

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 506

Most importantly, they didn't have the illustrious background that Thompson Group had. If they wished to develop their brand, they'd need a substantial amount of capital.

"Oh, you're right," Joyce mumbled dejectedly. "To think I got so excited for nothing."

Natalie smiled and patted her hand gently to comfort her.

An idea suddenly struck Joyce, and she nearly jumped from her seat. "Nat, why don't we convert the studio into a company?"

Natalie glanced at her friend with a raised brow and sighed. "Have you forgotten that we don't have the money? When we first started our studio, the opening capital was twenty million. If we were to convert it into a company, we'd have to double that capital. Where, and how, are we going to find that kind of money?"

"Oh, damn. So you're saying there's no way for us to participate at all?"

Natalie shrugged in response. "That's not necessarily the case. If we can secure enough funding, it'd solve the problem."

Joyce scoffed as she rolled her eyes. "Hah! Given the current state of our studio, how much funding do you think we can garner?"

"Exactly. So let's stop thinking about it. Let's take our time."

Joyce sighed and said nothing more.

Of course, we'll take our time. What else can we do?

Just then, the door to the private room suddenly opened, and in walked Mr. Plumlee with an apologetic look. "So sorry for coming late."

"Not at all!" Natalie quickly stood up and welcomed him. "We've only just got here ourselves. Please have a seat, Mr. Plumlee."

Joyce pulled out a chair for Mr. Plumlee and he politely accepted it.

Once everyone was seated, Natalie handed her design notes over to him. "Mr. Plumlee, these are the designs for the previous bidding. Let me know if they are all in order."

Mr. Plumlee smiled and slid the notes back to Natalie with no intention of flipping through them. "I had already gone through your scanned copies yesterday. And Mr. Miller is very pleased with them."

Natalie took comfort in knowing that they had so much trust in her and her designs, and her smile instantly brightened up even more. "I'm glad Mr. Miller likes them. In that case, the follow-up... "

"Don't worry. I will transfer the final payment to you tomorrow," Mr. Plumlee assured her.

"Oh, no. That's not what I meant," Natalie frantically replied with a wave of her hand. "I meant the fashion show."

"Oh gosh, I'm so sorry," Mr. Plumlee exclaimed as he scratched his head awkwardly. "I've misunderstood, I thought... "

Joyce poured him a cup of tea, chuckling as she did. "Nothing to be sorry about, Mr. Plumlee. Anyone would have thought the same too. Alright, shall we talk about the fashion show then?"

"Of course. We will make all the necessary arrangements for the fashion show. And we'll also invite Ms. Smith to the venue once the clothes for the show are ready."

Natalie nodded. "Alright. I got it."

Mr. Plumlee stole a glance at the opposite wall before returning his gaze to Natalie. "By the way, Ms. Smith, I heard your conversation with Ms. Rivers earlier. You're keen to convert your studio, aren't you?"

Natalie froze for a moment upon hearing that. "That's right. But why do you ask, Mr. Plumlee?"

"Well, the thing is, Mr. Miller said he's interested in investing in you. He'll help with converting your studio into a company."

Natalie was at a loss for words as she stared wide-eyed in disbelief.

"Invest?" Joyce exclaimed.

"Yes." Mr. Plumlee nodded.

Joyce jumped up, unable to contain her excitement. "Are you serious?"

"Of course. Mr. Miller has the utmost confidence in Ms. Smith's talent, so he's more than willing to lend his support."

"Oh, my gosh! Nat, did you hear that?" Joyce cried out as she grabbed Natalie's hand.

Natalie sat transfixed for a moment before she nodded. "Yeah. I heard it."

Never in her wildest dreams did she expect this sudden turn of events.

It was only a moment ago when she was telling Joyce about their lack of funds. And now, an investor had come knocking on their door without them even doing anything. What good fortune!

Joyce was so happy she started jumping up and down. "This is amazing! Just amazing! Thank you so much, Mr. Plumlee!"

Mr. Plumlee smiled sheepishly at the overjoyed ladies in front of him. "Ms. Rivers, you should be thanking Mr. Miller. I'm only helping to pass the message on. There's no need to thank me."