# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1205

Chapter 1205 A Restless Night

Joyce looked at Shane and pleaded, "You have to save Nat, Mr. Shane!"

Shane clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles cracked. There was only one decision he could ever make.

Natalie's my wife. I'll do anything to rescue her. Anything!

He took out his phone to dial someone. When the line connected, he barked, "Get in touch with the local government! I need access to their satellite footage."

Realization dawned upon Joyce as she exclaimed, "Satellite footage! Of course! We'll be able to find Nat in no time."

Shane fell into thoughtful silence once more.

He had always been reluctant to broach the topic of satellite imagery, a technology that indebted him to governments.

Still, he was left with no choice but to bow down to the local government's requests as long as he could access the precious satellite footage and be reunited with his wife.

While Shane was busy getting in touch with the local government, Silas was in the process of escorting Connor to his father.

Shane needed his son's hacker skills to decode the satellite footage for useful information.

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Sleep would not come to him that night, no matter how hard he tried.

Natalie's missing. I can't sleep until I know where she is.

Joyce, Sally, and Lina were equally restless.

To distract themselves from wallowing in shock over Natalie's kidnapping, they threw themselves into aiding the rescue operation.

Natalie was their friend, and they fervently wished for her safe return.

The next morning arrived sooner than expected.

The salvage crew under Sally's purview had sent news about finding Natalie's purse in the river. Her phone and jewelry were tucked in the purse.

Shane tensed even more at the sight of Natalie's purse.

Joyce sighed and uttered, "We should be glad Sean only threw Nat's things in the river. What would happen if he threw Nat—"

"He could never bear to throw my wife in the river," Shane interrupted gruffly.

He had no appetite to eat or drink, and worrying about Natalie's safety the entire night had turned his throat scratchy.

Joyce was initially shocked by Shane's words. Her eyes soon widened in understanding, and she muttered, "I almost forgot that Sean's, erm, intentions toward Nat. I thought he kidnapped Nat to seek revenge on you, and I assumed the letter from last night was merely to rile you up."

She smacked her forehead, cursing her naivety.

How could I forget such an important thing? When Sean jumped off that cliff with Natalie, he broke his limbs while she was unscathed.

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When Natalie mentioned the incident to Joyce, the latter had begun suspecting Sean's romantic feelings for her friend.

Her suspicions were confirmed when Natalie mentioned seeing posters of Lindsay in Sean's study.

Joyce had silently disagreed with Natalie's opinion that Sean viewed her merely as Lindsay's replacement.

If Sean merely viewed Nat as a replacement, he wouldn't have risked his life to cushion her fall. Replacement or not, Sean definitely has romantic feelings for Nat. He didn't just kidnap Nat to take revenge on Shane; he's intent on making Nat his partner. Oh dear God, has he already taken advantage of her? Will Shane still love Nat after that?

Joyce regarded Shane with trepidation.

She doubted Shane would continue to love and cherish Natalie like before if Sean had indeed taken advantage of Natalie.

If push comes to shove, Nat won't be able to defend herself against Sean's advances.

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1206

Chapter 1206 A Secluded Sea View

Concern over Natalie's safety and Shane's possible disdain for her friend churned in Joyce's heart.

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Both Sally and Lina noticed her conflicted expression, and Sally asked, "What's wrong, Joyce?"

Joyce stared at Shane, opening and closing her mouth when she realized she did not know what to say.

She shook her head, both in reply to Sally's question and to shake off her concerns. "I'm fine."

I can't voice my concerns now. The most pressing thing on our agenda is to rescue Nat. I may do more harm than good if I were to bring that up now. If Shane's head starts swirling with negative thoughts, he may call off the rescue operation altogether. Let's save Nat first and worry about the future later. If he truly scorns Nat after her return, I'll convince Nat to divorce him!

The decision loosened a knot in her heart, and Joyce sighed in relief. She turned to Sally and said, "Sal, can you get in touch with Mr. Campbell and check when they'll arrive?"

"Okay. I'm on it." Sally nodded before calling Silas.

Shane was on the phone with the local government at that moment.

They had agreed to give him access to the satellite in his rescue operation with a strenuous demand of their own.

In short, they wanted Shane to donate a jaw-dropping sum to support the development of their national enterprises.

They asked for a billion, and Shane did not even blink as he immediately agreed to their terms.

Joyce was grudgingly moved by his gesture, yet her confidence in the resilience of their relationship remained shaky, at best.

No one could deny Shane and Natalie's love for each other. Nonetheless, love alone was not enough to sustain a relationship. Their previous misunderstanding was a perfect example.

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Joyce eventually shook her head and sighed in resignation.

There's no point in thinking about all these now.

Meanwhile, on a private island in the Aplothean Ocean, Natalie's eyelashes fluttered as she finally regained her consciousness.

She opened her eyes and saw an unfamiliar ceiling. The grogginess left her body in an instant, replaced by an intense flashback.

Natalie remembered running into a security guard as she left the restroom at the stadium. She fell unconscious after that.

Did that security guard bring me here?

She hurriedly sat up in bed and surveyed her surroundings.

The bedroom she was in oozed luxury, and it was almost as opulent as the master bedroom in the Thompson villa.

Natalie appraised her clothes. She sighed in relief when she realized she was still wearing the black maxi dress she wore to the stadium.

She was still befuddled over the security guard and his reasons for housing her in such a luxurious room.

Natalie got off the bed and approached a window wall, her bare feet sinking into the soft carpeting.

She pulled open the curtains and was temporarily blinded by the sunlight.

On instinct, Natalie closed her eyes, waiting for the smarting sensation to subside before she opened them again.

She now had a clear view of the scenery beyond her window.

A vast expanse of blue sea greeted her eyes.

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Coconut trees dotted the pristine beach. Everything looked as beautiful as a painting.

Wisps of Natalie's hair came loose from the sea breeze, and her skirt billowed, making for an arresting sight.

Natalie's heart sank as she took in the scenery. She fisted the curtains as she frowned.

Though she did not know where she was, one thing was clear—she was no longer in the same country as Shane.

The coastal areas in their honeymoon destination had all been developed into tourist spots. The secluded beach before her eyes undoubtedly belonged to a private island.

Just then, someone knocked on her room door, startling Natalie.

She whirled around and stared at the door warily.