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## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1203

Chapter 1203 A Familiar Face

Sally acknowledged his orders and reassured, "Leave it to us, Mr. Shane."

Joyce asked him, "What are you going to do, Mr. Shane?"

"I'm going to gather reinforcements," he replied grimly.

Shane was not on home soil, where he had round-the-clock access to reinforcements, and he could not solely rely on the local police to rescue his wife.

After all, the police would be useless if Natalie had left the country. Shane needed reinforcements that could travel with him if Natalie's rescue operations became an international mission.

Joyce understood his intentions and responded, "All right, Mr. Shane. But please take care of yourself. Don't land yourself in trouble while we're looking for Nat. She'll have a hard time if your safety is compromised."

"I know."

Shane knew he needed to protect himself better than last time.

Once was more than enough; I'll do all the worrying this time.

After Shane's departure, Joyce and the others set off to contact a salvage team.

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Meanwhile, a private helicopter flew several thousand meters above the city, rapidly leaving it behind.

Sean took off his wireless headset and stared at the rear seats of the helicopter.

A gorgeous woman in a black maxi dress sprawled across the seats, unconscious.

The unwilling passenger in the helicopter was none other than the missing Natalie.

Sean stared at her, his lips curving into a satisfied smirk.

I've finally brought her away!

He had been plotting to whisk her away for ages, yet her tight security detail had made it impossible for him to strike until now.

Sean was overjoyed when Shane and Natalie gave him the perfect opening by embarking on their honeymoon without a single security guard in sight.

He drew up plans to kidnap Natalie while she briefly separated from Shane during tonight's concert.

The stadium's massive size worked out in Sean's favor. The restrooms were sufficiently far from the seating area, giving him just enough time to execute his plan.

Sean stared at Natalie like a besotted man, muttering, "You're mine from now on."

He dropped the creepy act soon enough and turned to face forward. Putting on his wireless headset, he said, "How's everything? What's Shane doing now?"

A voice crackled through the headset. "Shane hired numerous reinforcements from a security company, Mr. Thompson. He's working together with the local police to lock down the city, and a salvage team is searching Panorama River as we speak. They're probably looking for Natalie's possessions in the river."

Sean narrowed his eyes thoughtfully.

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He had known of Shane's mysterious genius hacker for a while now. Sean's past efforts to discern the hacker's identity had been futile.

To prevent the hacker from tracking Natalie down through devices planted on her accessories or phone, Sean had instructed his men to discard Natalie's belongings in the river before they boarded the helicopter.

Judging by the presence of the salvage crew at the river, Sean's caution had paid off. There had indeed been some form of GPS tracker in Natalie's jewelry or phone.

Shane would be hot on his heels now if not for his foresight.

Sean addressed his subordinate through the headset, "Roger that. Keep an eye on them."

"Yes, Sir!"

He removed the wireless headset, and the helicopter cabin fell into silence.

It continued flying until daylight broke and landed on a small island.

The helicopter came to a stop on a small helipad. Sean alighted from the cabin, carrying Natalie toward a villa in the middle of the island.

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1204

Chapter 1204 Owning Up

A few people stood to attention in front of the villa, dressed in housekeeper uniforms.

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A woman clad in a purple dress stood in front of them, fists clenched at her sides as she glared at Sean and the woman in his arms.

Jacqueline's face contorted with hatred as she recognized Natalie.

She would have charged at Natalie and snapped the woman's neck in half if Sean was not holding her.

Sean's expression darkened as he noticed her animosity. He warned coldly, "Listen carefully, Jacqueline. Natalie will be living here from now on. If you even touch a single hair on her, I'll tie you up with some bait and toss you into the ocean for the sharks. Try me!"

He added a glare for good measure.

Jacqueline huffed in response and averted her gaze. She bit her lip before complaining pettily, "I won't harm her for the sake of our plans, but you're sorely mistaken if you think I'll be all smiles toward her."

"I'm sure Natalie shares your sentiments," Sean replied drily. He smirked at Jacqueline before carrying Natalie into the villa.

Jacqueline turned around and glared at his back, rage burning in her eyes.

Just wait until I've usurped you from your comfy throne! I'll kill both you and your precious Natalie! But not before paying you back tenfold for all the humiliation you've thrown my way!

Meanwhile, Sean gently laid Natalie on a bed in the master bedroom. He tucked her under the blankets before turning to the maids who had entered the room. "She's the new mistress of this house. Take good care of her."

"Yes, Sir." The housekeepers bowed in deference.

He stroked Natalie's face tenderly, lingering on her eyes for several seconds.

Sean left the room soon after.

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In the meantime, Shane had successfully gathered his reinforcements. The local police had locked down the city in search of Natalie.

Several hours passed without any news on Natalie. Connor's inspection of the security footage surrounding Panorama River produced equally disappointing results.

Shane now believed that Natalie had left the country long before the police's involvement.

Just then, Joyce knocked on the door of his presidential suite and announced, "There's a letter for you, Mr. Shane!" She entered the room and handed him an envelope.

He frowned at the unsigned envelope and asked, "Who gave this to you?"

Joyce explained, "It was a little boy. He stopped me on my way into the hotel and asked me to pass this letter to you."

Shane narrowed his eyes in thought.

The sender of this letter obviously knows that Joyce and I are acquainted. The sender either knows me or my subordinates well. Could it be Sean?

He hastily ripped open the envelope, his heart plummeting at the sight of the familiar scrawl on the letter.

It is Sean!

Observing the change in his expression, Joyce moved closer to peek at the letter and asked, "What's in the letter?"

Shane had been too shaken by Sean's handwriting to pay attention to the letter's contents. Joyce's question snapped him out of his stupor, and he began reading the letter.

Shane, you can drop the search. I've taken Natalie away with me. By the time you receive this letter, I will have succeeded in my plans. Don't worry. I'll cherish her as my wife for the rest of my life.

Bam!

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Shane slammed his fist on the table so hard that he drew blood.

He looked downright murderous, and Joyce could not control the shudder that went through her body.

Shane seethed, "Sean Thompson!" If looks could kill, even across the ocean, Sean would be dead on the ground on his private island.

Joyce fumed and swore out loud, "B\*stard! He's kidnapping Nat and forcing her into a relationship! He's disgusting and shameless!"

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