

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 335

The both understood instantly.

“You are going to expose a plagiarist and protect Ms. Daphne’s rights and interests. This is the right thing to do. Naturally, we’ll support you, so feel free to do it your own way. Let me handle the National Design Association,” Mercede chuckled.

Natalie bit her lip in embarrassment as she thought of something. “Mercede, did you watch the Project Rebirth by the Thompson Group?”

“Yes, I did. Although their level was subpar at best, they’re still much better than many well-known designers. You did very well, Nat!” Mercede gave her a thumbs up.

Her praise was what Natalie needed the most. She was so grateful that she started tearing up. “Thank you so much for your praise, Mercede. I will work harder to achieve working with you on the fashion show of the century!”

Natalie gripped her phone tightly. Even when the call had ended, the happiness on her face didn’t dim in the least bit.

Joyce slid her a sideways glance. “Do you have to be so happy about a praise?”

“You don’t understand. Mercede is a very strict mentor who has never praised nor even smiles at Nat before. The praise was his acknowledgment of Nat. Would you be happy if you’re in Nat’s place?” Stanley closed the book he was reading and glanced at Joyce.

Joyce stuck out her tongue cutely. “Fine, I am wrong.”

“Alright, both of you. It’s getting late, so I’ll be leaving with Connor. I still need to pick Sharon up from kindergarten.”

Natalie gently patted Connor's shoulder to wake him up and left the hospital with him.

The day had turned to dusk when she reached her apartment with both kids in tow.

Natalie parked her car and walked with each of her hands holding a child's.

The trio saw cardboard boxes filled their hallway after they stepped out of the elevator.

They were puzzled as to what happened.

Suddenly, Shane's apartment door opened, and Mrs. Wilson led two brawny men out. She pointed at the boxes and ordered, "Moved all of them inside. Make sure you're careful with them."

"Sure." The men started lifting and moving the boxes.

Mrs. Wilson was cataloging the boxes at the side.

Natalie tightened her grips and greeted her softly, "Hi, Mrs. Wilson."

Mrs. Wilson turned and saw Natalie and her two kids. The former cheerily greeted, "Hi, Ms. Natalie."

Natalie held her kids' hands and cautiously made her way to Mrs. Wilson. "Mrs. Wilson, why are you here? What's with all these boxes?"

"Oh! Let me explain. The villa is going to undergo a renovation, so Mr. Shane asked me to move everything here. All these boxes are his belongings." Mrs. Wilson answered as she wiped her hands on her apron.

Natalie was dumbstruck by Mrs. Wilson's reply.

Shane is going to stay here? Looking at the sheer amount of boxes, is he planning to stay here long-term?

If so, she wouldn't be able to keep her distance from him.

"Mommy, is Mr. Shane coming back to stay here?" Sharon asked, with her head lifted while tugging on Natalie's sleeve.

Natalie didn't answer, but Connor rolled his eyes at Sharon. "Of course, he is coming back. What else could it be? Silly."

"Exactly." Mrs. Wilson stared lovingly at Connor, then belatedly realized the little girl beside him had also called Natalie, Mommy. The former was baffled by the realization, so she quickly asked, "Ms. Natalie, is this little girl your daughter?"

Natalie patted Sharon's head and chuckled, "Yes, she is. I forgot to mention it the last time that I gave birth to twins. They didn't look alike because they were fraternal."

"I see." Mrs. Wilson kept her curiosity in check and nodded.

"Alright. We'll get out of your way now, Mrs. Wilson." Natalie swiped her key card to her apartment unit and entered with her kids.

Once she closed her apartment door, her smile was gone from her face and was replaced with worrisome.