

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 291 - 295

To her surprise, Natalie received a piece of good news from her trip to the Design Association—she could get straight into the round of 16 draw because of the success of Project Rebirth.

It turned out that the Design Association recognized her achievement, after all.

Natalie smiled as she took her contestant tag with the number sixteen printed on it. With that, she prepared to leave.

Right then, a voice could be heard echoing across the room. “This is not fair!”

Suddenly, the meeting room fell into silence, and everyone directed their gazes in that voice’s direction.

Natalie’s smile faded as she turned to the middle of the third row from the front. She narrowed her eyes when she saw Jasmine sitting there.

From her experience, she knew that Jasmine would start a commotion there like the latter did on every occasion she was at.

“What do you mean by unfair?” The secretary to the president who hosted the lot drawing session glared at Jasmine for disrupting the ceremony. He was clearly a little displeased.

It was disrespectful for someone to question the fairness of their lot drawing session in public.

“Where is the fairness in the competition system? Why do we have to begin with the elimination round while she can start with the round of 16 draw?” Jasmine’s face stiffened as she pointed at Natalie.

In fact, there were other contestants who felt that it was unfair as well, but they did not say a word. After Jasmine took the initiative to speak out, they stared at Natalie in discontentment. It was as though the latter snatched something from them.

Natalie sneered in response. She remained silent as she knew that Walford, the secretary, would refute for her, so she did not have to speak for herself.

Indeed, Walford slammed the table with a gloomy expression. "What are you babbling about? Did I not make myself clear earlier? I said that Ms. Smith was seeded because of her success in Project Rebirth. Therefore, she will go straight to the round of 16 draw. What about you?"

He swept a sharp glance across the crowd before continuing, "What are your achievements? Do you have a design comparable to Ms. Smith's Project Rebirth? If you do, then show it to me. If I'm satisfied with your work, I can get you into the main draw. Do you have what it takes?"

Among the dissatisfied crowd, those with self-knowledge lowered their heads and kept quiet.

Naturally, some of them remained upset. But they only kept it in their hearts without saying a word.

With that, Walford's grim expression finally receded. Just as he was about to continue the lot drawing, Jasmine stood up with her crutches. "I don't have what it takes? Says who? I'll show you that I have it!"

Upon hearing that, Natalie raised her brows and laughed.

Did she just say that she has what it takes? What a joke! As if I've never seen her work! Truth to be told, she has no designing talent whatsoever. Some of her known designs were plagiarized from the works of other designers. How dare she claim that she has what it takes?

"Are you certain?" Walford was not sure of Jasmine's real capabilities. But he bought into her acts, as she was full of confidence. After that, he put aside his displeasure for being interrupted and headed toward her. "Show me your design."

"I did not bring them. However, Mr. Walford, you can look up the official site of the Golden Feather Awards. I am the winner this time." Jasmine lifted her chin and shot Natalie a prideful gaze.

Natalie was infuriated.

The winner of the Golden Feather Awards? Where did she find the guts to say that?

Nevertheless, Jasmine's mentioning of the Golden Feather Awards served as a reminder for her, as it completely slipped past her mind.

The crowd had no idea what Natalie was thinking. At that moment, everyone was stunned by Jasmine's claim.

"I see. I didn't know that you are the champion of the Golden Feather Awards, Ms. Jasmine. I thought it was Ms. Smith." Walford was surprised.

"That's right. I thought it was Ms. Smith as well. I saw the final design of the Golden Feather Awards' champion. It was breathtaking and definitely on par with Project Rebirth. One could say that they are evenly matched. If that's the case, Ms. Jasmine is indeed comparable to Ms. Smith."

Jasmine was on cloud nine after the crowd showered her with compliments. She stared at Natalie provocatively. "Mr. Walford, you said that whoever shows you excellent work may get straight into the main draw, right?"

Walford rubbed his nose and nodded. "Yes."

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"Great! I want to be seeded as well."

"Alright. I will talk to the president regarding this matter." Walford nodded in agreement.

With that, Jasmine went back to her seat with satisfaction. Before she was seated, she flashed a smirk at Natalie.

Natalie lowered her gaze to hide the exasperation in her eyes.

A few moments later, the lot drawing session came to an end. Natalie only got up to leave the room after most people had left.

Right before she exited, Jasmine shouted at her, "Stay right there!"

Upon hearing that, Natalie came to a standstill. She turned to Jasmine and asked, "What else do you want?"

Jasmine moved the wheelchair to where she was. "How was that? Did it come as a surprise to you that you are no longer the special one? From now onward, I am one of the association's favored designers too."

"What? Did you stop me just to make me congratulate you? If so, then congratulations to you." Natalie clapped her hand with the contestant tag half-heartedly.

She could not comprehend how a plagiarizer like Jasmine could show off before the original designer brazenly.

Jasmine grimaced slightly as she could tell that Natalie was mocking her. Clutching the handles of the wheelchair, she exclaimed, "Hmph! I don't need your compliment! I came just to tell you that as long as I'm here, you will never qualify for the international competition!"

Natalie chuckled at her words. "I won't enter the international competition? Are you sure?"

"You bet! I will be the final winner!" Jasmine raised her chin arrogantly. "In any case, I will see to it that you are eliminated."

Afterward, she turned her wheelchair in another direction and moved it toward the corridor.

Natalie narrowed her eyes as she glanced at the woman's silhouette with a grim expression on her face.

Oh, my god. Look at how confident she is. Could it be that she has found a target to copy from already? But no matter who that person is, I will never let this woman earn the reward of another person's hard work. I was supposed to expose her after the Golden Feather Awards ended, but it slipped past my mind as I was too occupied with other matters. Now that I remember it, I swear I will not let this woman act as she pleases.

Enjoy your glory while it lasts, Jasmine. I'll let you off the hook today. But, once the competition begins, it will be your doomsday.

At that thought, Natalie pursed her lips and walked in the opposite direction of where Jasmine headed.

Following that, Natalie drove Shane's car to Thompson Group. Upon arrival, she took out her phone and called him.

The call was picked up after a few beeps. Shane's low and husky voice hit her eardrum and caused her body to shudder a little. "What's the matter?"

At his words, Natalie gulped and regained her composure. "Mr. Shane, I'm here to return your car. I'm at the main entrance of the company building."

"Alright. Please wait for a while." At that, he hung up the call.

Before the call ended, Natalie could make out the sound of the chair sliding.

Don't tell me he's coming down to get the key by himself?

Soon, her assumption was proved to be true.

Shane could be seen coming out of the building with Silas before they walked toward Natalie.

She was confused when she saw Silas with him but did not probe into the matter and merely passed him the key.

After taking the key, Shane passed it to Silas, who flashed her a smile and got into the driver's seat, leaving the two outside the car.

Natalie bowed slightly to Shane. "Thanks for lending me your car."

"Don't mention it," Shane replied with one hand in his pocket.

As Natalie scrutinized him, she felt relieved seeing that his face was no longer pale. "Mr. Shane, I will take my leave then."

"Hold on." He grabbed her arm.

She spun around and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Get in. I'll send you back." Shane gestured at the rear door of the car.

But she gave a dismissive wave. "It's fine. You came down just to get the key, so there's no need for you to send me back."

"I'm going the same way." With that, Shane released his grip on her hand and bent forward to open the car door.

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Natalie blinked. "For real?"

Shane nodded. "I'm going to the hospital, and your studio happens to be on the way."

"Oh, I see." She nodded in acknowledgement.

So that's the reason Silas is here—to drive the car. I guess Mr. Shane is going to the hospital to visit Jacqueline.

At that thought, Natalie's eyes dimmed, but she did not reject his offer. Without delay, she got into the car.

Shane got in after her and closed the door.

The car slowly merged into the traffic after a while.

During the journey, Natalie received a call from Joyce. Her face fell after the latter told her something.

Shane noticed the changes in her expression out of the corner of his eye and frowned.

"What happened?" He put his elbow down from the car window.

After hanging up the call, Natalie pursed her lips. "There is a problem with the fabrics in our studio. The new designs for the fall collection are ready, and the only process left is the production. But our textile mill partner suddenly informed us that they couldn't supply the fabrics to us."

"Why is that?" Shane stared at her with a puzzled look.

She rubbed her eyebrows. "They told us that some of their machines broke down, so they couldn't produce the promised fabrics."

"This is impossible. It's improbable for machines to break down simultaneously," Shane commented in suspicion.

She nodded. "That's what I thought too. The textile mill was definitely lying. They either didn't want to give us the fabrics or allocated ours to another company or studio with higher order volume."

Incidents like this have happened before in other countries.

"Well, you should look for a new supplier then," Shane suggested as he tapped on his knee.

Natalie heaved a deep sigh and shook her head. "That won't do. We made a one-off payment for one season's worth of fabrics. That's why we can't fork out enough funds to get new ones from another supplier. Besides, the contract clearly stated that the textile mill wouldn't return our payment as long as the deadline is not missed, so there's nothing we can do even though we need the supply urgently."

That was the part that troubled her the most. Due to Project Rebirth, many boutiques placed a high number of orders with their studio. Before they could produce the designs for this season, the total order was already three times more than their original projection.

As a result, the fabrics their studio needed were much more than the predetermined quantity. With that, the textile mill changed the latest delivery date to the end of the month. But there was still half a month before the delivery date. If the textile mill were to deliver it on the last day, then the clothing they promised to produce for the boutiques would not be fulfilled by the end of the month. Consequently, they would have to pay their clients for liquidated damages.

She was irritated at that thought and massaged her brows harder.

Staring at her troubled look, Shane pondered for a while before taking out the wallet from his pocket. Then, he opened it and handed her a black card.

She raised her head and looked at him in confusion. "Mr. Shane, what are you—"

“Don’t overthink the situation. I’m just lending you the funds.” Seeing that she hesitated to take the card, Shane shoved it into her hand.

Although he had no qualms about letting her swipe his card, he knew that she wouldn’t accept it that way. She might even assume that he had ulterior motives, so to make things easier, he told her that it was a loan.

Unsurprisingly, things turned out as he had predicted.

Natalie peered at the card in her hand while her lips twitched. Initially, she thought of rejecting him, but the situation left her without a choice since the textile mill could not deliver the fabrics on time. That would lead to the studio’s inability to produce the orders, resulting in them paying their clients a penalty. So, she clutched the card tightly.

“Thank you, Mr. Shane. I will try to pay you back the earliest that I can,” Natalie promised.

With my designing skills, I should be able to pay the money back by selling dozens of designs.

After the thought crossed her mind, Natalie felt a heavy weight lifted off her shoulders, and her expression was no longer tense.

Shane caught sight of it and raised a corner of his lips. “You can pay me back when you have enough funds to roll.”

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“Okay.” A warm feeling welled up in Natalie’s heart at his kind words.

After that, she sent Joyce a text message, telling the latter her intention to find a new fabric supplier.

Right after she finished texting, the car came to an abrupt stop.

Natalie let out a yelp in surprise as she had not been sitting firmly in her seat. In a flash, she launched herself toward the back of the passenger’s seat.

Although it was not a hard surface, the impact on her head due to the inertia would be strong enough to cause serious injury.

Right when Natalie thought she would be a goner, a hand gripped her shoulder out of the blue and pulled her backward forcefully. Next, the husky voice of a man could be heard. "Watch out!"

After being pulled back, Natalie fell on Shane's lap, unable to get up as he held onto her.

Shane did not lower his head to look at her but knocked on the back of the driver's seat with a darkened expression on his face.

Finally aware of the situation, Silas pulled over at the roadside, then turned his head behind.

His eyes nearly popped out from their sockets after seeing Natalie lying on Shane's lap.

Good lord! Mr. Shane and Ms. Smith are such players! Lap pillow in real life! What a sight to behold!

Shane glared at Shane, who seemed to have misunderstood something, and interrogated, "What happened just now?"

Natalie pricked up her ears and listened carefully.

At his question, Silas sat straight and replied in remorse, "Someone was crossing the road just now, so I stepped on the brake abruptly. Did both of you get a fright?"

Silas was actually feigning concern as he knew that they were not startled.

If they were, could they have continued to enjoy a lap pillow in that situation? No, they would have separated from each other already!

Shane massaged his temples and answered, "No."

"I'm glad. Then I shall continue driving." After that, Silas turned to the front and rolled the partition up simultaneously.

At that moment, Shane felt a pinch on his thigh. When he lowered his head, his eyes met with another gorgeous pair.

"What's up?" Shane questioned.

Natalie bit her lips awkwardly. "Nothing in particular. But could you please remove your hand?"

Right then, she was lying on his quad muscles. If she were to make a reckless move, she would accidentally touch a certain body part of his that she should not.

Upon hearing that, Shane paused for a moment. Then it finally dawned on him that he was pressing her against his legs. A gleam flashed across his eyes, and he released his grip on her shoulder. "My bad."

"No worries." Natalie played a smile on her lips and got up from his lap. "Thank you for pulling me back just now. Otherwise, I might have hit my head hard against the front seat."

"It is the fault of the driver. You don't have to thank me." Shane winded down the window a little.

Natalie rubbed her sore cheek and said, "In any case, it is a fact that you saved me. Why don't I treat you to a meal some other day?"

"A meal?" Shane cocked a brow.

She nodded. "To thank you for saving me and lending me the money."

At her words, he let out a smile. "Alright."

"It's decided then. I will give you a call once I have free time." Natalie showed a Shaka sign.

He nodded in response. "Okay."

They arrived at Natalie's studio shortly after.

After Natalie got out of the car, she waved goodbye to him. Then she spun around and headed toward the office.

As soon as she entered the studio, she went into her office to see Connor.

The boy was fast asleep on the couch. A blanket was covering his body, and his undulating stomach could be seen through it. He was pursing his lips as if he had a sweet dream. It was an adorable sight to behold.

Natalie couldn't help but lower her head and plant a kiss on Connor's forehead. With a gentle smile, she pulled the blanket up, then caressed his face. After that, she put down the bag on her shoulder and went next door.

When she entered the office next door, the sound of an object smashed to the ground could be heard.

She was startled and retracted her leg that stepped forward.

"Joyce? What are you doing?" Natalie furrowed her brows as she saw the shattered teacup on the floor.

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Hearing Natalie's voice, Joyce stood up from her chair and tried to keep her anger under control, smiling. "Nat, you're back."

Natalie nodded and walked up to her. "What's up? Why are you pissed off?"

"What else could it be other than that matter with the damned fabric?" Joyce cupped her forehead.

Natalie picked up the broom in the corner and swept the debris on the floor while she asked, "Regarding our fabric supply issue, didn't I send you a text earlier, asking you to look for a new supplier?"

"Yeah, I know. I've found it and went there in person to order a batch of fabrics. When I was on the way back here, I took a detour to visit the textile mill. Guess what happened?"

Joyce clenched her fists. "They have the supplies all along, but their supervisor refused to deliver them to us! The excuse that their machine broke down is utter bullshit!"

After hearing that, Natalie stopped what she was doing as an icy glint flashed across her eyes.

My assumption was right on the money. They either refused to deliver it to us or gave it to another studio.

“Did they give any specific reason?” Natalie pursed her lips.

Joyce shook her head. “No. They said it wasn’t time to deliver yet. Then they added that they’d send it over on the last day of the month.”

“Hmph! Sending the fabrics over on the last day? It’s so obvious that they didn’t want us to produce the clothes,” Natalie sneered as she clutched the handle of the broom.

Joyce plonked herself down on her seat. “I know, right? The problem is we can’t take any action against them because technically, they didn’t violate the contract! Argh! This is so annoying! They even had the audacity to call and warn me not to rush them and that it’s useless to expedite their work! What the hell was that?”

She slammed the table furiously.

After Natalie cleared the shattered pieces away, she put the broom back to the corner. “We’ve been working with them ever since we came back. They were punctual on their delivery every time for the past month, except this time. Not only did they not deliver the fabrics, but they were also displaying their arrogant attitude in full view. It is without a doubt that someone is instigating them to target us behind the scene.”

Joyce froze on the spot after hearing that. “But who? Could it be Jasmine?”

Natalie shook her head. “I’m not sure. It could be her or someone from another studio. But it’s inevitable since we’ve been gaining too much fame lately.”

“You’ve made a point. After Project Rebirth, our studio’s orders have increased by several folds, and we’ve even snatched businesses from other studios in the process. So it’s hardly surprising that they would target us for that reason.” Joyce rubbed her chin.

Natalie heaved a long sigh and pulled a chair over to take a seat. “No matter who it is, we have to be on guard at all times. Also, we will terminate our contract with this textile mill once they deliver the fabrics over by the end of this month.”

“Of course.” Joyce did not object.

Right then, Natalie handed her Shane's black card. "Go and settle the payment for the fabrics you ordered earlier and get the supplier to deliver them as soon as possible. We don't want anything to go wrong."

"Okay! I will do it now! Speaking of which, I will plant some spies in other studios, including Jasmine's, to find out who was the one trying to sabotage us! Once I find out who the culprit is, I swear I will make that person regret being born!" After Joyce took the card, she carried her bag and left.

Natalie smiled as her silhouette slowly disappeared. The former did not linger around in the office for long and left after taking a document from the desk.

The next day, Yulia was about to leave the country after breakfast.

Since it was the weekend that day, Natalie left her children alone in the apartment to send Yulia to the airport. The moment they stepped out of the apartment building, they saw a Mercedes-Benz parking in front of the entrance.

A man could be seen leaning against the door of the vehicle. He was dressed in a casual outfit and wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. With a warm smile on his face, he looked like a gentry straight out of a painting.

"Stanley, what brings you here?" Yulia was surprised to see him.

Shooting Natalie a glance, he nodded at her with a smile before turning to Yulia, "I know that you are leaving today, so I've come to send you to the airport."