

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 51 - 55

Natalie smiled and told Ashley, "All right, please come with me. Mr. Shane is looking for you."

"Why?"

"You'll know soon enough," Natalie replied grimly before she left.

The anxiety in Ashley grew as she put her pencil down and followed Natalie to Jasmine's office.

The supervisor's expression changed as soon as she saw Ashley.

Natalie noticed that and pursed her lips as if nothing had happened. "Ms. Jasmine, may I use your computer?"

Shane answered instead. "Go ahead."

Jasmine moved the computer towards Natalie who then inserted a USB drive and beckoned for Ashley's attention.

"Look at these security footages."

Ashley trembled with fear, and her face turned pale at those words. She knew they had caught her in the act.

Afraid that Ashley might reveal any information, Jasmine shot her a warning look.

Although Natalie noticed the interaction between the two, she did not expose them. She showed the security footages to Ashley.

The first recording was captured two days ago when Natalie stepped away from her desk to collect Ashley's medicine from the infirmary. In her absence, Ashley accessed her computer to locate the design drafts and other relevant files.

The second recording showed that Ashley arrived at the office after nine in the evening. She wiped off the fingerprints left during the day with a wet towel and put on gloves before she deleted the files and stole the drafts on Natalie's computer.

Everything was clear then.

Shane looked at Natalie as he tapped his fingers on the desk. "How will you handle this?"

Natalie took a deep breath and replied coldly, "Immediate termination. We should also release a statement about her crime to boycott her from the industry."

At those words, Ashley went into a state of shock and fell limply on the floor. Jasmine did not expect Natalie to be so harsh. Her decision could ruin Ashley's life.

"Natalie, don't you think the punishment is unjustifiable? Can't you suggest a forfeit of salary for a few months instead?" Jessica asked.

Natalie remained unfazed as she stared at Ashley who sat dejectedly on the floor. "No! As a fashion designer, you know very well that stealing and plagiarism are taboos in this industry. You should pay the price for your actions."

Plagiarism?

This word infuriated Jasmine as she knew Natalie was trying to imply that she plagiarized her design.

Unsatisfied with the decision, Jasmine pointed at Natalie and asked Shane, "Is it necessary to ruin Ashley's life?"

"She did the right thing," he said approvingly.

Shane admired Natalie's intelligence and how she kept her cool. She retrieved the security recordings in such a short time and imposed an appropriate punishment on the offender while maintaining her neutrality. There was no display of unnecessary emotions.

Jasmine felt incredulous after she heard Shane's comment. "What? You agree with her?"

Shane nodded. "I would do the same too."

Natalie was pleased and thanked Shane for his compliment and support.

Frankly, she doubted she could fire Ashley. After all, she was only a supporting staff.

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It was unnecessary for Natalie to worry too much. Shane was a sensible and impartial employer.

"All right, stick to the decision," he reaffirmed and left.

After a while, two security guards came to escort Ashley out.

When she passed by Natalie, she whispered, "I'm sorry."

The latter remained calm and gave no response.

She could not simply forgive Ashley for the damage caused.

She confronted Jasmine when they were alone in the room. "It was you, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean?" Jasmine feigned innocence.

Natalie narrowed her eyes at her and replied, "You know what I mean. You orchestrated the whole thing and used Ashley."

When Shane left their department after inspection two days ago, Jasmine had coughed in her direction.

Natalie did not realize it was Jasmine's signal for Ashley to leave and steal the drafts until she watched the security recordings last night.

"Do you have any evidence to prove that I instigated her?" Jasmine mocked.

Natalie tucked her hair behind the ears nonchalantly. "Well, I don't have any evidence. That's why I didn't reveal you when you winked at Ashley just now."

Jasmine did not participate in the action personally, and she concealed the truth very well.

It was impossible to prove her wrongdoing without a confession. Ashley's refusal to be a snitch even after her termination could only mean two things—Jasmine had threatened or bribed her.

"Since you don't have any evidence against me, I can sue you for slander and defamation!" Jasmine countered with a smirk.

Natalie wasn't intimidated. "If you want to sue me, please make a police report now. Let's fight the case in court and get the judge to question Ashley whether you are the instigator. What do you think?"

Her encouragement stunned Jasmine.

There was a moment of awkwardness.

Natalie smiled and pretended that she did not notice Jasmine's embarrassment. "Logically, I should have called the police when my drafts went missing. I didn't do so to avoid any bad impression being made against Thompson Group. I have nothing to do with this since you made the call."

"Get out!" Jasmine pointed at the door and roared with rage. She never expected her half-sister to evolve into such a tough woman.

Natalie was not bothered and replied with a smile, "It seems like you will not sue me. All right, I'll make a move now."

After she left the office, she stopped and took her cell phone out of her pocket to check the recording of their conversation.

It didn't yield any result. Nothing in their conversation could prove that Ashley was acting under Jasmine's instructions. The evil half-sister had been extremely cautious.

Natalie knew she had to be vigilant from now on. Jasmine would bid her time and strike again.

When that thought came to her mind, Natalie clenched her fists. However, there was nothing she could do except sigh and return to her workplace.

After three days, Natalie presented some new sketches to Shane.

Three days later, she presented a set of new drafts to Shan who then called the top-level management for a meeting immediately.

The majority concurred with the recommendation to appoint Natalie as the chief designer of Project Rebirth

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Jasmine, who was also at the meeting, was green with envy. However, there was nothing she could do apart from watching Natalie win applause from the seniors.

Of course, Natalie felt her jealousy, but the former did not take it to heart and calmly carried on with her design concept.

Shortly afterward, the meeting ended and the crowd dispersed.

Jasmine rose and walked towards Shane, intimately entwining her arms around his. "Shane, shall we have dinner at my place tonight? My dad misses you."

She intentionally emphasized "my dad" and glanced at Natalie, savoring the satisfaction of seeing Natalie pause briefly from organizing her design drafts.

Natalie used to be the princess of the Smith family, while Jasmine was born out of wedlock.

Natalie could legitimately call "Daddy" but Jasmine could only do so secretly.

Now, Natalie was no longer the Smith princess and she could no longer call Harrison "Daddy". She could not even tell anyone about her relationship with the Smiths. Jasmine was most delighted by this!

Jasmine's actions and thoughts were read by Shane instantly. He frowned slightly. "No, I can't. I'm busy tonight."

He then pulled his arm away from her.

Jasmine felt disappointed and humiliated having been rejected on the spot. "What is it? Is it urgent? If it's not, do come. All the dishes are being prepared as we speak."

"What do you think? It's Grandpa's death anniversary." Shane glanced at her briefly.

Jasmine gaped but no words came out. She was scolding Susan silently.

That idiot! Of all days to invite Shane to dinner, what made her choose Grandpa Thompson's death anniversary? Does she deliberately want him to scold me?

I'm so flabbergasted!

Seeing Jasmine suffer from humiliation, Natalie could not stop herself from giggling. This had the added effect of lifting Natalie's mood, which had earlier turned sullen because of Harrison.

Shane's eyes lit up momentarily as he saw Natalie smiling like a little fox before quickly turning grave again. "When will the finalized designs be ready? I will then ask Silas to arrange for models."

"Mr. Shane, we are not in a hurry to look for models; they are always available. I will finish the drafts very soon. Having said that, the fabric is the main concern." Natalie stood up when she was done sorting her design drafts.

"What is wrong with the fabric?" Shane turned serious.

"It is quite problematic." Natalie opened up her laptop and turned the screen towards him. "The first chart shows the high-quality fabric we currently have in stock. The second chart shows the types and quantity of fabric needed for Project Rebirth. Unfortunately, we are lacking two-thirds of these fabrics so we need to restock them."

Shane studied the laptop screen attentively. "Restocking is fine, but I see that the 'color' column next to your chart is marked with the word 'dye'. What does it mean? Is there a need to redye it?"

"Yes. Since there are many colors, it is impossible to buy every color of every type of fabric. What we need is to order white fabric and dye it into various colors by ourselves," Natalie nodded and answered.

Jasmine, who was standing aside, felt immensely threatened when she saw the two so close to each other that nobody could fit between them.

This sense of threat also reminded her that chasing Natalie away would not solve the problem. She needed to be proactive in order to have Shane for herself. The best way is to get intimate!

When that happened, her position as his fiancée would become solid and she would not need to worry about him being snatched away.

Deep in her thoughts, Jasmine clenched her teeth and left the conference room.

Naturally, Natalie and Shane were aware of her leaving, but they were unbothered by it and continued discussing the fabric issue.

“Looks like we need to redye a great deal of fabric.” Shane pointed at the laptop screen with his long and slender finger.

Natalie agreed, “Yes, Mr. Shane. That is why I need a dye room.”

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“Do you know how to dye fabric?” Instead of approving right away, Shane voiced his doubts.

To him, dyeing fabric was always the experts’ job.

Could she take on this responsibility? She’s still young in this business.

It would be impossible for him to let her experiment on such expensive fabric!

As if she could read his mind, Natalie closed her laptop and said, “Don’t worry, Mr. Shane. Since I have the courage to request a dye room, it means I can certainly handle it. I don’t take this lightly.”

Upon hearing this, Shane looked at her with a faint smile. “Since you sound so confident, I shall ask Silas to make the necessary arrangements.”

"Thank you very much, Mr. Shane." Elated, Natalie quickly bowed to him.

Shane lifted his head slightly. "Don't be too excited yet. Although I approved your request for a dye room, you will still need to pay up if you ruin the fabric."

"Yes, I understand!" Natalie responded confidently.

It was only reasonable to compensate for ruining the fabric.

Nonetheless, she had confidence in her skills that such a situation would not occur.

"It's good that you understand, so..." The phone in Shane's pocket suddenly rang when he was still talking.

He furrowed his brows and swallowed his remaining words as he checked his phone.

Abruptly, his countenance darkened.

Sensing something was wrong and that she should not be hanging around, Natalie asked to leave the room.

Shane waved in acknowledgment.

He finally picked up the call after Natalie left.

Without waiting for him to respond, the caller had already started babbling, "Hey Shane, what do you think about my suggestion last night? It definitely is a piece of precious land; you wouldn't want to miss this opportunity."

Shane pressed his lips together coldly. "Uncle Thompson, like I said before, I disagree with relocating Grandpa's grave. Moreover, I don't believe in geomancy—you should just give up!"

"You stubborn brat. So what if you don't believe in it? I do! The geomancy expert said that if we move your grandfather's grave to that place, we Thompsons will thrive," Sam complained grudgingly.

Shane squinted. "Uncle Thompson, do you think I don't know? You just want to take over the land on which Grandpa's grave is."

Sam was initially shocked as he heard Shane's comment. Seeing that the cat was out of the bag, he decided to cease his act and sneered. "Alright, you brat. Since you already know, I will say this—I will have that land!"

As Sam hung up the call, Shane's vibe turned terribly icy.

At this precise moment, Silas entered with a file in hand. He seemed to have something urgent to report, but after seeing Shane's expression, he asked, "Mr. Shane, what's wrong?"

"Get the car ready. I want to go back to the Thompson residence!" Shane kept his phone away and ordered.

Silas immediately did as told.

In no time, Shane was on the road to the Thompson residence.

He gazed dully at the landscape in reverse motion outside the car window.

Sam's family suddenly wants the land on which Grandpa's grave is—this must be Sean's doing.

What exactly do they want with that land?

The car stopped while Shane was deep in his thoughts. Silas turned his head around. "Mr. Shane, we're here!"

Shane stopped pondering and walked into the house with a grave expression.

It was already 9:00 p.m. when he finished dealing with Sam and paying respects to his late grandfather.

Silas brought Shane back to his villa. When Shane walked in, he detected a sickening scent of perfume and immediately frowned.

"Shane." Overjoyed that he was home, Jasmine briskly walked up to him. "Oh, did you drink?"

Shane stepped away to avoid her and asked in a gloomy manner, "Why are you here?"

"Isn't today Grandpa's death anniversary? I was worried about you so I came to check on you." Jasmine explained while receiving his suitcase as if she was the mistress of the house.

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Still avoiding her, Shane called out coldly, "Mrs. Wilson!"

The maid, Martha Wilson, quickly rushed out from the kitchen. "Mr. Shane, you're back."

"Who let her in?" he demanded as he pointed at Jasmine, "Haven't I told you before not to let anyone in if I'm not at home?"

Mrs. Wilson looked at Jasmine. "Sir, I thought that since Ms. Smith is your fiancée, you two would be married eventually, so..."

"I will cut your bonus for this month!" He did not want to hear her explanation and punished her directly.

Mrs. Wilson smiled nervously. "Yes, Sir."

"Shane, what do you mean by this?" Jasmine was displeased.

It is evident that he doesn't want me here; that's why he's punishing Mrs. Wilson for letting me in.

Shane did not intend to reply. Instead, he rubbed his brows in fatigue and ordered her to leave. "You may go now!"

"No, I will not." Jasmine stepped right in front of Shane. "I came not only to see you but also because of my dad. We've been engaged for so many years and my dad wanted me to ask you when you plan to get married."

Hmm?

Shane squinted slightly and looked at Jasmine for a few seconds. Then, he said bluntly, "I don't have any plans for marriage for now."

"Why?" Her reddened face turned white at once.

She couldn't understand why her engagement went so smoothly but the marriage never happened.

It only takes one last step for me to become Mrs. Thompson, yet he just won't go for it!

Jasmine clenched her fists as this thought crossed her mind. "Shane, I have waited five years; how much longer do you want me to wait?"

"If you don't want to wait, then don't!" Tugging at his tie, he walked past her and headed upstairs.

Jasmine bit her lips while watching his back in disbelief.

What does he mean? He wants me to call off the engagement herself?

Impossible. I'll never do that!

Jasmine left the villa grumpily.

Upstairs, Shane opened the door of his room and the disgusting perfume odor filled his nostrils once again.

His expression darkened. "Mrs. Wilson, did you let her into my room, too?"

Mrs. Wilson stood at the bottom of the staircase and looked up. "No, Sir, I did not. Ms. Smith said she wanted to look around so I let her. I had no idea that she entered your room, Sir."

Shane was about to explode. Closing the door of his bedroom with a sour look, he headed downstairs and straight for the main entrance.

"Sir, where are you going?" Mrs. Wilson followed behind him and asked.

While putting on his shoes, Shane ordered coldly, "Get someone to clean the villa thoroughly tomorrow. I'll come back when they're finished."

After giving the orders, he opened the door, walked out, and drove away from the villa.

Meanwhile, at Blue Court Apartments.

After putting her two children to sleep, Natalie massaged her sore neck and walked out of their room. Suddenly, she heard a loud thump outside her main door.

What's going on? Natalie was astounded. Thinking something had happened, she hurriedly opened the door and saw a tall man lying on the floor of the hallway.

The loud thump came about when he collapsed.

"Hey, are you alright?" Natalie went closer and lightly nudged the man on the floor with the tip of her foot.

The man stayed still.

As Natalie bent down slightly to check on him, a pungent stench of alcohol overwhelmed her system.

Feeling disgusted, she scowled and turned the man over. A familiar face entered her sight.

Natalie went wide-eyed in disbelief. Why is he here?

Without giving much thought, she shook the man twice. "Mr. Shane? Mr. Shane?"

Shane instantly opened his eyes and sat up on the floor.

When he saw that it was Natalie, he let down his guard. "Oh, it's you?"

"Yes, it's me." Natalie helped him up. "Mr. Shane, how come you've passed out here?"