

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 220

"Don't mention it. You're the patron, so it is our pleasure. For your information, we have an infirmary here that you could visit to have your injury examined at no personal expense."

"And they have a doctor too. That's wonderful, Nat." Joyce's eye lighted up as she patted Natalie on the back.

Natalie's heart warmed as she knew what Joyce had in mind, but she shook her head. "There's no hurry. I can go there after the bidding."

"It's no problem. The doctor will be around so you could choose to drop in anytime. If there's nothing else, I shall take my leave." With that, the friendly staff made his exit.

Joyce snatched up the shoe box and opened it to reveal a pair of white soft-sole flats. Minimalist but classy, it matched Natalie's outfit to a tee.

Joyce fiddled with the shoes in her hands and sighed. "The organizers ain't half-bad. Not only did they paid for a luxurious brand while taking into consideration the clothing you had on you, but they've also provided medical care. Tsk! Nothing here to complain about."

"Alright, give 'em here. The bidding is about to start." Natalie nudged her with an elbow.

Joyce placed the shoes back in their box before dropping them back onto Natalie's lap. "There you go."

Natalie smiled before she bent down to change out of her heels.

The competition in the bidding had reached fever pitch as the various corporations and studios went head to head.

Joyce had made several cracks at it previously, but their studio's lack of ability and a proven track record as a new startup saw them wiped out of contention in short order.

As disappointing as the outcome was for her, it was to be expected.

Jasmine had no idea that Natalie had no expectations for Studio Nouveau to win coming in, so she was jubilant when the new upstart was eliminated. She eagerly looked behind in the hope of catching Natalie's dejected expression.

However, she was slightly miffed to see Natalie all smiles and at relative ease.

What's this? Why is she smiling after failing in her bid?

Jasmine was perplexed.

Natalie felt Jasmine's eyes on herself. She thus looked straight back at her nemesis as she said to Joyce. "She's looking right at us."

"Who?" Joyce did not catch Natalie's drift immediately.

Natalie exhaled, "Jasmine."

"Where?" Joyce scanned around with her hand binoculars.

Natalie twitched her red lips. "Row seven, second from the right."

"Oh, I see her." When Joyce spotted Jasmine, she smirked chillingly in her direction before drawing a finger across her own neck.

The woman across the rows got a fright and turned away with her heart thumping against her chest.

That got Joyce chortling. "See how I just scared the crap out of her?"

Natalie curled her lips. "Sure did. Well done, you."

"Naturally," Joyce snorted.

Shane, who had been observing this wordless exchange, could not withhold a snigger.

Silas behind him asked, "What are you laughing about, Mr. Shane?"

"It's nothing. Have the results been announced?" Shane turned and asked after placing down the wine glass in his hand.

His assistant took a quick check at the watch on his wrist. "It's almost time. We should have them soon."

The compere had taken to the rostrum with handset equipped as the two men were speaking. He then began to announce the outcome of the bidding. "The winner of this bidding exercise is Mr. Smith from the second-floor private room. Congratulations on securing the winter fashion project!"

All the heads below stage turned in the direction of the second floor to see who this Mr. Smith was.

To their disappointment, they were not able to as all the windows to the private room were shut tight.

"Nat, do you know of any big shot by the name of Smith in J City?" Joyce whispered in Natalie's ear.

Natalie shook her head. "Not recently. In the past, perhaps."

"In the past?" Joyce blinked in astonishment.

Natalie explained as she rubbed her ankle. "There used to be a family of Smiths in J City, but they were academics. They had one daughter who married into the Thompsons, and gave birth to Mr. Shane. As everything that belonged to the Smiths was absorbed into the Thompson family after her passing, the Smiths technically no longer exist."