

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 400

“Then I’ll tell mommy after school, so mommy agrees,” Sharon said brightly.

“You’re so silly.” Connor pinched his lips. “Do you think mommy will just say yes if you ask her too?”

This made sense to Sharon, and her bright mood dimmed. “Then what are we going to do, Connor?”

“Don’t worry. Just make sure you and Connor always bring up my name in front of your mommy. I’m sure she’ll say yes eventually,” Shane replied as he looked at Sharon.

A twinkle returned to Sharon’s eyes again, and she nodded eagerly. “Ok, I’ll keep talking about dad in front of her!”

As if to prove her sincerity on the matter, she patted her chest determinedly.

Shane couldn’t help but laugh at her antics, and he gave her a light kiss on her forehead.

Connor had been silent this whole time, though he couldn’t deny that he was moved by Shane’s words. He wanted a dad as much as Sharon did, and he thought Mr. Shane was the best person for the job.

Maybe it’s good to have Mr. Shane as our dad. Mommy said before that Mr. Shane likes someone else and will marry her, but I don’t think it’s true. Uncle Stanley and even Mr. Shane himself said that he likes mommy. If mommy thinks that Mr. Shane likes someone else, then she must’ve been tricked.

Ding! The elevator had arrived at the level of the parking lot.

Shane got out of the lift with the two kids in tow and drove them to the kindergarten.

He arrived at Thompson Group two hours later after he finally dropped the kids off at kindergarten.

Silas handed a document to Shane while explaining, “Mr. Shane, here’s a list of the major assembly lines that are still active under the Smith Group.”

Shane flipped through the document and returned it to Silas. “This is good, very detailed work. We’ll follow our original plan to pressure them. I want to see the Smith Group out of the market in three days.”

“Got it,” Silas replied. As if he suddenly remembered something else, he said, “Half an hour ago, Ms. Smith sent us the finalized blueprint from the bidding exercise. Mr. Plumlee has forwarded it to your inbox.”

“Alright, I’ll take a look at it now,” Shane replied as he pushed open the doors to the office. He switched on his computer as he settled down at his desk.

He nodded with satisfaction as he took in the vivid, eye-catching designs presented in the blueprint. He sent his assessment of the design to Mr. Plumlee, who passed it on to Natalie.

Natalie heaved a huge sigh of relief when she saw that her blueprint was approved. She began working on the printing with a bright smile on her face.

Three days passed by in the blink of an eye. It was time for Jasmine’s trial.

Natalie received a call early in the morning as she was eating breakfast.

She set down her fork and picked up her phone. She quickly answered the call when she saw that it was Mr. Horner.

“Nat, have you prepared all the materials? What time are you coming to the courthouse later?” Mr. Horner asked.

Natalie eyed the folders on the coffee table and replied, "Everything is ready. I'll be there at one."

"Great! Give me a call when you arrive. I'll send someone to get you so we can have a meeting before the trial starts. There are some designers here whose works have also been plagiarized by Jasmine, and they would like to ask you some questions," explained Mr. Horner.

Natalie replied, "Sure, that's fine."

She ended the call and put down her phone.

Shane, who was seated opposite her, served Connor and Sharon each a slice of pancake. He asked, "Who was that?"

"Mr. Horner." Natalie briefly explained what Mr. Horner had told her on the call, and she picked up her fork to continue eating.

Suddenly another fork reached towards her, and an extra pancake appeared on her plate.

"Thanks." Surprised, Natalie thanked him with a smile.

The twins had begun inviting him for breakfast daily since two days ago. There was nothing she could say to dissuade them.

After all, he'd been the one sending the kids to school over the past three days.

"No worries, just eat your breakfast." Shane couldn't tell what Natalie was thinking, and he took back his fork coolly.