

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

## Chapter 223

"I'm not getting into this with you. Buzz off." With that, Jasmine shoved Natalie out of the way as she made her approach towards Plumlee.

Her half-sister stumbled and would have lurched over if not for Joyce's timely intervention.

"Are you blind, Jasmine Smith? Can't you see Nat standing there?" Joyce bellowed as she glared at Jasmine.

Jasmine glanced at Natalie. "Who told her to put herself in the way?"

"Why you little..."

"Alright Joyce, there's no need for us to argue with the likes of her." Natalie patted the back of Joyce's hand to calm her.

Shane, who had been observing somberly through the surveillance cameras away from the booth, barked out. "Have Niall get rid of that woman."

"Understood," Silas replied before he sent out another message.

Plumlee felt even more assured after reading the message from Silas. He straightened his tie and was about to speak, but Jasmine got in before him. "Hello Mr. Smith, I'm the representative of Jasminum. I understand that you are from out of town, and are looking for a partner to fulfill the objectives of this bidding exercise. I..."

"Haha!" A guffaw that rang out cut short her rehearsed speech.

Jasmine froze before she shot a look at Joyce and Natalie. "What are you laughing about?"

Natalie merely shrugged.

Joyce wiped a tear off the corner of her eye. "Sweet mama. You nearly had me in stitches. How do you expect to work with Mr. Smith when you couldn't even tell you got the wrong person?"

"Whatever do you mean?" Jasmine was dumbfounded.

The wrong person?

Unless...

Jasmine proceeded to question Plumlee shrilly, "You are not Mr. Smith!"

"I'm his secretary," Plumlee replied with a smile.

Jasmine howled with fists clenched. "Why didn't you say so sooner?"

She was upset that he had caused her to embarrass herself in front of the other two women.

Plumlee did a struggle in his own defense. "Dear Miss, it's not that I didn't want to. What else was I to do after being twice interrupted by yourself?"

"Right on," Joyce added, "you just barged in, made no attempt to clarify the situation, and now you are blaming it on everyone else. You don't even have the inclination to reflect on your own mistake. Who would dare collaborate with someone like that."

Plumlee nodded in agreement. "Ms. Rivers is right. We are sorry Miss, we won't be able to work with you."

"Why not?" Jasmine frowned hard in discontent.

Plumlee pointed to Natalie. "It's because we've decided to work with Ms. Natalie."

"What?" Jasmine raised her pitch as she glared at Natalie.

Natalie looked back, but with a smile.

This smile occurred to Jasmine as a form of grandstanding and provocation.

Her face bunched up as she gripped the clutch in her hand. She then turned to leave in a huff.

No way was she going to let things slide. She was determined to make Natalie understand the consequences of crossing her.

Jasmine also swore to make that Mr. Smith rue his decision this day.

"See that sour face of hers, Nat? It's hideous!" Joyce quipped as her eyes trailed in the direction of Jasmine's exit.

"That's enough. We know what she's like, so let's just ignore her." Natalie placed down her cup and stood up. She then regarded Plumlee with a smile. "Mr. Plumlee. I think we should take our leave now. We look forward to seeing you at our studio tomorrow."

"Will do. Let me see you out." The young man moved ahead and held the door for them.

Joyce held Natalie as she trudged out towards the infirmary to have her leg examined.

When they reached the lobby, the two of them found that Jasmine was still around. She was making a call in front of an elevator.

She appeared spooked when she saw them coming and quickly put her phone away.

In response, Joyce narrowed her eyes. "Hmm, hanging up the moment you saw us coming. Did something prick your conscience?"