

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 345

Watching how fast she fled and shut the door behind her, a chuckle escaped Shane's lips and he drank another sip of his water.

Approximately ten minutes later, Natalie came out after changing her clothes and blow-drying her hair.

Shane handed her the document folder on the coffee table.

Natalie looked down at the folder after taking it from it. "What is this?"

Shane crossed his legs and answered calmly, "Evidence of Jasmine's plagiarizing history."

Natalie's brows shot up and she looked down again to open the folder. Taking out the evidence inside, she skimmed through it and stuffed it back in before placing it on the coffee table again. Training her eyes on the man sitting across her, she asked, "Why are you giving this to me, Mr. Shane?"

"Don't you need it?" Shane propped his head on his hand.

Natalie smiled. "No, I don't. I've long since known that she's been plagiarizing and I already possess some evidence against her."

"I know you do. During yesterday's competition, she copied Ms. Daphne's work, and since Ms. Daphne is your mentor, you would've picked it up instantly and neither will you stand by doing nothing."

"Then, why did you still bring me evidence, Mr. Shane?" Natalie narrowed her eyes suspiciously at him, unable to read his thoughts.

Shane's gaze fell on the folder as he explained, "You didn't finish reading it. What I have isn't just evidence of her plagiarism from yesterday, but also of every design she has plagiarized since her debut, including her ethnic minority clothing design from today."

Hearing this, Natalie's eyes widened in surprise and she quickly picked up the folder to flip through the documents again.

After she was done reading, she sucked in a sharp breath.

Indeed, she had severely underestimated Jasmine. Jasmine had plagiarized more than she initially thought possible. Not to mention, Jasmine managed to find many popular works to plagiarize. What left Natalie completely dumbfounded was the design from earlier that day.

The design was of a gown belonging to an ethnic group's high priestess. The gown was passed down from ancient times, so there was no original design drawing and no way to find out who the designer was. Hence, Jasmine had no qualms copying it and claiming the design as her own.

It took Natalie a long time to recover from her shock. Putting down the folder, she tentatively asked, "Mr. Shane, are you giving me this in exchange for my help in doing something?"

Shane nodded. "I know you haven't exposed Jasmine yet because you're waiting for the right opportunity. And I want you to defeat her once and for all when that opportunity arises."

Natalie's eyes flashed dimly. "Why? I don't recall the two of you holding any grudges against each other. And if I remember correctly, she even saved your life before."

"I've long since paid off that debt." Shane pressed his lips together before continuing, "Yes, we don't exactly hold any grudges against each other, but she provoked me by selling Thompson Group's trade secrets."

"What?" Natalie's eyes widened to the size of saucer plates.

Shane massaged the space between his brows. "I only learned about it recently. In the past few years, Jasmine has already sold trade secrets several times. Even though it didn't cause too big of a damage to Thompson Group, we still suffered some losses."

"I see, but I still don't understand something, Mr. Shane. Since you have all this evidence, you can take action yourself. Why did you come to me?" Natalie tapped a finger on the folder with her gaze fixated on the man.

"You'll understand soon enough. Don't worry, I won't get you into any trouble." He rose to his feet and strode toward the door with no intention of explaining.

Natalie pursed her lips at that.

It was meaningless to continue probing when he was clearly unwilling to answer.

Natalie stood up as well and walked him out.

Standing outside the door, Shane turned and said, "I'll pick the twins up tomorrow morning."

"Okay." Natalie nodded.

With his gaze still locked on her face, he reminded, "Go to bed early. Goodnight."

"Goodnight." Natalie offered him a smile.

She thought he would go back to his apartment after that, but he didn't seem like he was going to leave any time soon as he stood motionless while staring intently at her.

Natalie fidgeted under his piercing gaze and shrank back a little. "Mr. Shane, is there anything else?"

Shane shook his head slightly. "No. Go ahead and close the door."

Finding his actions odd, Natalie's brows furrowed imperceptibly. Nonetheless, she obeyed him and closed the door.

Once the door was closed, she wasn't in a hurry to go back to her room. Instead, she opened the intercom to see what he was doing. However, all that she saw was his back and the apartment door swinging shut.