

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 367

It was obvious the person who sent the roses wasn't just anyone ordinary.

"It's a..." Just when the delivery boy was replying, Natalie's phone suddenly rang.

After excusing herself, she glanced at her phone and saw that it was Shane who was calling.

Despite hesitating for a moment, she answered in the end. "Mr. Shane!"

"Have you received the flowers?" Shane's magnetic voice was heard over the line.

Natalie's hair stood on end as she couldn't help but rub her arms. "So, you were the one who sent them."

"Yes, they're from me." Shane nodded.

Touching the rose petals, Natalie asked quizzically, "Mr. Shane, why did you send me flowers?"

"I wanted to congratulate you for winning the competition," Shane replied with a smile.

Smiling plainly, Natalie's racing heart began to calm down. "I see. In that case, thank you."

"You're welcome. Since I don't know what flowers you prefer, I decided to get you roses. Do you like them?"

He really didn't know which were her favorite flowers.

He was of the opinion that as long as they were red, they would be a good match for her. Besides, red roses had always been a symbol of a woman's beauty, hence it was his first choice.

“Yes, they’re lovely.” Natalie nodded.

“That’s good.” Shane’s nervous heart began to relax.

As it was the first time he had sent flowers to someone, he was naturally worried that she wouldn’t like them.

Suddenly, the door flung opened and Jackson walked out. When he saw Shane on the phone, he lowered his voice and reported, “I’ve just given Jacqueline an injection. She’s calling for you probably because it’s a little painful. Why don’t you stay with her for a while? You can leave once she falls asleep.”

Shane grunted in acknowledgment.

Although Natalie couldn’t hear what Jackson said, she recognized his voice over the line. Hence, she remarked, “Mr. Shane, is that Dr. Baker? Why don’t you go ahead with whatever you’re busy with? I still need to talk to Mr. Horner to tie up some loose ends.”

“Alright.” Shane nodded.

“Goodbye!” Natalie ended the call with a smile.

After putting her phone away, she extended her hands to the delivery boy. “Give them to me.”

He handed the flowers to her together with the receipt to sign.

After getting Natalie's signature, he went on his way.

Holding the big bouquet of flowers, she followed Mr. Horner into his office.

There were a total of ninety-nine roses in it. When tied into a bouquet, it was a big, beautiful bunch.

As the bouquet was heavy, Natalie struggled to carry it around. Swaying as she walked, her view was blocked by it, forcing her to keep her eyes on the ground.

Along the way, the sight of her carrying the flowers attracted many onlookers.

When they finally reached Mr. Horner's office, she put the flowers down and heaved a sigh. Massaging her arms, she took a seat while grimacing from the soreness.

Mr. Horner poured her a glass of water. "Shouldn't you be happy that someone fancies you? Why the glum face?"

Natalie lifted her glass to take a sip. "Mr. Horner, who might that be?"

"The person who sent you the roses. Why else would he send you these flowers?" Mr. Horner replied with a smile. "Even an old guy like me knows that you don't just give anyone roses, especially red ones. You only give them to the ones you either like or are lovers with."

Shaking her head, Natalie didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "But Mr. Horner, you're wrong this time as he doesn't fancy me. He sent me the flowers because he appreciates my talent in design. After all, he is someone cold and doesn't know much about the nuances of such gifts. Hence, he assumes that he can just send roses to any woman he knows.

“Alright, alright. I don’t understand how young people think nowadays. Do you know why I have called you here?” Mr. Horner looked at her.

After giving it some thought, she replied, “I presume it has something to do with Jasmine?”

“You’re right. She is finished this time. The National Design Association will notify all the designers that she had plagiarized. If they intend to press charges, she will definitely be sentenced to prison for at least three years.”

“She made her bed and must lie in it. Her fate was sealed from the moment she started plagiarizing,” Natalie plainly replied as she turned her cup around.