

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 268

Natalie nodded. “Do you mean Project Rebirth?”

“Yes! The black horse I’m talking about was the chief designer of that fashion show. Those clothes were simply too amazing! Anyone could tell that the person who designed them is every bit as talented as those top-class designers. It’s just a pity that she doesn’t have much fame. I believe the person, who will be chosen to represent our country, is going to be her,” the designer said confidently as he stroked his chin.

Natalie bowed her head and shook with silent laughter.

Initially, she wanted to get some information on this black horse, so she could get an idea about who she was up against.

To her surprise, the black horse turned out to be herself!

Seeing her chortle, the designer felt a little displeased. “What are you laughing about?”

Natalie waved her hands in apology and replied, “Nothing, nothing! Thanks for telling me about this. I’ll do my best to be selected as the country’s representative.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she closed her notebook and stood up, hugging it to her chest.

The designer seemed rather dazed at her words. Suddenly, he snapped out of his reverie and pointed at her in shock. “You—you are that...”

“Shh!” Natalie brought a finger to her lips, asking him not to expose her identity. “No one else should know who I am.”

The designer nodded his head excitedly, his eyes shining with glee. He looked at Natalie as though she was his idol and said, "Ooh, I got it, I got it! You have my word!"

"Well, I'll get going first! See you in a bit." Natalie waved cheerfully at him and left the meeting room.

Just as she stepped out of the meeting room, she bumped into Shane again.

He was leaning against the wall with his head down and had a hand stuck into his pocket. He was holding a cigarette between his fingers, a cigarette that he was already halfway through. A small mound of ash had sprouted around its tip.

Unable to help herself, Natalie slowed down and stared at him in fascination.

She had always known he was a smoker because she often caught a whiff of cigarette smoke on his clothes. However, she had never seen him smoke in front of her before.

Yet there he was, puffing away right before her very own eyes. He looked very cool, and the cigarette lent him a rather enigmatic aura that made her want to approach him and learn everything there was to know about him.

Just as she was staring at him, lost in her thoughts, Shane flicked away the ash on his cigarette. He suddenly looked up and stared straight at her. "Oh, you're done with the meeting?"

A look of panic flashed across Natalie's face. She snapped out of her daze and jerked her head up and down slightly as a form of reply. She then walked straight past him and made a beeline for the lift lobby.

"Wait up!" Shane put out his cigarette and darted forward after Natalie, grabbing her by the wrist.

Caught unaware, Natalie swung around and found herself toppling straight into Shane's arms.

The top of her head bumped against Shane's chin.

She didn't feel any pain, but Shane let out a grunt. He let go of her arm immediately and clamped a hand over his mouth.

Natalie looked up at him in shock. Shane's brows were furrowed in pain. Sweat was beading his brows, and his eyes were narrowed in agony. Quite evidently, he had been injured.

Natalie examined his face anxiously and asked, "Mr. Shane, are you alright?"

Shane saw the worry and shock in her eyes. Instantly, the frown on his face disappeared. Removing his hand from his mouth, he said in a low voice, "I'm fine. When you bumped into my chin just now, I bit my tongue by accident."

"Open your mouth! I have to see whether your injury is serious or not." Natalie reached out to grab at his lips.

Shane moved backward a little to put some distance between them. "It's alright. I'm perfectly fine."

Natalie put down her hand in defeat. "Since you're fine, I'll get going then."

With that, she assumed the quiet, aloof expression she had been wearing when she came out of the meeting room just now.

Shane smirked a little. "Natalie, have you been trying to avoid me or something?"

Natalie looked down and tried to hide the expression in her eyes from him. Plastering a smile onto her face, she replied cheerily, "You must be kidding, Mr. Shane. Why would I avoid you? I haven't done anything I feel guilty about."

Shane frowned again. Just as he was about to say something, he was interrupted by the shrill ringing of Natalie's phone.

Natalie thanked the person for calling at such an opportune timing. Excusing herself from Shane, she took out her cell phone from her bag.