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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 796

Hannah stared at Natalie with a pale face. "You're the designer for Project Rebirth?"

She knew about Project Rebirth and had also seen it before. Not only that, but she was also deeply awed by it.

Never did she expect that Natalie was the designer of all those clothes.

Hannah was rendered inarticulate as fury and shame coursed through her.

How she wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole right then.

She felt downright humiliated.

"Well, why didn't you just say so? You did it on purpose, didn't you? You wanted to humiliate me!" Hannah pointed at Natalie and yelled.

Natalie raised a brow at her, looking at her like she was a freak.

Meanwhile, Joyce let out a sardonic laugh. "Are you f*cking nuts? I'm truly amazed by your ability to bend the truth. You were obviously the one who didn't get your facts straight, but now you're accusing Nat of not telling you? Who do you think you are? Why would Nat waste her energy on humiliating you?"

"Yeah! It's Nat's choice whether or not she wants to reveal her personal information. How dare you turn around and accuse her? I've never seen anyone as shameless as you, Hannah." Sally echoed Joyce's sentiment.

"Y-You..." Unable to win the argument, Hannah stomped her foot in anger.

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Just then, a woman scurried over with her bag slung over her shoulder. "Hannah, what are you doing?"

"Ms. Syke, thank God you're here. They're all ganging up on me." As though she had seen her savior, Hannah immediately complained to Jessie.

Natalie and the other two girls rolled their eyes in unison.

They had truly underestimated Hannah's capability of being shameless.

She was clearly the one who came looking for trouble first.

Upon hearing that her model was being bullied, Jessie's face darkened and she strutted over to Natalie. With a smile that did not reach her eyes, she uttered, "Ms. Smith, we meet again."

"Yes," Natalie replied in a similarly flat voice.

Jessie narrowed her eyes and said icily, "Although we're from the same country, we're currently representing different countries. I don't think it's appropriate to bully someone from a foreign country's team."

"I bullied someone from your team?" Natalie pointed at her own nose, utterly bemused. Even Joyce and Sally huffed with laughter.

Unease crept into Jessie's heart when she saw the amused looks on their faces. "What? Did I say something wrong? Did you not bully my model?"

Natalie wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes and answered, "Ms. Syke, before you accuse me of bullying her, I suggest you find out who started it first. You're just making yourself look stupid like this."

"Yeah. Your model was obviously the one who came to us looking for trouble. Since when did we bully her? We were merely defending ourselves." Sally pursed her lips in discontent.

Joyce nodded as well. "It's true, Ms. Syke. Although I admire you for standing up for your team member, you're only embarrassing yourself right now."

"Exactly. You jumped to conclusions before getting to the bottom of things," Sally chimed in.

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Jessie's expression soured when she heard what the two of them said.

She whipped her head to the side and shot Hannah a withering look. "Why didn't you tell me that you were the one who came over here? Now look what you did. I made a fool out of myself by standing up for you."

Hannah bowed her head guiltily but couldn't formulate a comeback.

Jessie was so furious she felt like hitting someone. However, she took a deep breath to calm herself, then turned back to face Natalie. Forcing a smile onto her lips, she apologized, "My apologies, Ms. Smith. We're the ones at fault this time. I'm truly sorry."

"It's fine. But I hope you'll keep an eye on your model from now on. Make sure she doesn't bother us. After all, we're from different teams. I'm sure you know the consequences if people start gossiping, right?" Natalie met her gaze with a smile of her own.

The smile on Jessie's face looked even more strained just then, but she nodded calmly. "You're right, Ms. Smith. I'll be sure to keep an eye on her."

"I'm happy to hear that," Natalie replied blandly.

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Just then, Silas's voice rang out, "Madam."

The women shifted their gazes to see Shane and Silas walking toward them.

Sally let go of Natalie's shoulder and smiled impishly. "Nat, Mr. Shane is here."

Natalie rolled her eyes. "I see that, thanks."

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Stifling a smile, Sally and Joyce retreated a few steps, allowing the couple some privacy.

Jessie and Hannah, on the other hand, did not intend to move their feet. Both their gazes fell on Shane.

Hannah's eyes shone with unfiltered greed when she looked at the man, whereas Jessie's eyes were filled with admiration.

Underneath the admiration was a less perceptible longing that had quickly disappeared from her eyes.

"There's was a bit of traffic on the way. Sorry to have kept you waiting," uttered Shane.

Natalie shook her head. "That's alright. You're here now."

The man pulled her into his arms and said, "I'll watch the competition. Take good care while you're over there and give me a call if anything happens."

"Stop worrying. I'm no longer a child," Natalie said with a smile.

Shane kissed her forehead. "I'll video call you every night. Be sure to miss me."

"Okay." Her grin broadened at that.

"Don't you want me to miss you too?" The man looked intently at her.

Cracking up at his response, she replied, "Sure. You've got to miss me, too."

Shane nodded in satisfaction at her answer. "I will."

In the meantime, Joyce and Sally were busy chattering away on the side.

"I envy them. They're so in love."

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Joyce rolled her eyes. "That's because you didn't witness what happened before this when they were almost broken up."

"What happened?" Sally gasped.

Joyce merely shook her head, not bothering to answer.

On the other side, both Jessie and Hannah were disgruntled.

As though trying to suppress an emotion, Jessie's hands slowly balled up into fists as she watched the affectionate exchanges between the couple.

Hannah's expression was more unambiguous — her eyes were filled with pure jealousy. She resented the fact that Natalie had someone as remarkable as Shane by her side.

I can tell this man comes from an extraordinary background. In which case, all I need to do is to snatch him from Natalie. That ought to teach her a lesson. Men are all the same. Sooner or later, they all fall prey to my seduction.

With a new wave of confidence, Hannah smoothed her hair and strode confidently toward Shane with a broad grin on her face.

Sally raised her brows. "What's she doing?"

The corner of Joyce's lips curled up into a smirk. "Isn't it obvious? Wait and see. You're gonna enjoy the show."

"Mr. Thompson." Hannah shot Natalie a look before turning to Shane. "Hi, my name is Hannah. I was Nat's classmate and roommate back in J University. Do you remember me?" the woman asked shyly.

Shane furrowed his brows and kept silent.

By this point, Natalie, too, had realized what was going on. She decided to watch Hannah put on a show.

The only exception to the group of spectators was Jessie, whose body was trembling with rage.

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That idiot is trying to seduce Shane?

Hannah took Shane's silence to mean that he had forgotten about her. Feeling disappointed, she pouted her lips and gave him the puppy-dog eyes.

Unfortunately, her facial expression clashed loudly with the thick make-up she wore, resulting in her looking more like a clown at that moment.

Hannah, however, was convinced that her look would elicit the desired effect as she continued to pester, "Mr. Thompson, you really have forgotten. We have met before when—"

"Get out of my way!" Annoyed, Shane cut her off mid-sentence.

Hannah's eyes widened in disbelief. "Mr. Thompson, you—"

"Didn't you hear what I've just said?" Shane uttered the words so coldly it was enough to send chills down one's spine.

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Blood drained from Hannah's face as her eyes filled with terror.

Jessie pulled the woman aside in a hurry and said to Shane, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Shane. I apologize on her behalf."

The man completely ignored Jessie's words, acting as though it was air passing through. He then turned to Natalie and spoke softly, "I have a meeting later, so I'll be heading off now. Text me before you board."

"Okay." Natalie nodded.

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The next thing she knew, Shane lifted her chin and kissed her on the mouth.

Her face turned crimson instantly. It did not help that Joyce and Sally were whistling and cheering on the side.

Jessie and Hannah, on the other hand, were watching them with downcast eyes.

"What are you doing? People are staring." Natalie snapped back to reality and pushed him away.

Wiping the corner of his mouth with a thumb, Shane threw an intimidating glance toward Joyce and Sally, who quickly waved their hands. "No, no. We didn't see anything."

Feeling satisfied, the man shifted his gaze back to Natalie. "They didn't see anything."

She let out a chuckle. "Alright, alright. Just go before you're late for the meeting."

"Okay. Remember to give me a call when you arrive," Shane reminded before he left.

Silas nodded politely at the few women and followed suit.

When the two men were out of sight, Sally crossed her arms and remarked casually, "I can't help but notice someone try to openly seduce another woman's husband. I suppose some people have no shame." She glared at Hannah in disdain.

"But wasn't it liberating to see her getting shot down and publicly humiliated?" Joyce chimed in, and both of them roared with laughter.

Butthurt, Hannah stomped her feet and cried, "Stop laughing! Who are you talking about?"

"I refer to whoever is taking this personally," Sally commented coldly.

"You..."

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"Shut it!" Jessie barked. "Are you not humiliated enough? Stop making a fool of yourself, or I'll take another model with me for the competition."

Her threat was effective as Hannah zipped her mouth immediately.

Jessie's expression softened when she turned to Natalie. "I'm sorry, Ms. Smith. That was really embarrassing."

"That's alright. Enlighten me, though. Why did you choose Hannah to be your partner?"

A glint of hesitation flashed across the woman's eyes before she answered, "Well, I thought we'd be compatible."

"In that case, your eyes are not very sharp," muttered Joyce.

Jessie's expression darkened momentarily before she resumed her composure. "Anyway, we'll be heading inside now. Let's catch up again at the competition venue."

"Sure." Natalie nodded.

With that, Jessie and Hannah took their leave.

Watching them from behind, Sally suddenly commented, "Look at the way Jessie walks. It's so stiff."

"Stiff?" Following Sally's gaze, Natalie and Joyce turned their vision to Jessie's legs.

"Frankly, I can't tell that she's walking strange," Joyce said.

Sally continued in all seriousness, "I don't blame you. Us models have to go through training, including how we walk. I can tell you for sure that the way Jessie walks is indeed unnatural, especially the stiffness at the knee."

"Maybe she was born that way," Joyce commented.

Sally nodded. "Maybe. This is the first time I've seen someone walk this way though. Hey, what's that?" She noticed a tiny notebook on the floor where Jessie had stood moments ago.

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Natalie picked it up. "This should be Jessie's. I'll return to her when we reach the competition venue."

"Let's check out what's inside," Joyce suggested.

Natalie was about to reject the idea when her friend snatched the notebook from her hand.

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Joyce tilted her head in puzzlement as she leafed through the notebook. "This is weird."

"What is it?" Natalie asked curiously.

Joyce handed the notebook over to her. "These are all design blueprints, and it's rather mediocre. They don't look like Jessie's design works at all."

Like Natalie, Jessie had been lauded as one of the most talented designers in the country.

I've seen her designs before. They were at least in the same league as Nat's. But the ones in this notebook are nothing more than the quality of an amateur.

"You're right." Sally nodded in assent. "These drawings are no different from those of mass-market fast fashion. They're not up to par at all."

Natalie kept silent and continued to flip through the pages.

These really are just some substandard designs, which don't look like Jessie's usual work at all. What is going on?

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Before she could dwell on it any longer, the airport broadcast called all passengers for boarding.

"Let's not overthink this. Maybe this belongs to Jessie's apprentice," Natalie stated.

"Who in the world would carry their apprentice's stuff around? I know I wouldn't," Joyce disagreed.

Sally nodded. "Me too."

Natalie plastered on a small smile. "We shouldn't overgeneralize our own assumptions. Anyway, Joyce, I'm going to rely on you to hold the fort at the company for the next few months while I'm away."

"You can count on me," Joyce reassured.

Natalie then turned to Sally. "Let's go."

The two bade goodbye to Joyce before heading toward the boarding gate.

The plane landed after ten hours' flight.

Shane had already arranged for a driver to pick them up upon their arrival at the airport.

Instead of staying in a hotel, Natalie and Sally were taken to a villa owned by Shane. They were pleased to know that the villa was situated not far away from the competition venue.

Sally walked into the villa and was immediately overwhelmed by the sheer grandeur of it. "Nat, this villa is awesome!"

"It is indeed breathtaking," Natalie muttered.

"Mr. Shane is so wealthy." Sally let out a sigh of awe.

Natalie returned her with a smile. "Well then, make yourself comfortable. I'm going to make a phone call."

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"Checking in with Mr. Shane, right? Off you go." Sally waved her hand.

Natalie dialed Shane's number while walking toward the balcony.

It's almost 8 o'clock in the evening over there.

Sharon's voice was heard when the call was answered. "Mommy..."

Natalie's heart dropped a little. "What's the matter, Darling?"

Did something happen over there?

"I miss you, Mommy, and I wish you're here." Sharon sniffled softly.

Natalie smiled wistfully and tried to comfort her daughter, "I miss you too, my darling. But aren't I talking to you right now?"

"But you're so far away." The young girl's eyes welled up again.

Oh, how I wish to hold her in my arms right now.

Natalie softened her voice, saying, "Come on now. You know I'm away because of work, and you've promised that you won't cry. Can you be strong for me?"

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I thought about how long you'll be away from me... I miss you so much."

Natalie felt a pang of guilt in her chest. She had never been apart from the kids for such a long time since their birth. I can't blame her for feeling insecure.

"Stop crying. I promise you can call me anytime you miss me. And when Daddy is free, he can bring both you and Connor to come to visit me, okay?" Natalie continued to comfort her child.

"Okay." Sharon finally stopped sobbing.

"That's my girl. Where's Connor and Daddy?"

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"They're here."

"Can you pass the phone to Connor so I can have a chat with him?"

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Sharon did as she was told.

Connor, too, missed his mother. But being the more mature one, he was not as teary-eyed as his sister.

Natalie could not help but feel a little conflicted. On one hand, she did not have to worry as much about Connor as she did for Sharon. On another hand, she feared that the boy might be too mature for his age.

After they spoke on the phone for a while, the cell phone was finally handed back to its owner.

"What time did you arrive?"

Natalie leaned her back against the balcony railing before saying, "I'm checking in with you right after our arrival at the villa. Aren't you going to comment on my effort?"

Shane let out a chortle. "Sure."

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean?" Natalie rolled her eyes.

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The man paused for a moment before he replied, "Then tell me how you would like me to respond. I'll try my best to comply."

"Fine. I'll let you off this time. It doesn't go with your character anyway," Natalie teased.

"By the way, Jacqueline has moved out." Shane changed the subject.

"When?" Natalie stood up straight.

"This afternoon. Jackson came over to help her," Shane replied casually.

A broad grin flashed across Natalie's face. "Good to know. But I suppose Ms. Graham wasn't thrilled about it. Were you there when she moved out?"

"No. I wasn't around." Shane shook his head.

"Well, that's too bad." Natalie let out a sigh at that. I was hoping to hear the details of the look on her face when she left.

The couple continued to speak on the phone for another ten minutes before Natalie had to start unpacking.

"Mr. Shane." Mrs. Wilson called out to him just as Shane put down his phone. She was followed by Silas.

Something must be up for the assistant to visit at such a late hour. "Mrs. Wilson, can you take the kids upstairs and put them to bed?"

"Yes, Sir." Mrs. Wilson nodded and retreated from the room with the children.

When there were only both of them in the living room, Shane turned to Silas. "What is it?"

"You asked me to look into Ms. Graham yesterday. Here's something you need to see," Silas said while handing his boss a document file.

Narrowing his eyes, Shane took over the file.

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His lips pursed into a thin line as he started leafing through the dozen pages one by one.

A rare look of stun crept up to Shane's face when he finished digesting all the information.

"She really did all these things?" Shane turned to Silas, who nodded firmly. "I'm afraid so. Ms. Graham was still pretty young when she did these things, so it wasn't difficult to gather and verify."

Even though Silas had taken some time to process it all, he was stirred by the shocking revelation of his discovery.

Like Shane, Silas had thought Jacqueline was a kind and innocent girl. But now, all the evidence pointed the other way.

As a toddler, she was already capable of abusing and killing small animals like cats and puppies. When she was older, she grew into a big bully in both middle and high school. One of her ex-schoolmates is still suffering from a psychological disorder as a result of her mental abuse. Not only is she a malicious and wicked person, but she's also good at concealing it. If Mr. Shane had not asked me to investigate the matter, we'd still be under the impression that she's nothing but a sweet angel.

Just then, Shane tossed the document onto the coffee table. He felt exhausted.

All this while, he had been treating Jacqueline as his little sister. He had never doubted her or imagined she would harbor any vicious thoughts, let alone carrying them out.

But all the detailed evidence the file contained was a slap to his face. It made him realize what a fool he had been all these years when he tried to protect Jacqueline at every turn.

"Mr. Shane, should we alert Dr. Baker about this?" Silas questioned cautiously.

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