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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1208

Chapter 1208 Odd Housemates

Natalie blinked in surprise. So it's noon?

The first thing she noticed after waking up was that her phone, watch, and jewelry were all missing; the person who brought her here had evidently discarded her belongings.

There was nothing in her room with which to tell time either. If not for the housekeeper, she would never have realized that it was noon.

Natalie hastily nodded at the housekeeper and headed downstairs.

She observed the villa discreetly on her way downstairs.

By the time she reached the living room, she had deduced that the villa was three stories tall, and it had three rooms on both the second and third floors.

She spied something hanging on one of the room doors on the second floor, and she knew someone else was residing in the villa.

Now I just need to figure out who owns this place!

Natalie lowered her gaze as she trailed the housekeeper into the dining room, graciously accepting the seat that the housekeeper had pulled out for her.

The housekeeper served her a plate of pasta salad.

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Natalie's gaze roved over the dining table. They had indeed served her Chanaean cuisine, all right, though it was a poor substitute to the dishes on her home soil in terms of appearance or taste.

She believed the housekeeper only recently learned how to prepare Chanaean cuisine.

But why? Does the owner of this villa enjoy Chanaean cuisine, or did they prepare this for me?

Natalie was not putting on any airs by making that assumption. She simply recalled the housekeeper's earlier mention of her love for Chanaean cuisine.

The recollection strengthened her theory that the housekeeper had prepared Chanaean cuisine specifically for her.

After bringing all the dishes to the dining table, the housekeeper uttered, "Madam, please enjoy your food." She took a few steps back and waited.

Natalie picked up her silverware but did not touch a thing on the table.

The housekeeper asked worriedly, "Have you lost your appetite?"

Natalie pursed her lips in thought. Instead of answering the housekeeper, she replied with a question of her own, "Am I the only one staying in this villa?"

"No, you're not. Our sir and miss reside in this villa as well, but they've gone out for business today. You will only see them later tonight," the housekeeper explained.

Natalie narrowed her eyes thoughtfully.

So there are two more people in this villa, a man and a woman.

She looked at the food before her and hesitated. Eventually, she took a small bite of her pasta salad before asking, "This sir and miss you've mentioned... Are they father and daughter?"

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A bite wouldn't hurt. Even if it's poisoned, I doubt I'll keel over and die from this amount of food. At least I'll know that the food here is safe for consumption if I'm unharmed later.

The housekeeper shook her head and clarified, "They are not. He is her employer."

Natalie furrowed her brow in confusion. "Employer?"

What a weird relationship. Why is an employer living with his subordinate? And why is the housekeeper addressing them with such familiarity?

Another question left Natalie's mouth. "What are their names? How old are they?"

"I don't know their names. This is how I've been instructed to address them. As for their age, Sir is slightly older than you, while Miss is about your age," came the housekeeper's reply.

"I see." Natalie bit her lip in frustration.

Not knowing their names had thrown a wrench in her plans to figure out the identity of her kidnapper.

There was little more she could do on that front if even the housekeeper claimed to be ignorant of the villa residents' identities.

At least I know how old they are.

Natalie had more questions to ask, but she wisely kept them to herself, fearful of raising the housekeeper's suspicions if she appeared too curious about her surroundings. She would find another opportunity to pose her questions in the future.

Sensing nothing wrong with her body after that fateful bite of pasta salad, Natalie concluded that the food was safe and began digging in in earnest.

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