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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 841

Jessie had opted for bright-colored fabrics – the type of fabric that was the least chosen by designers. No doubt the fabrics were appealing with striking colors, yet the design really mattered. With an outdated design, the outfits made of bright-colored fabrics would turn out to be failures. As a result, the stylish and classy images of models in those outfits would be tarnished as well. Thus, most designers avoided choosing bright-colored fabrics during competitions. To Natalie’s surprise, Jessie did not opt for any other type of fabric other than the bright-colored ones. Huh! She’s highly confident in her design!

“Ms. Smith, thanks for your compliment. I’d better don’t interrupt you anymore. Besides, I have to start sewing my outfit as well.” Jessie nodded slightly at her and walked away.

Natalie shifted her gaze away from her after a while and continued to focus on her tasks.

The woman managed to get her outfit sewn two hours later. She brought along the outfit backstage to get Sally prepared for the runway session. However, there was no sign of the model there.

“Where is she?” Natalie mumbled in bewilderment and grabbed one of the models’ arms. “Excuse me, have you seen my model?” she asked anxiously.

The model happened to know Natalie, so she was aware that Sally was her model. After all, Sally had basked in the limelight lately. Many from the fashion industry thought highly of her and predicted that she would emerge as one of the most successful models in the near future. Thus, the other models also tended to establish a good relationship with her.

The model shook her head and replied to Natalie at once. “She stepped out after answering a call three hours ago. Since then, she hasn’t come back yet.”

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Three hours ago? Natalie twitched her lips. That should match the timing when I was locked in the toilet and gave her a call! So, she didn't come back after that? Could it be she's still looking for people to identify the fingerprints on the broom?

Natalie put down her clothes and whipped out her cell phone to give Sally a call. The call went through, yet nobody answered it.

Natalie's heart sank. What's the matter? Is her cell phone on silent mode, or has she left it somewhere? Gosh, I hope nothing bad happened to her!

No matter what it was, Natalie was under extreme circumstances.

She glanced at her watch and muttered to herself, "It's ten minutes to four now. The fashion show will start exactly one hour later! I wonder if she will be back in time."

Natalie rubbed her head in frustration and slumped on the chair in weariness. She tried to calm herself down by thinking positively. I should wait a little longer. What if she is on the way back at the moment?

After waiting patiently for about half an hour, the other designers brought their outfits backstage one by one. Models started to get changed and have their makeup done. Even so, Sally was still nowhere to be seen.

Natalie was growing restless. She stood up and could barely wait any longer.

When she was about to step out to look for Sally, Jessie's voice sounded from behind. "Ms. Smith, where is your model?" There was even a sense of bafflement in her tone.

Natalie froze in her steps and turned to look at Jessie.

The latter blinked her eyes and continued to ask as she looked around. "If I'm not wrong, you finished sewing your outfit long ago. Why is it still there? Where is Sally?"

Natalie pursed her lips and answered impatiently, "Yeah, that's why I'm thinking of stepping out to look for her."

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“Look for her?” Jessie was stupefied and gasped, “Ms. Smith, does it mean to say that you are also clueless of where your model is now?”

“Sort of,” Natalie replied indifferently and took the outfit before she left the dressing room.

She did not dare to take the risk of leaving it in the dressing room. If anyone takes the opportunity to destroy it, everything will turn upside down!

Jessie continued to gaze at Natalie till her figure was finally out of sight. She stroked her chin as her mind drifted into contemplation.

Two seconds later, she whipped out her cell phone and made a call. “Sally Oswald is not back till now. Did you do anything?”

A woman’s voice could be heard from the other side of the line, “Yes. I bumped into her outside the security room when I was trying to destroy the security footage near the restroom. She was there for the security footage as well. Therefore, I struck her on the head and knocked her unconscious. I’m not sure if she has awoken.”

Jessie’s lips lifted into a sly smile. “She’s still not back till now. I guess she hasn’t come to herself yet. Well done! As long as Natalie is unable to look for Sally, she will be disqualified.”

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Initially, Jessie expected Natalie to be kicked out of the competition for being late. Out of her expectation, the woman had managed to be back on time. Huh! Now that she has no clue about Sally’s whereabouts, it’s definitely a twist! As long as Sally can’t be back in time, she won’t be able to do anything. She will surely miss a boat this round!

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She hung up blissfully and made her way back to the make-up room to apply make-up for Hannah. Jessie was seemingly over the moon because of the sure bet that Natalie would be disqualified for being late. Even Hannah could not dim Jessie's spirits.

In the meantime, Natalie continued calling Sally as she made her way toward the dressing room where Shane and the kids were. Again, her model did not answer her calls. Right that instant, Natalie was panic-stricken; she was sure that something must have befallen Sally.

"Connor." Natalie knocked on the door of the dressing room.

The door opened within seconds, and Shane emerged at once. He raised his brows and asked surprisingly, "Why are you here during the competition?"

"I don't have time to explain things. Where's Connor?" she asked hastily.

Shane stood aside and let her step in. "He's inside."

Shane narrowed his eyes as Natalie stepped into the room hurriedly. Did anything happen? He closed the door swiftly and followed her.

"Connor!" Natalie called out as she advanced toward the kids.

Connor was playing games with Sharon to kill time. His eyes lit up the moment he saw Natalie. "Mommy!"

Sharon climbed down from the sofa instantly and dashed toward Natalie. "Mommy, you're back! Can we go home now?" Wrapping her arms around Natalie's legs, she asked excitedly.

Natalie stroked Sharon's hair affectionately. "Darling, we can't go home yet as the competition hasn't ended. Just wait for a while more, okay?"

"Alright," Sharon mumbled and lowered her head in disappointment.

Natalie patted her shoulder gently to console her daughter. "Darling, can you have your own fun for a while? I have something to discuss with Connor."

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“Alright.” Sharon moved aside obediently.

Connor glanced at Natalie and asked inquisitively, “Mommy, what’s it?”

“I need you to do me a favor,” Natalie replied.

Shane approached them and asked curiously, “What’s the matter?”

“Sally is missing. I need Connor’s help to trace her current location with her phone number. This is her number.” She handed her cell phone to him. Connor took a look at the number and learned it by heart. Next, he accessed a mysterious website directly with the cell phone and connected the satellite system to trace her current location based on her phone number.

As long as Sally was having her phone with her, Connor would be able to track her no matter where she was. Even so, Natalie was worried that Sally’s cell phone was not by her side at the moment. She gazed at Connor apprehensively with her hands clasped.

Shane wrapped his arms around Natalie and asked softly, “What happened? Sally is missing? How is that possible?”

As Natalie’s model, I’m sure Sally knows the importance to comply with the dos and don’ts of the competition. It doesn’t make sense for her to go elsewhere impulsively without informing Natalie. It seems that something terrible has befallen her.

Natalie rubbed her face wearily. “It’s my fault. I went to the washroom right before the competition started and ended up getting locked in the toilet. Someone was seemingly setting me up so I would be disqualified for being late.”

“What?” Shane stiffened. I can’t believe that actually happened!

Natalie let out a deep sigh and continued to explain, “I gave Sally a call and requested her to come to my rescue. Someone had actually locked me from outside with a broom. After she got me out, I asked for her help to get the fingerprints from the broom identified. Apart from that, I thought of finding out the person who locked me up in the toilet. Thus, I reminded her to drop by the security room and have a look at the security footage near the restroom. She has not come back since then.”

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"I bet something must have happened to her," Shane commented abruptly.

Natalie agreed and nodded. "I share the same sentiments as you."

Initially, she assumed that Sally was not back yet from the fingerprint identification, but she thought otherwise after giving the situation some thought.

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It was almost her turn, but Natalie didn't receive a single call from Sally. At that moment, she could sense that something had befallen her.

"Shane, I would be devastated if anything bad happened to Sally," said Natalie anxiously as she grabbed Shane's arm. She worried about Sally's safety more than the competition.

"Don't worry. I'm here for you." He tried to assure her and patted her back lightly when he saw her body tremble with fear. Her sorrowful eyes overflowed with tears.

Sally, where are you?

Just when Natalie was feeling overwhelmed with emotions, Connor shouted, "I found her!"

Natalie pushed Shane away and rushed to her son. Instead of being offended or hurt by her action, the man found it fascinating and raised his brows in response.

Anxiously, Natalie asked, "Connor, where is she?"

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His son immediately passed her the phone and pointed at the red pin shown on the screen. "She's at the exit staircase of the building, but we can't tell the exact level from this floor plan."

The floor plan only showed a view from above, so it was impossible for them to indicate her specific location.

"Mommy, you'll need to send a few more people to find her on each floor," he reminded her.

Natalie nodded in acknowledgement.

"Leave it to me. I'm one of the investors of the competition. I can assign more men to look for her." Shane stepped forward to offer help.

"Okay. I really appreciate that, Shane." She nodded as she squeezed her hands anxiously into fists.

The man gently caressed her hair, then took out his phone from the pocket.

A few minutes later, they received good news from the searchers. Sally was found unconscious in a trash bin located at an emergency stairway not far from the surveillance room. The bump on the back of her head was concrete evidence that she had gotten hit.

Natalie breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that they found her alive. Then, anger began rippling through her. She couldn't believe Sally had been treated so brutally.

If Connor hadn't located her, she might have only been found at eight o'clock that night when the janitors came to collect the trash. By that time, Sally's life would have been in serious danger.

Sally was soon carried to the dressing room. Beside her was Natalie who couldn't help feeling concerned. Natalie took Sally's hands and asked with tears in her eyes, "Sal, are you okay?"

Lightheaded, the latter leaned back on the couch. After a while, she murmured, "Nat?"

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"Yes, it's me." Natalie nodded profusely as tears coursed down her cheeks unchecked.

"It's really you."

"I'm here."

Just then, Sally broke down into tears. "It's really you. Thank God. I'm alive, Nat!" she wailed.

Natalie's heart ached with pity for her, so she immediately hugged her and apologized.

Meanwhile, Shane just watched them with envy. His face darkened. He didn't want to interrupt them, so he turned and left.

As soon as he stepped out of the room, the host of the competition approached him and bowed his head respectfully. "Mr. Thompson, I'm sorry that such an incident happened in this event. We will definitely investigate the case thoroughly and provide you with a full explanation."

He didn't expect that the designer who was almost late to the competition was actually the wife of Thompson Group's CEO.

And, worst of all, her model was viciously attacked and shoved into a trash bin in order to sabotage her show.

The host promised to find the culprit. That person not only harmed the wife of a CEO — the reputation of such a prestigious international competition was also destroyed.

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By any means, the host of the competition needed to find the attacker and blacklist that person for good.

Shane saw an expression of fierce determination on the man's face. He nodded in satisfaction and said, "Very well. Don't disappoint me, or else I will cancel my investment and ask my wife to withdraw from the competition."

The host lurched slightly, and only after a moment did he nod gravely. "Rest assured. I won't let you down."

He was aware that the investment from such an important company like Thompson Group would only disadvantage them; it might affect the decision of other investors as well.

Besides, Natalie's withdrawal from the competition would highly ruin their reputation, and the public would be suspicious of their fairness. After all, it was a totally different issue than the time when they would disqualify a contestant who broke a rule.

Thus, both situations were not favorable to him.

"Alright then," Shane said as he lifted his chin. "One more thing. We just found my wife's model, and she's in a bad condition. She needs some treatment. I guess you can postpone the show by an hour, right?"

"Sure, that wouldn't be a problem," the latter replied affirmatively because that was the least they could do. It was not considered cheating.

"You go ahead and do. Also, send a doctor here at once," Shane commanded.

"Yes, sir." At that, the host left.

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Shane returned to the dressing room and heard Natalie asking Sally about the attacker.

Sally held a warm cup of water with both hands. "I went to retrieve the security footage, but no one was in the surveillance room. When I was looking for the person in charge, I could hear footsteps following me. I turned my head, and..." she trailed off, her voice shaking.

"And what?" Natalie asked as she held her hands. The latter took a deep breath to remain composed and continued, "Just as soon as I turned my head, a baton whistle passed my ear. I felt pain in the back of my head, and I passed out."

"Baton..." Natalie gasped. Her face was pale. "Didn't that person know a blow of baton could be fatal?"

Human skulls were fragile – they could be easily breached when someone fell down, not to mention a violent jolt to the head. It was a great miracle that Sally had survived such a big blow.

"Did you manage to see that person's face?" Shane asked as he looked at Sally.

She clenched the blanket in her fist. She nodded at first but then shook her head. "I didn't see her face. I just noticed it was a blonde hair girl with a hood over her head. I presume she is a Westerner."

"Westerner?" Natalie narrowed her eyes, deep in thought.

"Nat, do you think it's the same person that locked you in the toilet room?" Sally asked. "I went to the surveillance room to check that. So I guess that same person tried to stop me by attacking me and tamper the footage."

Then she paused to take a sip of water before she continued, "I think she didn't expect me to go and check the footage in that instant, so she knocked me out in panic."

Indeed, everyone at that competition was aware that she was Natalie's model. Her intention to go to the surveillance room right after the incident was obvious.

"No, I don't think so." Natalie shook her head.

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"Why makes you think so?" asked Sally as she blinked curiously.

"By the time you got attacked, the round had already started. The person who locked her must be one of the designers. After all, all the designers are so competitive," Shane reasoned.

"He's right," Natalie said firmly as she nodded.

Realization soon dawned on Sally. "I see, so it was two different people. Do you think the one who attacked me was a model? I remember her being quite tall."

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Natalie mulled over Sally's words and said, "That's possible. The person who attacked you didn't want you to check the footage. It's possible that she's an accomplice of the one who locked me in the toilet."

"By the way, Nat. Did you guys retrieve the footage?" Sally asked as soon as she recalled her purpose. "Do they still have it?"

Shane and Natalie exchanged gazes. Then the latter shook her head in response. "I don't think so. The attacker must have taken it after she hit you unconscious."

At that moment, they realized it was impossible to identify the two women without the security footage.

"Sal, is the broom still there?" Natalie asked because that was the only clue they had.

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The latter shook her head. "I don't know. I had the broom in my hand before the attack. But after that, I'm not sure if it was taken or not."

"Should I ask them to look for it?" Shane asked.

"We have no other choice," Natalie replied.

If the broom was nowhere to be found, they could only rely on the organizer to investigate both cases. Moreover, it would be easier to find the offenses through them because only a few designers participated in the competition that day.

"By the way, does Jessie have a male model or a female model?" asked Shane all of a sudden.

"Darling, are you suspecting..."

"Connor and I were monitoring the competition in the dressing room. Then Connor told me that Jessie was staring at you in hostility. So I'm making a guess here. Jessie was the one who locked you there. And if her model is a blonde hair lady, then we have solved the puzzle."

"Her model is dark-haired Asian, and she is taller than the person who attacked me," Sally spoke up.

He narrowed his eyes. "That means there are still many designers who are jealous of you."

"Of course! Nat is a genius designer. It's only natural for everyone to be jealous," Sally scoffed.

Meanwhile, Natalie looked completely nonplussed. "Why are you flattering me when you're in such a condition?"

Sally just sniggered. Suddenly, her eyes widened in shock, and she immediately stood up. Lightheaded, she lost her balance and slumped back into the couch.

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“What are you doing?” Natalie was shocked. She quickly sat her up to keep Sally from fainting.

Sally held her forehead and apologized in a muffled voice, “Sorry, I suddenly remembered about the competition. Nat, did I make you...”

Natalie’s eyes dimmed before she could finish her sentence. In the next second, she put on a carefree smile and said, “It’s fine. The competition doesn’t matter, as long as you’re safe.”

The woman cared about her more than the competition because she knew she still had the chance to join it the following year.

“Nat... I’m so sorry, I...”

“The catwalk hasn’t started yet,” Shane interjected.

The two ladies froze in surprise.

“Darling, what did you just say?” His wife gazed at him with hope.

Sally had the same expression as her. “Mr. Shane, did you say that the catwalk hasn’t started yet?”

“Yeah, I asked the host to postpone it for an hour.”

Sally blinked in disbelief. “I didn’t hear you wrongly, did I?”

“No.” At that, Natalie’s eyes lit up. She launched herself to his embrace and thanked him.

Shane’s lips curled into a smile.

However, she pushed him away the very next second. Her happy expression had faded. She gazed up at him in worry and asked, “Darling, aren’t you abusing your power?”

She was aware that her husband was one of the investors in the competition.

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He met her gaze. "No, I'm not. I just asked them to postpone the competition. It won't do any harm to the designers anyway."

"I'm glad to hear that." Natalie breathed a sigh of relief.

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