

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 401

- 405

Natalie nodded and took a small bite of her pancake.

Shane's expression softened as he watched her eat. He took another pancake for himself.

After breakfast, Natalie secured the kids' school bags before pushing them towards Shane. "Mr. Shane, thank you for your help again today."

"Not a problem. We'll get going then." Shane pulled the kids with him out the door.

Natalie followed them to the elevator.

Shane suddenly halted before the elevators as if he recalled something. He turned his head slightly and said, "Today is the trial hearing for Jasmine's plagiarism case. Harrison is definitely going to be there so you need to be careful. I'm worried he's going to take his anger out on you when the verdict is announced; just like Susan did last time."

Natalie's heart warmed at his advice. She tucked her hair behind her ear as she replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Shane. I'll be careful."

Seeing that she'd taken his words to heart, Shane nodded and led the kids into the elevator.

Natalie didn't linger after they left. She headed back to her apartment and busied herself with work.

At twelve, she set down her shears and cooked herself a bowl of spaghetti for lunch. She quickly changed and left for the courthouse.

Natalie slung her bag across her shoulder as she stepped out of the building. Suddenly, she thought she sensed someone watching her with malice.

She slowed down instinctively, turning around to pinpoint where the stares were coming from. She saw a few unsavory-looking thugs sitting on a nearby flower bed.

They seemed to notice that Natalie had discovered them. They exchanged glances with each other before standing up and stubbing out their cigarettes. Cracking their fists, they began to approach Natalie menacingly.

Sensing imminent danger, Natalie's pupils contracted in fear as she took two steps backward before turning and breaking into a run.

The thugs didn't expect her to suddenly make a run for it. Stunned, they stayed rooted for a moment before chasing after her. "Quick! Don't let her get away!"

Hearing the thundering footsteps behind her, Natalie knew the thugs were definitely sent to get her. She dared not turn her head back as she ran at full speed.

Terrified, she shouted for help. "Help! Someone's after me! Help!"

Some pedestrians stopped curiously to stare as they heard her calls for help.

But once they caught sight of the ferocious-looking thugs who were chasing after her, their sympathy was quickly replaced with fear. Lowering their heads, they pretended not to see a thing as they hurried away from the scene.

Natalie felt disappointed when she saw all the pedestrians turning away from her. Though she could empathize with them, the rejection was still a bitter pill to swallow.

Since she couldn't rely on the pedestrians to help her, she could only continue shouting for help as she reached into her bag, trying to pull out her phone to call the police.

She'd just unlocked her phone when she came to a halting stop. She hadn't even managed to call the police yet.

She'd run into a dead-end. Faced with a towering wall, she couldn't get around or over it.

Sh*t, I've been cornered!

"Why'd you stop running, huh?" The thugs had caught up to her and were staring at the wall in front of her. Taking in her tense outline, they laughed. "Why don't you keep running? You were running so fast just now."

Hearing their mocking laughter, Natalie turned around to face them, her face pale with fear. She hid her phone behind her as she navigated to the call log based on memory. She randomly tapped on one of the numbers and dialed it.

She didn't know who she'd called, but she could only hope that the recipient would answer her call and contact the police.

I can't call the police. I can't even see the keypad, and I might dial the wrong number. There's no more time to waste. This is the best option I have.

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Back in the conference room at Thompson Group, Shane was in the middle of a meeting when Silas entered the room. He walked towards Shane and bent down, speaking softly, "Mr. Shane, you have a call from Ms. Smith."

"What's the matter?" Shane called for a pause in the meeting as he turned his attention to Silas.

Silas shook his head, replying, "I don't know. I haven't picked up."

"Here, give it to me." Shane took the phone from Silas.

Shane announced that the meeting would be postponed before he stepped out of the conference room to answer the call.

He placed the phone at his ear as he answered the call. "Hey, what's up?"

Natalie's voice drifted through the phone, but she appeared to be asking someone a question instead of talking to him. "Who sent you here? What are you trying to do?"

Her fear was evident in her tone; Shane could tell she was in trouble as his grip tightened on the phone. His expression had turned murderous and cold.

Now he realized that she was calling for help. Biting back his tongue, he suppressed his anger and concern as he listened quietly to the situation.

As long as I know where she is, I can go and save her.

Natalie didn't know if anyone had answered her call. She watched the thugs cautiously, her shoulders taut with tension.

The thugs couldn't see what was going on behind her back. They smiled at her sinisterly. "What are we doing? Of course, we're here to stop you from going to court."

"Stop me from going to court?" Natalie's eyes widened. "Did Harrison send you here?"

The thugs seemed to blink in surprise when they heard Harrison's name, though they collected themselves quickly. "Congratulations! Didn't expect you to get it right on your first guess. In that case, there's no point in hiding it from you. You're right; he sent us here because he didn't want you to show up at court. So just be a good girl and come with us for a spin."

As they were talking, the thugs stepped forward, making a grabbing motion at Natalie.

Frightened, Natalie instinctively lifted her hands to block their advance.

It was at this moment that the thugs saw the phone in her hand.

"Sh*t! She's calling someone for help! Quick, grab her phone!" yelled one of the thugs anxiously.

On the other end of the phone, Shane realized Natalie's call had been discovered, and his heart sank. In a last-ditch attempt to discover her whereabouts, he asked hurriedly, "Natalie, where are you? Tell me!"

Hearing Shane's voice, Natalie's eyes began to fill with hope.

But before she could answer him, the phone was yanked hardly out of her hands. As she looked on in alarm, one of the thugs hurled her phone to the ground.

"No!" Natalie's eyes widened as she shouted, rushing forward to get her phone.

The thug who threw her phone on the ground stepped on it. Crack! The phone was ruined.

He also slapped Natalie as he barked ferociously, "You b*tch! How dare you call for help? You'll regret this!"

Natalie cried out in pain as she fell from the sheer force of the slap. Her cheek immediately began to swell, while her head was ringing painfully from the impact. She felt as if all her thoughts had been knocked out of her head.

Taking advantage of her injured state, they covered her mouth and nose and tied up her limbs. They quickly fled the scene with Natalie in tow.

Meanwhile, Shane had been walking towards the operations department with a dark expression on his face. Silas was struggling to keep up with him.

"Mr. Shane, what's going on?" Silas huffed as he rushed up to him.

Shane's fists were clenched so tightly that the veins in his arms bulged. Working hard to keep his worry from spiraling out of control, he answered simply, "Natalie's in trouble."

Before Natalie's call had been cut off abruptly, he had heard her desperately shouting no at her assailants. She must be in danger.

He refused to let himself imagine the kind of trouble Natalie had been embroiled in, as he focused all his attention on discovering her whereabouts so he could save her.

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Soon, they arrived at the operations department.

Shane pushed open the door and tossed his phone at one of the employees. "Trace the last-known location of this number right now!"

"Right away, sir!" The employee got to work immediately.

Next, he turned towards Silas and ordered, "I need you to call Mr. Horner of the Design Association and tell him that something's cropped up at Natalie's end, so she can't make it to the courthouse. Get him to postpone the trial hearing. And I want someone to bring Harrison here this instant!" Shane's eyes narrowed dangerously, his voice as chilling as the harsh winter snow.

Since Harrison sent someone after Natalie, I'm going to teach him a lesson.

"Understood. I'm on it." Silas nodded his head seriously as he carried out Shane's orders.

Silas had barely left the room when the employee tasked with tracing Natalie's call completed Shane's request. He pointed at the computer screen as he said, "Mr. Shane, I've traced the call to this location."

Shane lowered his gaze to look at the screen and realized it was Natalie's apartment. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Continue tracing the phone. I want you to gather all the security footage of the apartment and its vicinity."

"Yes, sir." The employee nodded and began typing furiously on his keyboard.

About ten minutes later, he'd gathered all the relevant security footage.

Shane saw Natalie being chased by a few men soon after she'd left her apartment building. The chase had ended at a wall between Natalie's apartment and a neighboring apartment. She was carried away by the men shortly after.

"Mr. Shane, based on where the van is headed, as well as the roads ahead, it seems like they're trying to leave the city."

"Can you track the van?" Shane tightened his grip on the back of the employee's chair.

The employee nodded. "It's possible, but we'll need to use satellite data if we want to track the van in real-time. I don't have the clearance to access it; once I hack into the system, the higher-ups will find out as well," said the employee pointedly.

Shane was aware of the consequences, but he couldn't care less. Natalie's safety was at the top of his mind. He wanted to save her as soon as possible.

If only I hadn't dismissed Natalie's bodyguard after Alice was caught... She might be safe now if I'd kept the bodyguard on her.

These thoughts strengthened his resolve as Shane picked up his phone and ordered sternly, "No problem. Just hack the satellite, and I'll handle the higher-ups. Send me the real-time location of the van after you get the data."

"Alright." The employee carried out his orders without further hesitation.

Shane left the department, calling someone on his phone as he walked to his car. "Mr. Gunn, it's me. I'd like to ask for a favor."

Shane explained his request to the person on the other end of the phone.

The person seemed to agree to his request, and Shane hung up after expressing his gratitude. Keeping his cell phone, he entered his car.

As he wore his seat belt, his phone blinked with a notification. A map appeared on the screen, and he could see a blinking red dot moving across it.

Shane instinctively knew that the red dot was the van carrying Natalie.

Determinedly, Shane started his car and began his pursuit of the van. Following the map, he'd just driven down two roads when a few SWAT vehicles trailed behind his car. These were the reinforcements he'd asked Mr. Gunn to arrange for him.

At the same time, one of the thugs in the van ended a call with a distraught expression on his face. He addressed the driver, "Boss, something's up. He said someone's coming to save that woman, and he's almost caught up to us! Plus, the dude's got carloads of SWAT officers with him!"

"What? SWAT officers?" The other thugs who were watching Natalie in the back of the van were stunned.

Natalie's eyes shone with hope. She let out a few emotional sobs despite the tape covering her mouth.

Shane must be coming to save me!

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Frustrated, the driver smacked his steering wheel angrily. "F*ck! Didn't he just say she was some costume designer? Why are there SWAT officers after us? We've been duped."

"Boss, what are we going to do?"

The driver remained in silent thought for a few seconds before asking, "How close are they now?"

The thug sent a text, and the reply he received threw everyone for a loop. "B-Boss, they're already out of the city. They're less than ten miles away from us!"

Less than ten miles?

Natalie's heart started beating faster as hope filled her heart.

I'm going to be free!

Natalie began to calm down, but the rest of the thugs in the van were panicking. "How can they catch up so quickly?"

The driver couldn't help tightening his grip on the steering wheel as he replied, "Dumbass, they're driving custom-made SWAT vehicles. Compared to this dump of a van, we'll never be able to outrun them. We're dead!"

The van instantly fell into silence.

None of these thugs were hardened criminals; they were merely offenders who'd had brushes with the law. All had priors and had served jail time, but murder and kidnapping had never been on their agenda. They only agreed to this job because they were offered a ton of money. They were also under the assumption that this was a simple kidnapping that wouldn't involve murder.

They never imagined that the hostage's background would warrant the assistance of a SWAT team. If they'd known this from the start, they would never have taken the job.

The van continued traveling for a distance and exited a tunnel. Suddenly they heard the faint sounds of a police siren.

The thug in the front passenger seat looked at the rearview mirror and spied the corner of a SWAT vehicle. His expression paled with horror. "Boss, they've caught up!"

Natalie also saw the SWAT vehicle, along with Shane's Bentley. She cried in relief.

He actually rushed here to save me himself.

"You can stop shouting. I saw it too!" Drenched in sweat, the driver bellowed at his accomplice.

The latter was trembling with fear as he asked, "Boss, what are we going to do? Should we just surrender and release this woman to them? They might let us off easily if we cooperate."

"Yeah," the other thugs voiced their agreement.

The driver's face contorted with fury as he spat out, "You're all a bunch of dumbasses! Do you think they'll really let us off so easily? They brought an armed SWAT team with them; they're obviously not going to let us go even if we surrender. Either way, we're dead meat."

"B-But..."

"Enough!" roared the driver, his eyes filled with ruthless determination.

"Since we're dead meat, we'll end this on our own terms. Let's just kill ourselves along with her; at least then we won't burden our families. Who knows, the client might even be happy that we killed her and give our families a bigger payout."

The thugs fell silent as they considered his proposal. They exchanged glances, beginning to see the appeal of his idea.

Natalie's hopes of being rescued were dashed when she witnessed this scene. Instead, she was filled with a horrifying dread.

Shaking her head violently, she started sobbing against her gag, trying to convince the thugs to drop the idea.

They appeared to ignore her cries as they all took in deep breaths and hardened their expressions.

"Alright boss, we'll follow you. It's better to die at our own hands than die at the hands of those buggers."

"That's the spirit!" The driver nodded in relief. As Natalie watched in horror, the driver turned the steering wheel, speeding towards the guard rails.

They were driving on a road that'd been cut into the mountainside, and beyond the guard rails was a cliff. If the van plunged past it, none of the passengers would survive.

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Shane and the SWAT officers were closing in on the kidnappers when they were stunned with the realization of what the van driver was about to do.

"Damn it, the kidnappers are going to kill themselves and the hostage! Quick, stop them! We need to keep the hostage safe!" the SWAT team leader yelled into his earpiece.

His officers acknowledged his orders and sped up in an attempt to block the van.

Shane also stamped on his gas pedal, trying with all his might to knock the van off its intended course.

But alas, he was still too late. The van crashed through the guard rails and fell over the cliff at a horrifying speed.

They were struck dumb with shock at the kidnappers' actions. No one could imagine that they could be this cruel, choosing death over surrendering to the authorities.

"No!" shouted Shane with terror written all over his face. He'd wanted to drive his car down the cliff but was stopped as the SWAT team leader's vehicle collided with his. "Mr. Shane, please calm down!"

Shane ignored his words as he undid his seat belt with shaky hands. Once he alighted from his car, he rushed towards the place where the van had plunged off of.

A thick fog obscured his view of the area below the cliff. He couldn't see any signs of the van and had no idea of its fate, nor that of its passengers.

Who could survive after falling from such a height?

In that instant, Shane's mind blanked as if all his strength had been snatched from his body. He swayed unsteadily, and his eyesight began to blur.

He might've fallen off the cliff himself if it wasn't for a nearby SWAT officer who'd noticed his condition.

"Mr. Shane, are you alright?" the officer asked with worry.

Shane didn't answer him but clenched his fists. Staring at the SWAT team leader with reddened eyes, he barked, "What are you still standing around for? Get a helicopter to scour the area and save her!"

"I've already arranged for that. Please don't worry, Mr. Shane." The SWAT team leader then spoke into his earpiece before pointing at his officers. "You two, I want you to parachute down the mountain from here and search for the van. We want to send accurate coordinates to the helicopter."

"Yes, sir!" replied the assigned officers.

Shane narrowed his eyes and said, "I'll go too."

"T-This is outside of protocol, sir." The SWAT team leader hesitated.

He isn't someone ordinary; we can't afford the consequences if anything happens to him.

Shane knew exactly what the team leader was concerned about. He took a deep breath to calm himself down before stating, "The person I love is in that van. I can't just stand here and do nothing."

I have to find Natalie whether she's alive or dead.

The team leader didn't say anything more after Shane's statement. He agreed and had someone bring Shane a set of parachute gear.

And thus, Shane found himself parachuting down the mountain with a few SWAT officers.

When they reached the foot of the mountain, they split up and began searching for signs of the van.

Shane himself scoured a designated area, but his search was fruitless.

His anxiety grew. Frustrated, he pounded his fist on a nearby tree.

Suddenly noises were coming out of his walkie-talkie. It was the SWAT team leader. "Mr. Shane, we've found Ms. Smith."

"Where is she?" Shane picked up his walkie-talkie in a hurry.

"She's in one of the residents' house."

"How did she end up there?" Shane knitted his brows but decided not to overthink things. Instead, he asked, "Is she ok?"

Reading between lines, the SWAT team leader laughed before saying, "Don't worry, Mr. Shane! Ms. Smith is alive. As for the details, I'll leave it to my team members to brief you. You should make your way over to her now. I'll send you the coordinates."

Shane received the coordinates on his phone.

Trying not to be overwhelmed with joy, he checked the coordinates and confirmed that the location wasn't too far from him. He switched off his walkie-talkie and ran.