

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 361 - 365

"That's true." Some of the crowd and those on the live stream felt she made sense too.

Natalie stared at her coldly. "You can't see my design but everyone on the live stream could."

"Are you saying that the audience leaked your design to me? Right when I was using the restroom?" Jasmine's smile faded.

Natalie thrust her chin forward without responding.

Despite being shaken by Natalie's correct guess, Jasmine was persistent in her denial. She smirked. "Are you kidding me? What has the live stream audience got anything to do with me? Why must they help me? Besides, did you see me contact them? During the competition, we're not allowed to use our mobile devices."

"That's right. When Ms. Jasmine went out, I didn't see her carrying her phone. Hence, there's no way she can communicate with anyone outside. Perhaps, Ms. Natalie may have made a mistake this time."

"In that case, given that there's no suspicion of plagiarism, wouldn't this matter end in a stalemate? However, it's still impossible for both of them to think of the exact same design, don't you think so?"

As the crowd started to debate, the live stream was also buzzing with speculation.

Leaning against her pillow, Jacqueline asked, "Shane, who do you think is the one plagiarizing?"

"Jasmine!" Shane snapped without looking at her as his attention was focused on the developments in the live stream.

Jacqueline's eyes glistened for a moment. "Why are you so sure? What if it wasn't your fiancée but Natalie..."

“Natalie has talent. Why does she need to plagiarize?” Shane furrowed his eyebrows at her while there was a tinge of displeasure in his eyes.

Jacqueline’s eyes narrowed as she clenched her fists underneath the blanket.

Did he just scowl at me because of Natalie?

We grew up together and have known each other for our entire lives. And yet, I’m being sidelined over a woman he has only gotten to know for a few months?

Jacqueline was devastated by his reaction but didn’t show it. All she expressed was the disappointment of being disagreed with.

Lowering her gaze, she hid the underlying emotions in her eyes and replied, “I was just guessing. Why do you need to snap at me about that?”

Shane was stunned.

Did I do that?

Pursing his lips, Shane explained in a gentler tone, “I’m sorry. I just want to explain that it’s impossible for Natalie to plagiarize. From the moment the competition started, her design never left the view of the live stream. As for Jasmine, she didn’t have anything drawn before she went to the restroom. But once she returned, she suddenly knew what to do. Obviously, therein lies the problem.”

Just as he spoke, he took out his phone.

When Jacqueline saw what he was doing, she pressed his phone down with her hand. “Shane, what are you doing?”

Shane retracted his phone from underneath her. “I want to find out the truth.”

“Are you helping Natalie?” Jacqueline squinted her eyes.

Shane didn’t answer.

Jacqueline bit her lip. “Shane, why are you helping her? Do you have feelings...”

Knowing what she was about to say, Shane was tempted to admit it. But when he saw how feeble she was, he recalled Jackson's instructions to refrain from shocking her. Hence, he chose to deny it instead, "No, I just admire her for her talent."

"So that's why." Jacqueline smiled after being put at ease.

Looking away, Shane gave the Design Association's branch president a call. He instructed Mr. Horner to retrieve all the security footage of the building, including the time Jasmine went to the restroom.

As long as they could narrow down the people who used the restroom during that duration, they would likely find evidence of Jasmine plagiarizing.

Mr. Horner was naturally aware of what was going on. Hence, after receiving Shane's instructions, he ordered Walford to investigate at once.

After ending the call, Shane's mood improved significantly as he continued watching the live stream on Jacqueline's phone.

In the meantime, Jacqueline was quietly observing him. When she saw the meticulous way he ordered the investigation, she knew that Jasmine was done for. Hence, she couldn't help but curse Jasmine in her heart.

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She is utterly useless!

After going through so much to help Jasmine, she assumed that Jasmine could use the opportunity to ruin Natalie. Instead, she was so incompetent that she hardly accomplished anything.

Back at the competition, the plagiarism incident between Natalie and Jasmine grew so controversial that it became the top trending topic on social media. As for the live stream, the audience watching it kept increasing. At the rate it was going, the controversy was going to have a negative impact on the reputation of the Design Association.

"Which one of you was the one who plagiarized?" The director snapped as he slammed the rostrum in anger.

Natalie clenched her fists when she saw how smug Jasmine was, as if she wasn't afraid of the repercussion of her actions.

As there was no evidence to prove that Jasmine had copied her work, she had no choice but to reveal the proof of Jasmine's earlier plagiarism.

She believed that once she exposed them, the truth would automatically reveal itself.

Taking a deep breath, Natalie prepared to raise her hand to speak. However, Mr. Horner barged in suddenly and whispered something to the director, causing him to raise his eyebrow in surprise. After that, the director vacated the rostrum.

Standing at the rostrum, Mr. Horner scanned the crowd and announced, "With regards to today's competition, I'm sure everyone is dying to know who was the one that plagiarized. Now, let me tell you the answer. That person is... Jasmine Smith!"

He pointed at Jasmine as he spoke.

Jasmine's eyes widened in shock and the smugness she had a moment ago was wiped off her face. Stunned, she demanded with a shrieking voice, "Mr. Horner, what gives you the right to accuse me of plagiarism?"

"What gives me the right? The evidence of course!" Mr. Horner sneered at her.

Natalie's eye lit up. "Mr. Horner, do you really have proof?"

"Of course!" Mr. Horner nodded before clapping his hands twice.

The next moment, Walford dragged a fearful looking lady in.

Jasmine's face was drained of color the moment she saw the lady.

How... how can that be?

How did she get herself caught?

Unable to hide her reaction, it was noticed by everyone present.

When they saw her panicking expression, it was obvious to everyone that she was the one who copied the design.

"It appears Ms. Jasmine and this lady are acquainted." Natalie pursed her lips as she scoffed, her voice reverberating throughout the room.

However, Jasmine was adamant in her denial, "I... I don't know her. I really don't."

"Oh? Do you really not know her? However, I can see from her gaze that she obviously knows you." Natalie remarked with a cold smirk on her face.

At the same time, Mr. Horner glared at the lady and pressed on, "Speak, do you know Jasmine?"

On the brink of tears from fear, the lady nodded. "I do. She was the one I passed the designs to."

"Nonsense! Since when did you do it?" Jasmine roared at her with an ashen expression.

The lady stared at Jasmine, "Half an hour ago in the restroom. I printed out Ms. Natalie's design from a screenshot and gave it to you. At that time, the design still wasn't colored yet. Hence, you even commented that you can changed the colors yourself."

"That's b\*llshit!" Jasmine grimaced as she refused to admit it. But it was obvious to everyone that she was in a sinking ship.

No longer bothered with Jasmine, Natalie walked up the stage to approach the lady. Lifting her chin, she demanded, "Why did you help her?"

The lady averted her gaze and refused to answer.

Squinting her eyes and clenching her fists, she questioned again, "Answer me! Why did you help her?"

"I... I had no choice because she was threatening me!" With her eyes closed, the lady exclaimed out of desperation.

Ignoring her broken leg, Jasmine stood up with the support of the table. She roared, "You're lying! Since when did I threaten you? When you gave me the design, I didn't even know who you are!"

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Jasmine rathered admit to plagiarizing Natalie than being framed for threatening the lady.

"Is she telling the truth? Does she really not know you?" Natalie gave the lady a doubtful look.

The lady shook her head vehemently. "Yes, we didn't know each other prior to this. Before the competition started, she paid me a sum of money to monitor the live stream. Once Ms. Natalie's drawings were out, I was to download them and wait for her in the restroom."

"I didn't!" Jasmine was so angry that her heart was palpitating.

Since when did I do that?

Didn't she approach me in the first place?

Natalie looked at Jasmine and then the lady before lowering her head in thought.

After a few seconds, she raised her gaze and asked, "Since Jasmine had you wait for her in the restroom, how did you know when she would be there?"

The lady pointed at one of the reporters in the reporters' area. "It's him. He was also watching the live stream. When you finished your drawing, he walked by Jasmine and tossed a paper ball to her, informing her to see me in the restroom."

"So that's how!" Natalie nodded while Jasmine turned her attention to Mr. Horner, staring daggers at him.

At the same time, Mr. Horner ordered Walford to bring the reporter over.

Resigned to his fate, the reporter didn't struggle and allowed himself to be brought forward.

"Were you also bribed by her to do this?" Mr. Horner demanded to know while pointing at Jasmine.

The reporter glance at Jasmine before nodding. "Yes... yes, I was."

"You... all of you..." Jasmine's body trembled violently as she was consumed by rage. Supporting herself on the table, the veins on her hands began to bulge.

After a while, she came to a sudden realization and burst into hearty laughter. It was filled with both mockery and anger. "I understand now. Both of you must be working together to sabotage me. And yet, there I was telling myself that there is no such thing as a free lunch. The mastermind behind you is really vicious!"

"Mastermind? What do you mean?" Mr. Horner inquired with his eyebrows furrowed.

As for Natalie, her eyes flashed with a sudden understanding.

She knew Jasmine very well and could see that she wasn't lying. The lady and the reporter were indeed not bribed by her, but by someone else who wanted to help her.

Once they were exposed, their priority was to smear Jasmine by pushing all the blame onto her, forcing her to take responsibility. Their real purpose was to hide the true perpetrator who instructed them.

"Both of them used me to ruin Natalie under instructions of whomever the mastermind is. In the event they failed, I would be the only one to suffer. The cruel joke was that I had fallen into their trap without giving it much thought as I was simply tempted by the opportunity to beat Natalie," Jasmine replied in a self-deprecating manner while glaring at the lady and the reporter.

Both the crowd and the audience on the live stream were shocked.

No one had expected there to be a web of schemes behind a trivial plagiarism incident. It was an intriguing drama indeed.

"Have you really been bought off by someone else who wants to ruin Ms. Natalie?" Mr. Horner interrogated the lady and the reporter.

Both of them exchanged glances and quickly wave their hands in denial. “No, No. There’s no mastermind manipulating us other than Jasmine Smith.”

Just as they spoke, both of their eyes glistened in fear which was caught by Natalie.

Furrowing her eyebrows, she had an epiphany.

From the looks of it, the mastermind had something to threaten both of them with. Hence, they would never give up the identity of their employer and there was no point asking any further.

Given how the mastermind used Jasmine to ruin her, it was evident that there was bad blood between them. Natalie wondered if the mastermind was the true perpetrator behind the loss of the fabrics in their studio and the fire at the warehouse.

“It’s alright Mr. Horner. There’s no need to ask any further since they have denied it.” Natalie stopped him.

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Jasmine was outraged and stared daggers at Natalie. “Why are you stopping? I need to get to the bottom of this. I can’t let them frame me for no reason!”

“Did they frame you?” Natalie stared at Jasmine coldly. “Isn’t it a fact they made a copy of the design for you? Haven’t you conspired together with them?”

“That’s different. They...”

“There’s no difference!” Natalie interrupted with her lips pursed. “No matter whose instructions they were following, I’m still the victim while you did accept their help and copied my design.”

Since they couldn’t get the two to reveal who the mastermind was, she might as well let Jasmine shoulder all the blame.

After all, someone needs to be held accountable in the end.

With that thought in mind, Natalie walked toward Mr. Horner and whispered something to him.

Mr. Horner nodded and waved for Walford to take the lady and the reporter away. After that, he picked up the mic to announce, "Alright, now that the truth has been revealed, I hereby declare the winner of the competition to be Natalie Smith. As for Jasmine Smith, she has been disqualified!"

Everyone turned to look at Jasmine whose face had lost all color. Lowering her head as she tried to avert her gaze.

All she wanted now was the ground to open up and swallow her or for someone to rescue her from the scene.

However, no one came to her rescue and she had no choice but to stand there and be ridiculed. To rub salt in her wounds, she still had to watch as Natalie accepted the honors of winning the competition. The bitterness she felt was worse than death itself.

Finally, the competition ended with Natalie smiling on stage with her prize which was the entry form for the international competition.

Right on the spot, she filled in the form and handed it in.

While she was doing so, everyone in the conference room stood up and applauded her. Even the live stream was flooded with congratulatory messages.

Meanwhile, Jacqueline watched the live stream feeling envious and jealous at the same time. "Ms. Natalie is really awesome!"

Before her accident, she would also receive the same amount of applause after her piano competitions. In fact, the reception she received would be even raucous than that.

Unfortunately, applause aside, she couldn't even play the piano anymore.

Shane didn't utter a word. Instead, he furrowed his eyebrows as if he was deep in thought.

When Jacqueline noticed his response, she couldn't help but ask, "Shane, what's wrong?"

"I'm just thinking about the person who bribed those two," Shane replied, massaging his temples.

Jacqueline's eyes sparkled briefly but she quickly recovered her composure. "It was probably Ms. Jasmine's scheme in preventing Ms. Natalie from winning the competition."

"Or perhaps, there is more than meets the eye." Shane narrowed his eyes.

Jacqueline's smile gradually faded. "Shane, what do you plan to do? Can it be that you're planning to help Ms. Natalie find out who it is?"

Shane didn't comment but that was exactly what he had in mind.

Jacqueline lowered her gaze to hide the frustration in her eyes. "So what happens if you find out? What will you do to that person?"

"Hmm?" Shane squinted his eyes. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm just curious, that's all." Jacqueline waved her hands with a chuckle.

Shane remarked, "That person tried to hurt her. Hence, it's up to her how she wants to deal with it."

"Shane, you really do seem to have feelings for her." Jacqueline's smile melted away.

However, Shane didn't respond to her comment.

She took a deep breath. "In that case, have you ever considered that your concern for her has made her a target?"

Shane's pupils contracted as he gave her a thoughtful look. "Why do you think that?"

Jacqueline stared back at him with an indifferent expression. "I'm just randomly guessing. Anyway, let's drop this and continue watching the competition. Ms. Natalie seems to have something to say."

She pointed to the live stream and changed the topic.

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At that moment, Shane didn't respond as he stared at Jacqueline in a probing manner. However, he didn't notice anything amiss and returned his attention to the live stream.

Perhaps, the awkwardness that he sensed from Jacqueline was just a figment of his imagination.

Back at the competition, Natalie nodded at Mr. Horner before accepting the mic that was handed to her.

The room fell into a silence as everyone knew she had something to say.

"Hello, hello?" Natalie tested the mic to make sure her voice was getting through. After she was satisfied, she spoke with a smile on her face, "Hello everyone, I'm sure all of you are curious as to what I have to say."

The audience below the stage nodded.

Natalie looked in Jasmine's direction and continued, "I want to talk about what happened with Jasmine."

Jasmine's heart skipped a beat as she was suddenly overwhelmed by fear, causing her to feel as if she was sitting on pins and needles. Grabbing on tightly to her wheelchair, her fingers had lost all color.

"Why do you need to talk about me? Natalie, what are you planning to do? You have already ruined me and yet you still want to do it again?" Jasmine screamed as she stared daggers at Natalie.

Natalie maintained her smile. "You're right. However, I wasn't the one to destroy you. Instead, you brought this upon yourself. What I'm going to share with everyone happened before the competition. I want to expose you for the plagiarist that you are. Not only did you copy my design just now, but you have also been plagiarizing on a massive scale all this while. Please look at the screen!"

Just as she spoke, the screen lit up with a comparison of designs.

Jasmine's designs were shown on the left while those belonging to other famous designers were placed on the right.

Other than the difference in names, the designs were largely the same except for minor changes in color and motifs.

In total, there were tens of designs involved which shocked everyone.

Staring at the designs, Jasmine felt as if she was on the brink of hysteria. Ignoring her broken leg, she stood up in desperation and screamed, "Stop looking! All of you are not allowed to look! Close your eyes! Close them now!"

However, no one paid heed to her words.

"Hey, aren't those designs from earlier in the competition? I can't believe even those were plagiarized. Furthermore, one of them even belongs to Daphne."

"Exactly. Also, more than ten of them were used by her to participate in the Golden Feather Awards. It now appears that they were all copied from the famous international designer Mina."

"There's more! I'm familiar with that particular series. I remember she used them in other design competitions. It's now obvious that she has been plagiarizing all this while. It goes to show that she hardly has any original designs at all."

Jasmine trembled violently when she heard the crowd gossiping about her. Glaring at Natalie with her bloodshot eyes, she had the sudden urge to tear her into pieces.

How dare she!

Cognizant of what was going through Jasmine's mind, Natalie locked gazes with her without fear. In fact, she even chuckled. "Everyone, your assumptions are correct. The real authors of the designs are those that I have credited on the screen. My friend and I have painstakingly collated all this evidence over time."

It was especially troublesome for Ms. Daphne, who had to dig out her original drawing for one of her old designs and send over the digital copy when she found out Jasmine had plagiarized it.

When Shane heard Natalie mention the word "friend", he knew that she was talking about him.

After all, he was the one who collated most of the evidence. The reason she mentioned him was to accord him proper credit. She's such a silly girl, even if she took all credit, I wouldn't have minded at all.

Shane chuckled to himself and he shook his head.

However, he was upset at being labeled as a friend. Although he was aware that she saw him as such, he still felt the sting whenever she said it out loud.

"Ms. Natalie, did you know Jasmine was plagiarizing all this while?" a reporter asked.

Jasmine turned around and gave the reporter a venomous glare.