

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 336 - 340

Connor stopped what he was doing and asked, "What're you doing, Mommy?"

Sharon also looked at Natalie.

Natalie was moved when she saw the concerned faces of her children. "Mommy's fine. I was just lost in thought. Don't worry. Go on and play." She smiled.

Connor studied her face and assumed that nothing terrible had happened. Thus, he dragged Sharon back to the room to play.

Natalie's eyes were full of affection as she watched them return to the room excitedly.

Forget it. If Shane wants to move back to his unit, then let him be. I'll have to work around his schedule to avoid bumping into him. After all, I can't move out just to stay away from him.

Natalie shook her head at that thought. She then changed her shoes and headed to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

A loud sound was heard around dinner time. It was the sound of a wall smashing. It was extremely noisy and it did not stop until the clock struck ten. However, someone rang the doorbell to Natalie's unit.

She instantly knew it who the mysterious person was.

She got up and walked towards the door. She turned on the intercom and saw a figure displayed on the screen. "Hello, Mr. Shane. What do you need at this hour?" She pursed her lips.

"My apartment has undergone renovations earlier today. I hope the noise didn't bother you." Shane knew she was watching through the intercom. He moved slightly to the right, completely exposing himself to the camera.

"It's alright. It's not noisy now." Natalie answered without taking her eyes off him.

Shane's eyes darkened when he realized she was not going to open the door. "Could you kindly open the door? I have something for you," he said.

"What is it?" Natalie frowned and still did not intend to open the door.

Shane pursed his lips and replied, "It's an apology gift for the inconvenience caused."

An apology gift?

Natalie adjusted the camera angle and noticed that he was holding a delicate gift bag. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. "There's no need for that, Mr. Shane. I've accepted your apology. Please return with your gift. It's getting late and I'm going to bed. Good night!"

She turned and headed back to the living room after she said those words.

Shane knew she had turned off the intercom as the red light in the camera had stopped flashing. His face fell as it meant that she had already left.

Wow, I never thought that she means it so seriously. I don't even have a single chance to see her now.

Shane stared at the closed door with sad eyes before returning to his apartment.

Mrs. Wilson stopped mopping the floor when she saw him returning with the bag in hand. "I guessed it was an unsuccessful attempt, sir?"

"She wouldn't open the door," Shane replied as he placed the bag on the coffee table.

Mrs. Wilson glanced at the door and comforted, "It's alright. You've moved here already. Hence, you're bound to meet Ms. Natalie."

Shane hummed in response as he tugged his tie while walking towards his room.

Ms. Wilson was right or else I wouldn't have come back so quickly. I could court Natalie without any worries now that Alice was caught.

However, I didn't admit my feelings for her when she asked me at the cruise. Hence, she wouldn't believe me now if I confessed to her. I can only show her with my actions now.

The next day, Natalie and her children were getting ready to head out after breakfast.

Before Natalie stepped out of her unit, she opened the door and looked at the door across her apartment. She noticed no one was by the door or the hallway. Then, she gently closed the door to her apartment before jogging to the elevator with her children.

"Mommy, why are we running?" Sharon panted.

Connor also looked at Natalie questioningly.

A sense of awkwardness flashed before Natalie's eyes. "Well, Mommy was worried that you'd be late for school." She smiled.

"But there's still so much time." Connor looked at his kiddy watch. His words had instantly exposed Natalie's lie.

She looked elsewhere and replied, "Oh my, Mommy must have gotten it wrong."

Well, I can't say I have to beat Shane's timing only because I am not sure if he's left or not.

## Chapter 337

What if he hasn't left and heard the sound of my door shut? I'd have to run faster so he wouldn't catch up on me.

Connor instantly knew Natalie was lying from her expression. "Mommy, you're lying, aren't you? Connor curled his lips.

"To be frank, Mommy, lying isn't a good habit," Sharon added with her hand on her hips.

Natalie bent over and touched their nose. "Wow, kids. I can't believe you're giving Mommy a lecture now."

"Hmph." Both Sharon and Connor lifted their chins proudly.

Natalie was speechless at their behavior and she could not resist but pinch their faces.

Ding! The sound indicated that the elevator had arrived at the level of the parking lot.

Once the elevator opened, Natalie led the children out of the elevator and walked towards the parking lot.

Once they reached the entrance of the parking lot, they heard a loud bang. It was the sound of a car collision.

Natalie could not identify the source of the sound nor was she interested to know. Thus, she went straight to her parking space. However, she was stunned at what had happened before her eyes.

Even her children were shocked.

"Mommy, someone crashed our car!" Connor said as he pointed at the car.

Natalie nodded blankly, "Yup, Mommy saw that too!"

Urgh, and I was wondering what kind of bad luck has befallen that person to have his car crashed. Who knows it's actually my car.

Her car was in terrible condition. The trunk of the car was dented while the car alarming was wailing loudly.

The culprit was a black Bentley. The front of the Bentley was not damaged but merely suffered some minor scratches.

Oh my God, the comparison was absolutely pathetic! Wait, this Bentley looks oddly familiar. Isn't this...

Something clicked in Natalie's mind as she released the hands of her children before walking towards the Bentley to check the license plate.

Her lips twitched uneasily when she saw the familiar lettering and numbers on the license plate.

“Mommy, I think this is Mr. Shane’s car,” Connor identified. He dragged Sharon with him to take a closer look at the Bentley.

Natalie nodded. Before she could reply, a cold and deep voice sounded from behind, “Yeah, that’s mine.”

Natalie and her children immediately turned their heads. They saw Shane holding his phone as he walked over, looking apologetic.

“Mr. Shane, why did you crash our car?” Sharon tilted her head and asked.

Natalie also looked at him questioningly.

Shane lowered his head to meet the children’s gaze before looking up at Natalie. “My apologies. I was unaware that your car was right behind mine. Don’t worry, I will make it up to you. I’ve called Silas to drive a car over. He should be here any minute.”

Natalie widened her eyes in surprise and asked, “Mr. Shane, are you planning to compensate with me a car?”

Shane nodded, “Indeed.”

That’s exactly what I meant. Your car was made of low quality. It can’t even take a small impact. Besides, even if it could be repaired, it would take a long time. It’d be better if I get you a better car. That way, I’d feel assured that you’re driving the car I have prepared instead.

Natalie had no idea what Shane had in mind, but she quickly shook her head in disapproval of compensating her with a new car. “That wouldn’t be necessary, Mr. Shane. My car is covered by insurance. You don’t...”

Before she could finish her sentence, a red Mercedes arrived as it stopped right in front of her.

The door opened and Silas came out. He walked to Shane and said, “Mr. Shane, here’s the car that you asked for.”

Silas immediately handed the car key over to Shane as soon as he stretched out his hand.

He glanced at it briefly before handing it to Natalie.

Natalie and the children hurriedly took a step back and said, "Thank you for the offer. But I'd prefer to drive my car and get it repaired myself."

She took out her car key as she said so and led her children to the car.

Shane's expression went cold when he realized she would rather drive her beat-up car than accept his car. "Your car's in bad condition and there's no doubt you'd be stopped by the traffic police when you're on the road. Besides, who knows if there are any loose or damaged parts in it. What if an accident happened when you were driving this car with your children in it..."

## Chapter 338

"Stop it!" Natalie stopped in her tracks as she interrupted him nervously.

I hate to admit it, but his words got to me. What if everything he said happened? What if an engine part is faulty and I insist on driving the car with my children in it. I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if anything terrible happens.

Shane's expression relaxed when he realized Natalie was convinced by his words.

He walked over and placed the car key in her palm. "Don't feel pressured. This is merely a form of compensation," he said gently.

Natalie lowered her head and glanced at the key. She hesitated for a brief moment before gripping onto them tightly. "I got it. Thank you, Mr. Shane. I'll accept the car. However, I'll pay you for the amount that has exceeded the car value. Thank you!"

Before Shane could respond, Natalie pressed the button on the key to open the car door and placed both her children in it before driving away.

Silas came to Shane's side as they watched the red car drive away. "Mr. Shane, it seems that Ms. Smith is still alienating you? She's now making things very clear with you and even money. Didn't you confess your feelings to her last night?"

Shane pursed his lips, "No rush. Let's give her some space and time to get used to my existence. It's not too late to take action by then too. Come on, let's head to the office."

"Yes, Mr. Shane." Silas nodded.

Natalie dropped off Sharon at the kindergarten in her new car and drove Connor to the hospital. She placed him in Joyce's care for the day. Then, she headed to Design Association to participate in the competition.

Natalie could feel the tension in the air when she arrived at the conference room of the Design Association.

Besides Jasmine, the remaining six designers had uneasy and concerned looks written on their faces.

"What's wrong?" Natalie asked as she walked towards a designer.

The designer looked at her and responded, "Haven't you heard?"

"What?" Natalie blinked as she was confused.

The designer leaned over and whispered in her ear. "They said that the next person to set the theme for our competition was Mr. Moore."

"So?" Natalie turned to face to designer. She could not understand their concerns.

"Of course, we're worried sick! Everyone knows Mr. Moore was known to come up with tricky challenges." The designer complained and lay his upper body on the table. "He always has his unique ways when it comes to revealing the challenges. It could be a famous quote and you'd have to figure the theme from it. Gosh, it's difficult."

"You're right." Natalie nodded in agreement.

My mentor did mention that Alfred had a particular style of drafting challenges in this way. The reason behind his behavior was due to his background. He majored in Archaic Chinese before he joined the fashion industry.

"Speaking of which, aren't you worried you might not guess the theme right?" The designer asked curiously upon noticing Natalie's calm expression.

Natalie smiled, "Why should I? There's always a solution to a problem. Mr. Moore's specialty is traditional Chinese style. Hence, the challenge must be related to that style. You'd guess the theme right away as long as you decipher the meaning of the challenges from the perspective of his style."

The designer's eyes sparkled in joy. "You are right! Why didn't I think of that? Thank you so much, Ms. Natalie!"

Natalie shook her head and replied, "No problem."

She lifted her wrist to check the time. There were ten more minutes before the competition officially started.

At this moment, Jasmine, who was nearby, suddenly wheeled out of the conference room. She looked very suspicious and had her cell phone in hand as if she had something in mind.

Natalie's eyes glimmered when she noticed Jasmine's odd behavior and decided to follow her.

Once they were both away from the conference room, she saw Jasmine heading towards the stairway. Natalie pursed her lips as she removed her heels and continued tailing Jasmine.

When Natalie reached the entrance of the stairway, she heard Jasmine's voice. "The competition is about to start, and I would like to confirm with you once again. The quote that your Grandpa mentioned, was that the theme for today?"

Grandpa?

Natalie narrowed her eyes when she heard those words.

I can't believe it. Jasmine has contacted Isabelle!

## Chapter 339

I guess Jasmine must have known that Mr. Moore would be the person to challenge us when the competition advanced into the quarter-finals. She must have contacted Isabelle regarding the theme of the competition! With that, she'd gain an upper hand in this round!

“Okay, I got it. Don’t worry. I’ll keep my promise to you. I’ll win first place instead of Natalie.” Jasmine’s voice sounded again.

Natalie instantly knew what she was up to based on what she had heard from Jasmine’s conversation with Isabelle and the mention of her name.

All Isabelle wanted is to make use of Jasmine to beat me in the competition. I guess she really hates me!

Natalie smiled weakly to herself before quietly returning to the conference room.

It did not take long before Jasmine appeared in the conference room.

Natalie’s glance went cold when she looked at her confident expression.

Jasmine noticed her stare and turned to lock eyes with her. She even raised her chin in a challenging manner towards Natalie.

“Huh...” Natalie was rather amused.

I really don’t understand how someone so incompetent has the audacity to provoke others.

Natalie ignored her as she busied herself by preparing her sketchpad and pencil for the competition.

The competition began in no time. Mr. Moore, who held a walking cane, arrived with Mr. Walford. Mr. Moore walked to the stage and took the mic to reveal his design challenge.

The challenge was a quote that Natalie had never heard of. Judging from the writing style and meaning of the quote, Natalie guessed it was related to ethnic minorities.

Perhaps Mr. Moore’s challenge was related to the elements of an ethnic minority?

She groaned in frustration as she looked at Mr. Moore who remained on stage.

Mr. Moore was seated on the stage as he smiled at the designers who had no idea where to begin. He picked up the mic and said, “You must think that my quote is difficult to understand. Hence, you can’t make out the theme right?”

The crowd nodded.

Someone even asked Mr. Moore to reveal the theme directly.

Mr. Moore was unaffected by the crowd. Instead, he cleared his throat and said, "I have to admit that the theme wouldn't be an easy guess. Hence, I'll give you a tip. The answer is on me. As long as you pay close attention, you would spot it right away."

With that, Mr. Moore closed his eyes and stopped talking as he placed the mic down.

The crowd wasted no time as they quickly examined him from head to toe, hoping to find the answer he claimed was on him.

Natalie was no exception. She squinted her eyes to focus as she observed him. Finally, she spotted a totem of an ethnic minority marked on the collar of Mr. Moore's top.

She smiled and said, "Gotcha!"

I am right! The theme is costume elements of ethnic minorities!

Although there were many ethnic minorities, they all had one thing in common. Embroidery! It was a common element that the ethnic minorities would incorporate into the design of their clothing and accessories.

Natalie instantly had a surge of inspiration and knew what to design. She hurriedly picked up her pencil and began to sketch a design on her sketchpad.

Today's competition isn't as complicated as yesterday. We aren't required to make any clothes nor do model catwalks. All we have to do is hand in a design sketch to Mr. Moore. Whoever's design catches Mr. Moore's eyes would be eligible to enter the next round.

While the other designers were still struggling with the theme, Jasmine had completed her design.

She turned to look at Natalie, who was not far away.

Her face dropped when she saw Natalie was absorbed in drawing her sketch. She became anxious as she gripped the pencil in her hand tightly.

I can't believe she has figured out the theme so quickly! In fact, she is sketching already!

But, so what!

"Let's see if your design's anywhere comparable to mine!" Jasmine said proudly as she looked at her beautiful design in hand.

Time continued to slip away. Two hours later, the competition had ended.

Natalie handed her blueprint as Mr. Moore was scanning through one by one.

He did not give away any emotions or expressions as he looked through the designs. Thus, no one could tell if their design caught his eye.

The results were announced as soon as Mr. Moore projected four blueprints on the screen to indicate who was eliminated and who was going to the next round.

Natalie let out a relieved sigh and smiled when she saw her design appeared on the screen.

## Chapter 340

But when she saw the other design drawing on the screen, her brows scrunched up with confusion.

Jasmine's name was signed on that design. The dress in the drawing was short in the front and extended into a long train. On the train were complex embroidery patterns which looked extravagant and grand. From the looks of it, this gown was designed specifically for ancestral ceremonies.

Where on earth did Jasmine find this design?

Natalie glanced at Jasmine with a doubtful expression.

As though sensing her gaze, Jasmine turned to look at her, then broke into a triumphant smile and gave her a thumb-up.

Natalie was stunned slightly.

What the hell does that mean?

Is Jasmine giving me a thumb-up?

Just as she was trying to make sense of this, Jasmine made an insulting gesture by turning her hand so that her thumb was facing down.

Natalie's face immediately frosted over and Shane, who was currently watching the live stream, had an even more unsightly expression on his face.

By the side, Silas clucked his tongue in disdain. "Isn't Jasmine afraid she'd provoke a backlash by doing this in front of the camera?"

"What does she have to fear? Can't you see her votes?" Shane squinted at the voting statistics below the live stream feed.

Jasmine was leading strong in first place with votes that exceeded Natalie's by several thousand, forcing the latter to second place.

Moreover, her votes were still increasing at very fast rate, which showed how well-received her design was.

"True. Humans tend to worship the strong and look down on the weak. Jasmine's design is better than Ms. Natalie's, so even though she's showing bad behavior, netizens won't call her out on it. Instead, they'll praise her for having such a feisty character. After all, geniuses always have more privileges than most," Silas postulated, pushing up his spectacles.

Shane rested his chin on his hand. "Do you really think that the design belongs to Jasmine?"

Silas was taken aback. "Mr. Shane, you mean..."

"Jasmine couldn't have produced such a top-quality design. If she was this talented, she would've been internationally famous by now. But why doesn't she even have her own masterpiece until now?" Shane's lips curved into a mocking smile. Then, he instructed coldly, "Find out all the designers whose work she's been plagiarizing since participating in this competition."

"Yes!" Silas nodded and immediately left to carry out his instructions.

Shane leaned back into his chair, folded his arms over his chest, and continued watching the live stream with calculating eyes.

At the venue of the competition, the voting time was up and the four contestants selected by Alfred had received their respective rankings. Jasmine ranked first, while Natalie ranked second.

Alfred smiled and said into the microphone, "The top four have been selected. Congratulations are in order. Let's give these four designers a round of applause before inviting them to come up and explain the concept behind their respective designs."

With that, the conference room erupted into a round of applause as the judges, audience, members of the Design Association and media reporters put their hands together for Natalie and the other three.

Natalie and the other two designers stood up and bowed to everyone with smiles on their faces. Only Jasmine was unable to get up due to her leg injury, bowing as best as she could in her wheelchair.

But the split second when she lowered her head, a trace of panic flashed across her face and she secretly cursed Alfred.

Damn old fool. Does he have nothing better to do? Why the hell did he ask us to explain our design concept?

Why can't he just announce the results of this round and be done with it?

F\*\*k! Jasmine gritted her teeth in anger, but showed none of it on her face, forcing herself to maintain a calm appearance.

Despite how well she hid it, her strained smile didn't go unnoticed by Natalie who was paying close attention to her.

The wheels in Natalie's mind were set in motion and she figured out what Jasmine was worried about.

It makes sense. How can she describe the concept behind a design that doesn't even belong to her?

She looked forward to seeing how Jasmine was going to worm her way out of this predicament.

As various possibilities emerged in her mind, she straightened her spine and withdrew her gaze, listening attentively to the designer on stage who was narrating the concept behind her design.

To keep the suspense, Alfred made sure to start from the designer who ranked fourth place.