

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 831

She thought she could get in Natalie's way by procuring Hannah's aid. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case. Instead, she was the only one who was adversely impacted.

Urgh! This is so annoying! I shouldn't have paired up with her in the first place!

Natalie had a great time gloating over Jessie's misfortune when she caught the woman next to her with her expression darkened in the pitch-black hall.

In the end, Jessie got up from her seat and announced, "I'll be excusing myself, Ms. Smith. I need to use the restroom."

"Sure!" Natalie answered with a nod and smirked while staring at Jessie's departing figure.

The restroom? Are you sure you're not heading backstage to teach Hannah a lesson? Well, whatever it is, it's none of my business!

She shook her head and shrugged the things off her mind. Seconds after she snapped out the train of thoughts, she continued enjoying the show.

Half an hour later, the show came to an end. All of the models returned to the runway for the judging section of the show.

Although Sally was nowhere close to the front, she was in a strategic position. She stood out amongst her peers with the dress she had put on and her confidence.

The judges brought their notebooks along with them and started evaluating the pieces one after another.

After pacing back and forth for a short while, the judges gathered around in an attempt to figure out a proper way to classify the participants.

The designers, including Natalie, were anxious in anticipation of the announcement. They couldn't wait to know which team they would be assigned to.

It took the judges a short while to have everything sorted out. Once they were done, they handed over the results to the host of the show.

The host started announcing the results and classified the designers into six teams that ranged from Team F to Team A.

When Natalie found out she wasn't on the list of Team F to Team B, she let out a long sigh of relief and beamed in satisfaction. She was confident she was a member of Team A.

Soon enough, Natalie found out she was a member of Team A as soon as the host carried on with his announcement.

She clasped her fingers together in excitement. Suddenly, Jessie, who was next to Natalie, congratulated, "You have done a great job, Ms. Smith."

Natalie was well aware that it was just another sarcastic remark from Jessie. Nonetheless, she answered with a bright grin, "Thanks! Congratulations to you too, Ms. Syke!"

Why is she congratulating me when I have been assigned to Team B? What the heck? Is she making fun of me?

Jessie's hands balled into fists at that thought. She felt a strong urge to take Natalie out, but she had to keep those to herself.

In the end, the woman reverted with a pretentious smile, "Thanks, Ms. Smith! Unfortunately, we won't get to compete against one another in the upcoming round! It's such a shame that I have failed to perform up to expectation!"

Natalie ran her fingers through her hair and remarked, "It's not a big deal, Ms. Syke! After all, you'll get to join me in Team A if you

do well in the upcoming round. Speaking of which, try to stay ahead of others if you wish to stay in the race.”

A total of two members from each team would be eliminated in the upcoming rounds. In other words, the designers could climb their way up the ranks by taking the unoccupied slots of the superior teams.

The two best performers from Team B would join those in Team A while the rest of the teams would climb their way up the rank in a similar manner.

In short, Jessie might be able to join Natalie in Team A as long as she’s able to make the cut and prevent herself from being eliminated.

Smiling, Jessie asserted, “I’ll make sure to keep that in mind, Ms. Smith.”

“Only a mere few is a match for you when it comes to design. However, you seem to be having a hard time producing your design. If you’re willing to work hard, I’m sure you can overcome your shortcomings in no time.”

Jessie’s eyes flickered when she heard Natalie. “I guess you’re right, Ms. Smith.”

The moment Natalie saw Sally approaching her, she announced, “Alright, Ms. Syke! It’s time for dinner! I guess I’ll see you again in the near future!”

Jessie answered with a curt nod, “See you soon.”

Staring at the departing Natalie, Jessie’s heart sank to the bottom of her heart.

Why did she bring up something about my design and skills? Has she linked the missing pieces of puzzles together?

Is that possible when I have gone to great lengths to adapt to brand new styles? Who’s going to pay attention to those details in the first place?

Am I overthinking things again? She's just pointing that thing out because of my subpar skills, isn't she?

On the other hand, after Sally rendezvoused with Natalie, she showed her the stack of name cards she had with her.

Unable to contain her excitement, she exclaimed, "Nat, look! So many designers and those from the industry have given me their name cards!"

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Natalie was equally thrilled. She tapped on Sally's shoulders excitedly and said, "Of course! You have blown their minds away with your performance! I think you'll soon venture into the fashion industry once the competition is over! Maybe you'll be the upcoming top model from a foreign country! At least you won't have to waste your time competing against those in the country anymore!"

"Thank you so much for the great opportunity, Nat! If it weren't because of you, I—" Sally expressed her gratitude with her eyes brimming.

"You need to keep those to your supervisor, my husband, Shane. If he hadn't recommended you to me, I might have missed out on you."

Sally nodded and said, "You're right! Can you please express my gratitude on my behalf the next time you're on the call with him?"

"I'll go ahead and give him a call immediately!" Natalie reached for her phone and started dialing Shane's number.

Shane, who was on the other end of the globe, had just wrapped up a conference and was on his way out of the conference room when he received the call.

Upon a simple glimpse at the phone, he beamed and picked up the phone. "Honey?"

Natalie flushed when she heard him. She asked in return, "Are you in the middle of something serious?"

Silas was about to hand Shane an agreement, but the latter stopped him and beckoned his assistant to leave him alone. "Nope."

Natalie, who was on the other end, exclaimed, "Great!"

While making his way back to his office, Shane asked, "Have you gone through the first round?"

Silas shrugged his shoulders and went after Shane.

Natalie nodded and shared the great news with her husband. "It's over! I'm a member of Team A!"

Shane was well aware of the rules. Thus, he was conscious of what it would take to qualify herself as a member of Team A. His eyes gleamed in excitement as he asserted, "Congratulations! I'm sure you have done well!"

"Thanks! Speaking of which, Sally wants me to express her gratitude on her behalf! She's about to have the best time of her life soon!"

"Well, she deserves all the credits for her efforts. I have just provided her with an opportunity," Shane denoted in a calm and collected tone,

When Natalie heard Shane, she took a peek at the sniffing Sally. Seconds after she returned to her senses, she said, "I guess you're right."

Shane was about to say something else to keep the conversation going, but he took a peek at Silas when the man's ringtone interrupted his call with Natalie.

Silas responded with a sheepish grin and reached for his phone to stop the call. However, the moment he caught a glimpse of the contact number, his expression turned grim.

He showed Shane the phone and announced, "Mr. Shane, it's a call from Ms. Graham's security personnel. I'll head out and answer the call."

As soon as he acquired Shane's permission to leave, Silas headed over to the corner of Shane's office to pick up the call.

On the other hand, Natalie noticed something seemed to be going on. She asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing. Silas happens to be in the middle of a call as well."

"O-Oh—"

Natalie then continued sharing the things she had gone through with Shane.

Although the man had no idea of the jargon of the fashion industry she brought up, he listened to her without interrupting her.

"Mr. Shane, something bad has happened!" Silas, who had wrapped up his conversation, returned with his face turning pale and haggard.

Shane asked with a frown, "Why?"

Silas took a deep breath and announced, "Ms. Graham has attempted suicide."

Silence fell as soon as Silas broke the news with Shane.

Seconds after Shane snapped out of confusion, he asked, "Come again?"

Silas hurriedly repeated himself, "Ms. Graham has attempted suicide."

“Attempted suicide?” Shane asked and jolted up from his seat when he was certain he hadn’t been hearing things.

Silas nodded and added, “Half an hour ago, they headed into Ms. Graham’s room to retrieve the utensils as usual. However, Ms. Graham was nowhere to be seen. They started searching high and low for Ms. Graham. In the end, they found her in the bathroom with her wrist slit.”

Shane grasped his phone and went dead silent. He started emanating an intimidating presence.

Natalie, who was on the other end of the call, overheard their conversation. She asked with a frown, “Shane, what’s wrong? Who has committed suicide?”

“Jacqueline!”

Natalie’s pupils constricted. She asked to reaffirm the things she had heard, “What? Are you serious?”

“Unfortunately so.”

Natalie’s mind was all over the place. It took her a few seconds to return to her senses. “W-Where is she? I-Is everything fine?”

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Initially, she wanted to ask him if Jacqueline was still alive, but she thought that wouldn’t be appropriate. Thus, she rephrased her question.

Shane couldn’t wait to figure out if Jacqueline was still alive. He looked at Silas, beckoning his assistant to tell him everything he was aware of.

“Ms. Graham is fine. They manage to find her a few minutes after her attempt to commit suicide.”

As much as Shane held a grudge against Jacqueline, he heaved a sigh of relief when he found out she was just fine.

Natalie let out a long sigh of relief and added when she heard Silas' reply, "It's fine as long as she's fine!"

Actually, she couldn't be bothered by Jacqueline's condition, but she was afraid Shane would blame himself for others' demise again.

After all, he was the one who had taken her into custody against her will.

Shane massaged his aching temples and announced, "I'll drop by and check on her. We'll talk again tonight."

"Alright, just get going already."

After Shane wrapped up the conversation with Natalie, he put his phone aside and marched out of his office.

Silas went after Shane and they made their way back to the Graham family's villa.

The moment Shane alighted from the car, the bodyguard, who happened to be the first to find out Jacqueline had attempted suicide, approached Shane.

"Where is she?" the man asked while marching into the villa.

The bodyguard went after him and answered, "Ms. Graham has fallen into a deep slumber after finishing the prescribed medicine."

Shane nodded and asked, "How was her condition when you found out she had attempted suicide?"

Angst was written all over the bodyguard's face as he replied, "I-It was horrifying. On top of the puddle of blood on the ground, the bathtub was dyed red. Ms. Graham placed her slit wrist inside the filled bathtub."

Shane's expression darkened the moment he figured out everything. He then instructed, "Alright, I'll take over from here. You may return to your position at once."

"Yes!" The bodyguard took note of Shane's instruction and remained stagnant at the staircase.

Shane and Silas made their way up the stairs to Jacqueline's room.

Silas opened the door and showed Shane the way into the room. The moment Shane stepped into the room, he saw Jacqueline on the bed.

The woman wasn't in a deep slumber as the bodyguard had proclaimed. Instead, she leaned against the headboard with colors drained from her face.

As she had her eyes glued to the entrance, her eyes flickered the moment she saw Shane. She concealed her emotions and asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you here for me?"

Shane remained silent until he reached her. Staring at her bandaged wrist, he asked, "Why did you attempt suicide?"

Jacqueline showed him her wrist and asked in a sarcastic manner, "Why? Don't you get it? I can't think of anything else that can keep me going in life!"

"Oh?" Shane asked with his eyes narrowed to a slit, "Do you have a death wish?"

She put her hand aside and announced, "Yes! You're the one and only person I have in mind. You have always been the one keeping me going on in life! You no longer cherish my presence and love me as much as you do! There's nothing worth living for anymore!"

Smirking, Shane asked in return, "Is that the only thing you have in mind? Haven't you thought of living an independent life? Don't you have anything in life that's worthy of your time and effort apart from getting into a relationship with another man?"

"No! I just can't move on from you! Shane, stop trying to talk any senses into me and kill me! Once I'm dead, no one is going to get

in the way of your relationship with Ms. Smith!” Jacqueline’s head drooped over her shoulders after she made herself clear.

Shane asked callously, “Are you trying to threaten me?”

“No! I’m not trying to threaten you! I just can’t live without you!” Halfway through her speech, the woman started weeping.

She then added with her eyes brimming with tears, “Shane, can you stop holding a grudge against me? I won’t try anything silly in the future as long as you continue taking care of me as if I’m your sister!”

Shane shot daggers at Jacqueline and queried, “Do you think that’s possible? I wasn’t on my guard against you because you once brought up something similar when you were in a relationship with Jackson! You’re not going to tell me you can’t recall the things you have done, aren’t you? What makes you think I’m going to believe you? Why am I supposed to stop holding a grudge against someone who has been plotting against me?”

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Jacqueline gaped at Shane’s reply before she chuckled and added, “I guess you’re right—I’m overly naïve for my sake! I’m so sorry for letting you down, Shane!”

The moment she wrapped up her speech, she tried to tear off the bandage on her slit wrist with all her might.

As a result, blood gushed out of her wound and dyed the bandage crimson red.

Irked by Jacqueline’s behavior, Shane’s veins on his forehead bulged. He demanded hotly, “What exactly are you up to again?”

“Leave me alone! I can’t live a life without you! Thus, I’ll be leaving you for good!”

Shane's wrath was written all over his face. He directed another question at Jacqueline. "Haven't you mentioned you won't threaten me? What do you think you're doing now? Do you think I'll give in just because of this?"

She paused for a few seconds when she heard him. However, she started harming herself once again after she returned to her senses.

Shane beckoned Silas to step in and stop Jacqueline when she was about to remove the bandage on her wrist.

Silas, who had remained silent throughout the entire session, stepped forward and rendered Jacqueline unconscious with a powerful blow.

Up until the last second Jacqueline was conscious, she still couldn't believe Shane was no longer the easy target he had always been.

After Silas rendered Jacqueline unconscious, he tucked her in and started bandaging her slit wrist.

Once he was done, he returned to his position and said, "Mr. Shane, I think Ms. Graham is trying to play the victim again."

Shane nodded and shared his point of view, "I'm well aware of that much."

It was evident it was just one of her attempts to garner his attention. Otherwise, she had plenty of time and methods to kill herself when he was still on his way there.

After all, the bodyguards wouldn't barge into her room for no reason. However, she had spent her time idly instead of committing suicide for another time. Thus, it was safe to assume it was another show she had put on for Shane.

In spite of being aware that it was another one of her tricks, he couldn't afford to let anything happen to her.

Silas scratched his head in confusion. He asked, "Mr. Shane, what are we supposed to do if Ms. Graham continues threatening you in a similar manner?"

A few moments of silence later, Shane instructed with his eyes narrowed to a slit, "Get another few maids over to keep an eye on her twenty-four-seven! Also, substitute the furniture with inflatables! Nothing that's able of inflicting injuries is allowed within the compound! Seal the balcony at once!"

Silas showed Shane a thumbs up and complimented him, "Mr. Shane, you're so brilliant!"

Shane marched in the direction of the entrance once Silas assured him that he would get everything done as soon as possible.

Instead of going after Shane, Silas reached for his phone and got those capable of fulfilling Shane's instructions over.

Shortly after Jacqueline regained consciousness, she noticed the change in her room. The maids that were next to her bed did not go unnoticed by her either.

It only took her a short while to figure out those were Shane's doing to prevent her from harming herself again.

She felt a strong urge to take things out, but there wasn't anything else she was capable of anymore.

Time passed by in the blink of an eye. It was soon the weekend again.

Shane brought the children to the country Natalie's competition was held.

The moment the little ones alighted from the car, they dashed in the direction of the hall. Shane, who was right behind them, went after them with a bright grin.

All of a sudden, Sharon brought herself to a halt and turned around, looking in Shane's direction. When she saw that he was quite a distance away, she yelled, "Hurry up, Daddy!"

Shane's heart melted when he heard his daughter summoning him in a mellifluous tone. "Alright, I'm coming!"

A few minutes later, they showed up in the hall and made their way through the entrance after showing the bodyguards their tickets.

Sharon and Connor held one another's hands and started surveying the surroundings.

The little girl asked her brother, "Connor, where's Mommy?"

Her brother shook his head and answered, "I have no idea!"

Sharon shrugged Connor off and returned to Shane's side. "Daddy, can you give Mommy a call and tell her we're here? I miss her so much!" Shane caressed his daughter's head and assured, "We'll get to meet her in person soon."

He then proceeded to stop one of the staff and conversed with him in a foreign language. After he wrapped up their conversation, the staff nodded and returned to the hall.

As there was still quite some time until the second round, Natalie gathered around with her fellow designers. They caught up with one another over a cup of coffee.

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Midway through their conversation, someone approached Natalie and told her, "Ms. Smith, someone is here for you."

Confused, Natalie asked, "Huh? Who is it?"

"I can't be certain, but he told me to hand you this. He said you'll figure everything out once you see it."

The staff handed her something once he repeated the things Shane told him.

Natalie had her doubts, but she took over the thing the staff handed her.

It turned out that Shane had handed over his ring to the staff and asked him to bring it over to Natalie.

“Wow! It’s such a gorgeous ring! Could it be a wedding ring?”

“I have come across a ring with a similar design! It’s a masterpiece from Fred, the top-notch jewelry designer!”

The designers engaged themselves in a heated discussion when they saw the ring.

Natalie couldn’t be bothered by their discussion — the only thing she had in mind why the ring was with the staff.

A wild idea crossed her mind when she started thinking about the possibilities.

She took the ring and asked with joy written all over her face, “Where’s the man who handed you thus?”

“He’s currently at the entrance of the hall.”

Unable to keep her excitement to herself anymore, Natalie held on to the ring and got up from her seat.

One of the designers asked, “Natalie, where are you going?”

She answered with a bright grin, “My husband’s here! I’m going to meet him!”

“That’s wonderful! He’s such a lovely man!”

Natalie beamed in satisfaction when she heard her fellow designer’s remark. She sprinted in the direction of the entrance.

Meanwhile, Jessie, who was seated afar from the rest of the designers, held on to the cup of coffee she had with her.

I can't believe Shane has traveled all the way across the globe just to meet Natalie in person!

She started burning with rage and went after Natalie to figure out if Shane had indeed shown up.

Meanwhile, Natalie rushed over to the entrance without taking a breather. The moment she reached the entrance, she saw her husband and their children in the lounge area.

Unable to contain her emotions to herself anymore, her eyes started brimming with tears the moment she saw them.

Natalie took a deep breath and tried to calm herself down before she exclaimed gleefully, "Shane!"

When the man heard her, he turned around and looked in the direction of the source of the voice.

Natalie hesitated no more and returned to her loved ones' sides.

Similarly, Shane brought himself up and rushed over to Natalie's side. He stood at the entrance and stretched his arms in anticipation of her returning the favor.

A few seconds later, Natalie sprinted in his direction and pounced on him.

Shane held her firmly in between his arms and sniffled to catch a whiff of Natalie's unique scent.

He then leaned over and whispered in a hoarse voice while licking her ears, "I missed you so much!"

She could feel his heavy breath on her ear. In spite of the ticklish sensation she felt, she didn't stop him and allowed him to tease her.

Natalie wrapped her arms around his waist and stuttered, "I-I missed you so much as well!"

Although they had been keeping in touch through video calls since their last meeting in person a few days ago, she couldn't suppress the urge to see him anymore.

Shane chuckled and asserted, "That's the reason I'm here!"

Natalie snuggled in between his arms and added, "Mmm! It's great to have you around!"

All of a sudden, Shane took a step back and moved away from Natalie.

Confused, Natalie raised her head and looked at him in the eyes, indicating she wanted more of it.

Shane returned the favor and looked at her in the eyes. A few seconds later, he leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

It was then Natalie found out he was about to bring things to the next level instead of pulling away from her.

They engaged in an intensified amorous kissing session.

Unable to suppress the affection he had for her, Shane could barely stop himself from letting loose and going wild.

As a result of the man's kiss, Natalie could feel her lips aching. Nonetheless, she didn't push him away. Instead, she wrapped her arms around his neck and returned the favor.

They ended up kissing for so long that they forgot their children were still around. Connor and Sharon gaped at the sight of their parents doing such an intimate act.

A few seconds later, when the adults showed no signs of stopping just yet, Sharon piped up, "Daddy, Mommy, are you guys eating something?"

Natalie returned to her senses when she heard their daughter's voice. She flushed and pushed Shane away from her with all her might.

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Shane, who had been pushed away against his will, was irked; it was written all over his scrunched-up face.

However, Natalie couldn't be bothered by his reaction. She answered Sharon's query with her cheeks reddened, "W-We're not really having anything."

Sharon had her doubts and probed further, "You're lying! If you guys weren't having anything in your mouth, why wouldn't you guys stop moving your lips?"

Meanwhile, Connor, who was next to his sister, chuckled when he heard her absurd question.

As a result of Sharon's question, Natalie was at a loss for words. She didn't know how to explain things to her innocent child.

In the end, she looked at Shane with her eyes flickering. Subsequently, the man wiped his lips dry and announced, "We're not eating anything, nor do we have anything in our mouths. We're kissing."

"Y-You—" Natalie stuttered with her eyes widened in disbelief. She couldn't believe Shane had blurted out the truth to their children.

Conscious of Natalie's concerns, Shane leaned over and caressed Sharon's head. "It's just like the way we express the affection we have for you as your parents. However, only adults are allowed to kiss in such a manner, okay? You're not allowed to repeat after us."

The little girl could barely grasp the concept behind it, but she nodded and stuttered, "O-Oh!"

After Shane brought himself up, Natalie secretly pinched him and reprimanded the man, "Why have you brought such things up in front of them?"

Shane answered with a serious look, "Am I supposed to keep them in the dark? She's going to annoy us until she gets the answer she's seeking, isn't she? It's better to tell her the truth instead of deceiving her with something else. Otherwise, things will get increasingly awkward if she asks someone else about it."

As a result of Shane's seemingly convincing speech, Natalie was rendered speechless.

If we continue deceiving them, they're going to consult others in the future out of curiosity. Maybe they'll get someone else to try it out with them.

Out of the blue, Sharon asked, "Daddy, does that mean I'm allowed to kiss others in the manner you have kissed Mommy once I'm an adult?"

Natalie choked on her saliva when she heard their daughter's question.

On the other hand, Shane's expression darkened. He asserted in a callous tone, "No!"

Sharon continued asking with her lips pursed, "Why?"

"Well, it's because there are a lot of jerks with ill intentions out there," Shane warned.

In return, his daughter asked with her head tilted in confusion, "Are you serious?"

Shane nodded and repeated, "Yes! Apart from me, your brother is the only man you're supposed to rely on! Stay away from other men in the future! Am I clear?"

"Okay! I'll keep that in mind!" Sharon answered with a determined look and her fists clenched.

Throughout the conversation the father and daughter duo had, Connor continued chuckling in silence.

Meanwhile, Natalie was unsure if she should be glad her daughter had taken Shane's words seriously or not.

It turned out Shane was worried Sharon would get herself into a relationship with another man sooner than he thought.

If Sharon gets into a relationship sooner than he thinks in the future, is he going to suffer a major heartbreak?

Meanwhile, Jessie, who was just around the corner, had her eyes glued to the family of four with her lips puckered in irritation.

Why the heck does Natalie get to live such a blissful life? She's blessed with talents and a pair of lovely children! On top of that, she has a filthy rich husband! Why am I living the exact opposite life of hers?

Jessie was jealous of Natalie's achievement. She was determined to get her hands on Shane in the near future in spite of her last failed attempt in the past.

Once she had enough of the family of four, she turned around with a vicious look and marched her way back to the hall.

As soon as Connor turned around, he caught a glimpse of Jessie's departing figure. Thus, he arched his brows in confusion.

Natalie noticed their son had his eyes on something. She looked in the direction he had his eyes glued to but saw nothing. Curious, she asked, "Connor, is everything fine?"

Shaking his head, Connor replied as he thought it was just another passerby, "It's fine!"

With that being said, he had his doubts because he found Jessie's back familiar. Unfortunately, he couldn't recall the time he had encountered such a mysterious figure.

In the end, he paid no heed to Jessie and joined his sister and parents in another conversation.

After ten minutes, Natalie felt that it was about time for her to return to the hall. She lifted Sharon and said, "Darling, I need to go. Why don't you bring them back to the villa for the time being?"

Sharon wrapped her arms around her mother's leg and insisted, "No, Mommy! I want to stay here with you!"

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Although Connor refused to share the things he had in mind with them, it was evident he was of the same thought — it was written all over his face.

When Shane caught Natalie looking at him, he lifted Sharon and announced, "We'll be waiting for you at the lounge. Once you're done, we'll make our way back together."

Natalie felt a heartwarming sensation fill her. In the end, she nodded and urged, "Alright, I'll be back very soon!"

"Alright!" Shane nodded in response to Natalie's remark.

After she bade farewell to her lovely husband and children, the woman took a detour to the restroom as they weren't allowed to take a break throughout the competition.

Such a rule had been enforced to prevent anyone from cheating. Therefore, she would be in huge trouble should she fail to get herself ready for the competition that would last for a few hours.

As soon as Natalie made her way to the cubicle, someone walked out of the cubicle next to hers. It was none other than Jessie.

Jessie had her eyes narrowed to a slit and glued to Natalie's cubicle. She knew Natalie was the one in the cubicle as she had heard the woman grunting over the cubicle's faulty lock.

What a coincidence! I can't believe you have shown up now of all times! Don't blame me for the things in store for you since you're the one who has shown up out of nowhere!

Smirking as she lost herself in a train of thoughts, Jessie tiptoed her way to get the broom that was a few feet away.

She glanced at the cubicle and found out it was of the right size for her evil plan. Subsequently, she marched over and placed the broom over the hook outside of the cubicle.

She took a step back and beamed in satisfaction after executing her seemingly flawless plan.

She's not going to make her way out of the restroom in time! The next round will begin in ten minutes! If she fails to show up, she'll surely be disqualified by the panels!

If that's the case, Natalie will be the first designer throughout the history of the competition to be disqualified for being late! In fact, the country she's representing will be ashamed because of her!

Jessie was certain that Natalie would be the target of the upcoming media witch-hunt should that be the case. As she thought about all the potential consequences Natalie would have to face, she strode her way back to the hall with a bright grin.

Meanwhile, Natalie wasn't aware of the things awaiting her as Jessie ensured to keep the volume to a bare minimum while executing her evil plan.

As soon as Natalie was ready to return to the hall, she found that she was trapped inside the cubicle.

She couldn't get herself out of the cubicle despite her pulling and pushing the door with all her might.

If the door isn't broken, someone must have resorted to something silly against me again! I don't think it's broken because it was fine a few minutes ago! In other words, someone's behind this—they have trapped me inside the toilet!

All colour drained from Natalie's face the moment she noticed others had gotten the better of her without alarming her.

She regretted letting her guard down and took a deep breath to pull herself together.

Immediately after she returned to her calm and collected self, she reached for her phone and called Sally.

Sally, who was on the other end, yelled as soon as she picked up the call, "Nat, where are you? We're merely five minutes away from the next round! You're the only one who's missing! What are you doing?"

Sitting on top of the toilet, Natalie gasped out her reply, "Someone has trapped me inside the toilet."

"What? Who the heck is behind it?" Irked, Sally yelled, at the top of her lungs.

"I'm not sure, but let's forget about that for the time being. I need you to hurry your way over to move the things trapping me inside the cubicle away."

"Alright, I'm on my way!" Sally sprinted out of backstage and rushed in the direction of the restroom once she hung up the call.

Irritated by the pair of heels she had put on, Sally removed them and ran in the direction of the restroom while holding her pair of heels in her hands.

She managed to reach the restroom within a minute after getting rid of the things that had been stalling her.

As soon as Sally barged into the washroom, she yelled, "Nat?"

Natalie brought herself up and slammed the cubicle with all her might. "I'm here, Sally!"

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At the sight of the shaking door, Sally moved toward it instinctively and took the broom down. "Try pulling the door again."

Upon hearing Sally's words, Natalie pulled the door inward. To her relief, she managed to open it effortlessly this round.

The moment she stepped out, Sally, who was holding a broom, came into view. Ah! So I was locked from the outside because of this broom!

"Damn it! Who the hell placed this on the door?" Sally grumbled as she threw the broom on the floor in dismay.

Natalie's face turned grim instantaneously. "No matter who the culprit is, I must get to the bottom of what happened. Sal, do me a favor by bringing this broom out and have it checked if any fingerprints are traceable for identification."

She had only stepped into the restroom to answer nature's call that suddenly came. If somebody thought of setting her up earlier, it was almost impossible for that particular person to bring forward the plot in the last minutes. Thus, she presumed that the culprit must be someone who happened to be in the restroom before she set foot in it. It just crossed the person's mind that she could lock Natalie up in the toilet. Perhaps, the person intended to hinder her from showing up on time for the competition.

After all, there are only a few minutes to go before the competition starts. If the person intended to lock me up here for a long time, why didn't she snatch my cell phone so I wouldn't be able to call anyone for help?

Hence, Natalie was convinced that the culprit had a last-minute idea to lock her up, causing her to be late. Apart from that, the person seemed to be extremely sure that even if she managed to call someone to unlock the door, she would not be able to make it

on time as well. Huh! That somebody is undoubtedly a conceited person!

“Sal, if possible, have a look at the security footage as well. Try to find out if there was anyone who entered the washroom only left after I stepped in,” Natalie told Sally.

The latter nodded in acknowledgment. “Alright, I know what to do. You’d better head for the competition hall now.”

“Thanks, Sal,” Natalie thanked her sincerely and dashed toward the competition hall as fast as she could. Fortunately, she managed to reach the competition hall in the nick of time.

At that instant, she was panting heavily, and her forehead was beaded with sweat. The host could not resist furrowing his brows at the sight of her dishevelment. He was seemingly displeased with Natalie.

“Get yourself seated at once,” he said coldly. His utter indifference reflected his great displeasure.

Natalie forced a smile in embarrassment. Touching her tummy, which was throbbing with slight pain, she dragged herself toward her seat.

All the other designers threw their glances at her spontaneously. Most of them either gazed at her with a great concern or stared at her indifferently. On top of that, there were even some of them who had a look of schadenfreude on their faces.

In the meantime, Natalie was observing them and scrutinizing their countenance secretly as well. She hoped to trace the suspect who locked her up in the restroom a while ago.

If the suspect was among them, she would obviously be disappointed the moment Natalie showed up. Subsequently, there should be an unavoidable slight change in the person’s expression no matter how well she could restrain her frustration. As long as Natalie could spot anyone with that type of suspicious expression, the identification of the culprit would be as clear as day.

Nevertheless, her heart fell when she did not spot anything awry after scanning all of them one by one. Huh! It seems that the culprit is good at bottling up her motions! I can't even sense the slightest bit of suspicious demeanor among all of them!

Natalie pulled the chair out and sat down with a grim look.

Seated a few rows away from Natalie, glints of indignation and ferocity flickered in Jessie's eyes.

How could she make it in such a short span?

She gripped her pencil, trying to stifle a wave of fury that had started to well up from within her. Crack! The next moment, the pencil in her hand snapped, causing the designer seated next to her to be taken aback.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked Jessie quizzically.

Some of the designers were alerted by the sound and turned to look in their direction. Natalie was one of them. She pursed her lips and gazed at Jessie with squinted eyes. Could it have been her?

Nonetheless, Natalie was still doubtful about it. Even though both Jessie and her did not really hold any grudges against each other, she could sense that the woman did not really like her. Hmm, there's still a possibility that Jessie is the culprit.

Sensing that others were watching her, Jessie knew better than to let them sense anything amiss about her. "I'm sorry; my pencil is broken." She smiled sheepishly at the designer seated next to her.

The designer threw a glance at her pencil without uttering any words. She then nodded casually and accepted Jessie's apology. Meanwhile, the other designers gradually shifted their gazes away from Jessie as well. Even so, Natalie did not take her eyes off the woman.

Jessie pretended to be oblivious of Natalie's subtle gaze. She took out a new pencil and started to sharpen it nonchalantly.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 839

Natalie tried to sense something awry from Jessie's countenance, yet to no avail. When the competition started, she finally turned away. The moment she looked away, Jessie heaved a sigh of relief. Even so, she was overcome by a wave of uneasiness as alarm bells started to ring in her head. Natalie seems to have sensed something. She's starting to be suspicious of me!

Jessie bit her lips as something crossed her mind. She raised her hand to tap lightly on her earring and uttered softly, "There's something I need you to settle for me first. If not, I will not be able to perform during the competition."

"What is it?" a hoarse voice sounded from the earring.

Jessie looked around cautiously and cupped her hand over her mouth before she gave her instructions. She was at ease after the person on the other side agreed to help her.

After a while, the host announced that the competition had officially started. Apart from that, the elimination rounds would replace the previous preliminary round. In other words, twelve out of the designers would be eliminated on the same day itself. Thus, the spacious competition hall was engulfed by a tense atmosphere. By hook or by crook, all the designers wished to proceed to the next round — none of them wanted to be the ones eliminated.

The rules of the competition were the same as the previous round. All the designers had to come up with their own designs and sew the outfits accordingly. After that, models would put on the outfits and showcase them on the runway.

The only difference was the theme. Instead of being given the freedom to set their favorite themes in the previous round, it was now standardized. Thus, it was fairer for the designers — they would be working on the same theme.

'Love' turned out to be the standardized theme. It was definitely of a higher difficulty than other themes of concrete nouns such as 'flowers' and 'starry sky.' As 'love' was an abstract noun, designers could not start designing right away without capturing the hidden meaning first. If not, they would not be able to score well if their blueprints were out of topic and the designed outfits were out of tone.

It was a highly challenging theme for those who were single and had never entered into a relationship before.

"Ah! That is what we call an international competition. Even for the first round right after the participants are classified into different groups, they are already assigned such a challenging theme!" Standing right in front of the television, Connor stroked his chin and commented analytically, looking as though he was an adult.

Shane was holding Sharon, who had almost dozed off in his arms. He glanced at his son and asked inquisitively, "How do you know it's very hard?"

"Look at their expressions. Most of the designers have knitted their brows and have not yet started on anything. This implies that the theme is really tough for them," Connor commented as he pointed at one of the designers.

Shane chuckled and complimented, "Not bad. You are very observant."

Connor replied complacently, "Of course. I've been watching detective types of movies lately. Microexpressions are simply interesting."

Shane raised his eyebrows and asked in surprise, "Oh! Since when you are interested in this?"

Connor blinked his eyes and replied, "I'm thinking of becoming a criminal profiler."

Initially, he was thinking of becoming an omnipotent and assertive person just like his father. Nonetheless, it occurred to Connor that

he was not supposed to have such wishful thinking since he was not the flesh and blood of Shane. Thus, he made up his mind for a change.

Shane's eyes darkened as he gazed at Connor, looking as if he was trying to deduce how truthful the boy was being. He then stroked Connor's head and uttered casually, "You're still young. It's too early to talk about this."

Connor nodded and switched back to the topic earlier. "Will Mommy be able to attend to the theme?"

In an instant, Shane shifted his gaze back to the television again. There was no sign of Natalie on the screen at that moment. Even so, he was convinced that she would be able to cope with it.

Things turned out to be as expected by Shane. When the other designers were still racking their brains, Natalie had already started to draw her blueprint with a relaxed smile.

To Natalie, 'love' could be defined as fantasies of the adolescents, the passionate moments of the adults, the nonchalance of the middle-aged, and the reliance on each other for the elderly. The love between a couple would develop from time to time at different stages and ages. Furthermore, every couple had their own unique pace in their relationship. Nevertheless, one thing remained the same — a marriage that was acknowledged worldwide.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 840

In Natalie's eyes, marriage did not necessarily signify love, but it was defined as the most beautiful moment of true love.

It did not take long for her to get her blueprint done. Basically, everything was in black and white. Next, she proceeded to choose her fabrics.

The other designers were dumbfounded. Most of them had either just started with their design or were halfway through. There were even designers who were yet to begin drawing their

blueprints. They could not resist but gape at her high efficiency. We are all designers, yet why are you so excellent?

On the other hand, Jessie started to panic as she had not started with anything yet. Will I have enough time to sew the outfit later?

She bit her lips apprehensively and tapped on her earring again. "Are you back?"

"Yeah, I'm back." There was unmissable haste in the hoarse voice on the other end of the line.

Jessie let out a deep breath and urged the person, "I'm too far behind. Start drawing now and get it done soon. You must scan me the blueprint within half an hour, understand?"

"Got it," the person replied at once.

Jessie patted her chest in relief and ended the conversation.

In the meantime, Connor squinted his eyes as he fixed his gaze on Jessie, who appeared on the screen. He pointed at her and commented, "Daddy, this woman looks weird."

Shane caught a glimpse of Jessie and looked away swiftly. He was clueless about her identity and asked in bafflement, "What's so weird about her?"

Connor shook his head and explained, "I don't know how to describe my feeling, but I'm sure that I've seen her before somewhere. She looks familiar to me, yet I can't recall where I have seen her earlier."

Shane raised his brows before telling the boy, "I'll find out her identity from the committee later." Connor sure is observant.

Connor nodded and added, "We must find out. Somehow I can sense her hostility toward Mommy."

"What do you mean?" Shane's face turned grim on the instant.

Connor gazed at Jessie and explained, "When Mommy was on the screen just now, I happened to see the way she gazed at her. I bet something was playing on her mind."

"Alright, I know what to do," Shane called a staff over and assigned him something.

The staff nodded respectfully, knowing that Shane was one of the investors for the competition.

Soon, Shane obtained a copy of Jessie's resume. After flipping through it, he did not sense anything amiss.

It seems this woman's hostility toward Natalie is due to jealousy. She must be green with envy of Natalie's talent and capability. I must keep an eye on her as she might turn into a risky person. She might be prevailed over by profound jealousy and stir up disastrous trouble for her opponents.

Little did Jessie realize that Shane was watching her closely. She was holding her pencil while waiting anxiously for the blueprint to be sent to her.

After about twenty minutes, Jessie spotted a holographic projection on her glasses. Her face lit up at the sight of the outstanding blueprint. In a split second, her lips curved into a smile.

With this blueprint, I'm pretty sure I can enter Team A. Even if my sewing skill is not up to standard, this blueprint is more than enough for me to get a high score!

Without hesitation, she imitated the blueprint from the holographic projection and proceeded with the fabrics selection. After she was back from selecting her fabrics, Natalie had roughly cut out the contour of her outfits.

Jessie stole a glance at Natalie when she walked past with selected fabrics. Her face fell in an instant. Natalie was still in the midst of sewing her outfit, yet the basic contour was enough to reflect the uniqueness of her design. Undoubtedly, it would turn out to be a masterpiece that would catch everyone's eyes.

“Ms. Syke, is there anything you need?” Natalie asked in sarcasm when she sensed Jessie gazing at her outfit.

Jessie’s hands tightened the grips on her fabrics as she put on a smile and replied, “Nothing actually. Ms. Smith, your design looks great.”

“Thanks! Yours as well.” Natalie laid her eyes on the fabrics in Jessie’s hands.