

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 161 - 165

"I'm here to seek justice for the things Susan did to me. What do you think should be done?" Natalie's smile disappeared as her face turned stone cold once again.

Harrison cleared his throat. "What do you want?"

Natalie looked down and answered, "Give me twenty million, and we'll call it even."

It was not that Natalie was kind or timid, but she knew that Harrison would do anything to protect Susan. Even with the evidence, she would be no match for her father.

Harrison would side with Susan against his daughter even if he knew about his wife's affair, for he would not want Natalie to spread the scandal. That was why Natalie decided to ask for money instead and wait for the right time to deal with Susan.

"Twenty million? Are you trying to rob us blind?" Susan slammed the table, and Harrison did not look pleased with the demand either.

Natalie shrugged in response. "I think it's only fair, given that you ruined my equipment and even tried to murder me. I could've just sent you to prison."

At that point, Natalie cheekily leaned closer to Susan. "There's one more thing that you should know. Mr. Shane was with me the night of the robbery and last night too. That means you almost got him killed as well."

"What?" Susan felt as if her world had crumbled.

Harrison, who was just as shocked, fell back into his chair like a rag doll.

He could not even bother to wonder why Shane was with Natalie because his mind was occupied by the fact that Susan almost got Shane killed. It took a while before the man came back to his senses.

"I'll get you your twenty million," promised Harrison with a bitter smile and weak gesture. It was as if he had suddenly lost years of vitality.

The man had no choice but to agree with the demand because Natalie could ask for more if she asked for Shane's help.

Even if Shane decided not to get involved, with the evidence Natalie had, it would cost Harrison a lot more to protect Susan. Hence, he decided to pay his daughter and keep his loss to a minimum.

"Good! This is my bank account." Natalie placed a note that she had prepared in front of her father and asked deliberately, "You're not going to be like Susan after transferring me the money, are you? No hard feelings, right?"

After hearing that, Harrison's blood pressure instantly shot up. "Get out!" roared the man fiercely.

"No problem!" Natalie waved goodbye and strolled out of the house.

Susan bit her lower lip as she looked at her husband, "Harrison... "

"Get out of my sight! Go and reflect on what you've done." Harrison clutched his chest in pain.

"Okay." Although Susan nodded in response, she had nothing but hate for her stepdaughter on the inside.

It's all Natalie's fault!

I'll make sure that b*tch is dead for good! She won't be so lucky next time.

Unbeknownst to Natalie, Susan only hated her even more instead of changing for the better. After leaving the Smiths, Natalie was on her way back to tell Joyce the good news when she spotted a familiar car, so she decided to check it out.

Before she even reached the car, the driver seat window rolled down, revealing Shane's handsome face.

"Mr. Shane!" Natalie was pleasantly surprised to see the man, and he could tell.

“Yup!”

“Why are you here?” asked Natalie curiously.

Shane rested his arm on the car door. “To pick you up.”

“Me?” Natalie gave the man a puzzled look.

Shane then nodded in response. “I heard from Joyce that you came here to the Smiths. I am worried that they might harm you, so I came too.”

It warmed Natalie’s heart to hear that. “I see. Don’t worry. They didn’t do anything to me.”

“Good to know! Then get in the car. We have a lot to do! Today’s the last day for the models’ rehearsal, and the opening is tomorrow.” Shane opened the passenger door for her.

Then, Natalie went around the car and got in unabashedly.

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When they reached the Fashion Hall, Natalie temporarily left Shane and went backstage to go over the show’s details with the models.

Meanwhile, Shane stayed on the runway to go through the safety precautions with the staff to prevent any accident from happening the next day.

At that moment, Silas approached him. “Mr. Shane.”

Shane continued to keep his eyes on the stage. “Tell me.”

“Harrison is indeed selling of his shares,” reported Silas.

Shane chuckled. “Of course he is. He’s doesn’t have much on him, so how else will he be able to pay Natalie if he didn’t sell his shares? How much is his selling price?”

“I’m not sure yet, but it shouldn’t be too high. After all, the Smith Group is on the brink of bankruptcy. Nobody would buy their shares if the price were too high.”

Shane adjusted his sitting posture. "Then lower it even further. Get it down to twenty million so that they have just enough to pay Natalie."

"Then they would've sold their shares for nothing. Without the shares, he'll lose control over the Smith Group. The board might even strip him of his position as the Chairman," sneered Silas.

A sinister glint flashed across Shane's eyes. "That's exactly what I want."

Harrison had taken advantage of him for years. Shane only turned a blind eye for Jasmine's sake, but Harrison kept pushing it. The man even tried to use Shane's name to apply for a huge loan from the bank.

With all that, Shane decided to tolerate Harrison no more, so he took the opportunity to send the man a warning.

"Yes, sir. It will be done." Silas then turned and left while Shane continued to focus on the stage.

Then, someone shouted on the scene, and the staff started to clear the stage. The lights in the hall dimmed, meaning the rehearsal would start soon.

Before long, the music was played, and tall, long-legged models started to stroll out onto the stage in extremely fashionable outfits.

Seated at the front row below the stage, Shane held his chin as he watched the rehearsal seriously.

Although he did not show it, he was obviously satisfied with the rehearsal because of the gleams in his eyes.

The rehearsal was long, so Shane would note every set of outfits he saw in a book on his lap.

An hour later, after the last model left the stage, Natalie finally appeared.

As the designer, she was to take the curtain call at the center of the stage. With her hands clutched together, Natalie bowed to the audience.

Shane set his notebook aside and stood up to applaud.

After hearing the applause, Natalie smiled as she walked over to the end of the stage. "How was it, Mr. Shane?"

"Not bad." Shane put his hands down. "But it can be better."

"What suggestions do you have then?" Natalie was a little surprised.

"I have made some notes. Come and take a look."

"On my way." Natalie bent her knees slightly to get ready to jump off the stage.

With his brows knitted, Shane then extended his hand to Natalie, but she just stared his hand in confusion.

Shane pursed his lips. "Weren't you going to come down?"

"Oh, right!" Natalie finally understood that the man was trying to help her get down.

After coming back to her senses, Natalie placed her hand in his.

Shane held onto Natalie's hand tightly to support her as she jumped down from the stage.

Then, he let go of Natalie and went to get his notebook for her.

Natalie took the notebook and started going through the notes.

They were so detailed that even the step distance of each model and the flutter of the skirts were noted down.

This is very impressive!

"About this one, Mr. Shane... "

Natalie pointed at something she did not understand and was about to ask Shane when his phone suddenly rang.

"Give me a minute." Shane gestured for a pause and took his phone out.

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After looking at the caller ID, Shane answered the call. "Jacqueline!"

When Natalie heard the name, she instinctively looked at Shane's phone.

He did not notice Natalie's reaction, for he was focusing on the phone call.

After a few seconds, he softly moved his lips. "Got it. I'll be right over."

Shane turned to Natalie as soon as he put his phone down. "I've got to go. If you have anything you don't understand, we'll talk about it later at the office."

Natalie forced a smile on her face. "Okay. See you then."

"See you." Shane put his phone back into his pocket and walked to the exit.

He seems to be in a hurry. Did something happen to Jacqueline?

A staff member approached Natalie while she was still deep in thought. "Ms. Natalie, someone's looking for you in the break room."

"Who is it?" asked Natalie curiously after snapping out of it.

The staff member shook his head. "I don't know the woman. She called herself Ms. Smith."

Could it be Jasmine?

Natalie raised her brows and then thanked the staff member before moving to the break room.

The door to the break room was open. As soon as Natalie stepped in, she saw a palm coming right at her.

Startled, Natalie quickly moved her head and barely dodged the slap, but her face was scratched by Jasmine's fingernails.

Wounded, Natalie pulled her brows together in pain.

Jasmine glared murderously at her. "Good reflex, b*tch."

Natalie covered the wounded side of her face and responded coldly, "Well, I wasn't just going to let you hit me. Besides, we have the same father. If I'm a b*tch, what does that make you?"

"You..." Infuriated by the riposte, Jasmine lifted her hand once again, but Natalie quickly grabbed hold of her wrist and slapped her first.

Slap!

Jasmine's face was turned aside after the slap. She froze for a while before cradling her face and staring at Natalie in disbelief. "How dare you hit me!"

"Why wouldn't I?" sneered Natalie after dusting off her hands.

Enraged, Jasmine tried to pounce on Natalie. "I'll kill you, b*tch!"

"You can try," mocked Natalie before extending her leg out to trip Jasmine.

Having lost her balance, Jasmine fell to the floor and bit her own lips, causing blood to spill out of them.

"Tsk, tsk! How pitiful!" Looking at Jasmine's miserable state, Natalie continued to ridicule the woman.

Natalie then took a step toward Jasmine before squatting down beside her attacker. She lifted the woman's head by pulling the hair. "Who jumps on someone like that? If I didn't know any better, I'd think that you're a madwoman."

Jasmine's eyes widened when she was called a madwoman. She wanted to get up and tear her stepsister apart, but Natalie's knee was on her, so she was pinned to the ground.

"You'd better watch yourself. Your mother's getting on my nerves, and you're her daughter. I can't promise you that I won't take it out on you, so you better tell me why you're here now."

Jasmine gave Natalie a death glare. "You came to my home and demanded twenty million from Dad! That's why!"

"Oh? So are you here to get the money back?" Natalie continued to ridicule her stepsister.

Jasmine could not move, so she snorted coldly on the floor. "You know our family isn't financially capable of giving you that much money."

"So what?"

"What do you mean 'so what?' Do you want to see our family go bankrupt?" roared Jasmine.

However, Natalie did not even bat an eyelid. "Why not? The Smith family had severed ties with me when I was kicked out seven years ago, so why would I care?"

"You..." Jasmine was left speechless when she realized that she could not convince her stepsister.

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Natalie let go of Jasmine's hair. "I'm not giving the money back because I deserve it."

Jasmine refused to accept that. "Do you? As you said, the Smith family has nothing to do with you anymore, so what right do you have to take that twenty million from Dad? That money should be mine! Mine!"

Jasmine was in need of money. She was trying to figure out how to get it when she heard from Susan that Natalie demanded twenty million from their father that morning.

Refusing to let Natalie get away with it, Jasmine tracked her stepsister down to get the money back, only to get rejected.

"Your money?" Natalie felt as if she had heard the worst joke of her life. "Let's ask Dad then, and we'll see who the money belongs to," suggested Natalie before taking her phone out of her bag to call Harrison.

The man was quick to answer the call but sounded impatient. "What do you want? Are you asking for more?"

"You have misunderstood me, Dad. I'm not asking for more money. However, Jasmine's here, and she's demanding that I give her the twenty million. She said it should be hers." Natalie could feel that Jasmine was struggling again, so she moved her knee and sat on top of her stepsister instead.

To Jasmine, that was an act of humiliation. Her eyes turned bloody red in anger, but still, she failed to break free. All she could do was scream with all her might.

Harrison got worried the moment he heard the scream. "What did you do to your sister, Natalie?"

"Don't worry, Dad. She's more than fine! Now tell us who the twenty million belongs to." Natalie then turned on the speakerphone and placed it beside Jasmine's ear.

"It's yours," sighed Harrison.

"Dad?" Jasmine called out to her father in disbelief. "Why? She's not your daughter anymore, so why are you giving her so much money?"

"You know nothing, so just shut up!" rebuked Harrison.

Jasmine sneered, "I don't care. I won't let you give her the money! No!"

"Dad's not going to listen to you." Natalie took her phone back. "Do you know why? Because Dad will lose even more if he takes the money back. Not only will he lose his reputation, but your mother will also be accused of murder."

When Harrison heard that on the other end of the phone, the corner of his mouth twitched as his face darkened.

Jasmine was puzzled. "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that your mother tried to kill me last night, and she almost killed Mr. Shane too," replied Natalie softly.

Although her voice sounded soft, it sent nothing but chills down Jasmine's spine.

"That's impossible!" Refusing to believe Natalie, Jasmine shook her head violently.

"Suit yourself." Natalie turned off the speakerphone and placed the phone back on her ear. "That's all, Dad. Bye."

After hanging up, Natalie got off her stepsister.

Jasmine sat up when she was finally free and glared at her stepsister with clenched fists. "You said that Shane almost got killed too. That means he was with you last night. What did you two do?"

Natalie furrowed her brows. "You don't seem concerned about his safety. Instead of asking if he's hurt, you're asking about what we did. It makes me wonder if you really love him."

"That's none of your business! Why do you care if I love Shane?" Natalie's scrutinizing gaze made Jasmine look away, so she could immediately tell that her stepsister did not love Shane very much.

Otherwise, Jasmine would not have cheated on Shane. It seems that I have to inform Shane of this matter soon.

Natalie then chuckled in response. "I don't. It's just that I feel sad for Mr. Shane for having a fiancée like you, but that's okay, because he'll find out about what you did soon."

Jasmine's heart skipped a beat when she heard that. "What does that mean? What did I do?"

"I'm sure you know." Natalie dusted her hands off once again before turning to leave.

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Feeling uneasy, Jasmine continued to clench her fists as she watched her stepsister walk away.

However, the uneasiness faded away before long.

Jasmine wiped her lips and looked fiercely at the blood on her fingers.

"Just you wait, Natalie. I'll make you pay for what you did to me today!" promised Jasmine with gritted teeth.

Suddenly, the woman seemed to have noticed something as she walked towards a bunch of hangers in the corner of the break room. Looking at the outfits on the hangers, she smiled deviously.

After the dust-up with her stepsister, Natalie sighed and was no longer in the mood to stay back, so she left Fashion Hall after going backstage to brief the models on the show.

When Shane returned from the hospital that afternoon, he called Natalie to his office to continue their conversation at Fashion Hall.

The man was very perceptive, so his proposal would only make the show even better.

It got Natalie all excited, and she could not wait for the next day to come.

That evening, Harrison transferred the twenty million to Natalie.

She did not ask how his father got the money within such a short time because she knew for sure that he must have sold off something.

Even so, it did not matter to her since she got her money.

After transferring the money to Joyce, Natalie stretched out and went to bed.

The next day, Natalie went to Fashion Hall early to make preparations for the show's opening.

There were already a lot of people when she arrived. Many of the staff members were already busy working.

At that moment, a staff member approached Natalie with a worried look. "Something bad happened, Ms. Natalie. You better go take a look at the dressing room."

"What is it?" The smile on Natalie started to fade away.

"I don't know the specifics, but it seems to have something to do with the outfits."

The outfits!

With her pupils constricting in horror, Natalie dashed to the dressing room.

On the way, she prayed that the situation would not be as bad as what the staff member told her.

When Natalie arrived at the dressing room, she pushed the door open and saw a group of dresser inside. The atmosphere was solemn, for every one of them seemed gloomy.

“What are you guys doing?” Natalie inquired in a deep voice after closing the door behind her, trying to suppress her dread.

When the group heard her voice, they turned to her as if their savior had arrived. “Ms. Natalie, somebody ruined all the dresses for the show.”

“What?” Natalie’s face fell as she walked over to the rows of hangers.

The protective covers had been torn open, revealing the slashed outfits beneath them. Some of the more seriously damaged ones were even reduced to shreds. It was obvious that the perpetrator acted mercilessly.

“Who did it?” roared Natalie with her fists clenched. The woman’s eyes turned crimson red as rage pulsed through her veins.

The group exchanged looks but no one replied.

Natalie glanced fiercely at every one of their faces. “Who was the first one to discover the damaged outfits?”

“We did.” Three young women in the group raised their hands.

Natalie then approached them. “What time was it when you got here?”

“I don’t remember the exact time, but it should be around six o’clock.”

“Were the outfits already damaged when you came in here?”

“Yes.” The three nodded.

After some thought, Natalie pushed her way through the group and went to check the door lock.

Her face hardened when she found nothing wrong with it.

Since the outfits were already damaged before six, the perpetrator must've got in last night. The fact that the door lock remains intact suggests that a staff member was involved.

Natalie turned to the dressers and ordered, "Stay here, all of you. Nobody leaves this room without my approval!"