

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 366

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.