

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1172

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"I'm not hungry either. I'm just helping to place everything down," Joyce replied with a smile.

Oh, please. I won't eat with Mr. Shane when Nat is refusing to eat with us. That would be so messed up.

"Okay, you guys eat up. I have to go to work now," Joyce added before she wiped her hands and left, leaving the family of four in the dining area.

After he got the two kids some food, Shane turned to Natalie and asked, "Are you sure you don't want to have some?"

"I'm really not hungry. Besides, I'm on some medication, so I can't consume too many calories. I'll just watch you guys eat," Natalie replied as she rested her head on her hand.

Shane nodded and stopped trying to convince her.

She's under some medication, so I'll be the one with the broken heart if she develops some medical complications.

The trio started eating away. Natalie, on the other hand, grinned while watching them.

To her, the man and the two kids in front of her would always make the most exquisite sight on Earth.

After their meal, Shane got a call from Thompson Group. He had to rush back for a meeting.

The kids stayed with Natalie and only went home with her when it was time to clock off.

"Nat," said Joyce while frowning at that moment. She had a folder with her when she entered Natalie's office.

Natalie was playing with the kids at the time, but when she saw how grim Joyce looked, she patted her kids' heads, then went to her desk.

"What's wrong?" asked Natalie curiously as she sat down.

Joyce sat down opposite her and answered, "I left earlier to check the accounts and realized that the cheque we gave Mr. Miller was never deposited. I went to the finance department to ask about it, but the manager claimed that he couldn't get in touch with Mr. Miller's assistant. Mr. Miller gave us his bank account number some time ago, but the account was canceled, so we have no idea how to give him the money now."

"Money... as in the dividend?" asked Natalie as she got the folder from Joyce.

Joyce nodded and said, "Yeah, Mr. Miller was one of the earlier investors who made it possible for this company to even exist. He is one of our shareholders, but we couldn't pay him the dividend we declared. I tried calling his assistant earlier and realized that the number has changed. There is no way of contacting any of them. What do you think is going on? I have never met a shareholder who doesn't care about his dividend."

Natalie flipped through the folder quietly.

In a way, Mr. Miller is Joyce's and my savior.

When Natalie first returned to the country and was still a newbie, the man had approached her, then asked her to be the chief designer of the fashion show, Radiance.

The truth was that Radiance was almost as great as Project Rebirth.

Hence, only a handful of employers would take a risk that bold and get a newbie to be the chief designer of a project that huge. It might even be right to say that this Mr. Miller was the only one, other than Shane, who would do something like that.

The project, Radiance, had undeniably brought about a lot of benefits and great fame for her. It earned her the right to compete in the Design Association's competition, which in turn allowed her to participate in the international competition.

The most important bit, however, was that Mr. Miller had invested using his personal fund when Natalie was trying to convert her studio into a company. His investment had made it possible for her to do that.

Hence, she had always been grateful to the mysterious Mr. Miller, whom she had never met before.

Yet little did she expect him to suddenly go missing like this.

"Nat, what do we do? We can't send him the dividend if we can't find him. What if we have to make some corporate changes in the future but still can't locate him? Will he complain about us changing without notifying him first? If so, we will be in big trouble," said Joyce, scratching her head in frustration.

Natalie bit her lip and said nothing. It seemed that she was deep in thoughts.

"Nat, maybe you can ask Mr. Shane to look into the matter?" Joyce suggested.

Given his capabilities, I'm sure it won't be a problem for him to find Mr. Miller. At worst, we can get Connor to look for him. The kid can do anything!

Natalie's eyes shone. She was about to speak up when Connor tossed his toy aside and approached them. The kid asked, "Aunt Joyce, why are you so nervous? You can just bank in the money to Mommy, right? Daddy's money is Mommy's, anyway."

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"Huh?" Joyce blurted in confusion.

Natalie, however, caught what the kid was saying. Her eyes widened as she shifted her gaze to her tiny rascal and asked, "Connor, did you just say that the money belongs to your daddy? D-Does that mean your daddy is Mr. Miller?"

Joyce gasped in astonishment. "No way."

Connor chuckled and replied, "Mommy, Aunt Joyce, there is no need to be so surprised. The Mr. Miller that you have been talking about is Daddy. Have you forgotten that Grandma's surname is Miller?"

Those words instantly pointed Natalie in the right direction.

Shane is Mr. Miller! He used his mother's last name to invest in the company.

"What the f*ck?" Joyce, who had finally put two and two together, exclaimed, slapping her own lap. "So Mr. Shane is Mr. Miller this entire time? Why did he jump through so many hoops and pretend to be someone else?"

Connor crossed his arms and answered, "Naturally, he did it to court Mommy. The two of them weren't married at that time, and Mommy refused to accept any money from Daddy, so he put on a show. He assumed another identity to help everyone out because he knew you'd refuse his offer otherwise."

Connor made everything sound so simple, but Natalie and Joyce were shaken to their core.

Natalie, especially, was touched.

Her nose was a little runny, and appreciation filled her heart as she said, "That idiot... I can't believe he kept this secret for so long..."

"That is rather dumb, but it's also kind of romantic." Joyce smiled. "It's like what Connor said. Mr. Shane was still courting you at the time, so the two of you weren't dating. Yet, he was willing to spend so much money to invest in your company. Only a handful of men are that generous to women whom they are still courting. Mr. Shane seems icy and distant, but he's a pro when it comes to being romantic."

Natalie replied in exasperation, "Yeah, I guess that's true. I didn't think he'd go to this extent."

"By the way, Connor, how did you know that Mr. Shane is Mr. Miller?" Joyce asked, crouching down to look at the kid.

Connor chuckled. "I stumbled upon it some time ago, but Daddy wouldn't allow me to share the news, so I've been keeping it to myself."

"Ah, so you've learned how to lie to your own mother now, huh?" Natalie reached out to pinch Connor's chubby cheek.

"Hey, Daddy was the one who asked me to do that. You should go pinch his face instead, Mommy," Connor protested. He pushed Natalie's hand away and ran off while laughing.

"That little rascal of mine..." Natalie shook her head with a smile.

"Nat, now that we've figured out that Mr. Shane is Mr. Miller, shall I just bank in the dividend to your account?" Joyce asked.

"Actually, it's best if we open a separate bank account. Shane and I may be married, but it's best if we remain professional at work, especially when it involves money."

Natalie's belief was that while a married couple could tap into each other's private finances, it would be better to keep things separate when their professional lives were involved. That would benefit everyone because things would become too complicated if any issue were to arise.

Natalie wasn't sure if she and Shane would have trouble down the road, but she thought it was better to be safe.

Joyce had known Natalie for years, so naturally, the former knew what the latter was worried about. That got Joyce to shake her head in annoyance and claim, "You are ridiculously level-headed. All right, I'll set up another bank account and deposit the money in there. You can give Mr. Shane the bank card once you get home."

"Okay, thanks," Natalie replied.

With that, Joyce left, and just before it was time to clock off, she handed Natalie a card.

After accepting the card, Natalie left her office with her kids and returned to the Thompson villa.

Shane was still in the middle of a meeting, so he couldn't pick them up and go home with them.

Besides, he would have to return to his desk to deal with some paperwork after the meeting.

It took him some time to finish working, and it was already eight at night when he finally clocked off.

Shane put down his fountain pen and massaged his wrist before he got up to leave his office.

Silas was right behind him and was reporting his schedule for the next day.

Arriving at the parking lot, Silas had just taken out the car keys and pressed the unlock button when a figure suddenly dashed out from a dark corner and blocked their paths.