

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 683

Even though that was what she thought, she didn't show it on her face. "It's fine. I won't disturb her," she told the kids.

"That won't do. Hurry up and leave now!" Sharon stepped forward to chase her out.

Connor tugged on his sister's hand. "Don't touch her. She's weak. We wouldn't be able to bear the responsibility if something serious were to happen to her."

"Oh, you're right." Sharon nodded obediently.

Jacqueline almost lost her cool.

Clearly, Connor was warning her not to pretend to get hurt.

When Jacqueline was about to lose control, Shane stepped out of the bedroom.

"Why are you all standing here?" He glanced at the kids before turning to Jacqueline.

Before the kids could speak, Jacqueline interjected, "Shane, I'm here to visit Ms. Smith. Is she alright?"

"She's fine," Shane replied calmly.

Jacqueline heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm glad she's fine. By the way, what happened to her?"

Previously, she had hired someone to investigate the matter but to no avail.

Shane ruffled the kids' hair before answering. "It's nothing serious. I've dealt with the matter."

"Oh, I see." Jacqueline lifted the corners of her lips in a smile. Deep down, she was fuming.

It's obvious that he didn't want to tell me about it!

Right then, Silas and Mrs. Wilson arrived with a bunch of people in white coats led by Jackson.

Jackson asked, "Mrs. Wilson told me Natalie's injured. Is it true?"

Shane nodded. "Come in and see for yourself."

"Okay," replied Jackson as he flashed Jacqueline a smile before entering the bedroom with his entourage.

Jacqueline wanted to follow them in, but Mrs. Wilson stood in her way. "Ms. Graham, you shouldn't head in and disturb the doctors' checkup."

"Alright," Jacqueline answered with a smile. Inwardly, she was cursing Mrs. Wilson.

She only wanted to know what happened to Natalie, but everyone kept standing in her way.

Ugh, this is so annoying!

Meanwhile, Shane stood aside in the bedroom as the doctors and nurses conducted a checkup for Natalie.

When they were done, he asked, "How is she?"

Jackson was writing in his report as he answered, "She's fine. There're some bruises from the fall, but she'll recover in no time."

Shane nodded in relief.

Back then, the woman had told him Natalie was fine when they found her, but he was still worried.

After all, there was only not much a countryside doctor could do. He would only stop worrying after the doctors in the city ran a thorough checkup for Natalie using the latest equipment and confirmed that she was alright.

“By the way, what happened?” Jackson closed his file and asked.

Shane explained the entire incident.

Jackson inhaled sharply at the bizarre story. “You mean they fell off a cliff which was thousands of meters high?”

“Mm.” Shane nodded.

Jackson couldn’t believe it. “Shane, you must be joking, right? Anyone who jumped off a cliff that high would be dead. Natalie wasn’t even injured. That’s impossible!”

Shane could totally understand why Jackson was shocked.

He himself was stunned to realize Natalie had escaped unscathed.

The impossible had happened, so it was indeed shocking.

“It didn’t matter how she escaped miraculously as long as she’s alive.” Shane gazed at a sleeping Natalie affectionately.

Thankfully, she has returned to me.

Jackson couldn’t stop himself from shuddering in disgust after seeing how mushy his friend was.

As the nurses were done applying the medicine on Natalie’s wounds, he announced, “Alright. We shall leave now.”

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Shane hummed a reply in acknowledgement.

As Jackson and the rest filed out of the room, Jacqueline went after them to try to find out what happened to Natalie.

Shane didn't see them off. He sat beside the bed and took Natalie's hand and stared at her silently.

He didn't even dare to blink too much for he was afraid she might disappear without warning.

"Mr. Shane, should we inform Ms. Rivers that we've found madam?" Silas' voice rang out suddenly. Shane didn't even realize he was here.

Pressing a kiss on Natalie's fingers, Shane ordered, "Let her know so she won't worry."

"Okay." Silas nodded and turned to leave.

A moment later, Mrs. Wilson entered the bedroom with a bowl of warm soup, and the kids followed behind her.

The kids ran toward the bed and gazed at Natalie earnestly.

They were worried for her, but they didn't want to disturb her and only gazed at her quietly.

"Mr. Shane, I heard from Mr. Campbell that you haven't rested for a day. Here's some chicken soup to boost your energy. You should get some rest after that," said Mrs. Wilson, concern evident in her voice. She couldn't help but worry when she saw Shane's bloodshot eyes and the stubble on his jaw.

Connor chimed in, "Yes, Daddy. You should finish the chicken soup and go to bed."

Shane's heart warmed up upon hearing Mrs. Wilson's and the kids' concern. He took the bowl from her.

Mrs. Wilson took the children's hands. "Connor, Sharon, let's leave the room. Your daddy and mommy need to rest."

"Okay!" The children nodded obediently. As they walked out, they kept turning back reluctantly.

After finishing the soup, Shane placed the bowl on the bedside drawer and joined Natalie in bed. He wrapped his arms around her and shut his eyes.

He had stayed up for at least twenty-four hours looking for her without any rest.

Now that she was safe, he could finally relax. A tremendous wave of exhaustion overcame him. He could barely even keep his eyes open anymore.

His beloved was right in his arms. Shane closed his eyes and breathed in her scent as he gradually fell asleep.

It was a long nap.

When Shane woke up, it was already close to 9 p.m.

The woman in his arms stirred.

As her eyelashes fluttered, she opened her eyes slowly.

Natalie regained her consciousness immediately when she saw the familiar ceiling and light.

I'm back?

Natalie was wondering how she came back home when a man's voice rang out beside her. "You're awake?"

She jerked her head to the side and knocked into his chin.

The man hissed in pain.

“Shane, are you alright?” Natalie asked with a concerned look.

Shane bit his lip and replied, “I’m fine.”

I just happened to bite my tongue accidentally.

A worried Natalie removed his hand covering his mouth and scanned his lips carefully. After making sure he was fine, she breathed a sigh of relief.

“I’m sorry. It was an accident. I didn’t know you’re right behind me,” she apologized profusely.

Shane massaged her forehead. “I’m fine. What about you? Does your forehead hurt?”

“No.” Natalie shook her head.

Her forehead was harder than his jaw.

“Good.” Shane retracted his hand and stood up to switch on the lights in the room.

The bedside lamp was too dim for Natalie to see things clearly.

Now that the lights were switched on, she finally saw Shane’s condition.

His dark eyes, messy stubble, and the band-aid on his cheek caused her to stiffen in astonishment.

This was the first time Natalie had ever seen Shane this disheveled.

“Shane, you...” She reached out to touch his jaw.

Shane knew what she was doing, so he froze and allowed her to caress his stubble.

Natalie’s hand brushed across the slightly prickly stubble on his jaw. Finally, she could be sure this wasn’t a dream.