

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 219

"Oil?" Joyce was dumbfounded. "Why would there be oil in front of the restroom?"

"I've no idea either, but it definitely feels like it," Natalie replied tentatively.

"Let me have a look." Joyce helped her over to the side so that her friend would be able to prop herself up against the wall before she let go. The former then returned to the restroom door before bending down to investigate the floor.

She noticed the glisten of some watery substance near the spot where Natalie had slipped and fallen earlier.

"This should be it." The observant woman said as she reached out and dabbed an index finger into the suspicious liquid. Her eyes widened as she rubbed it between her thumb. "It really is oil, Nat."

"It is as I have suspected." The fingers on Natalie's supporting hand tightened against itself.

Having water outside of the restroom floor was nothing out of the ordinary.

The presence of oil, however, suggested something else. More significant to this discovery was that it was there only when she came out. This was proof of foul play, and she had a good idea of who the culprit might be.

"Let me have a whiff of it, Joyce. I want to know what kind of oil it is!" Natalie said in a low voice.

Joyce nodded. She got to her feet before she extended her finger.

When Natalie lowered her head, a subtle fragrance hovered near her nostrils. "It's an essential oil which is used for skincare."

This scent was similar to the type she had noticed on Jasmine. So it would seem that her suspicions were well-founded.

"Did you figure out where this came from, Nat?" Joyce noted the mounting anger apparent on Natalie's face as she came over to support the latter anew.

Natalie gnashed her teeth. "It was Jasmine. She did it on purpose."

"Damn it. This is too despicable." Joyce fumed as she stomped her feet. She paused and looked to her friend when something else occurred to her. "What's Jasmine doing here?"

"Same reason as we are; to compete in the bidding exercise. When I ran into her in the restroom earlier, she told me that she was not going to let me win. I suppose that greasing the floor and forcing me to withdraw due to injury would be part of the plan." Natalie seethed.

"This is too much." Joyce was shaking with rage by now. "No way we are going to stomach this, Nat. Let's go find her and show her what's what."

"Let's not be hasty, Joyce," Natalie said as she tugged at her friend's sleeve. "The bidding process is still ongoing. If we were to confront her now, we could get blacklisted by the organizers. I'd say we wait until everything is over."

That helped calm Joyce as she composed herself. "You may be right. We should return to the hall first."

"Okay." Natalie nodded.

The two then made their way back in each other's company.

Jasmine kept watching towards the entrance. When she saw Natalie being helped in, she was simultaneously delighted and infuriated.

Delighted to see her ploy succeed, but infuriated that Natalie still stuck around for the bidding.

Natalie's condition did not elude the attention of Shane in his second-floor private room either.

His eyes were locked onto her feet briefly before he summoned Silas. "Get the organizer to check on Natalie."

Silas, too, took a glance at her before he nodded. "I'm on it."

He then made his way out of the private room without a moment's delay.

The assistant returned very quickly. "I've ascertained that Ms. Smith fell outside the restroom."

Shane frowned.

What's this woman doing when she was walking?

"Go get her a pair of flats and have it sent over. Then have a doctor examine her." Shane instructed in a low voice with brows knitted.

Silas answered in the affirmative.

The organizers promptly sent one of their staff to Natalie with a first-aid kit. "In consideration of your situation, Miss, we have prepared for you a pair of flats."

"I'll be damned. Never would I have thought your customer service is this good." Joyce commented with mouth agape.

Natalie, too, was taken by surprise. But she did not think too much of it either when she reached out to receive the shoe box. "Thank you so much."