

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 685

He got himself into this disheveled state just to find and save me.

At once, bitterness overwhelmed Natalie's heart as tears welled up in her eyes.

She didn't even cry when she couldn't find a way out underneath the cliff, but she couldn't hold back her tears now.

"Shane..." Natalie threw herself into his arms and gave him a tight hug. "I'm sorry. You must've been so worried about me."

Shane didn't expect her to hug him. He stiffened for a second before returning her hug. "It's fine, as long as you're safe."

Natalie felt touched as guilt rose in her heart.

She was kidnapped several times, and he risked his own life just to save her every time.

At that thought, she kept apologizing profusely.

Since she showed no signs of stopping, Shane cupped her cheeks and covered her pale lips with his own to stop her from saying sorry.

Natalie was stunned at first, but she swiftly regained her composure and returned the kiss.

Shane could sense her urgency and increased his force. Both of them were trying to take the lead.

In the end, Natalie was no match for Shane.

He pinned her onto the bed slowly as she flung her arms around his neck.

An intense session of lovemaking ensued.

After a long time, when Natalie felt like she was about to faint, the man finally released her and got up.

By now, Natalie couldn't even move an inch. She shut her eyes lazily as she heard Shane asking someone to prepare some food.

After Shane put down the phone with Mrs. Wilson, he turned to gaze at the woman in bed, who was rubbing her cheek against the pillow, about to fall into a deep slumber.

Shane patted her shoulder gently. "Nat, wake up. You can go back to bed after having something to eat."

"I don't have the energy to get up," Natalie replied in a hoarse voice as she shifted slightly.

Shane's Adam's apple bobbed up and down as his gaze darkened with desire.

If she wasn't feeling drained, he would've resumed their bedtime activity.

"Let me help you up." Shane tossed his phone aside and picked her up before heading toward the bathroom.

Natalie allowed him to wash her up and put on her clothes without even opening her eyes.

She only opened her eyes when she smelt something delicious.

"Madam, you're finally awake!" Mrs. Wilson exclaimed happily.

Natalie inclined her head. "Mrs. Wilson, you must've been worried."

Upon hearing her words, Mrs. Wilson's eyes reddened. She hurriedly wiped the corner of her eyes with her apron. "Yes, I'm glad that you're fine."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson," said Natalie with a smile.

Mrs. Wilson waved her hand dismissively. "You're welcome. Madam, you must be starving. Help yourselves to the food."

She gave Natalie and Shane their cutlery.

Natalie was about to dig in when Shane gave her a bowl of soup.

"Here. Your stomach has been empty for too long. Have some soup first," he uttered.

"Yes, that's right. Have some soup first. I forgot all about it!" Mrs. Wilson slapped her own forehead.

Natalie took the bowl from Shane. "Alright, Mrs. Wilson. It isn't your fault."

In response, Mrs. Wilson beamed and urged, "Madam, you're so nice. Hurry up and dig in."

Natalie was indeed starving. Since her kidnapping, she had only eaten a few sour wild fruits and nothing else. After the vigorous session in bed, she was utterly weak.

Hence, she proceeded to fill her belly.

Shane was also hungry as he lost his appetite when he was searching for Natalie.

He was gobbling the food more quickly than usual, but he still maintain his customary elegance.

After they finished their meal, Mrs. Wilson left their room with the tray in her hands. She bumped into Jacqueline on the second floor.

Jacqueline's gaze flickered as she looked at the tray in Mrs. Wilson's hands. "Mrs. Wilson, are Ms. Smith and Shane awake?"

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"Yes, they are both awake. They had just finished their meal," replied Mrs. Wilson.

Jacqueline clapped her hands in delight. "Perfect!"

"Yes. Why are you still awake at this hour, Ms. Graham?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

Jacqueline smoothed her wig and flashed a grin. "I'm going to bed soon."

"Oh, I see. I won't disturb you, then." With that, Mrs. Wilson went downstairs.

Jacqueline raised her head to stare at the third floor. Her smile faded away as it was replaced by a frosty look.

Jackson had revealed everything to her—how Sean kidnapped Natalie and that she fell off a cliff. I can't believe she's still alive. How bloody ridiculous.

She shot an exasperated glare upstairs before stomping back to her room.

The next morning, Natalie woke up feeling refreshed. If it weren't for her wounds, no one would know she had just been rescued from her kidnapper.

Shane was worried that she was still in shock, so he ordered her to remain at home for a few days before returning to work.

Natalie agreed as she didn't want to make him upset.

She could rest for a few days before starting the preparations for the international competition.

Shortly after Shane left with the kids, Joyce arrived to visit her. "Nat!" she greeted Natalie warmly.

It was Shane who requested Joyce to come and accompany Natalie to relieve the latter's fear.

Joyce agreed without hesitation and sped here at once after hanging up.

“Nat, are you alright?” she scanned Natalie in concern.

Natalie was amused by her antics. “Joyce, stop it. I’m fine.”

“No way you’re fine after falling off a cliff. You have no idea how shocked I was when Mr. Campbell told me about it,” Joyce declared while tears pooled up in her eyes. Clearly, that piece of news had scared her out of her wits.

Natalie patted the back of her hand in assurance. “I’m sorry. You must’ve been extremely worried.”

“I should be the one who apologizes. I was with you in the parking lot, but I couldn’t save you. Nat, I—”

Natalie covered her mouth. “I know. Mr. Campbell told me how you were nearly run over by a car to stop the man from taking me away. I was the one who asked you to accompany me, so I should apologize. Luckily you’re fine.”

If Joyce was indeed knocked down by the car, Natalie would feel guilty for the rest of her life.

“By the way, how did you escape unscathed?” Joyce started checking Natalie’s limbs.

Just like Jackson, she found it strange that Natalie survived without getting hurt after falling from a tall cliff.

Natalie chuckled and revealed how she and Sean survived the ordeal.

After hearing the story, Joyce lamented, “I guess good things do happen to good people. Otherwise, why would there be a tree to break your fall out of nowhere? Wait, something seems wrong. Even if the tree broke your fall, you would have gotten hurt when you landed on the ground.”

“I’m fine. Sean got hurt, though. He broke his leg and dislocated his arms,” Natalie responded as she recalled how badly injured Sean was.

I wonder how he's doing now. Shane told me Sean escaped when I was unconscious. Shane's looking for him now. Has he been found?

"Oh, that's bad," Joyce snorted.

Suddenly, her eyes widened as a thought occurred to her. "Wait. You both fell from the tree. He was severely injured, but you're perfectly fine. Did he save you?"

"Huh?" Natalie was taken aback by her guess.

Joyce narrowed her eyes and stated, "That's possible. Otherwise, there's no way to explain this bizarre situation."

"Well..." Natalie trailed off hesitantly as her heart started thumping furiously.

Did Sean really save me? But why? He kidnapped me and held me hostage before we jumped off the cliff. Why did he save me in the end?