

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 379

“What’s the matter, baby?” Natalie asked endearingly. Her gaze rose to meet her son who had walked in.

“This is for you.” Connor approached and passed her the list in his hand.

“What’s this?” Natalie bent over to get a better look at the list. There were various online usernames, and some even looked familiar. Then, it hit her—these are the accounts that egged the scandal!

Natalie suddenly understood his intentions. She placed the list onto her desk, then focused on her son. “Baby, did you give this to Mommy because you want me to press charges against them?”

Connor nodded. “I heard that as long as a hate comment is liked or reposted more than five hundred times, then you can file a case. Mommy, you can’t let them get away with scolding you like this.”

At the sight of her son’s anger and concern for her, a warm feeling blossomed in Natalie’s chest.

She stretched out a hand and petted her son’s little head. “Okay, thank you, Baby. Mommy won’t let you down. I’ll make them pay for their actions.”

Truthfully, even if her little boy did nothing, she was already planning to hire help in compiling the same list for prosecution. After all, I won’t tolerate being scolded for no reason.

But now that her little boy had helped to prepare the list, it saved her time in the prosecuting process.

“Alright, you go ahead and play. Mommy will take care of the rest, so don’t worry about it.” Natalie’s hands gently patted Connor’s shoulder.

Connor nodded understandingly. Just as he was about to leave, the doorbell rang.

Natalie stood up and brought him along to open the door.

Outside, Joyce held Stanley's hand, supporting him as they waited.

"Hi, Uncle Stanley and Aunt Joyce," Connor said excitedly, and waved his tiny hand at them.

Natalie was the only one who looked at them in surprise. "Why are you guys here?"

Joyce handed over the snacks she brought to Connor. Then, she responded to Natalie, "The online discussions are blowing up. We got worried about how it is affecting you, so we came to check on you."

"But you can come over on your own, why'd you bring Stanley along? Has he been discharged from the hospital?" Natalie proceeded to eye Stanley from top to bottom.

Stanley smiled softly. "I'm allowed to be out for half a day, don't worry."

"Really?" Natalie's brows twisted into a frown. Some anxiety still lurked in her mind.

Stanley pushed his glasses up his nose. "Yes, really!"

"Alright then, come on in." Natalie loosened her hold on the doorknob. She stepped aside to let them in.

After they entered, Natalie closed the door. She and Connor trailed behind them as they all headed into the living room.

There, Joyce helped Stanley onto the sofa. She noticed the elaborate bouquet of roses on the coffee table and exclaimed, "Nat! Who gave you these flowers?"

Stanley glanced at the roses too. Behind the lenses of his glasses, his eyes darkened.

"They're from Mr. Shane." Connor answered from beside Natalie, beating her to it.

"Mr. Shane?" Joyce raised her eyebrows mischievously.

Stanley's eyes narrowed suddenly.

This little blabbermouth. Natalie squinted her eyes at her son and ushered, "Go back to your room."

The boy stuck his tongue out before scrambling into his room.

Natalie prepared two cups of water and handed them to Joyce and Stanley. After that, she hummed in admittance. "He gifted them to me."

"Why'd he gift you roses out of the blue. Is he courting you?" Joyce asked incredulously after taking a sip of water.

Natalie shook her head. "That's not possible. He just wanted to congratulate me for winning the competition."

"I can understand gifting flowers to congratulate your win, but why roses of all flowers? It's pretty clear what this means..."

“That’s enough!” Stanley interrupted Joyce in a deep voice. A stone-cold expression showed on his face as he rebuked, “Nat has explained that he’s just congratulating her for winning. Stop making assumptions.”

After being lectured, Joyce’s lips pursed shut. She stopped talking and even her face that beamed so livelily was replaced with a dull expression.

This bothered Natalie. She disapproved of how harshly Stanley reacted to Joyce’s harmless question. She drew her lips in tightly and was about to speak up on the matter.

Suddenly, Stanley’s gaze whipped over to her. “How do you plan to solve the online mess, Nat?”

“Yeah, Nat. The internet is getting out of hand. Almost every website you click into has dirt on you. If this continues, I’m worried that those merciless online trolls will stalk you and show up here at your home. They might even harass you too...” Joyce cast a concerned look at Natalie. She couldn’t hold back the qualm in her stomach about the whole thing.