

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 166

- 170

After striding out of the dressing room, Natalie called the police as she made her way to the security control room to check the security recordings.

Although she did not expect to learn much from the recordings, she had to try anyway.

Unfortunately, Natalie found nothing suspicious in the recordings, as expected.

She fast-forwarded the footages and went through them twice, starting from when she left Fashion Hall to six o'clock that morning. Still, she found no one in the dressing room or the corridor outside the room.

This is impossible! Why would the outfits be damaged if nobody went into the dressing room?

Something felt off to Natalie, but she could not quite place it, so she decided to have the security guard send her a copy of the recordings and deal with the perpetrator later.

The outfits should be my top priority now!

When Natalie got back to the dressing room, the models were also there.

They were causing a commotion because of the ruined outfits.

Rubbing her forehead, Natalie was about to clap to demand silence when she heard a malicious voice. "My goodness! What a party!"

Jasmine!

Natalie immediately turned around to scowl at Jasmine. "Why are you here?"

The woman was leaning against the door frame and had a bag on her shoulder. "I heard that your outfits were ruined, so I came to gloat."

Natalie pursed her lips. "Who told you that?"

"Why does it matter? I think you better figure out what to do soon. Tsk, tsk! Just look at those rags! What a horrible sight!" Jasmine looked pleased to see the state of those outfits in the dressing room.

Seeing how excited Jasmine was, Natalie squinted at her stepsister, "It's you, isn't it?"

"What?" Jasmine was startled.

Convinced that it was her stepsister, Natalie leaned in to question her suspect. "You're responsible for ruining the outfits, aren't you?"

Guilt appeared on Jasmine's face, but she quickly covered it with a smile. "What makes you think it's me? Do you have proof?"

Natalie fixed her eyes on her stepsister. "I don't, but I have a few points that make you a suspect."

Jasmine met Natalie's gaze without flinching. "Oh, really? Pray tell."

"Firstly, you're not part of Project Rebirth, yet you already know about the outfits, so that indicates you're involved in the matter itself. Secondly, you hold a grudge against me, and you've been gunning for me for a while now. Hence, you're my main suspect."

Jasmine burst out laughing as if she had heard a great joke. "Not bad! That was some interesting reasoning. I'll give you that. It's just that... "

"What?" Natalie frowned at her stepsister.

Jasmine wiped the tears off the corner of her eye before continuing, "It's just that you're wrong. You're finished, Natalie! After today, you'll never get to work in the fashion industry ever again."

Then, the woman strutted off in her stilettos.

Looking at Jasmine's back, Natalie raised her brows and muttered to herself, "Am I really finished? How can this be?"

After recomposing herself, Natalie took her phone out to make a call. "Joyce, can you send me the thing I gave you last time in half an hour?"

"Sure. Did something happen?" asked Joyce.

Natalie rubbed her forehead again. "I'll tell you when you get here. Hurry up. I'll be waiting for you at the main entrance to Fashion Hall."

"Got it!" Joyce nodded in agreement.

After the phone call, Natalie asked a few well-built staff members to follow her to the main entrance.

After about twenty minutes, Joyce arrived in a small truck.

Natalie then instructed the staff members to unload the boxes in the truck one by one. "Be careful with them. After I'm done counting them, I want you to move them into the dressing room. Joyce, you'll follow them and make sure nobody opens these boxes. Kick out anyone who refuses to listen."

"Okay!" agreed Joyce.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 167

After Joyce left, a Rolls-Royce Phantom stopped in front of Natalie. Its rear window was then rolled down, revealing Shane's handsome face.

Shane frowned at Natalie, who was busy moving the boxes. "What are you doing?"

"Mr. Shane." When Natalie heard the man's voice, she stood up straight to look at him.

"What are these?"

"Clothes," answered Natalie as she closed the notebook in her hand.

Shane was puzzled. "Clothes?"

"I'll talk to you later, Mr. Shane. The show is about to start, so I better hurry up with the preparations. Bye!"

Natalie then had the staff members pick up the rest of the boxes and followed behind them.

Shane squinted curiously as he watched Natalie walk away. "Go check it out and see if anything's wrong."

"Okay," responded Silas in the driver seat.

Ten minutes later, Silas did not look good when he walked into Shane's break room. "Something did happen, Mr. Shane. The outfits for the show have been ruined."

"What?" Shane's face fell. "Who did it?"

"We don't know yet. Ms. Natalie's already called the police, so a few officers came to investigate, but no result as of yet."

Shane clenched his fists in anger and ordered, "Then get more men to help with the investigation. We have to find the perpetrator!"

The damaged outfits will not only ruin Natalie, but will also tarnish the reputation of Thompson Group.

I have to find the person who was responsible for this!

"Yes, sir!" Silas gave the man a nod.

Shane then stood up and made his way to the dressing room.

When he reached the room, he stopped outside the door and knocked.

Joyce, who opened the door, was surprised to see him. "Mr. Shane."

Shane did not ask why Joyce was there. "Where's Natalie?"

"She's watching the models do their makeup."

Shane raised his chin. "I'm here to see her."

"Okay. I'll go get her."

Joyce turned head around and yelled, "Nat! Mr. Shane's here to see you!"

"Coming!" replied Natalie.

Around ten seconds later, she came to the door. "Anything, Mr. Shane?"

"Let's do it outside." Shane gestured at the corridor.

Natalie said nothing but followed behind the man as they walked to a quiet spot at the end of the corridor.

"I heard about the outfits." Shane turned around and spoke first.

Natalie lowered her head guiltily. "I'm sorry, Mr. Shane. That's not supposed to happen, and certainly not on the day of the show, but don't worry. The show will go on as planned"

When Shane heard that, a glint flashed across his coal-black eyes, for he seemed to remember something. "The boxes just now... "

"That's right!" Natalie nodded.

Shane then relaxed his knitted brows. "You're full of surprises, aren't you?"

"Better safe than sorry." Natalie smiled abashedly.

Shane raised a brow. "You knew someone would make a move on the outfits? You have a suspect, don't you?"

"I do." Natalie looked Shane in the eye. "It's Jasmine!"

Shane narrowed his eyes. "Are you sure?"

Natalie nodded at first but then shook her head.

Shane was confused. "What does that mean?"

Natalie let out a long sigh. "I was sure that it was her at first, but after confronting her just now, I started to doubt myself. Besides, I didn't have any proof. But if we can find the staff member involved, we should be able to get some evidence."

Shane looked down to hide the storm brewing in his eyes. "Got it. I'll have Silas find that person."

"Great!" Natalie was overjoyed, for she believed that they would get to the bottom of things before long with Shane's help.

"You should go back in there. I'll update you on the matter when the show is over," promised Shane after checking his watch. They had no time to lose because the show was just an hour away.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 168

"Okay." Natalie then returned to the dressing room and asked Joyce to go home.

It was a weekend, and Natalie was worried about leaving the two children alone for the entire day.

She would feel better if Joyce went home to them.

Around half an hour later, the models were finally done with the makeup, so Natalie instructed the dressers. "Now, you can open the boxes."

The dressers were already curious about the boxes, so they had no problem following the instruction at all.

People were amazed the moment the contents were revealed.

"How did you get another set of the outfits, Ms. Natalie?"

"That's not what you should concern yourself with right now. Hurry up and get the models dressed!" Natalie hustled the crew by clapping her hands, and everyone quickly got down to work.

The show then started officially before long.

Seated among the audience, Jasmine's heart pounded inside of her as she stared expectantly at the T-shaped stage.

She imagined that the models would either not show up or appear on stage with those slashed outfits.

Either way, Natalie will be banned from the fashion industry forever!

Dang!

The lights in the hall dimmed, and the music started to play.

After the host left the stage, the opening model appeared out of the backstage with arms akimbo. She struck a pose before strutting to the front end of the stage.

Jasmine grimaced as the model got closer to the audience and whispered in disbelief, "How's that possible?"

Weren't the outfits ruined?

Why does the outfit on the model look perfectly fine?

Jasmine bit her lips, and bafflement was written all over her face.

She only got more irritable as the models came out one by one.

The show was nothing like what Jasmine had expected, so after stomping her feet in anger, she decided to leave.

However, two bodyguards suddenly got in her way. Even though she resisted, she was dragged away anyway.

Not many noticed what happened, so there was no commotion.

It was only the middle of the show, but Shane already knew it was a success when he noticed how impressed the critics and the audience were. Starting tomorrow, the apparel company under the Thompson Group will have a place in the industry.

At that moment, Silas approached Shane and bent over to whisper something in the man's ear.

"Good. Make sure she stays put." Shane nodded.

"Yes, sir," responded the assistant before leaving.

Shane then shifted his focus back onto the stage. The show was coming to an end, so the models all returned to the stage for the curtain call. At that point, Natalie also walked onto the stage with a microphone.

As the chief designer of the show, she was to give a speech.

After that, Shane took the bouquet handed by the staff and went on stage to give it to Natalie.

Natalie was pleasantly surprised but also confused.

I know Shane's supposed to give a speech as the organizer, but he didn't mention anything about the flowers.

Although Natalie was confused, she just kept smiling as she exchanged her microphone for the bouquet.

Standing beside Natalie, Shane gave a very straightforward speech but suddenly turned to her near the end. "The person I'm most grateful for is Ms. Natalie because this show wouldn't have been possible without her."

Natalie never expected Shane to publicly call her the person he was most grateful for, so she was quite shocked.

"Thank you, Ms. Natalie!" Shane opened his arms to Natalie. "You saved the apparel company of Thompson Group."

Those words brought tears to Natalie's eyes.

She took the microphone from Shane. "First of all, I'm very touched by Mr. Shane's show of appreciation. Secondly, I want Mr. Shane to know that the show wouldn't have been possible either without his trust, recognition, and full support. So thank you, Mr. Shane."

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 169

When Natalie was done, she hugged Shane.

At the same time, the audience all stood up, and applause rang through Fashion Hall.

After a while, Natalie let go of Shane and wiped her tears of joy with the back of her hand.

Shane frowned upon seeing that, so he handed her a handkerchief. "Here, use this."

"Okay." Natalie put her hand down and took the handkerchief.

After the applause subsided, the two went backstage side by side.

Shane looked sideways at Natalie. "Come with me."

From the man's cold eyes, Natalie could tell where they were going, so she nodded and followed him to the lounge.

When Silas saw the two, he greeted them and opened the door.

Inside the lounge, Jasmine got worried when she saw the three of them, but she forced a smile and pretended to be calm. "You're finally here, Shane! Silas is keeping me here against my will."

"I asked him to," responded Shane.

Jasmine's face hardened at the response. When she saw Natalie behind the man, she clenched her fists because she immediately realized what was going on. "You think I was responsible for the outfits too, don't you?"

Shane kept his silence.

"Admit it, Ms. Jasmine!" Natalie lifted her head to stare at her stepsister.

Jasmine sneered, "Why the heck would I admit to something I didn't do? The outfits were fine, weren't they? So stop accusing me!"

"That's only because I have backups. I knew you'd be up to no good." Natalie lifted the corner of her lips.

"Backups?" Jasmine squinted at her stepsister.

Natalie nodded. "That's right. I knew from the start that you'd try to ruin the show, but I didn't know how you'd do it, so I prepared a lot of backups, including the outfits, jewelry, and even the shoes."

Shane's eyes widened because he thought it was just the outfits.

She even prepared backups for the shoes and jewelry too?

Silas was just as shocked. "No wonder the finance department said that Ms. Natalie used twice the budget for Project Rebirth."

Natalie smiled embarrassedly, "Sorry that I made the decision without telling you, Mr. Shane."
"

Shane shook his head, for he was impressed by Natalie's foresight. "You did very well. The show today would've ruined had you not done that."

"That's true." Natalie pursed her lips abashedly.

She was glad that she prepared the backups too.

It was then Jasmine finally realized why the models presented outfits that were perfectly fine.

So that's what happened!

Natalie smirked at her stepsister. "Are you surprised, Ms. Jasmine?"

Jasmine snorted in disdain. "Not really. It's unexpected though, but I don't know why you're telling me all this. As I said, I didn't do it."

“Really?” Shane stared at the woman with his pitch-black eyes.

Jasmine’s eyes flickered before she nodded. “I swear! It’s not me.”

“What do you have to say about this man then?” Shane clapped, and a bodyguard brought a man into the room.

Jasmine panicked for a while when she saw the man but quickly calmed herself down.

“It seems like you know him.” Shane snickered.

Jasmine looked as if she was ready to bet it all when she took a deep breath. “That’s right. I do know him.”

Natalie raised a brow at her stepsister’s reaction.

Well, that was fast!

“Then tell me. Who is he?” Shane pushed the man towards Jasmine.

Before Jasmine could speak, Natalie clapped her hands after staring at the man. “I remember you! You’re the staff member who told me that Jasmine was looking for me yesterday!”

“I’m sorry. I only did it because she promised me five hundred thousand if I get her a copy of the dressing room’s key and stick photos on the surveillance cameras,” confessed the man guiltily with his head down.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 170

Natalie was puzzled. “What photos?”

“Photos of the dressing room and the corridor outside of it,” explained Shane.

Natalie frowned but eventually got it. “So Jasmine took photos of the dressing room and the corridor when they were unoccupied and had this man placed them in front of the cameras. That is way, nobody could see what was really going on.”

“Correct.” Shane nodded.

Natalie bit her lower lip. “No wonder something about the security footages seemed off!”

She had to admit that was quite brilliant of Jasmine.

Natalie then give her stepsister a dirty look.

Jasmine stared back at Natalie before turning to Shane. “I admit that I bought this man off and that it was my idea to ruin the outfits, but I only did it because I hate her. I was insecure! Only by kicking her out of my life do I get to be heir to the Smith family and your fiancée. But... “

“But what?” Shane’s face had darkened.

Natalie was surprised that her stepsister was so forthcoming about their complicated relationship.

“But I swear I didn’t ruin the outfits!” Jasmine lifted her three fingers.

At that moment, the guilty staff member also spoke up. “She’s telling the truth. After taking care of the cameras, she asked me to keep a lookout for her at the dressing room, but when we got there, the outfits were already ruined.”

“What?” exclaimed Natalie in disbelief.

Knitting his brows tightly, Shane was also surprised by the revelation.

Rage was written all over Jasmine’s face as she clenched her fists forcefully. “Whoever was responsible for the outfits must be trying to frame me for it. Just like how I was framed for what happened to Natalie at the precinct last time. I didn’t buy off the auxiliary police.”

Although she was glad to see the outfits ruined, she was not about to be somebody else’s scapegoat.

“That wasn’t you?” Natalie was really confused then because she thought her stepsister was behind everything.

"Of course not! Do you think I'd have let you walk out of there without a scratch?" Jasmine gave her stepsister a dirty look.

Natalie's heart sank, and confusion filled her eyes. "If you didn't do it, then who could it be?"

"Maybe you have more enemies than just me." Jasmine scoffed.

Deep in thought, Shane held his chin and looked down.

After a while, he put his hand down and looked indifferently at Jasmine. "Even if you didn't do it, you're not entirely innocent. Silas!"

The assistant stood up when called.

Shane pointed at Jasmine. "Take her back to the Smiths and tell Harrison to keep a close eye on her, or I'll hold him responsible for her actions."

"Yes, sir." Silas nodded before approaching Jasmine.

The woman then quickly moved back. "I told you it wasn't me, Shane, so why are you still punishing me?"

"Because you had the intention to do it," answered Natalie.

Shane nodded in agreement. "You should count yourself lucky that you didn't get to do it, or the reputation of Thompson Group would've been ruined by your hands!"

Jasmine shrank in guilt. "It can't be that bad... Can it?"

Natalie laughed out loud when she heard her stepsister. "You think Mr. Shane was pulling your leg? Managers of international brands are invited to the show today. Not only that, the critics and models were also well-known internationally including the media."

"Ms. Natalie's right," chimed in Silas. "We invited these big names because we want the apparel company to be globally recognized. If it weren't for Ms. Natalie's backup, the show today would've turned Thompson Group into a joke. The honored guests might even spit on Thompson Group because they'd think they have been made a fool of."