

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 324

After the call ended, Shane gave one last look in the direction that Natalie had driven off. He then turned and walked slowly back to the hospital.

The following week flew by.

Natalie was thoroughly occupied. She went on multiple trips back and forth from her studio to the textile mill, too busy to even carve out any time to visit the hospital.

Amidst the fierce competition for admission into the Design Association, fourteen participants were eventually chosen. With the inclusion of Natalie and that despicable half-sister of hers, Jasmine, eight out of the sixteen participants altogether would ultimately be selected.

On the day of the competition, Joyce wheeled Stanley out of the hospital and over to the venue to cheer for Natalie.

“Come on, Natalie!” Ever the ardent supporter, Joyce waved at Natalie from behind Stanley’s wheelchair.

Stanley also radiated good cheer. “Nat, you’ll come out on top for sure!”

“Thank you, I’ll do my best,” Natalie said, nodding in appreciation. With their support still ringing in her ears, she strode towards the Design Association building.

Just as she entered, Natalie collided with another figure. It was Jasmine, who had been rushing in from another direction.

They froze simultaneously.

Natalie recovered herself first and glanced at Jasmine with a look of contempt.

She had resolved to continue on her way without much ado. However, Jasmine bellowed from behind Natalie, “Stop right there!”

Natalie halted. Looking at Jasmine in her wheelchair, she asked politely, "Yes?"

"I'm disabled, so you have to let me in first!" Jasmine said haughtily.

Natalie smiled wryly. "Jasmine, are you that set on arguing with me? Are we really going to squabble about who gets to go through the door first? You've really regressed."

"So what? As long as I'm able to upset you, I will be happy," Jasmine scoffed.

Natalie set her jaw. "Is that so? What if I refuse to give in to you then?"

"You can try. There are tons of reporters around here. They're so eager to find out how the competition is progressing! All they do is camp here, hoping to snap a picture of Project Rebirth's Lead Designer. What do you think netizens will say when they see that you didn't give way to a disabled person and even scolded her?"

Natalie pursed her lips. "I see. You're using public opinion against me."

"That's right. Nobody online knows about our relationship or that we don't get along. They'll only believe what they see. Why shouldn't I use it to my advantage?" Jasmine shrugged.

Natalie had to admit that Jasmine was right.

Nobody over the Internet would care about finding out the truth. Most were simply interested in the gossips.

If Natalie really refused to give way to Jasmine, all sorts of abuse would be hurled online. There'd be indignant voices accusing her of being inconsiderate towards the disabled and decrying her arrogance.

More concerning was the fact that these comments might negatively affect the Design Association, which would, in turn, direct its wrath towards Natalie.

“All right, I’ll let you in first then,” Natalie said coolly. She moved aside.

Jasmine adjusted the direction her wheelchair was heading in, then paused. She turned to Natalie and sniggered, “If I wasn’t afraid of kicking up a fuss and getting blacklisted by the Design Association, I’d really want to see the photos those reporters would’ve taken of you. I’d love to see netizens cursing at you to their hearts’ content.”

Satisfied, Jasmine wheeled herself in.

Natalie looked after Jasmine’s departing figure, then snorted. Was there really a need to fight over who got to go in first? As if that’d automatically put you in the first place!

Natalie shook her head glumly, then took a deep breath. She smoothed out her hair and composed herself before continuing her way in.

The competition venue was actually the Design Association’s meeting room. As there were only sixteen participants, the Association had returned the original venue they’d booked and decided to hold it in the meeting room instead.

To ensure the fairness of the competition, the Design Association had taken a further step of inviting several trending media platforms to do a live stream of the entire event.

After Natalie received this news, a gleam appeared in her eye. She shot a glance in Jasmine’s direction.

A live stream is perfect! Natalie had been agonizing over the fact that nobody had yet exposed Jasmine’s blatant plagiarism. The live stream would definitely be of help.