

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 627

"Natalie, would you believe the arrogance of some people to want to fight you for the top spot in such a manner?" Joyce pursed her lips in displeasure.

Natalie was not particularly bothered. It was just a title; her craft was more important to her.

Being called the most promising designer meant little to her. What she prized was to become as prominent a designer as Mr. Moore. Now that was something worth boasting about.

In other words, she did not mind that this title was robbed off her. What she did not like was this type of provocative challenge.

"Apparently, the challenger is someone called Tiffanie. I have never heard of her when I was abroad," Natalie said in a low voice while she squinted at the screen.

Joyce rolled her eyes. "Neither have I. I did some digging and found that this Tiffanie had appeared abroad this month. She's a countrywoman of ours; her real name is Jessie Syke. she had made a name for herself with her keen fashion sense."

"Jessie Syke?" Natalie's frown deepened. Two other names appeared in her mind: Jasmine and Susan.

The name of Jessie Syke happened to be an amalgamation of Jasmine's and Susan's initials.

"That's right." Joyce nodded. "Why are you asking such strange questions? Is this Jessie Syke someone you know?"

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Natalie shook her head. "I don't know a Jessie, but I knew a Jasmine."

Joyce was stunned but pulled herself together, though her eyes remained wide in disbelief. "Nat, are you implying that this could be Jasmine?"

Natalie nodded. "That's right. Don't you think that J.S. is an amalgamation of Jasmine and Susan?"

"You're right! Good eye." Joyce exhaled sharply. "I did not notice that. But we have already established that Jasmine had died from jumping off a building."

Natalie thought for a second. "Was a photograph of her body ever taken?"

"Not as far as I know." Joyce shrugged. "Tiffanie currently does not have any outstanding pieces of work, hence the lack of coverage regarding her popularity. But her work had been featured on the cover of the Vernais," Joyce said as she searched for the previous issue.

Soon, the issue she referred to appeared. The cover featured an extravagant dress. Tiffanie's signature had been inscribed at the bottom right corner.

"Look, Nat. The design is actually really good. I heard that an heiress from a prominent family had paid for it to be tailor-made for her to attend a wedding with. It shouldn't be Jasmine as her skills were mediocre at best." Joyce snorted with disdain.

Natalie did not respond. Rather, she kept her gaze fixed on the magazine cover.

She had to admit that the dress was indeed stunning. Even Natalie's eyes shone with admiration when she first laid eyes on it. Her design looked so sophisticated, perhaps even classifying as haute couture. Joyce was right; Jasmine did not have the skill set to replicate that.

She was overthinking it. Jasmine was dead. This was an innocuous coincidence that was blown out of proportion.

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At that comforting thought, Natalie's worries dissipated.

Before long, another doubt arose in her mind.

"That's strange. I haven't even heard of her until five minutes ago. Why would she want to challenge me?" Natalie muttered as she bit her lip.

Joyce closed the image containing Tiffanie's design. "I have given it some thought. Maybe she wants to return to the country and expand her influence and thought that she could leverage her talent with the favorable reviews of her in foreign fashion media platforms to climb her way to the top. However, you remain an obstacle to her ambitions."

Natalie furrowed her brow. "Do you think that my existence is a threat to her progress?"

"I'm positive of that." Joyce gave a resolute nod. "There is only room for one at the top, and Tiffanie is determined to occupy it. Your existence makes her insecure. You may be sure that if she gets the chance to beat you in a competition, she will use it to proclaim to the country that she is the most promising designer of our generation."

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At Joyce's solemn speech, Natalie thought that it was much more likely than that wild conspiracy of Jasmine returning from the dead. "If that's the case, then I'll gladly accept her challenge. Please write back to her to say that I look forward to her being a competitor."

Since she had already thrown down the gauntlet, wouldn't it make me a coward if I didn't pick it up?

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Joyce approved of Natalie's plan of accepting Tiffanie's challenge. She nodded enthusiastically. "Don't worry, I'll write back to her at once."

Joyce began typing with great haste.

"I'm going back into my office." Natalie was not interested in the contents of the response sent on her behalf. She patted Joyce on the shoulder and turned toward her office.

Before long, a week had gone by.

The police still had not managed to apprehend the mysterious woman. They concluded the investigation halfheartedly and spoke no more of it. They couldn't be devoting all of their resources into that case, after all.

The private detective engaged by Joyce had not much luck, either. The woman seemed to have completely vanished off the surface of the earth.

It was with heavy reluctance that Natalie and Joyce accepted the verdict of the police station.

However, their week had not been all downhill. The embezzlement by the warehouseman and the team leader had been recovered. Thankfully, they were arrested before they could spend any of it.

Natalie picked the twins up from kindergarten one school day. At the villa gates, she caught sight of Shane helping Jacqueline out of the villa.

Natalie pursed her lips at the sight. Her hands that wrapped around her children's tightened unconsciously.

Before Natalie had gotten off work, she had gotten a call from Shane who told her that he had something to attend to and wouldn't be able to pick the children up.

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It turned out that this was what he had to take care of. Jacqueline.

Connor sensed Natalie's foul mood. "Mommy, are you alright?" He asked with a tug on her hand.

She made an attempt to suppress her bitterness and displeasure as she smiled at the children. "I'm fine."

"I don't believe you," Sharon piped up. "I think you aren't happy after seeing Daddy holding Ms. Graham's hand."

Natalie's mouth hung open but was at a loss of what to say.

Her emotions were so transparent that even Sharon was able to deduce them.

"Don't worry, Mommy. I will help you." Sharon turned to where Shane and Jacqueline were and called out. "Daddy, we are home!"

Shane was focused on helping Jacqueline that he did not immediately see Natalie and the children at the gate. At the sound of Sharon's voice, he looked up in their direction.

Since they had already been seen, Natalie could not do anything else but to walk over with the children.

As she got closer, she noticed that something felt wrong. Jacqueline's eyes glimmered dully and appeared unfocused.

Wait a minute. Is she...?

At the realization of that possibility, Natalie waved a hand in front of Jacqueline's face.

Jacqueline did not react at all. Instead, she tugged on Shane's arm. "Shane, are Ms. Smith and the children home already?"

Shane grunted in response.

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"Where are they?" Jacqueline persisted.

Shane shot a glance at Natalie.

Natalie swallowed in an attempt to suppress the shock she felt. "We are standing in front of you, Ms. Graham. What happened to your eyes?"

Jacqueline smiled good-naturedly. "I seem to have lost my sense of sight."

"You're blind?" Natalie exclaimed.

Though she had deduced the fact, it still came as a nasty surprise to hear it spoken out loud.

"Jacqueline has been experiencing deterioration in her eyesight recently," Shane explained. "I had received a call from her an hour ago telling me that she cannot see at all, and asked if I would take her to the hospital."

So this was what happened.

Natalie nodded as comprehension dawned on her. The negative feelings she had had toward Jacqueline dissipated and made way for pity.

Natalie did not like seeing them standing so close together, but no matter what, Jacqueline was a victim of her circumstances and was in need of help. It was ridiculous for Natalie to even be jealous of that.

"In that case, have a safe trip to the hospital," Natalie said as she pulled the children out of Shane and Jacqueline's path.

Shane grunted. "Have dinner without me tonight. If I get back too late, tuck yourselves in."

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