

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 273

Natalie let go of Connor's hand and told him to go and play in her office. After putting her bag down, she nodded at Joyce and said, "You're here early today, Joyce."

"Good morning! How was the meeting yesterday?" Joyce asked anxiously.

Natalie took out her notebook and passed it to her. "Here are the notes I made during the meeting. Take a look at them yourself."

Hearing this, Joyce took the notebook from her and started reading through the notes. When she finished, she was so excited that she started clapping with joy. "That's amazing! Nat, we have to enter this competition and win the right to represent our country!"

"Of course." Natalie nodded.

"Well, I'll go and sign us up, then." With that, Joyce turned around and made a beeline for her own office.

Natalie didn't follow after her. Instead, she started walking around the studio to check out other designers' works.

At that moment, a plain-looking man in a suit appeared at the door of the studio. He knocked on the door and asked politely, "Excuse me, is Ms. Natalie Smith around?"

Natalie gripped her design notes a little tighter and looked at him warily. "That's me. May I know who you are?"

The man smiled courteously and introduced himself. "I'm Mr. Alfred Moore's assistant."

"Mr. Moore's assistant, you say?" Natalie put down her notes and walked over to him. "May I know why you're looking for me?"

"It's like this. Mr. Moore thinks he's at the age where he should retire soon. Hence, he has decided to hold a retirement party, where he'll announce his decision to leave the industry. Here's the invitation." The assistant passed her an invitation card.

Natalie took it from him with both hands and read through it carefully.

After that, she closed the invitation card and said, "Alright, I got it. I'll be sure to arrive there on time."

"Alright," the assistant nodded. "I'll get going first, then."

After he left, Joyce came out of her office and asked confusedly, "Nat, who was that guy?"

"He's Mr. Moore's assistant." Natalie shut the studio door after him and turned around. "Are you done with the registration?"

"Yup! The competition is three days from now, and it will be held at the office building of the J City Council. Just make sure to be there," Joyce replied, stretching leisurely as she did.

Natalie nodded, grunting in acknowledgement.

Joyce's gaze fell on the invitation card in her hands. "Hey, what's that?"

“You can take a look at it for yourself.” Natalie handed the card over to her.

Joyce took it from her and glanced at it. Her eyes widened in amazement. “Oh my goodness, is Mr. Moore actually going to retire?”

“Yes.” Natalie towards her own office.

Joyce followed after her, looking a bit confused. “Mr. Moore is a designer whose talent is on the same level as your mentor. Why would he suddenly retire?”

“His assistant said it’s because he’s getting older. That’s to be expected, I suppose. A designer’s ingenuity can only sustain them for so long—once they reach a certain age, they’ll be left with no more inspiration. That’s what happened to my mentor. After he realized that he wasn’t going anywhere with fashion design anymore, he switched over to clothing research,” Natalie said, smiling.

Joyce wasn’t a fashion designer, so she could only nod in confusion when she heard this. “Is that so? The invitation card says that the banquet will be held tonight. Should we bring a gift along?”

“Of course! Mr. Moore likes collecting oriental teacups. I’ll try and see if I can find one.” Natalie opened the door of her office.

Noticing that someone had entered, Connor looked towards the door. When he saw that it was Natalie and Joyce, he waved at them and greeted them sweetly. “Mommy, Aunt Joyce!”

“Good boy!” Natalie walked over to him and caressed his hair.

Joyce made the bolder decision to go straight for Connor’s face.

The boy's cheeks were soft and chubby, and it felt very nice to pinch them. Joyce didn't want to let go of them at all. Natalie saw her son frown in displeasure and swatted Joyce's hand away, freeing him at last.

When he got his long-awaited freedom, the boy jumped off his seat and fled into another corner.

Joyce looked at him with her arms akimbo and started to complain. "This child..."

Natalie interrupted her playfully. "Alright, that's enough! You sound like a child yourself."

Joyce stuck her tongue out at her.

Natalie burst into laughter. She walked over to her desk and put the invitation card into one of its drawers. "Alright, I'll drop by the store first to pick out Mr. Moore's gift. Please help me take care of Connor."