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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 836 - 838

Shane, who had been pushed away against his will, was irked; it was written all over his scrunched-up face.

However, Natalie couldn't be bothered by his reaction. She answered Sharon's query with her cheeks reddened, "W-We're not really having anything."

Sharon had her doubts and probed further, "You're lying! If you guys weren't having anything in your mouth, why wouldn't you guys stop moving your lips?"

Meanwhile, Connor, who was next to his sister, chuckled when he heard her absurd question.

As a result of Sharon's question, Natalie was at a loss for words. She didn't know how to explain things to her innocent child.

In the end, she looked at Shane with her eyes flickering. Subsequently, the man wiped his lips dry and announced, "We're not eating anything, nor do we have anything in our mouths. We're kissing."

"Y-You—" Natalie stuttered with her eyes widened in disbelief. She couldn't believe Shane had blurted out the truth to their children.

Conscious of Natalie's concerns, Shane leaned over and caressed Sharon's head. "It's just like the way we express the affection we have for you as your parents. However, only adults are allowed to kiss in such a manner, okay? You're not allowed to repeat after us."

The little girl could barely grasp the concept behind it, but she nodded and stuttered, "O-Oh!"

After Shane brought himself up, Natalie secretly pinched him and reprimanded the man, "Why have you brought such things up in front of them?"

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Shane answered with a serious look, "Am I supposed to keep them in the dark? She's going to annoy us until she gets the answer she's seeking, isn't she? It's better to tell her the truth instead of deceiving her with something else. Otherwise, things will get increasingly awkward if she asks someone else about it."

As a result of Shane's seemingly convincing speech, Natalie was rendered speechless.

If we continue deceiving them, they're going to consult others in the future out of curiosity. Maybe they'll get someone else to try it out with them.

Out of the blue, Sharon asked, "Daddy, does that mean I'm allowed to kiss others in the manner you have kissed Mommy once I'm an adult?"

Natalie choked on her saliva when she heard their daughter's question.

On the other hand, Shane's expression darkened. He asserted in a callous tone, "No!"

Sharon continued asking with her lips pursed, "Why?"

"Well, it's because there are a lot of jerks with ill intentions out there," Shane warned.

In return, his daughter asked with her head tilted in confusion, "Are you serious?"

Shane nodded and repeated, "Yes! Apart from me, your brother is the only man you're supposed to rely on! Stay away from other men in the future! Am I clear?"

"Okay! I'll keep that in mind!" Sharon answered with a determined look and her fists clenched.

Throughout the conversation the father and daughter duo had, Connor continued chuckling in silence.

Meanwhile, Natalie was unsure if she should be glad her daughter had taken Shane's words seriously or not.

It turned out Shane was worried Sharon would get herself into a relationship with another man sooner than he thought.

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If Sharon gets into a relationship sooner than he thinks in the future, is he going to suffer a major heartbreak?

Meanwhile, Jessie, who was just around the corner, had her eyes glued to the family of four with her lips puckered in irritation.

Why the heck does Natalie get to live such a blissful life? She's blessed with talents and a pair of lovely children! On top of that, she has a filthy rich husband! Why am I living the exact opposite life of hers?

Jessie was jealous of Natalie's achievement. She was determined to get her hands on Shane in the near future in spite of her last failed attempt in the past.

Once she had enough of the family of four, she turned around with a vicious look and marched her way back to the hall.

As soon as Connor turned around, he caught a glimpse of Jessie's departing figure. Thus, he arched his brows in confusion.

Natalie noticed their son had his eyes on something. She looked in the direction he had his eyes glued to but saw nothing. Curious, she asked, "Connor, is everything fine?"

Shaking his head, Connor replied as he thought it was just another passerby, "It's fine!"

With that being said, he had his doubts because he found Jessie's back familiar. Unfortunately, he couldn't recall the time he had encountered such a mysterious figure.

In the end, he paid no heed to Jessie and joined his sister and parents in another conversation.

After ten minutes, Natalie felt that it was about time for her to return to the hall. She lifted Sharon and said, "Darling, I need to go. Why don't you bring them back to the villa for the time being?"

Sharon wrapped her arms around her mother's leg and insisted, "No, Mommy! I want to stay here with you!"

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Although Connor refused to share the things he had in mind with them, it was evident he was of the same thought – it was written all over his face.

When Shane caught Natalie looking at him, he lifted Sharon and announced, “We’ll be waiting for you at the lounge. Once you’re done, we’ll make our way back together.”

Natalie felt a heartwarming sensation fill her. In the end, she nodded and urged, “Alright, I’ll be back very soon!”

“Alright!” Shane nodded in response to Natalie’s remark.

After she bade farewell to her lovely husband and children, the woman took a detour to the restroom as they weren’t allowed to take a break throughout the competition.

Such a rule had been enforced to prevent anyone from cheating. Therefore, she would be in huge trouble should she fail to get herself ready for the competition that would last for a few hours.

As soon as Natalie made her way to the cubicle, someone walked out of the cubicle next to hers. It was none other than Jessie.

Jessie had her eyes narrowed to a slit and glued to Natalie’s cubicle. She knew Natalie was the one in the cubicle as she had heard the woman grunting over the cubicle’s faulty lock.

What a coincidence! I can’t believe you have shown up now of all times! Don’t blame me for the things in store for you since you’re the one who has shown up out of nowhere!

Smirking as she lost herself in a train of thoughts, Jessie tiptoed her way to get the broom that was a few feet away.

She glanced at the cubicle and found out it was of the right size for her evil plan. Subsequently, she marched over and placed the broom over the hook outside of the cubicle.

She took a step back and beamed in satisfaction after executing her seemingly flawless plan.

She’s not going to make her way out of the restroom in time! The next round will begin in ten minutes! If she fails to show up, she’ll surely be disqualified by the panels!

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If that's the case, Natalie will be the first designer throughout the history of the competition to be disqualified for being late! In fact, the country she's representing will be ashamed because of her!

Jessie was certain that Natalie would be the target of the upcoming media witch-hunt should that be the case. As she thought about all the potential consequences Natalie would have to face, she strode her way back to the hall with a bright grin.

Meanwhile, Natalie wasn't aware of the things awaiting her as Jessie ensured to keep the volume to a bare minimum while executing her evil plan.

As soon as Natalie was ready to return to the hall, she found that she was trapped inside the cubicle.

She couldn't get herself out of the cubicle despite her pulling and pushing the door with all her might.

If the door isn't broken, someone must have resorted to something silly against me again! I don't think it's broken because it was fine a few minutes ago! In other words, someone's behind this—they have trapped me inside the toilet!

All colour drained from Natalie's face the moment she noticed others had gotten the better of her without alarming her.

She regretted letting her guard down and took a deep breath to pull herself together.

Immediately after she returned to her calm and collected self, she reached for her phone and called Sally.

Sally, who was on the other end, yelled as soon as she picked up the call, "Nat, where are you? We're merely five minutes away from the next round! You're the only one who's missing! What are you doing?"

Sitting on top of the toilet, Natalie gasped out her reply, "Someone has trapped me inside the toilet."

"What? Who the heck is behind it?" Irked, Sally yelled, at the top of her lungs.

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"I'm not sure, but let's forget about that for the time being. I need you to hurry your way over to move the things trapping me inside the cubicle away."

"Alright, I'm on my way!" Sally sprinted out of backstage and rushed in the direction of the restroom once she hung up the call.

Irritated by the pair of heels she had put on, Sally removed them and ran in the direction of the restroom while holding her pair of heels in her hands.

She managed to reach the restroom within a minute after getting rid of the things that had been stalling her.

As soon as Sally barged into the washroom, she yelled, "Nat?"

Natalie brought herself up and slammed the cubicle with all her might. "I'm here, Sally!"

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At the sight of the shaking door, Sally moved toward it instinctively and took the broom down. "Try pulling the door again."

Upon hearing Sally's words, Natalie pulled the door inward. To her relief, she managed to open it effortlessly this round.

The moment she stepped out, Sally, who was holding a broom, came into view. Ah! So I was locked from the outside because of this broom!

"Damn it! Who the hell placed this on the door?" Sally grumbled as she threw the broom on the floor in dismay.

Natalie's face turned grim instantaneously. "No matter who the culprit is, I must get to the bottom of what happened. Sal, do me a favor by bringing this broom out and have it checked if any fingerprints are traceable for identification."

She had only stepped into the restroom to answer nature's call that suddenly came. If somebody thought of setting her up earlier, it was almost impossible for that particular person to bring forward the plot in the last minutes. Thus, she presumed that the culprit

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must be someone who happened to be in the restroom before she set foot in it. It just crossed the person's mind that she could lock Natalie up in the toilet. Perhaps, the person intended to hinder her from showing up on time for the competition.

After all, there are only a few minutes to go before the competition starts. If the person intended to lock me up here for a long time, why didn't she snatch my cell phone so I wouldn't be able to call anyone for help?

Hence, Natalie was convinced that the culprit had a last-minute idea to lock her up, causing her to be late. Apart from that, the person seemed to be extremely sure that even if she managed to call someone to unlock the door, she would not be able to make it on time as well. Huh! That somebody is undoubtedly a conceited person!

"Sal, if possible, have a look at the security footage as well. Try to find out if there was anyone who entered the washroom only left after I stepped in," Natalie told Sally.

The latter nodded in acknowledgment. "Alright, I know what to do. You'd better head for the competition hall now."

"Thanks, Sal," Natalie thanked her sincerely and dashed toward the competition hall as fast as she could. Fortunately, she managed to reach the competition hall in the nick of time.

At that instant, she was panting heavily, and her forehead was beaded with sweat. The host could not resist furrowing his brows at the sight of her dishevelment. He was seemingly displeased with Natalie.

"Get yourself seated at once," he said coldly. His utter indifference reflected his great displeasure.

Natalie forced a smile in embarrassment. Touching her tummy, which was throbbing with slight pain, she dragged herself toward her seat.

All the other designers threw their glances at her spontaneously. Most of them either gazed at her with a great concern or stared at her indifferently. On top of that, there were even some of them who had a look of schadenfreude on their faces.

In the meantime, Natalie was observing them and scrutinizing their countenance secretly as well. She hoped to trace the suspect who locked her up in the restroom a while ago.

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If the suspect was among them, she would obviously be disappointed the moment Natalie showed up. Subsequently, there should be an unavoidable slight change in the person's expression no matter how well she could restrain her frustration. As long as Natalie could spot anyone with that type of suspicious expression, the identification of the culprit would be as clear as day.

Nevertheless, her heart fell when she did not spot anything awry after scanning all of them one by one. Huh! It seems that the culprit is good at bottling up her motions! I can't even sense the slightest bit of suspicious demeanor among all of them!

Natalie pulled the chair out and sat down with a grim look.

Seated a few rows away from Natalie, glints of indignation and ferocity flickered in Jessie's eyes.

How could she make it in such a short span?

She gripped her pencil, trying to stifle a wave of fury that had started to well up from within her. Crack! The next moment, the pencil in her hand snapped, causing the designer seated next to her to be taken aback.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked Jessie quizzically.

Some of the designers were alerted by the sound and turned to look in their direction. Natalie was one of them. She pursed her lips and gazed at Jessie with squinted eyes. Could it have been her?

Nonetheless, Natalie was still doubtful about it. Even though both Jessie and her did not really hold any grudges against each other, she could sense that the woman did not really like her. Hmm, there's still a possibility that Jessie is the culprit.

Sensing that others were watching her, Jessie knew better than to let them sense anything amiss about her. "I'm sorry; my pencil is broken." She smiled sheepishly at the designer seated next to her.

The designer threw a glance at her pencil without uttering any words. She then nodded casually and accepted Jessie's apology. Meanwhile, the other designers gradually shifted their gazes away from Jessie as well. Even so, Natalie did not take her eyes off the woman.

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Jessie pretended to be oblivious of Natalie's subtle gaze. She took out a new pencil and started to sharpen it nonchalantly.

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