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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1173

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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."

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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

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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.

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