

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 216

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Looking at Connor's pain-etched face, Natalie hurriedly placed her hand on his forehead and stopped him. "Baby, don't think anymore. It's fine if you can't remember anything."

"I'm sorry, Mommy." Lowering his head, Connor pouted and apologized.

Natalie took her hand away and leaned down, pressing her forehead against his gently. She gave his son a warm smile and said, "You don't have to apologize. Mommy's the one at fault."

"No. Mommy did nothing wrong." Connor shook his head in disagreement when he looked at her.

Receiving her son's understanding, Natalie felt even remorseful over her actions. She rubbed his forehead and stood up. "Doctor, have you come to a conclusion?"

The doctor mulled over it for a while. "I've thought of a possibility. It can be that the shock from the accident made your son lose his memories. This is a type of defense mechanism in the human brain. I've seen similar cases before."

"Will he recover?" Natalie stared at the doctor.

The doctor shook his head, as he wasn't sure. "I can't tell. Maybe he'll recover his memories after a few days, but there's a possibility that he will never remember. But on the positive side, the child won't have to relive those terrifying moments."

"You're right." Natalie nodded after hearing his words, as she finally felt a sense of relief.

Connor only lost parts of his memory, and his life is way more important than anything else. It'll be best if he recalls, but if he doesn't, it's fine either way.

After the doctor left, Yulia came back to the ward with the two police from the previous day. They were here to inquire about the situation before the accident.

However, Connor lost his memories, so he couldn't answer their questions.

The police returned empty-handed, and the trail had gone cold.

Yulia sat on the sofa, furrowing her brows. "Damn! Now we can't catch the culprit, just like those two other times."

Natalie chuckled helplessly and fell silent.

There wasn't anyone who would understand this frustration more than Natalie.

"Baby Girl. Don't you think Connor's memory loss is too much of a coincidence?" Yulia's eyes flickered as she thought of something. She turned to look at Connor, who fell asleep after taking his meds and narrowed her eyes.

"Mom, what do you mean?" Natalie was cleaning Connor's body before freezing on the spot when she heard her mother's words.

Yulia pursed her lips. "I'm saying that Connor's memory loss is too spot-on. The memories lost by Connor were after you, and Sharon went to the restroom. It just feels like the culprit wiped off his memories to hide the truth."

"Now that you mention it, it does feel odd. But is there anyone who can control others' memories? Maybe this time's really a coincidence." Natalie continued to clean Connor's body.

Yulia waved her hand. "Who knows? The hypnotist I saw on TV has this power."

"You said it was on TV. I've never heard of someone with this ability in real life." Natalie broke into laughter as she thought her mother had gone mad, and she heeded little attention to her words.

Feeling that she was overthinking, Yulia shrugged and left to buy lunch.

Soon, a week went by in the blink of an eye.

Children had rapid self-recovery abilities. Connor could walk around with no problem, so he would get discharged from the hospital soon. But his memory still hadn't returned.

Maybe it was just like how the doctor had said. His memories wouldn't recover.

"Baby, be good and listen to Grandma and Ms. Carter's words. Mommy will come to see you in the afternoon." Natalie kissed Connor's cheeks, as she was reluctant to part with him.

Natalie wouldn't leave her son in the hospital if it weren't for Joyce's call, informing her to take part in a bidding exercise.

At least it would have to wait until her son discharged from the hospital.

"Yeah. I understand. I'll obey their words." Connor took a glance at the caretaker behind Natalie and nodded.

Natalie stroke Connor's head lovingly and turned around to the caretaker. "Ms. Carter, I'll have to trouble you to take care of Connor. My Mom will return after she sends Sharon to the kindergarten."

The caretaker waved her hand and replied politely, "You're too polite, Ms. Smith. Taking care of your child is my responsibility, so it's not a hassle."

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Ms. Carter's words touched Natalie's heart. Natalie smiled and thanked her, as she was extremely satisfied with her attitude.

After one week of observation, Natalie found the caretaker very attentive and responsible with her job.

The most important detail was that the caretaker's background was squeaky clean with no previous conviction. So, Natalie was confident to leave Connor to her.

"I'll get going." Slinging her bag over her shoulders, Natalie waved at Connor before nodding at the caretaker. She left the hospital and hailed a cab.

A black Mercedes was parked by a roadside not far away from the hospital. Silas turned around and reminded, "Mr. Shane, Ms. Smith has left the hospital."

Shane lifted his chin slightly and said, "I know. Take the vitamins to Ms. Carter and ask her to put some into Connor's food every day. And remind her to..."

"Not let Ms. Smith notice?" Silas smiled as he interrupted Shane before he could finish his sentence.

Shane swept a glance at Silas coldly and kept quiet.

Silas tucked his head in and got off the car quickly, following Shane's orders.

About ten minutes later, Silas came back to Shane with his phone in his hand. "Mr. Shane, the bidding department called me just now and asked if you would take part in the winter fashion bidding exercise."

"When?" Shane lifted his gaze from the tablet.

"Two in the afternoon." Silas took a glance at his watch.

Shane pondered for a while and asked, "Which companies are taking part in this?"

Silas replied, "Basically every company in J City. But there were also some studios."

When Shane heard the word 'studio', a light flashed across his eyes. "Is Studio Nouveau one of them?"

"I'm not sure. Should I ask them?" Silas shook his head and tried to test Shane.

"No need. We'll go there." Shane pursed his lips.

"Yes, Sir." Silas buckled his seatbelt and started the engine.

When they reached their destination, the person in charge welcomed Shane passionately and took them to the private room on the second floor.

Standing in front of the window of the private room, Shane looked below him and precisely found Natalie in the hall on the first floor.

Wearing a serious expression, she was sitting in the middle seat of the second last row with a bid proposal in her hands.

At that moment, Natalie felt as if someone was looking at her, so she closed the proposal and looked up, scanning the area.

“Nat, what are you looking for?” Sitting beside Natalie, Joyce felt odd seeing Natalie looking around the area. It seemed like Natalie was looking for something, someone perhaps.

“I think someone was looking at me just now.” Natalie knitted her brows and answered uncertainly.

Upon hearing that, Joyce looked around, but she didn’t see anyone looking at Natalie. “I don’t think so. You must be imagining things.”

“Maybe.” Natalie opened the proposal once again, reluctant to waste her time mulling over this matter.

Joyce looked at her watch. “The bidding will start after ten minutes. I’ve checked just now. Other than those established fashion companies, there are three other studios here. Our winning chances are so slim.”

Natalie chuckled softly. “It’s not slim. We don’t have a winning chance at all. We can’t win against those established fashion companies, let alone other studios like us.”

Joyce sighed. “I didn’t think this through. I heard that the prize this time is a project as high level as Project Rebirth. So, I thought that if we managed to take it, our studio can become a company. But who knows there are so many rivals here. I shouldn’t have registered.”

Natalie ruffled her hair and said, “Nevermind. We’re already here, so we might as well give it a try. Excuse me, I need to go to the restroom.”

With that, she got up and left the hall after placing the bid proposal on her seat.

When Natalie went to the restroom, she froze when she saw Jasmine touching up her makeup in front of the sink. What a small world. I can see her no matter where I go.

Jasmine looked at Natalie in shock. Never would she have foreseen their reunion here.

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Jasmine quickly kept her lipstick in her bag and confronted Natalie. "Why are you here?"

Natalie was there to touch up her makeup, so she walked to the other sink and turned on the tap to wash her hands. Drying her hands with a piece of tissue, she said, "What do you think?"

Jasmine narrowed her eyes as realization dawned on her. "You're here to take part in the bidding exercise?"

Natalie lifted her chin. "Is there any problem?"

"What a joke! Didn't you resign from the Thompson Group? And you haven't found another company. So who gave you the right to take part in the bidding exercise?"

"Didn't Susan tell you?" Natalie took out her powder foundation.

Jasmine frowned. "Tell me what?"

Natalie chuckled. "Of course it's about me having a studio of my own. You should know my studio, as we crossed paths recently. Studio Nouveau, does that ring any bells?"

"What? Studio Nouveau is yours?" Jasmine's eyes widened in surprise and her voice became ear-piercing.

Natalie nodded. "That's right! Surprised? Come to think of it, it was all thanks to your twenty million. Aunt Susan too gave me the opportunity to get twenty million from Dad to buy the machines. I'll have to thank you and your mother."

Knowing the truth, Jasmine's face bunched up as she clenched her fists so tightly that her hands started trembling and her hatred toward Natalie deepened.

So Natalie is the one behind all the suing and making me lose everything.

Why didn't my own Mom tell me that Natalie is the boss of Studio Nouveau?

Taking in a deep breath, Jasmine suppressed her anger and scoffed. "I didn't expect that you're able to scheme me into paying twenty million."

Natalie bit her lower lip as she glared at Jasmine. "Scheme? Ms. Jasmine, I hate to hear this kind of word. When did I do that to you? If you didn't lay your hand on my studio first, I wouldn't have the chance to take them from you. So, you're the one to blame and stop putting all the fault on others."

Jasmine gave Natalie a vicious gaze. "Hmph! You're twisting the facts! Just you wait, Natalie. I won't let it go so easily. You'll pay for the consequences of taking my money. I'll make you return empty-handed today!"

With that, she zipped her bag and left.

Natalie shook her head and laughed, as she didn't take Jasmine's harsh words to heart.

Even if Jasmine didn't do anything, Natalie didn't have any chance of winning the bid.

After Natalie was done touching up her makeup, she combed her hair and packed her bag as she got ready to leave for the bidding hall.

When she walked out of the restroom, she slipped and fell to the floor.

Her head slammed on the ground, and the impact made her dizzy as her vision became dark for a second, and her ankle was in excruciating pain.

Shaking her head, she came to her senses and grimaced in pain as she supported herself to sit up on the ground. When she looked at her right foot, she inhaled sharply and hissed in pain.

Her right ankle was swollen. The swelling in her ankle was so big that it was like a bun, and it was obvious that she twisted her ankle.

The pain in her ankle made her unable to move, and her face turned pale.

Natalie had no choice but to take out her cell phone and called Joyce.

Joyce immediately rushed to the restroom when she knew Natalie fell down and hurt her ankle.

“Nat.” Joyce helped Natalie up slowly to prevent hurting her ankle any further.

Natalie leaned on Joyce for support and stood up. She smiled and said, “Joyce, I’m sorry for troubling you.”

“What are you talking about? We’re best buds. It’s no trouble at all. How did you fall down?” Joyce shot a glance at Natalie.

Hearing her question, Natalie finally realized something was amiss. Narrowing her beautiful eyes, Natalie said, “After I’m done with touching up my makeup, I came out from the restroom. I stepped on something slippery, and I fell. Come to think of it, it feels like oil.”

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“Oil?” Joyce was dumbfounded. “Why would there be oil in front of the restroom?”

“I’ve no idea either, but it definitely feels like it,” Natalie replied tentatively.

“Let me have a look.” Joyce helped her over to the side so that her friend would be able to prop herself up against the wall before she let go. The former then returned to the restroom door before bending down to investigate the floor.

She noticed the glisten of some watery substance near the spot where Natalie had slipped and fallen earlier.

“This should be it.” The observant woman said as she reached out and dabbed an index finger into the suspicious liquid. Her eyes widened as she rubbed it between her thumb. “It really is oil, Nat.”

“It is as I have suspected.” The fingers on Natalie’s supporting hand tightened against itself.

Having water outside of the restroom floor was nothing out of the ordinary.

The presence of oil, however, suggested something else. More significant to this discovery was that it was there only when she came out. This was proof of foul play, and she had a good idea of who the culprit might be.

"Let me have a whiff of it, Joyce. I want to know what kind of oil it is!" Natalie said in a low voice.

Joyce nodded. She got to her feet before she extended her finger.

When Natalie lowered her head, a subtle fragrance hovered near her nostrils. "It's an essential oil which is used for skincare."

This scent was similar to the type she had noticed on Jasmine. So it would seem that her suspicions were well-founded.

"Did you figure out where this came from, Nat?" Joyce noted the mounting anger apparent on Natalie's face as she came over to support the latter anew.

Natalie gnashed her teeth. "It was Jasmine. She did it on purpose."

"Damn it. This is too despicable." Joyce fumed as she stomped her feet. She paused and looked to her friend when something else occurred to her. "What's Jasmine doing here?"

"Same reason as we are; to compete in the bidding exercise. When I ran into her in the restroom earlier, she told me that she was not going to let me win. I suppose that greasing the floor and forcing me to withdraw due to injury would be part of the plan." Natalie seethed.

"This is too much." Joyce was shaking with rage by now. "No way we are going to stomach this, Nat. Let's go find her and show her what's what."

"Let's not be hasty, Joyce," Natalie said as she tugged at her friend's sleeve. "The bidding process is still ongoing. If we were to confront her now, we could get blacklisted by the organizers. I'd say we wait until everything is over."

That helped calm Joyce as she composed herself. "You may be right. We should return to the hall first."

"Okay." Natalie nodded.

The two then made their way back in each other's company.

Jasmine kept watching towards the entrance. When she saw Natalie being helped in, she was simultaneously delighted and infuriated.

Delighted to see her ploy succeed, but infuriated that Natalie still stuck around for the bidding.

Natalie's condition did not elude the attention of Shane in his second-floor private room either.

His eyes were locked onto her feet briefly before he summoned Silas. "Get the organizer to check on Natalie."

Silas, too, took a glance at her before he nodded. "I'm on it."

He then made his way out of the private room without a moment's delay.

The assistant returned very quickly. "I've ascertained that Ms. Smith fell outside the restroom."

Shane frowned.

What's this woman doing when she was walking?

"Go get her a pair of flats and have it sent over. Then have a doctor examine her." Shane instructed in a low voice with brows knitted.

Silas answered in the affirmative.

The organizers promptly sent one of their staff to Natalie with a first-aid kit. "In consideration of your situation, Miss, we have prepared for you a pair of flats."

"I'll be damned. Never would I have thought your customer service is this good." Joyce commented with mouth agape.

Natalie, too, was taken by surprise. But she did not think too much of it either when she reached out to receive the shoe box. "Thank you so much."

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“Don’t mention it. You’re the patron, so it is our pleasure. For your information, we have an infirmary here that you could visit to have your injury examined at no personal expense.”

“And they have a doctor too. That’s wonderful, Nat.” Joyce’s eye lighted up as she patted Natalie on the back.

Natalie’s heart warmed as she knew what Joyce had in mind, but she shook her head. “There’s no hurry. I can go there after the bidding.”

“It’s no problem. The doctor will be around so you could choose to drop in anytime. If there’s nothing else, I shall take my leave.” With that, the friendly staff made his exit.

Joyce snatched up the shoe box and opened it to reveal a pair of white soft-sole flats. Minimalist but classy, it matched Natalie’s outfit to a tee.

Joyce fiddled with the shoes in her hands and sighed. “The organizers ain’t half-bad. Not only did they paid for a luxurious brand while taking into consideration the clothing you had on you, but they’ve also provided medical care. Tsk! Nothing here to complain about.”

“Alright, give ‘em here. The bidding is about to start.” Natalie nudged her with an elbow.

Joyce placed the shoes back in their box before dropping them back onto Natalie’s lap. “There you go.”

Natalie smiled before she bent down to change out of her heels.

The competition in the bidding had reached fever pitch as the various corporations and studios went head to head.

Joyce had made several cracks at it previously, but their studio’s lack of ability and a proven track record as a new startup saw them wiped out of contention in short order.

As disappointing as the outcome was for her, it was to be expected.

Jasmine had no idea that Natalie had no expectations for Studio Nouveau to win coming in, so she was jubilant when the new upstart was eliminated. She eagerly looked behind in the hope of catching Natalie’s dejected expression.

However, she was slightly miffed to see Natalie all smiles and at relative ease.

What's this? Why is she smiling after failing in her bid?

Jasmine was perplexed.

Natalie felt Jasmine's eyes on herself. She thus looked straight back at her nemesis as she said to Joyce. "She's looking right at us."

"Who?" Joyce did not catch Natalie's drift immediately.

Natalie exhaled, "Jasmine."

"Where?" Joyce scanned around with her hand binoculars.

Natalie twitched her red lips. "Row seven, second from the right."

"Oh, I see her." When Joyce spotted Jasmine, she smirked chillingly in her direction before drawing a finger across her own neck.

The woman across the rows got a fright and turned away with her heart thumping against her chest.

That got Joyce chortling. "See how I just scared the crap out of her?"

Natalie curled her lips. "Sure did. Well done, you."

"Naturally," Joyce snorted.

Shane, who had been observing this wordless exchange, could not withhold a snigger.

Silas behind him asked, "What are you laughing about, Mr. Shane?"

"It's nothing. Have the results been announced?" Shane turned and asked after placing down the wine glass in his hand.

His assistant took a quick check at the watch on his wrist. "It's almost time. We should have them soon."

The compere had taken to the rostrum with handset equipped as the two men were speaking. He then began to announce the outcome of the bidding. "The winner of this bidding exercise is Mr. Smith from the second-floor private room. Congratulations on securing the winter fashion project!"

All the heads below stage turned in the direction of the second floor to see who this Mr. Smith was.

To their disappointment, they were not able to as all the windows to the private room were shut tight.

"Nat, do you know of any big shot by the name of Smith in J City?" Joyce whispered in Natalie's ear.

Natalie shook her head. "Not recently. In the past, perhaps."

"In the past?" Joyce blinked in astonishment.

Natalie explained as she rubbed her ankle. "There used to be a family of Smiths in J City, but they were academics. They had one daughter who married into the Thompsons, and gave birth to Mr. Shane. As everything that belonged to the Smiths was absorbed into the Thompson family after her passing, the Smiths technically no longer exist."