

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 340

But when she saw the other design drawing on the screen, her brows scrunched up with confusion.

Jasmine's name was signed on that design. The dress in the drawing was short in the front and extended into a long train. On the train were complex embroidery patterns which looked extravagant and grand. From the looks of it, this gown was designed specifically for ancestral ceremonies.

Where on earth did Jasmine find this design?

Natalie glanced at Jasmine with a doubtful expression.

As though sensing her gaze, Jasmine turned to look at her, then broke into a triumphant smile and gave her a thumb-up.

Natalie was stunned slightly.

What the hell does that mean?

Is Jasmine giving me a thumb-up?

Just as she was trying to make sense of this, Jasmine made an insulting gesture by turning her hand so that her thumb was facing down.

Natalie's face immediately frosted over and Shane, who was currently watching the live stream, had an even more unsightly expression on his face.

By the side, Silas clucked his tongue in disdain. "Isn't Jasmine afraid she'd provoke a backlash by doing this in front of the camera?"

"What does she have to fear? Can't you see her votes?" Shane squinted at the voting statistics below the live stream feed.

Jasmine was leading strong in first place with votes that exceeded Natalie's by several thousand, forcing the latter to second place.

Moreover, her votes were still increasing at very fast rate, which showed how well-received her design was.

"True. Humans tend to worship the strong and look down on the weak. Jasmine's design is better than Ms. Natalie's, so even though she's showing bad behavior, netizens won't call her out on it. Instead, they'll praise her for having such a feisty character. After all, geniuses always have more privileges than most," Silas postulated, pushing up his spectacles.

Shane rested his chin on his hand. "Do you really think that the design belongs to Jasmine?"

Silas was taken aback. "Mr. Shane, you mean..."

"Jasmine couldn't have produced such a top-quality design. If she was this talented, she would've been internationally famous by now. But why doesn't she even have her own masterpiece until now?" Shane's lips curved into a mocking smile. Then, he instructed coldly, "Find out all the designers whose work she's been plagiarizing since participating in this competition."

"Yes!" Silas nodded and immediately left to carry out his instructions.

Shane leaned back into his chair, folded his arms over his chest, and continued watching the live stream with calculating eyes.

At the venue of the competition, the voting time was up and the four contestants selected by Alfred had received their respective rankings. Jasmine ranked first, while Natalie ranked second.

Alfred smiled and said into the microphone, "The top four have been selected. Congratulations are in order. Let's give these four designers a round of applause before inviting them to come up and explain the concept behind their respective designs."

With that, the conference room erupted into a round of applause as the judges, audience, members of the Design Association and media reporters put their hands together for Natalie and the other three.

Natalie and the other two designers stood up and bowed to everyone with smiles on their faces. Only Jasmine was unable to get up due to her leg injury, bowing as best as she could in her wheelchair.

But the split second when she lowered her head, a trace of panic flashed across her face and she secretly cursed Alfred.

Damn old fool. Does he have nothing better to do? Why the hell did he ask us to explain our design concept?

Why can't he just announce the results of this round and be done with it?

F**k! Jasmine gritted her teeth in anger, but showed none of it on her face, forcing herself to maintain a calm appearance.

Despite how well she hid it, her strained smile didn't go unnoticed by Natalie who was paying close attention to her.

The wheels in Natalie's mind were set in motion and she figured out what Jasmine was worried about.

It makes sense. How can she describe the concept behind a design that doesn't even belong to her?

She looked forward to seeing how Jasmine was going to worm her way out of this predicament.

As various possibilities emerged in her mind, she straightened her spine and withdrew her gaze, listening attentively to the designer on stage who was narrating the concept behind her design.

To keep the suspense, Alfred made sure to start from the designer who ranked fourth place.creen.