

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 356 - 360

Jacqueline nodded and replied, "I do, but I like Blazing Heart even more."

Shane's eyes glinted once he heard "Blazing Heart".

At the same time, she peeked at him but didn't notice any change of emotions on his face. Then, she tried to sound him out. "Shane, I heard that Blazing Heart is preciously stored in one of your jewelry shops as the most prized item. Is it true?"

He raised his chin but didn't answer her question directly. Instead, he asked, "Do you want it?"

"Can I?" She anxiously clenched both of her fists, looking forward to his positive answer.

A moment later, he lowered his gaze and replied straightforwardly, "I think the jewelry that exudes aggressiveness doesn't suit your personality. Moreover, I don't think you will carry it well."

Deep in his heart, Blazing Heart could only match Natalie because she was aggressively beautiful and had a hot figure.

Jacqueline was startled by his straightforward response. She slowly lowered her gaze to hide the sense of disappointment in her eyes and replied dejectedly, "I see. Forget it then."

Knowing that she was downhearted, Shane pursed his lips and gave it some thought. "More importantly, Blazing Heart had been sold to someone else. Nonetheless, I can still gift some jewelry with a softer undertone to you."

"Okay." Jacqueline nodded in agreement. Shortly afterward, she shifted her gaze back to the live stream and changed the subject of conversation. "I think Ms. Jasmine and Ms. Natalie are required to design a set of garments based on the jewelry in the finals."

Shane glanced at her phone and replied, "I think so."

“Great! I wish to recover as soon as possible and participate in a piano competition on the stage like them,” she added hopefully while watching the live stream.

He caressed her hair and asserted, “You will.”

“I’m counting on that.” Jacqueline let out a laugh.

Meanwhile, the director was giving a clear explanation of the rules of the competition. Just as Jacqueline said, the contestants had to design a set of garments based on the jewelry that was shown on the screen. They were given two hours to finish the task.

Also, the president instructed him to bring the jewelry here, hoping that the designers would have better inspiration by seeing the real object. The designers were allowed to look at it in the branch president’s office.

Natalie’s eyes glowed once she heard it.

She was confident enough to design a set of garments based on the picture; nevertheless, seeing the real jewelry would be even more helpful.

After all, she could better observe the details and probably come up with a better design after looking at the real object instead of its picture.

“Director, I would like to take a look at it!” Natalie lifted her hand, requesting to see the jewelry.

The director immediately agreed to it and asked the branch president to bring her to the office.

Jasmine also requested to go along with her. However, she was extremely nervous deep down, as though she would go weak at the knees anytime.

She understood that everyone in the room would fixate their gazes on her if she stayed here.

With that, she would be under more pressure and couldn’t draw anything. On the contrary, she could probably get some fresh ideas by looking at the jewelry.

Clinging to a last ray of hope, she took a deep breath to overcome her nervousness and calm herself down.

They soon arrived at the branch president's office. Natalie was deeply impressed by the jewelry, which was kept inside the blast-resistant glass. She couldn't help but compliment, "It's gorgeous."

It was a rare sight that Jasmine didn't refute Natalie's comment. After all, she was equally stunned by its breathtaking beauty.

Mr. Horner laughed and explained, "This set of jewelry is named as Dazzling Light. It is the president's personal collection. Also, it was originally designed as a pair with Blazing Heart."

"Blazing Heart?" Natalie was startled.

"Oh? Do you know it?" Mr. Horner gazed at her.

Meanwhile, Jasmine also shifted her gaze toward Natalie.

Natalie's eyes briefly flickered and replied smilingly, "Yes, I've heard of it. But why are Blazing Heart and this set of jewelry a pair?"

She was rather confused.

Mr. Horner explained smilingly, "That's because they are both from the same red ruby series and produced by the same jewelry designer."

"I see." Natalie nodded her head, indicating that she understood it.

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Jasmine looked up at the branch president, "Mr. Horner, can we touch it?"

Mr. Horner frowned the moment he heard her speak. "No, this is a treasure that doesn't belong to us. We are only allowed to look and by no means have the permission to touch it."

Jasmine's expression changed but she didn't say a word.

Taking out her phone, Natalie asked, "Mr. Horner, can we take a picture then?"

"Yes, you may." Mr. Horner nodded.

Natalie's face lit up. "That's wonderful! By taking pictures from different angles, I can visualize how my design will look when matched with this set of jewelry."

Just as she spoke, she turned on her camera and started taking pictures around the glass casing.

Not wanting to appear incompetent or unprofessional, Jasmine whipped out her phone and followed suit. In fact, she even blocked Natalie's view while doing so.

Realizing what Jasmine was up to, Natalie glared at her. However, she decided to ignore Jasmine's actions and focus on her work instead.

When she was done taking photos, her phone suddenly rang.

Checking the screen, she excused herself, "Mr. Horner, I'll need to take this."

"Please go on." Mr. Horner gestured for her to go ahead.

Placing her phone by her ear, Natalie answered in front of them, "Joyce."

"Nat, where are you? I have brought what you requested," Joyce was standing at the entrance of the Design Association.

"I'm in the branch president's office. Please wait for me. I'll come and get you right away."

After ending the call, she turned to Mr. Horner, "Mr. Horner, my friend has brought over something really important."

Just as she spoke, Natalie gave Jasmine the side-eye.

Mr. Horner noticed the minute gesture and understood immediately. With a stern expression, he waved her away. "Go ahead and come back quickly."

"Right away." Natalie replied and left the office in a hurry.

The moment she left, Jasmine moved her wheelchair forward. "Mr. Horner, how can you let her roam around freely? Aren't you worried that she might seek outside help to cheat in the competition?"

Sitting in his chair, Mr. Horner stared at her coldly, "I'm not sure if she will do so, but I'm certain that you will."

Shaken by his words, a guilty look appeared on Jasmine's face. "Mr. Horner, I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Since you don't, let me refresh your memory. I have heard from other designers that you were involved in a few plagiarizing incidents. Is that true?" Mr. Horner squinted his eyes at her.

Catching her breath, Jasmine averted her gaze by reflex. "Mr. Horner, you must be joking. How can that be true? Those are just rumors spread by my enemies to malign me."

"I see. It seems I have been wrong about you." Mr. Horner nodded as if he believed her. Instead, he was scoffing in his heart.

Fake rumors?

Ms. Smith has all the evidence collected. How can it still be false?

Unable to tell what Mr. Horner was thinking, Jasmine assumed that he believed her and heaved a sigh of relief. Nevertheless, she didn't dare overstay her welcome and took her leave. "Mr. Horner, I have seen enough and taken the pictures I need. Hence, it's time I return to the competition venue."

"Please go ahead." Mr. Horner waved his hand.

Jasmine wheeled herself out accordingly.

The moment she left the room, she saw Natalie and Joyce walking in her direction.

When Joyce saw her, she quickened her pace and stood in front of Jasmine. Folding her arms, she looked down at her in a condescending manner. "Yo, it's been a while, Jasmine. Why are you crippled all of a sudden?"

Jasmine tightened her grip on the wheelchair. "Are you here to mock me?"

"Ooof! You're right. I'm here to do just that," Joyce replied with a laugh.

Natalie covered her mouth as she too couldn't hold back her laughter.

Jasmine's body trembled in response. "You... you..."

"What about us? Please make it clear what it is you're trying to say. Or did your ability to communicate get crippled along with your legs?" Digging her ears, Joyce brazenly mocked her.

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Jasmine's eyes turned bloodshot as her body trembled violently. She glared angrily at Joyce as if her eyes could spew venom.

When she saw the change in Jasmine's expression, Natalie stopped laughing and put on a serious expression. "That's enough Joyce, let's not waste any more time with her. After all, she is now a cripple. In case she sets us up, there's no way we can wash our hands of it."

"You're absolutely right. In that case, let's stay away from her." Just as she spoke, Joyce backed off at once.

Natalie didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "Fine, let's go and see Mr. Horner now and pass the things to him."

"Mmm-hmm." Joyce nodded. Sidestepping Jasmine, she followed Natalie into Mr. Horner's office.

As Jasmine stared coldly at the closed door of the office, she swore to herself. I will never forgive those two!

Just you wait, I will pay you back for today's humiliation ten times over.

With that, she left.

Before she was gone long, Natalie and Joyce came out of the office after handing over the things Joyce had brought.

"Nat, I'll return to the hospital first." Joyce stretched herself.

"Wait, please take both the children with you. I still don't know how long more the competition will go on. Hence, I don't feel secure having them stay here. After all, Jasmine is also here and may do something to the children," Natalie explained with a concerned expression while massaging her temples.

Joyce patted her on the shoulder. "Alright, don't worry too much. I'll take them with me. Where are they now?"

"In the break room. Follow me." Natalie guided Joyce.

When they arrived, the children were watching cartoons. At the sight of Natalie and Joyce, they jumped in joy. "Mommy! Aunt Joyce!"

"Hey, kids!" Natalie and Joyce each hugged one of them.

Sitting in Natalie's embrace, Connor asked, "Mommy, has your competition ended?"

"It's still early. The reason I came is to let Aunt Joyce take you with her." Natalie pointed at Joyce.

Joyce nodded. "That's right. Your mommy is worried that there's no one to look after you. Hence, she wants you to come with me."

"Alright." Both Connor and Sharon nodded their heads.

Although they preferred to stay with Natalie, they also didn't want her to worry.

When she saw how disappointed the children were, she let out a guilty sigh. "Don't worry. Once the competition is over, I'll pick you up from the hospital. In the meantime, be good and listen to Aunt Joyce and Uncle Stanley."

"We know, Mommy," the children replied in unison.

After putting Connor down, she pushed him toward Joyce. "Joyce, thanks for watching over them. I'll need to return to the conference room as the competition is still ongoing."

"Just go." Joyce shooed her away with a smile.

Acknowledging her, Natalie tousled the children's heads and left.

The moment she returned to the conference room, the director declared, "The competition starts now. You have two hours."

Liam nodded and started the clock.

After returning to her seat, Natalie took a deep breath. Unfolding a new piece of design paper, she closed her eyes and tried to let her inspiration flow.

Meanwhile, Natalie was sitting nearby, separated by two empty seats. She was so nervous that she had broken into a cold sweat.

At that moment, her mind drew a blank as she simply had zero inspiration. In fact, she couldn't even think straight as she was unable to focus at all.

All that filled her mind was her hatred for the director and the fact that he had changed the topic at the last minute. It resulted in her not being able to do anything.

In contrast to Jasmine's panic, Natalie looked extremely calm as if she wasn't in a competition at all.

Gradually opening her eyes, she let out a confident smile as she picked up her pencil.

"Shane, Ms. Smith seems to have found her inspiration," watching the live stream, Jacqueline commented to the man sitting beside her bed.

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Shane raised his head from the computer, revealing his dashing face.

He didn't look at her phone. Instead, he raised his eyebrows and remarked, "I know. She is extremely talented in design. A trivial competition like this isn't much of a challenge for her."

"You really are confident in her abilities," Shane commented with an awkward smile.

Shane returned his attention to his computer. "I'm not the only one. Her talent is good enough to inspire confidence from everyone."

"Is that so?" Jacqueline's gaze darkened and didn't say another word.

After a while, when she saw that Natalie's design was almost finished and all that was left was to color it, she took a screenshot while Shane wasn't looking. After that, she flipped aside her blanket.

"Shane," Jacqueline blushed as she called out to Shane shyly.

Shane looked at her. "What is it?"

"I want to go to the bathroom." Jacqueline slid her phone back into her hospital gown.

Shane saw her action but didn't think too much of it. After putting his laptop aside, he helped her out of bed and into the bathroom. "Will you be fine by yourself? If not, I'll get the nurse to help you."

"It's alright." Jacqueline waved with a gentle smile. "Although I'm still weak, I can manage this."

Just as she spoke, she closed the bathroom door.

After a few minutes, she came out and Shane helped her back to her bed.

The moment she settled down, she retrieved her phone from her pocket and continued watching the live stream.

Back at the competition venue, Natalie was coloring her design.

As if her hands were dancing across the paper, she managed to do so at lightning speed.

The more progress she made, the wider her smile became.

When Jasmine saw how confident Natalie looked, she was overwhelmed by pressure and broke out in cold sweat.

She was aware that Natalie's design was about to be completed while all she had was a blank piece of paper in front of her.

Am I going to lose? Jasmine stared at the piece of paper in front of her in despair. Despite feeling indignant, there was nothing she could do as she just couldn't draw anything.

Suddenly, a reporter walked by and quickly threw a crumpled paper ball on top of her table.

Unaware of what went through her mind, she covered it with her hand by reflex and turned to look at the reporter.

He smiled at her and gestured for her to open it.

After a slight hesitation, she complied and unwrapped the paper ball discreetly. There was a message on it: Head for the washroom if you want to win.

Jasmine's eyes widened in shock as her heart began to race.

Although she didn't know what the reporter's agenda was for helping her, she knew she had to take the risk if she wanted to win.

With that thought in mind, Jasmine raised her hand. "Sir!"

Everyone turned to look at her, including Natalie who stopped coloring.

Shane lowered her hand. "I need to use the restroom."

"Go, you have ten minutes." The director frowned but agreed nonetheless.

"Okay." Jasmine was delighted and wheeled herself out of the conference room.

Natalie squinted her eyes as she watch her leave.

Is she really going to the restroom at this point of time?

After giving it some thought, she couldn't tell if Jasmine really needed the restroom. Nevertheless, she didn't think much about it and continued coloring her design.

Even if she faked the need to use the washroom, Natalie couldn't imagine what she could do within ten minutes.

Seven to eight minutes later, Jasmine returned. The despair that was previously on her face was replaced by an energetic expression. She even managed to throw Natalie a look in a deviously triumphant manner.

“Hmm?” Noticing the change in Jasmine, Natalie furrowed her eyebrows and was filled with an inexplicable sense of dread.

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However, she couldn't pin her finger on what it was but just knew that there was something wrong.

Maintaining her vigilance, Natalie continued with her coloring.

Meanwhile, Jasmine had started drawing and her speed was extremely fast, to the extent it was on par with Natalie's. Furthermore, she drew in an extremely secretive manner where the audience on the live stream could not see what she doing.

Before long, the time for the competition was up.

“Stop right now.” The director gently tapped the rostrum with his baton. Looking at Natalie and Jasmine, he instructed, “Both of you, hand in your designs.”

Natalie nodded and handed hers over followed by Jasmine.

After that, both of them got off the stage.

As the director prepared to look through their designs, he started with Natalie's.

She had designed a silver single shoulder gown with a long train that accentuated the curvaceous figure of a woman. Combined with the red ruby, the silver-colored gown made a stunning visual impact, rendering it an exceptional piece of work.

The director smiled in satisfaction and put her design aside. After that, he picked up Jasmine's.

However, the moment he saw it, his expression drastically changed. With a solemn expression, he asked, “What is going on?”

What's going on?

The crowd in the conference room and those on the live stream were all puzzled as they didn't know what had outraged the director.

Only Jasmine, who knew what was going on, let out a smile.

Natalie pursed her lips. "What did you do this time?"

"Who knows?" Jasmine let out a sly smile as she refused to answer.

On stage, the director posted both of their designs onto the big screen.

At that very moment, everyone gasped in shock.

The two designs looked awfully similar to each other. Other than a slight difference to its train and color, everything else was largely the same.

From what everyone could see, it could only mean one thing, one of them was plagiarizing.

Natalie was so angry that she almost broke the pencil in her hand. As her fists clenched in rage, she dug her fingernails into her own flesh.

Now, I know why Jasmine was so smug after going to the washroom.

There is someone helping her to copy my design.

"Can the two of you tell me who was plagiarizing?" the director demanded as he glared at both of them.

Before Natalie could respond, Jasmine raised her hand to reply, "Sir, she is the one that plagiarized."

Natalie scoffed at how preposterous the accusation was. She looked at Jasmine with disgust. "Me? Copy you? From the moment I sat down, I never left my seat. So tell me how I could have done that?"

"That's right." the audience in the conference room nodded in agreement.

The comments on the live stream were also of the opinion that Natalie didn't plagiarize.

“Shane, it seems Ms. Natalie is caught in some trouble.” There was a sparkle in Jacqueline’s eye as she watched the live stream. However, she pretended to look worried for Natalie.

“What trouble?” Shane stopped typing and looked at her.

When she saw how concerned he was for Natalie, Jacqueline’s gaze darkened as she clenched her phone tightly.

Nevertheless, the gentleness of her voice didn’t betray her exasperation. “There is some controversy between Ms. Natalie and your fiancée about plagiarizing. When they handed in their respective designs, both of them looked the same. The only difference was in their color and the train of the gown.”

“What?” Shane squinted his eyes and snatched over her phone.

Back at the competition, Jasmine pursed her lips and snorted. “What do you mean? Are you accusing me of plagiarism just because I left my seat?”

“You can’t deny the possibility, can you?” Natalie sprang to her feet, glowering.

Jasmine held onto her belly as she burst into laughter. “Aren’t you just making baseless accusations? Even if I left my seat, it was only for a few minutes. What can I do then? Besides, I didn’t walk past you when I left and couldn’t have seen your design. How could I have copied yours?”