

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 419

Her mistake was a common weakness among all designers.

Every fashion designer would strive to use the best material available for their designs, and soon it became a hard-wired habit.

“It’s alright. You just need to amend the materials used,” Shane crossed his fingers on the table and said.

Natalie bit her lip in apprehension. “But what material should I swap it for? If I don’t get this right, then it might get troublesome for the model to turn out well. This will, in turn, affect the presentation of the graphics, and may well result in graphic glitches.”

Shane contemplated for a moment after listening to her. Then, he pulled open the drawer and took out some documents. “This is the details of the game that the gaming company has sent me. They’ve provided some details on the character models as well as suggestions for materials for the apparel. You may want to take a look to see if there are any substitutes in there.”

“Sure.” Natalie took over the documents and started to flip through them.

Silas got the tea ready and laid it out before the two. “Ms. Smith, enjoy your tea.”

“Thank you.” Natalie gave him a polite smile and reached out to take the cup of tea.

To her dismay, the cup slipped off her hands.

The cup of tea spilled over as the hot liquid splashed all over the desk, soaking some of the documents wet.

The back of her hands was scalded red. She turned pale from the pain as beads of sweat rolled down her forehead. Natalie shuddered from the sudden turn of events.

Despite the tears brimming in her eyes, she bit down on her lip and did not let out a cry.

Shane and Silas were taken aback.

Shane was the first to respond. His handsome face tensed as he hurriedly held Natalie's wrist. "Follow me!"

"Where to?" Her eyes were red as she choked back her tears.

Shane did not reply as he pushed open the door to the restroom.

He dragged her hands right under the faucet and ran cold water over her wound.

Natalie could feel the cold water slowly wash away the scalding pain, and she heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm sorry for the trouble, Mr. Shane." Natalie apologized with her head low, guilt-ridden for the inconvenience that she had caused.

I'm such a butterfinger. Ugh, why can't I even hold a cup properly?

Shane closed the faucet slightly so that the water wouldn't get on her. "It's alright, just be careful next time."

"But those documents..."

"They're not that important anyway. I'll just ask them to send over another set," Shane leaned against the side of the sink and said impassively.

Natalie's lips twitched, feeling even more apologetic for what she had done.

How could he say that it's not important? He's the most important person in this company. No trivial documents will ever reach his table.

He just doesn't want me to feel too bad about it.

"Mr. Shane, I've gotten a cooling pad from the infirmary." Silas's voice could be heard coming from the other side of the door.

Shane pushed the door open and took over the blue cooling pad that Silas brought over. He made his way back to Natalie's side and said, "Give me your hand."

She cast a gaze at her hand which was still under the running water and hesitated for a moment. In the end, she relented.

It would be difficult for her to single-handedly apply the cooling pad anyway.

Noticing her meek manners, Shane's eyes glinted with warmth. He turned off the faucet and took a dry towel hanging aside. After wiping her hand dry, the man tore open the wrapping of the cooling pad and gently applied it to her hand. "It's done."

"Thank you, Mr. Shane." Natalie felt the cooling pad around her hand and thanked the man.

The man threw the packaging into the trashcan aside and said, "Let's head outside."

"Sure." Natalie nodded and trailed behind him.

They were greeted by the sight of Silas cleaning up the office. He paused as he noticed the duo coming out of the restroom and said, "Ms. Smith, I'm really sorry for the boiling cup of tea."

She waved her hands to dismiss the man. "It has nothing to do with you, Mr. Campbell. I was being clumsy, so I should be the one saying sorry."