

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1091

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The person who caught her was none other than her partner and jewelry designer, Annette Jennings.

"It's me," said Annette, putting down her hands.

Lacey Jones, the designer who had wanted to lay a finger on Natalie's and Lina's stuff, snorted. "What's the matter? Are you going to report me?"

Smiling, Annette replied, "It looks like you admit to it. Don't worry. I'm not going to report you. We're partners, after all. If I report you and you end up getting kicked out of the competition, I'll lose my partner and won't be able to continue competing anyway. It won't do me any good to report you."

"That what do you want?" Lacey pursed her lips.

She had already known that Annette would not report her, so she had breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that it was Annette who had caught her.

"I don't want anything. I'm just hoping that you'll include me in your plans," said Annette.

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Lacey was shocked. "You've lost it. Have you thought about the consequences? If I do it on my own and get caught, you'll get off scot-free. At most, you won't be allowed to compete. But if we're both caught, you'll—"

"I know. I haven't lost it. I just want to stop Lina from advancing any further in this competition," Annette interrupted with a flash of hatred in her eyes.

Lacey looked at Annette curiously. "Do you have a beef with Natalie's partner?"

Annette balled her hands into fists and hissed through clenched teeth, "That wretched woman stole a large part of my resources in a previous jewelry competition. The suppliers had approached me first. However, they changed their mind after seeing her work and chose to work with her instead. It was utterly humiliating. How could I not hate her after that?"

Lacey could empathize with Annette. "That does warrant a grudge."

I'd feel the same way if someone snatched away my resources.

"But that's only one of the reasons why I hate her. The main reason is that she's an uncouth woman who doesn't have the necessary understanding and respect for jewelry design. She should be content with getting into the finals. How dare she even think of winning? She should know her place and not try to get her grubby hands on what's ours," Annette spat out, her face contorting with rage.

Lacey's eyes gleamed. "I can't believe that we're on the same page. That's what I think too! Natalie has no right to come here to gain fame and glory, let alone stop us from winning."

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“That’s why we should work together. Julian is an idiot for trying to do it all on her own. She’s just presenting her head on a silver platter,” Annette remarked in a voice dripping with disdain.

Lacey looked Annette in the eye and held out her hand. “Here’s to a happy partnership.”

After exchanging smiles, one of them stood in front of the chair and blocked it from view while the other knelt behind the chair and got to work.

Meanwhile, Natalie, Lina, and Sally sat on a couch in the room next door. All three of them were looking at a computer screen with grave expressions.

Lacey and Annette’s conversation, as well as their every action, was being recorded.

Unbeknownst to others, they had installed spy cameras in the dressing room the previous day.

After talking to Shane a few days ago, Natalie realized that there would surely still be some ill-intentioned people who would not give up and try to sabotage her even though they had seen what had happened to unethical Julian.

Hence, she had gotten someone to install the spy cameras, then put on an act in the dressing room with Sally and Lina before leaving.

The dress and jewelry she had deliberately left on the chair would serve as bait for those who wanted to ruin her chances in the competition.

And voila, I was right! But I didn’t expect that Lacey and Annette would be the ones who’d try to sabotage me.

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"That's it. I can't bear to watch this any longer. I'm going to catch them red-handed right now!" An enraged Lina rose to her feet and headed straight for the door.

Natalie called out, "There's no rush. The show is going to start soon. You'll only be wasting time if you go over there now. Let's wait until after the show. Besides, we have the whole thing caught on camera. What's there to be afraid of?"

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"She's right," Sally said, nodding.

Lina turned around and returned to her seat reluctantly.

Natalie unzipped the garment bag containing the actual dress meant for the runway. "All right, we'll start doing Sal's makeup now. Lina, you're in charge of doing her hair."

Lina nodded. "Okay."

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While they went about with their preparations, Annette and Lacey glanced at their watches over in the dressing room.

"There are only fifteen minutes left before the show starts, but they're not back yet. Aren't they going to come and get their dress?" Lacey sounded a little worried as she looked at the time.

Annette sipped her coffee calmly. "It doesn't matter. Even if they don't return before the show, that's good news for us too. If they're late, they'll get disqualified just the same!"

"That's true," Lacey answered, nodding.

At that moment, the door to the dressing room opened, and one of the staff walked in. "Sorry to interrupt, but Ms. Natalie sent me. Her model took a tumble and is now at the infirmary, so she sent me to take her dress and jewelry to the infirmary. They'll be doing the model's makeup there. May I know where her things are?"

Upon hearing that, Annette and Lacey exchanged glances.

Lacey bit her lip and said in a frustrated tone, "They're not late!"

Annette scoffed. "So what? Don't forget that even if they're not late, they'll place last if their model messes up on the runway, and they'll end up getting eliminated."

"Right. You're right," Lacey said with a smile. Then, pointing to the chair in front of her, she said to the staff, "Her things are here."

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"Great. Sorry for interrupting!" the staff said with a smile and left after taking the bag.

Suddenly, Tina called out, "Wait!"

The staff stopped and looked at her questioningly.

Tina went over and said softly, "Tell Natalie and her friends that there might be something wrong with the dress."

The staff's eyes glinted with realization. Then she smiled and nodded. "I understand. I'll be on my way then."

"Of course," Tina replied, stepping aside.

As Tina walked back to where she was sitting, Annette grabbed her arm. "What did you say to her just now?"

Tina cast a sidelong glance at Annette's hand, then shook her off expressionlessly. "Nothing."

Annette opened her mouth to protest, but Lacey pulled her aside. "Forget it. Stop asking her about it. We'll only risk exposing ourselves if we ask too many questions."

"Do you think she doesn't suspect us?" Annette retorted with contempt.

Lacey stared at her, stunned. "Do you mean that she..."

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"When we were tampering with the dress, I noticed that she kept looking over at us several times. I suspect that she knows what we did." Annette narrowed her eyes.

Annette's answer made Lacey feel anxious. "What should we do?"

"There's only one thing to do, and that's to teach her a lesson. But not now. We'll wait until after the show," Annette replied with a darkened expression.

Lacey nodded. "I suppose that's the only way."

She gazed at Tina, and an apologetic look flashed across her eyes.

I never intended to harm Tina, since she's much less skilled than me. But Natalie is a different story. Her talent is comparable to mine. I'd even say she's way better than me. She's also much younger. Most importantly, her husband isn't just a random nobody.

He has the power to influence the competition organizer. If she gets him to pull some strings, the rest of us won't stand a chance of winning. Because of her capabilities and background, I have to take her down. I have to stop her from using the resources she has to win. I believe that others would target her for the same reasons.

Over in the room next door, the staff handed the bag to Natalie.

Just as Natalie was about to thank her, the staff repeated what Tina had said.

Natalie smiled. "All right, got it. Thanks for your help."

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