

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 366 - 370

Taken aback by her fearsome stare, the reporter cringed while trying to avoid eye contact.

“Yes. I did.” Natalie nodded with a smile. “That’s why I have been collecting evidence from behind the scenes and planned to expose her during the finals today. However, I didn’t expect Jasmine to be so daring as to copy my designs today. Hence, the more the reason I should not let her get away with it. After all, all of us have a responsibility for calling out plagiarism when we see any.”

The moment she finished, everyone burst into laughter.

However, to Jasmine, it sounded as if they were mocking her. Unable to endure the humiliation, she let out a hysterical scream, shocking everyone present.

Natalie was aware that Jasmine was mentally broken by now.

After all, anyone in her position would react the same way after being exposed in front of an audience of millions.

Mr. Horner was also cognizant of how emotionally unstable Jasmine was at that moment. Hence, he instructed Liam to escort her to the medical room to allow her to calm down.

Liam nodded in acknowledgement and did as he was told.

Before she even left, Jasmine fainted right away.

This time, she wasn’t faking it as her face had turned ashen.

When Jasmine fainted yesterday, there were many that were worried for her. But today, none of them were concerned. Instead, all they felt was pity.

After Jasmine left, Natalie cleared her throat and continued. “Despite the perpetrator having fainted, we still have to talk about her punishment.”

Her expression grew solemn. "Due to her repeated abuses, Jasmine has not only gone against the most important principle within the design community but has also broken the law. Therefore, the National Design Association has decided to blacklist her. From now on, she will be forbidden to take on any design-related jobs."

Just as she spoke, applause rang out from the crowd. Everyone felt that it was a deserving punishment.

After all, it was natural to expect anyone who plagiarized to be blacklisted.

Natalie then gestured everyone to be quiet before she continued, "Furthermore, I will also file a police report and press charges in court so that we can pursue the matter to the end. I vow to claw back all the profits she made from plagiarizing and return them to their rightful owners."

"That's the right thing to do," the crowd shouted.

"Thank you for all your support." Natalie bowed and returned the mic to Mr. Horner.

Before declaring the end of the event, Mr. Horner reminded all the other designers to let the incident serve as a warning to stay vigilant and not betray their principles as a designer.

With that, the reporters rushed out of the venue, hoping to return to their office and get the article out as soon as possible.

After all, they had stumbled upon the biggest plagiarism scandal in the domestic design community, which would generate enough headline news for them to last a while.

Soon, everyone in the conference room left.

Putting down the mic, Mr. Horner looked at Natalie. "Follow me to my office. I have something for you."

"Sure." Despite having some doubts, Natalie nodded without clarifying them.

At that moment, a delivery boy brought in a bouquet of red roses, which were still fresh with dew, to the entrance of the conference room. Holding the receipt that needed to be signed, he knocked on the door and asked, "May I know who Ms. Natalie Smith is?"

"It's for you." Mr. Horner puffed his cheeks and laughed in amusement. "The flowers are probably from your boyfriend or admirer."

Natalie didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "Stop teasing me Mr. Horner. I'm already a mother of two and do not have any boyfriends nor admirers."

"You have kids?" Mr. Horner stared at her in disbelief.

She has a very good figure with curves in all the right places. She doesn't look like someone that has given birth before at all.

"That's right." Natalie nodded at Mr. Horner before approaching the delivery boy. "Hi, I'm Natalie Smith."

When the delivery boy saw her, his eyes glistened in awe at how pretty she was. "Ms. Smith, these flowers are for you."

"Who sent them?" Natalie looked at the flowers and asked without accepting them.

It was a bouquet of red velvet roses which was the most expensive of all. It was usually out of reach of ordinary folk.

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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.

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She had no sympathy for Jasmine at all.

All the designs were the result of painstaking efforts by their original designers. Jasmine had misused them for her own selfish gains and deserved to be punished accordingly.

"The reason I'm telling you this is that I hope you will be a witness in court, given that you have provided all the evidence against her," Mr. Horner explained with a smile.

Natalie nodded. "Don't worry, I will."

"That's good. Furthermore, the international competition will begin in two months' time. Hence, you will need to prepare yourself to make both our country and J City proud."

"I will." Natalie nodded. Suddenly, something occurred to her that caused her to ask, "By the way Mr. Horner, you mentioned that you had something to give me. What is it?"

"Oh, I almost forgot." Mr. Horner tapped on his forehead. "Age is catching up with me. My memory isn't what it used to be."

While he was speaking, he opened his drawer. From it, he took out a box along with a certificate and handed them to her.

Natalie received them curiously.

When she opened the box, she saw a medal inside, causing her curiosity to intensify.

After that, her eyes widened when she looked through the contents of the certificate. "The winner of the Golden Feather Awards, Mina? Mr. Horner, you..."

"You must be surprised at how I know you're Mina, right?" Mr. Horner chuckled as he looked at her.

Natalie nodded.

Mr. Horner adjusted his reading glasses. "It was Mercedes who called me the day before to inform me of it. After that, Mr. Moore told me about Jasmine's plagiarism case yesterday afternoon. He said that she won the Golden Feather Awards by copying Mina's design. Now that I know you're Mina, I..."

"That's why you told the organizers of the Golden Feather Awards about it?" Natalie raised her eyebrows.

Mr. Horner replied with a smile. "That's right. They decided on the spot to urgently produce a medal and certificate for you. Since Jasmine's design actually belongs to you, they must have already updated the Golden Feather Awards official website with your name as the winner."

Feeling emotional, Natalie hugged the medal and certificate tightly. "Thank you, Mr. Horner."

"Don't thank me. They belong to you from the very beginning. Just do your best for the upcoming international competition." Mr. Horner patted her on the shoulder.

Natalie naturally agreed.

After that, she took her leave from Mr. Horner and prepared to pick up her kids from the hospital.

However, the moment she left the Design Association's building, she stopped in her tracks when she saw a group of people not far from her.

Right before her eyes, Jasmine and Susan were surrounded.

Within that group were a few reporters with cameras and two police officers in uniform.

The police officers, of which one was male while the other female, were staring at them with exasperated expressions.

"Ms. Sullivan, please step aside!"

“No, I won’t!” Susan was just like a protective mother hen, spreading her arms in front of Jasmine. She screamed at the police officers angrily, “I won’t allow you to take my daughter away!”

“Ms. Sullivan, we are just carrying out our duty. I strongly advise you to step aside,” the male officer warned her with a solemn expression.

Susan shook her head vehemently. “No, I won’t stand for it. How can I allow you to arrest my daughter!”

“If you don’t move aside, we can arrest you for obstruction of justice, do you know that?” the female officer threatened angrily.

Paying no heed to them, Susan hugged Jasmine whose head was lowered while sitting in her wheelchair.

Despite the heartbreaking mother-daughter scene in front of her, Natalie walked toward them with a smirk. Putting her flowers and bag aside, she remarked, “Officers, you don’t have to be patient with those that obstruct you from carrying out your duty. Just go ahead and arrest both of them.”

When she heard Natalie’s voice, Jasmine looked up with her eyes filled with animosity.

Susan reacted the same way. Releasing Jasmine, she waved her hands angrily as she tried to grab Natalie. “Natalie, you wench! I’m not going to let you off for harming my daughter!”

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Natalie frowned as she stepped aside to avoid Susan’s attack.

With Natalie moving away, Susan grasped at thin air, causing her to lose her balance and fall forward. With her knees crashing to the ground, she cried out in pain as the skin by her kneecaps split open.

Everyone else was stunned.

Regaining their senses, the two solemn-looking officers couldn't help but burst into laughter. As for the reporters, they were even crueler as they began snapping away at Susan's pitiful predicament.

Meanwhile, Jasmine stared coldly at Susan, her eyes filled with annoyance and resentment.

She is nothing but a fool.

Not only did she miss hitting Natalie, she even made a fool of herself by falling. What an embarrassment!

Natalie walked toward Susan and looked down at her with an eyebrow raised. "It's not even Christmas yet and you are already giving me such a huge present by being on your knees. I can't accept it so please get up."

Just as she spoke, Natalie reached out her hand, pretending to offer her help to stand.

"I don't need your help!" Susan slapped her hand away as she endured the pain to stand up by herself.

Right after she got up, Susan's eyes glistened when she realized Natalie was close enough to her. The very next moment, she hurled her palm forcefully in Natalie's direction to slap her.

With her pupils contracting, Natalie flinched by reflex.

Although her face avoided Susan's hand, the slap landed on her shoulder instead.

The crack from the slap was exceptionally loud and crisp.

Everyone was stunned by the sudden turn of events.

Only Jasmine burst into triumphant laughter.

Susan's slap was so strong that Natalie felt her shoulder burn and it felt terribly painful.

If not for her quick response, Susan's slap would have landed on her face and the impact would have disfigured her.

Holding that thought, Natalie's eyes filled with rage while her expression turned icy cold. "Officer, I want to report her for assault!"

Natalie had one hand on her shoulder while the other pointed at Susan.

Before the police officers could respond, Susan shrieked in panic, "You little b**tch! What are you babbling about? What do you mean assault? All I did was give you a slap and you're accusing me of assault?"

Shooting a glance at Jasmine who was frowning, Natalie sneered, "Jasmine and you are obviously alike given how easily both of you are willing to break the law. Let me educate you, Susan. As long as you touch me, it is considered assault. Do you understand?"

"She is right. By hitting her, she can press charges against you for assault. In fact, if her injuries are found to be serious, you will be put in administrative detention for at least five to ten days," the female officer stepped forward to explain as she had had enough of Susan.

Susan's face lost all color as her voice trembled in response. "How... how can that be?"

All I did was slap Natalie, why do I have to be arrested now?

"Officer, please arrest both of them while I head to the hospital to have my injury evaluated. After that, I will send you the medical report," Natalie remarked to the officers with a smile.

Both the police officers nodded and took Jasmine and Susan away.

When they were leaving, Jasmine turned around and glared angrily at Natalie, as if she was searing that very moment into her mind.

However, Natalie didn't care. She waited for the patrol car to leave before letting her smile turn into a grimace. After that, she turned her head and pulled the top off her shoulder to check.

When a big patch of reddened skin greeted her, Natalie couldn't help but catch her breath.

Susan's slap was so vicious that her shoulder was already swollen. She figured it would take at least one to two weeks to heal.

Just you wait, I will make sure Susan is detained by the police.

Holding that thought, Natalie pulled back her top and picked up the flowers and bag before walking toward her car.

After half an hour, she arrived at the hospital and went to see Stanley right away.

When she got to his ward, she only saw Stanley and the two children while Joyce was nowhere to be found.

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Both the children were sleeping soundly on the sofa, covered in a blanket.

Natalie couldn't help but smile before looking toward the hospital bed. "Stanley."

"Nat, you're here." Stanley put down his book and smiled gently at Natalie.

Natalie grunted in acknowledgment, before closing the door gently. "Where's Joyce?"

Stanley's smile faded a little. "Something urgent happened at home, so her parents wanted her to go back."

"I see." Natalie nodded as she sat beside the bed.

Recovering his smile, Stanley remarked, "Congratulations on winning the competition, Nat."

"Thank you." Natalie tousled her hair.

Stanley put his book by the bed. "I suddenly have the urge to go. Nat, can you help me to the bathroom?"

"Of course!" Natalie replied as she helped him up.

The moment his legs touched the ground, Stanley placed his hand on Natalie's shoulder, causing her to suddenly yelp in pain.

When Stanley heard it, the calm in his eyes was suddenly replaced by panic. "Nat, what's wrong?"

"You touched the wound on my shoulder," Natalie replied with a pale expression.

"Wound?" Stanley was stunned and narrowed his eyes. "Let me see."

Natalie didn't decline and pulled her top slightly down to reveal her shoulder.

Stanley's expression darkened when he saw Natalie's swollen shoulder. "Who hit you?"

"Susan, she blamed me for getting Jasmine arrested and hit me for it. Actually, she tried to slap my face but I avoided it in time. Unfortunately, the impact fell on my shoulder," Jasmine replied with a sigh.

"From the looks of your injury, I think Susan was trying to disfigure you with her slap," Stanley asserted coldly.

Natalie shrugged her shoulders. "Evidently. But I have also pressed charges for assault, causing her to be arrested. Therefore, other than picking the children up, I need to get an injury evaluation report to file my case against Susan."

"You should quickly go and get it done." Stanley lifted his chin.

"But aren't you..."

"I'm fine. I'll manage by supporting myself against the wall. So, don't worry." Stanley smiled at her.

Natalie didn't insist. After nodding at him, she left the ward and headed for the surgery department.

When she arrived, she took a number and waited outside the consultation room to see the doctor.

After a few minutes, two figures in white coats walked out.

When the baby-faced man who was walking in front saw Natalie, he stopped in front of her, stunned. "Natalie, what are you doing here?"

When Natalie heard the familiar voice, she looked up from her phone in surprise. "Dr. Baker?"

Jackson nodded. When he saw the number she was holding in her hand, he furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "Are you sick?"

"No, I'm here to get my injury evaluated." Natalie stood up and waved her hand as she replied.

"Injury evaluation?" Jackson raised his voice. "Only a criminal case involves an injury evaluation. Are you involved in one?"

"More or less." Natalie felt embarrassed about it.

Jackson put on a stern look despite his baby face. "Coincidentally, I'm going to see Dr. Wayne who specializes in such cases. Come with me. I'll let you skip the queue."

"Isn't that inappropriate?" Natalie looked at the queue that surrounded her.

Jackson waved his hands casually. "It will be fine. I'll arranged for another doctor to cover for Dr. Wayne."

"Alright then. Thanks, Dr. Baker." Natalie bowed slightly to him.

Jackson quickly stepped aside.

If Shane found out that he accepted such a respectful gesture, Shane would definitely not let him off easily.

"Let's go." Jackson turned and went ahead.

Grunting in acknowledgement, Natalie followed.

When they arrived at Dr. Wayne's consultation room, Jackson requested him to examine Natalie's injury.

As Jackson was on the hospital board and the future head of the hospital, Dr. Wayne was happy to do him a favor. Hence, he led Natalie into the room to do the evaluation.

Meanwhile, Jackson sat in Dr. Wayne's chair and made a call, "Hello, Shane? Are you still here?"