

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 605 - 606

At this thought, Natalie felt a sense of relief.

Right at that moment, her phone rang.

Jacqueline finally came back to her senses upon hearing the crisp and sweet ringtone. She immediately changed her expression and gaze so Natalie and Shane wouldn't realize the expression that she put on just now.

However, little did she know that Natalie had realized that, but the latter didn't point it out.

"Shane, let go of me. I have to pick up a call." Natalie nudged him lightly to get him to release her.

Shane did as the former said.

Natalie fished out her phone from her pocket and answered the call when she saw the caller ID. "Hey, Joyce."

"Nat, are you free?" asked Joyce.

Natalie nodded. "Yes, I am. Why?"

"Come over Supreme Mall now. There is a problem with the clothes in our department store." Joyce's nervous voice came from the other side of the phone.

Natalie frowned. "What happened?"

Noticing her stern expression, Shane listened to her quietly.

"There is a problem with the quality of the clothes. A few clients ordered the clothes in the store. After receiving their clothes, they found that the quality was bad and they called our

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company to lodge complaints. Initially, I thought someone created trouble for us. But after paying them a visit, I found that the quality wasn't passable. The fabric and the pattern of the shirt were different from what you had instructed," said Joyce.

Hearing that, Natalie puffed her cheeks in frustration. "There's something strange going on here. Alright, I'm heading over."

With that, she ended the call.

Shane queried, "What happened?"

Natalie told him the hold story without hiding anything.

"Let me take you there," Shane said as he turned around and prepared to grab his car keys.

Natalie immediately grabbed his arms to stop him. "No need. You stay at home. I'll be back in a jiffy."

After saying that, she gave him a light peck on his cheek and walked toward the front door.

She didn't want Shane to send her there because Jacqueline was in the villa.

She was worried that the latter would harm the children if both of them left. However, if Shane stayed at home, Jacqueline won't dare to do anything to her children.

Natalie had total faith in Shane. She believed that the latter wouldn't cheat on her even when she was not at home.

Soon, she arrived at the mall.

Upon seeing Natalie, Joyce, who was standing in front of the store, grabbed hold of the former to bring her into the store and pointed at the shirt as she said, "Nat, look."

When Natalie took a look at the clothes, she found that it was just like how Joyce described; the fabric and the pattern were different from her designs.

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The design styles were innovative, but the low-quality fabric and bad patterns had cheapened the clothes. They were no different from the clothes from underground markets.

Since the establishment of the company, Natalie had been selling affordable luxury clothes. That was the reason why they were able to own department stores in several big shopping malls.

But now, luxury clothes had become cheap clothes. How could Natalie not be angry?

“Do other department stores have the same problem?” queried Natalie with a hint of anger in her tone as she threw the shirt on the floor.

Joyce nodded with a gloomy expression on her face. “I have checked with them. They have the same problem.”

“Same problem?” At that, Natalie clenched her fists. Suddenly, she thought of the heart of the problem. “It seems like something cropped up in the textile mill.”

“I think so too. It must be the seamstress who replaced the original fabric with low-quality fabric, so I plan to visit the textile mill later,” said Joyce.

Natalie took in a deep breath to suppress her anger. “I’ll go with you. Contact all the department stores now. Ask them to remove all the low-quality clothes from the stores. Then, contact the clients who bought the clothes to get them back and prepare apology gifts to apologize to them. Try our best to keep the clients.”

“Okay,” Joyce answered.

Natalie continued, “Also, make an announcement on our official Facebook page. Take the initiative to admit the problem of our clothes before things get out of control.”

“Alright, I’ll ask the public relations department to make the announcement and inform all the department stores.” With that, Joyce took out her phone to make phone calls.

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Natalie pursed her lips and instructed the store manager, "Pack the clothes. I'll take it away later."

"Okay," replied the store manager before picking up the clothes on the floor and packing them.

Not long after, Joyce returned from her phone call. "Nat, I've made the arrangement."

"Okay. Then let's go."

"Okay."

The two of them left the store and headed to the elevator with a few bags in their hands.

As Natalie drew near the lift doors, she sensed someone was looking at her. Hence, she stopped and turned her head around.

At that moment, she saw a person who was fully wrapped up standing in front of a cosmetic store opposite to her. That person was staring intently at her.

She couldn't see that person's face, but she knew that it was a woman by looking at the latter's height and body shape.

The woman seemed to be aware of Natalie's identity. The hatred burning in her eyes was so piercing that it could almost turn into a real knife.

Who is that?

When Joyce saw Natalie stopped in her tracks and looked in the direction opposite to them, she turned and took a look at it curiously.

At that moment, she saw a strange lady pulling her cap down and ran away with her head lowered and her back arched.

That person ran very fast. In the blink of an eye, her figure vanished in the crowd.

"Nat, who is that?" Joyce queried as she pointed in the direction where the person left.

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Natalie shook her head. "I don't know."

"You don't know? Then why do you keep looking at that person?" Joyce raised her eyebrows.

Natalie didn't answer the former. She furrowed her brows, feeling uneasy.

Since that person hates me so much, maybe she will do something to me again in the future.

Is she the person who burned our warehouse, kidnapped me, and was involved in Connor and Stanley's car accident?

"Nat, don't just stand there. Let's go." Joyce nudged the former with her shoulders.

At that, Natalie snapped back to her senses. She grunted in assent and stepped into the elevator.

One hour later, they arrived at the textile mill.

The mill manager gathered everyone at the field outside the mill.

Natalie and Joyce stood in front of them with stone-cold expressions.

"Is everyone here?" Natalie asked the mill manager with an icy tone.

Actually, the latter already knew what was going on when he received the call from Joyce just now. However, upon hearing Natalie's question, he sweated profusely as he answered, "N-No... Two staffs are not here."

"Who?" Natalie narrowed her eyes.

The mill manager answered truthfully. "The warehouseman who handles the fabric and the team leader of the first production line."

"Where are they?" Natalie asked sharply with a grim expression.

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The mill manager looked down as he answered, "They said they had family matters to attend to two hours ago, so they took leave, and I approved..."

Natalie forcefully shut her eyes to suppress the anger burning within her.

It seems like these two were the culprits. The warehouseman who handles the fabric can transport the low-quality fabric into the warehouse, while the team leader of the production line can order the staff to make the clothes using the low-quality fabric.

How dare they!

"Nat, I received the complaints from the customers two hours ago too. It seems like the two of them had learned that the incident was exposed, so they took leave to escape." When Joyce thought of that, she was so angry that her whole body trembled.

Natalie clenched her fists with all her might as she instructed, "Lodge a police report. We can't just let this slide."

"Yup, you are right!" Joyce nodded and took out her phone to call the police without hesitation.

Then, Natalie transferred her gaze to the mill manager. "Ask all the staff from the first production line to go to your office. I want to question them one by one."

"Okay." The mill manager replied.

Natalie walked toward the former's office.

Just as she entered the office, the staffs arrived.

Although the process of interrogation was going smoothly, she didn't get much information from that.

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