

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 19

Everyone started giving Natalie the side-eye upon hearing Jasmine's words; none of them were welcoming. She understood Jasmine was trying to put her in the line of fire by implying that she got the job through a backdoor approach. That way, she would quit the job voluntarily when she couldn't stand being ostracized by other colleagues.

Her anger spiked the moment she saw Jasmine's smirk. But before she could even say anything, Jasmine's assistant came running in, gabbling in panic, "Jasmine, something bad has happened!"

Jasmine had just put Natalie on the spot, so she was displeased being interrupted by Penny. Pulling a long face, she asked impatiently, "What's the rush? What's going on?"

With her hands on her knees, Penny took a moment gasping for air before she explained, "T-the warehouse... The s-shelf in the warehouse collapsed!"

"What did you say? The shelf collapsed?!" Jasmine grabbed hold of her assistant's collar.

"Yes."

"What about the fabrics?" Jasmine started to panic.

Penny swallowed dryly before answering, "Hundreds of bolts of fabrics and textiles are now scattered on the floor. We can't distinguish the fabrics now because the labels are all detached."

"Damn it!" Jasmine shoved Penny away and started running toward the warehouse. Now she had no time to bother about Natalie.

All the other designers followed suit to check it out.

Soon, Natalie was the only one left in the office. She pondered for a moment while holding the project document and eventually decided to follow them to the warehouse.

When she reached the warehouse, Jasmine was roaring angrily at the designers. "Don't just stand there doing nothing! Put the fabrics back onto the shelves accordingly. The contracting party will be here to collect them soon."

"But Ms. Jasmine, these are all Grade-F fabrics and some of the most expensive textiles. We are not familiar with them. How can we possibly identify all of them?" One of the designers voiced his concern.

With a gloomy expression, Jasmine pointed at the person as she uttered, "I don't care how you guys are going to do it. You only have one hour. If you don't manage to put them back in order in time, all of you will receive punishment."

Natalie couldn't help furrowing her brows when she heard Jasmine threatening the designers. It was understandable that Jasmine wanted to put everything back in order, but she had put the designers in a difficult situation since they knew little about the fabrics. It was an impossible task to sort them out within an hour.

"Shouldn't you be working in the office? Why is everyone gathering here?" Just then, a cold voice rang out from outside the warehouse.

Natalie turned around to find Shane walking in her direction, his face devoid of expression. "Mr. Shane." She turned around and greeted him.

Shane gave her a slight nod as he walked into the warehouse. In no time, he found Jasmine in the middle of the crowd as the designers all gave way to him.

Jasmine was nervous upon seeing his cold expression. Pretending to be calm, she forced a smile and asked, "Shane, why are you here?"

“You’re asking me why am I here?” He glanced at her coldly before casting his eyes over the fabrics on the floor. His face instantly grew grim. “Jasmine Smith, I remember telling you two days ago that the shelves were shaky and needed maintenance. Not only that, but I’ve also asked you to send the fabrics to the contracting party as soon as possible. Why didn’t you do as I said?”

Jasmine kept her head down in the face of his anger. “I was too busy, so...”

“That is not an excuse!” He relentlessly gave her a roasting.

Clenching her fists, Jasmine felt resentment boiling in her heart. At the same time, she felt embarrassed being scolded in front of the designers, especially when Natalie was around.