here," she said to Sean and left the cave.

The mountain forest was shrouded in mist after the recent rainfall. The fresh air in the mountains provided a welcome respite from the polluted air of the city. Natalie stretched out her arms and took a deep breath. She then set out and walked around carefully in search of firewood. She had collected a sizeable pile of wood, though some of them were wet. That's the best I can do. With that thought, she headed back to the cave.

Sean was leaning against the cave wall with his eyes closed. He shivered vigorously from the cold and the pain in his injured limbs. His face was sallow, while his lips were pale. It made for a sorry sight. Hmph, serves you right! Despite these thoughts, Natalie was genuinely worried about his survival. She hurried to make a fire. The process was, however, fraught with challenges. Natalie found some dry leaves in the cave, which appeared to have been blown in earlier by the wind. She managed to use them as kindling to set up a fire. She piled all the firewood she had collected on the fire. Soon enough, the inside of the cave warmed up from her efforts. Natalie removed her jacket and hung it across the fire. The rest of her clothes were still wet, but she could only rely on her body heat to dry them. After drying her jacket for a while, Natalie retrieved it and set it aside. She approached Sean and nudged him. "Get up." Sean opened his eyes, and he seemed disgusted by Natalie's scruffy appearance. Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 678 Natalie felt a strong urge to slap him. I don't need a mirror to tell me I look filthy right now. It's not like he is in better shape, so why should he act all disgusted? "Take off your jacket. I want to dry it over the fire."

Smiling, Sean replied, "How can I take off my jacket in this state?" She suddenly remembered that both his arms were dislocated. Oh right, he can't move them at all. "You need to undress me," Sean continued.

She furrowed her brows as she pondered the possibility of leaving him in his wet jacket.

He piqued up, "Since you decided to save me, you should take full responsibility to ensure

my survival and wellbeing. Otherwise, you should've left me to die in that ditch."

"You..." Natalie stammered as her face reddened.

A smile broke out on Sean's face at the sight of Natalie huffing in anger.

His expression stunned her.

Natalie had seen his smile countless times in the past, though they were all of the fake,

calculating, and cold variety.

This was the first time she had seen a genuine smile on his face.

She did not know what he was smiling about, but she caved and helped him remove his

jacket.

Natalie moved the jacket closer to the fire before she approached Sean again. Under his

suspicious gaze, she removed his tie and dragged it back and forth against a small stone.

The stone cut through the fabric and formed a hole.

From there, Natalie tore the tie into several strips. She lined them on the floor and assembled some branches of similar lengths beside them.

Confused, Sean asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to put splints on your arms and leg," Natalie glanced at him and replied.

She had collected some branches for this purpose when she was out foraging for firewood.

Sean's heart filled with an inexplicable emotion as he watched Natalie work. There was a

sense of warmth that felt unfamiliar to him.

He did not realize that he had begun staring at Natalie fondly.

Though he was an expert at faking tender gazes, this time was different. It was a sincere

fondness that originated from the deepest recesses of his heart.

Unaware of his stares, Natalie picked up some branches and the remnants of the tie. She

looked at his leg and warned him, "It's going to hurt. You'll need to push through the pain. I'll

tie it as tightly as I can to set your bones in their original position, or you might risk dislocating them further."

"Ok. I'm all yours." Nodding, Sean's tone had softened considerably.

Natalie caught the change as well, but she did not linger on it and began splinting his leg.

Sean gritted his teeth in pain. His face contorted in distress as beads of cold sweat broke

out on his forehead. He moaned pitifully from time to time.

Natalie's hands shook when she heard him. She could hardly bring herself to finish the task at hand.

She steeled her nerves and pushed through with the procedure.

After splinting all his injured limbs, Natalie heaved a sigh of relief. Sean, on the other hand,

had almost fainted from the pain. He leaned heavily against the cave wall and panted.

Twisting her head to look at him, she asked, "Hey, are you ok?"

He opened his eyes weakly, and the sweat on his forehead rolled straight into his eyes. The

pain felt excruciating, and he closed his eyes once more. Finally, he forced a smile on his

face as he answered, "I'm ok. I'm not going to die yet."

"That's great." Natalie did not press him further.

As long as he's alive, I've done my job. I can't help with anything else.

Just then, Natalie's stomach grumbled. The noise echoed through the cave.

Blushing, she rubbed her belly and avoided Sean's gaze.

He looked at her in amusement. "Hungry?"

"Duh. I haven't eaten a bite since you kidnapped me," Natalie replied in a huff.

The only sustenance she had was some water she drank off of some leaves when she was

out searching for firewood. She had not eaten anything else beyond that.

With a wry smile on his face, Sean commented, "We can't do anything even if we're hungry.

There's no food around here."