

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 222

Satisfied with the explanation, Natalie did not think much more of it. She was very keen on this collaboration as well.

The prize of this bidding exercise was a project no lesser in scale than Project Rebirth, and as Joyce put it, something that had the potential to help put their fledgling studio on the map.

Now that what she took for a missed opportunity had come back around, she really hoped to be able to make the most of it.

With that in mind, Natalie nudged Joyce with her elbow and exchanged a knowing look with her before turning back to the secretary. "Mr. Plumlee, may I know how do you intend to share the proceeds?"

"Mr. Smith had mentioned that if you are both willing, we can split it thirty and seventy, with the seventy percent going towards Studio Nouveau."

"That much?" His answer had Joyce up on her feet.

Natalie was equally surprised to receive such a generous offer.

Plumlee's smile was cool and collected. "Mr. Smith stated that you would be putting forward the design, materials, and handling production while we would only be contributing the project and publicity in the latter stages. As you would be doing the bulk of the work, you are deserving of more share of the proceeds."

"Your boss is such an understanding man!" Joyce exclaimed as she grinned from ear to ear.

"You are too kind." The young man smiled broadly before he turned to Natalie. "Do you have anything else you wish to clarify? If not, we could schedule a date to finalize the contract."

"I think I'm good." Natalie shook her head.

"Excellent. How about tomorrow morning? I'll bring the contract over to your office." Plumlee stood up and extended a hand to her.

Natalie was about to shake on it to seal the deal when the door to the room opened. In stepped the bodyguard from before with a dour look. "Mr. Plumlee, there's a Ms. Jasmine outside who said that she has matters pertaining to the bidding that she would like to discuss."

"Frick, it's that shameless Jasmine Smith looking to stick a foot in." Joyce was absolutely livid.

Natalie brows knotted as well.

The smile vanished from Plumlee's face. "Send her away. Tell her that we have already agreed to collaborate with another party."

Mr. Shane was specific in wanting to work with Studio Nouveau, and would not make exceptions even for his own fiancée. His subordinates knew that he had no feelings for her.

Plumlee was certain that his boss would not mind at all if he shoed off the person outside.

"Understood. I'll get on it," the bodyguard replied.

But when the bodyguard went back to the door, Jasmine squeezed past him and barged into the room. "Mr. Smith, my name is..."

She stopped mid-sentence and her expression soured upon spotting Natalie and Joyce. "What are you two doing here?"

"Same reason as yourself. Seeking collaboration with Mr. Smith." Joyce had the sequence of events flipped on purpose.

Natalie chuckled but did not expose her.

Plumlee looked like he was about to say something before he was interrupted by the vibration on his cellphone. He held his tongue after checking his messages.

"Seeking collaboration with Mr. Smith? You?" Jasmine's lips curled as she fingered at Joyce, and then at Natalie.

Joyce looked like she was about to hit someone. "What about us?"

"Isn't it obvious? As if you don't know yourselves. How could this puny studio of yours be of any use to Mr. Smith?" Jasmine heckled.

Joyce's fingers tightened around themselves.

Natalie held her friend and shook her own head at her. She then turned to regard Jasmine frostily. "What about you? What can you do?"

"I certainly have much more to offer. My studio has established itself in J City for five years. We have strong connections in the industry, no shortage of design talent, and the support of several fabric suppliers behind us. These are precisely what you lack," Jasmine sneered.

Joyce snorted. "I don't find your inability to convert your studio into a firm after five years to be anything worth bragging about."

"You..." Jasmine's face stiffened as she looked to raise a hand.

Sensing the impropriety of such actions under the circumstances, she quickly reined herself in.