

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 20

Since she couldn't direct her hatred at Shane, she shot daggers at Natalie instead.

Natalie was left dazed when Jasmine suddenly cast blame on her though she had done nothing wrong.

Shane, too, noticed Jasmine's subtle act but paid no heed to it. He immediately shifted his gaze to the designers and asked, "Can you guys put the fabrics back in place within one and a half hours?"

One of the designers replied, "I don't think it's possible because we have little knowledge about these fabrics. We might need to cross-refer to the pictures in the warehouse catalog to identify them. We need at least three hours." After all, it was not an easy feat to cross-refer to these large heaps of fabrics.

Even so, Shane was unsatisfied with the answer he got. "Can't you guys speed up?" The contracting party would be here within one and a half hours to collect the fabrics. Thus, he couldn't afford to let him wait for three hours.

Nobody dared to answer him.

Suddenly, Natalie raised her hand. "I can give it a try!" Her voice was surprisingly loud and clear in the silent warehouse.

At that moment, everyone turned around to look at her in disbelief. Jasmine was also seen rolling her eyes at Natalie.

In contrast, Shane's face was calm as before. "You mean you can do it within one and a half hours?"

"Of course, I can't do it alone. I need two helpers to give me a hand..."

“What a joke!” Jasmine interrupted her. Pointing her finger at Natalie, she mocked, “You’re just a college dropout. I wonder if you could even tell the different elements of fashion designing. Now you’re saying you can identify all these fabrics?”

Disregarding her sarcastic remarks, Natalie made her way toward Shane. Standing in front of him, she asked, “Mr. Shane, do you believe in me?”

“I’ll leave it to you then.” His reply was simple.

Before she even reacted, Jasmine raised her objection again. “Shane, you really believe in her?” She regarded him with incredulity.

He glanced at her coldly. “She is confident that she can do it, so why shouldn’t I believe in her?”

Biting her lips, Jasmine was still reluctant to give in. “But she is a college dropout! All of the designers here are graduates from prestigious universities. Even they can’t recognize all the fabrics, let alone her.”

Shane turned to face Natalie. “Is that so?” It was hard for him to believe that a college dropout was capable of becoming Mercede’s student.

With a faint smile, Natalie explained calmly, “It’s true. For some reason, I dropped out of college a few years ago. But I did get my degree from my university overseas. Oh, I forgot to mention, I graduated from Laurent Academy of Design.”

Everyone gasped in shock.

Laurent Academy of Design was considered the top fashion design academy in the world. It only recruited three hundred students every year. All of those who were qualified were none other than the best of the best. They couldn’t believe Natalie was one of the graduates.

The designers started to see her in a different light. In an instant, the derision in their eyes was replaced by admiration and maybe even a hint of jealousy.

Even Shane himself didn't expect her to be a graduate of Laurent Academy of Design. No wonder she could become Mercede's student.

Suddenly, Jasmine yelled in an agitated state. "That's impossible! You can't be a graduate from Laurent Academy of Design!" She was reluctant to believe in it. It would be a slap in her face since she had claimed earlier that Natalie was a dropout.

"Nothing is impossible." Natalie fished out her phone. After a few taps, she showed the screen in front of Jasmine. "This is my graduation certificate. Ms. Jasmine, if you still have any doubts, you can always verify its validity with the school authority."

Jasmine stared intently at the screen as if she were going to burn a hole through it. Glowering at her, she growled, "You're telling this in front of everyone on purpose to humiliate me. I..."