

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 343

Jasmine can't conceal her history of plagiarism forever. There will be a day when she's exposed. Even Isabelle will be labeled as an accomplice. When that time comes, what would others think of Alfred? Would they think he deliberately divulged the theme to his granddaughter and asked her to subdue the other contestants?

"I'm alright." Alfred took in a deep breath. He suppressed the rage in his heart and forcing a smile onto his face, but he failed to hide his sorrow.

"Nat, you told me this to protect my reputation, didn't you?" Alfred leveled his gaze with Natalie's.

Natalie hummed in response. "Yes. During the previous round, Jasmine plagiarized my mentor's work, so I'm going to make her pay no matter what. I'm planning to wait until the finals to expose her, but once it's revealed, both Isabelle and your reputation will be affected. I don't wish for that to happen."

Thus, the reason she had told him was to give Alfred a chance to remove Isabelle from this matter altogether as well as clean up all traces of contact she had with Jasmine.

This way, even if she exposed Jasmine and the latter wanted to drag Isabelle down with her, there wouldn't be any evidence of Isabelle's involvement. Outsiders wouldn't believe her and would naturally assume that she had somehow found out about Alfred's theme and was trying to frame his granddaughter to destroy his reputation after being exposed.

Alfred was a shrewd person, so of course he knew that Natalie had his welfare at heart. He gratefully patted the back of her hand and said, "Thank you, Nat. I'm forever indebted to you. You can come to me anytime if you face difficulties in the future. I will help you the best I can. As for Isabelle, I will deal with her accordingly."

Having said that, he turned and walked out of the conference room with the help of his cane.

After he left, Natalie did not stay either. Checking the time, she departed from the Design Association immediately after.

But before she left, she went to the infirmary to see if Jasmine was still feigning illness.

However, when she arrived at the infirmary, Jasmine was nowhere to be seen. According to the doctor, she had been taken away by Susan.

At night, Natalie returned to the apartment with her two children. Just after taking off her shoes, her received a notification of a payment transfer from Alfred on her phone. It was the copyright fee for her design, totaling up to two million, which was at least double the amount of what she was expecting.

Because ethnic minority fashion occupied only a small section of the domestic market, it basically had zero commercial value internationally. Hence, no matter how brilliant the design was, it could only be sold for one million at most.

But Alfred had given her two million, which was probably as a token of his gratitude to her for telling him the truth.

With that thought in mind, a smile graced Natalie's lips as she tucked her phone away. "Connor, look after your sister while I take a shower."

"Okay, Mommy." Connor nodded obediently.

Natalie ruffled her children's hair, then put down her bag and went to her room to grab her pajamas before taking a shower.

The twins sat on the carpeted floor in the living room and played with their Lego blocks.

Right then, the doorbell rang.

Connor's first reaction was to glance at the direction of the bathroom. "Mommy, someone's here!"

There was no response, only the sound of running water.

Connor surmised that Natalie probably couldn't hear him. Hence, he climbed to his feet and went to the door.

The doorbell was still ringing incessantly when Connor tiptoed to peer at the intercom. Upon seeing that the person outside was Shane, his eyes lit up and he immediately opened the door.

"Mr. Shane." Connor tilted his head up to greet the man in an adorable voice.

Shane looked down at the little boy with his brows raised slightly.

No wonder the door was opened so quickly today. It's actually her son.

He followed Connor into the house and looked around, instantly spotting Sharon sitting on the carpet. When he couldn't find Natalie, he asked, "Where's your mommy?"

Connor pointed to the direction of the bathroom. "Mommy's taking a shower."

Shane instinctively looked toward the bathroom, his eyes darkened when he heard the sound of running water.

"Mr. Shane, are you looking for Mommy?" Connor plopped down onto the carpeted floor again.

Shane put down the document folder in his hand and lowered himself onto the sofa. "Yes. There's something I need to discuss with her."