

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 267

Natalie bowed slightly. "Thanks for your help, Mr. Shane."

Shane flung the used tissue onto the table. "No problem. If you meet this sort of person again, just make them go away."

"I know. Unfortunately, this is a meeting room. If I did that, the other party might have caused a scene. If it turned into a full-fledged argument, I would've left an awful impression of my company. That was why I held in my temper. If this happened elsewhere, however, I would have unleashed my anger on him straight away," Natalie replied, smiling slightly.

Shane expressed his agreement. Sticking his hands into his pockets again, he sat down next to her.

Natalie noticed that he had sat down on the man's seat, which was right next to hers. She pursed her lips again. Picking up her notebook, she got up and went to sit elsewhere.

Seeing this, Shane's face clouded over. Narrowing his eyes, he asked, "Where are you going?"

Natalie stopped in her tracks. Without turning around, she looked down and replied, "I'm going to sit somewhere else."

Shane clenched his hands into fists in his pockets. "What's wrong with this seat here?"

Natalie bit her lip and said, "I'm afraid I might disturb you if I sit there, Mr. Shane. I think it'd be better if I moved somewhere else."

As soon as she finished speaking, she picked her pace and zoomed to another seat a few rows ahead of him.

Shane looked at her back, his face as cold as ice. The threatening aura he was radiating made the people around him shiver with fright and move a few seats away, too.

Silas came into the room with a file of documents in hand. Seeing the frosty expression on Shane's face, he felt a little stunned. "Mr. Shane, who got on your nerves this time?"

Shane didn't say anything. He took the file from Silas's hands and started flipping through its contents.

Silas never found an answer to his question. He shrugged and sat down next to Shane. "Mr. Shane, the meeting has started."

Shane clapped the file shut and leaned back into his chair as he looked towards the front of the room.

The leader of the J City Council went onstage and started briefing them about the meeting's contents. As it turned out, the meeting was about a global competition held by the International Associational of Design. A total of thirty-six countries would be participating in it.

As the region's leading fashion hub, J City would be the country's representative at the competition.

If they got first place at this competition, their artwork would be put on display at Fashion Hall, which was where throngs of designers and models often congregated. However, only the most famous models and the works of the best designers could be displayed at Fashion Hall.

This was a chance for them to shine. Although the odds of them winning was very small, the audience in the meeting room was full of excitement at the possibility.

Natalie was one of them. In fact, she was so exhilarated that her hands were trembling a little.

She wanted to be selected as the representative so badly that she could taste it. Even if I couldn't win, participating in a global competition of that scale would give me lots of exposure points. I can't miss this chance!

"But how am I supposed to be selected for this?" she thought, calming herself down.

As though he had read her mind, the leader immediately announced how they were going to choose the representative.

Unsurprisingly, they were going to hold a competition. All the design studios in J City could send their most outstanding designer to the competition, and the winning designer would represent their own studio at the global competition.

"That's easy!" Natalie murmured as she gave her pen a little spin.

The designer next to her overheard her. Looking at her in surprise, he said, "Easy? Do you know how many apparel companies and design studios there are in J City?"

Natalie thought for a while before she raised her eyebrows and replied, "I suppose there should be more than a hundred of them."

"Exactly, there are more than a hundred of those. This means you'll be up against more than a hundred competitors, including old hands like Linda Leigh from Rigel Design Studio, Jasmine Smith from Jasminum Studio, and Oriental Dawn Studio's very own... Anyway, aside from them, there's a dark horse who has recently emerged!" The designer held up one finger, looking very solemn.

Sensing the awe the designer had for this black horse, Natalie couldn't help but feel a little more serious. She stopped spinning the pen in her hand and said, "What's that person's name?"

The designer leaned closer to her and said mysteriously. "I don't know about that. What I do know is that she's from Thompson Group. Did you see that fashion show they organized the last time?"