

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 290

If it weren't for him, Ms. Natalie wouldn't have gone overseas and given birth to the children of another man. Most importantly, she wouldn't have missed the chance to be with Mr. Shane seven years ago.

Staring at Shane's icy expression, Silas pushed his glasses up and asked, "Mr. Shane, should we teach Sam a lesson?"

"No need to rush. I will deal with it once you've investigated this matter." A murderous glint flashed across Shane's eyes. Then he told Silas about Sam's visit earlier on.

Upon hearing that, Silas was taken aback. After a while, he regained his composure and put on a serious expression. "Understood. I'll do it now."

Having said that, he turned and left.

At the same time, Mrs. Wilson returned home.

Shane rubbed his temples. "Has she left?"

Mrs. Wilson understood who he meant and nodded. "Yeah."

Shane hummed in response, then remained silent. He turned to the porch, staring into space as if he were about to make out something beyond the door.

It took a while before he retracted his gaze and headed upstairs.

After leaving Shane's villa, Natalie took Connor to the studio.

Joyce was stunned when she saw Natalie driving a Bentley. The former's jaw was about to drop to the ground as she said, "If my memory serves me right, this car belongs to Mr. Shane, isn't it?"

Natalie nodded. "That's right."

"Why are you driving his car?" Joyce pointed at her in shock.

Natalie smiled. "It's a long story. Alright, no more questions. Are there any updates from Mr. Miller regarding the draft I sent you last night?"

"Not yet." Joyce shook her head.

Natalie sighed in disappointment. "I see."

"Don't fret. I guess he still hasn't looked at it yet. Let's wait a little longer," Joyce comforted Natalie and patted her shoulder.

Natalie flashed a smile and did not say a word.

"Oh. Before I forget, let me tell you something." Joyce seemed to recall something and took a piece of paper from her desk. "This is the registration form for the competition. There's an additional candidate."

"Who's that?" Natalie bent down to the water dispenser to fill up her cup.

Joyce passed the paper to her and replied, "Jasmine!"

The cup in Natalie's hand jerked a little. Then she took the registration form to have a look. Noticing that Jasmine's name was indeed printed on it, she pursed her lips. "She is taking part in this competition too?"

"Yes. She is still pushing herself despite having a fractured leg. I'm truly impressed," Joyce's lips twitched as she remarked sarcastically.

After that, she reminded, "Nat, you have to be careful during the competition. I'm afraid that she might pull a trick on you again. Mr. Shane can't cover for you now that you're no longer working for Thompson Group. Considering that she has no relationship with him anymore, she will not hesitate to cross the line when it comes to you. You—"

"Don't worry. I know what to do," Natalie interrupted her and put the form down.

Joyce did not say a word as she knew that Natalie read her mind. With that, she took the design notes with her and headed to the textile mill.

The design for the new season was completed, and the dress-making department at the textile mill had to make sure everything was going smoothly.

After Joyce left, Natalie sat at her desk and started working.

A while later, her phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Miller's secretary, Plumlee. "Good day, Ms. Smith. Mr. Miller has checked your draft and gave his approval."

"I see. That's great." Natalie was all smiles when she heard that. Then she added, "Can I meet Mr. Miller? I would like to discuss with him to understand his preferences."

“That’s not possible at the moment. Unfortunately, Mr. Miller is currently out of the country. But he said that we should go with your style.” Plumlee answered.

Does he trust me that much?

Natalie arched her brows. “Alright. I got it.”

“Have a nice day, Ms. Smith.” Plumlee ended the call after that.

With a helpless smile on her face, Natalie put down her phone. Following that, she picked up a pencil and continued her work.

In the afternoon that day, Natalie received a text message from the Design Association to get her entry number.