

Chapter 51

Natalie smiled and told Ashley, "All right, please come with me. Mr. Shane is looking for you."

"Why?"

"You'll know soon enough," Natalie replied grimly before she left.

The anxiety in Ashley grew as she put her pencil down and followed Natalie to Jasmine's office.

The supervisor's expression changed as soon as she saw Ashley.

Natalie noticed that and pursed her lips as if nothing had happened. "Ms. Jasmine, may I use your computer?"

Shane answered instead. "Go ahead."

Jasmine moved the computer towards Natalie who then inserted a USB drive and beckoned for Ashley's attention.

these

her face turned pale at those words. She knew they had caught her in the

any information, Jasmine shot her

two, she did not expose them. She showed

away from her desk to collect Ashley's medicine from the infirmary. In her absence, Ashley accessed her computer to locate

showed that Ashley arrived at the office after nine in the evening. She wiped off the fingerprints left during the day

Everything was clear then.

at Natalie as he tapped his fingers on the desk. “How will you termination. We should also

shock and fell limply on the floor. Jasmine did not

think the punishment is unjustifiable? Can’t you suggest a forfeit of salary for a few months instead?” Jessica

“No! As a fashion designer, you know very well that stealing and plagiarism

Plagiarism?

This word infuriated Jasmine as she knew Natalie was trying to imply that she plagiarized her design.

Unsatisfied with the decision, Jasmine pointed at Natalie and asked Shane, “Is it necessary to ruin Ashley’s life?”

“She did the right thing,” he said approvingly.

Shane admired Natalie’s intelligence and how she kept her cool. She retrieved the security recordings in such a short time and imposed an appropriate punishment on the offender while maintaining her neutrality. There was no display of unnecessary emotions.

Jasmine felt incredulous after she heard Shane’s comment. “What? You agree with her?”

Shane nodded. “I would do the same too.”

Natalie was pleased and thanked Shane for his compliment and support.

Frankly, she doubted she could fire Ashley. After all, she was only a supporting staff.

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It was unnecessary for Natalie to worry too much. Shane was a sensible and impartial employer.

“All right, stick to the decision,” he reaffirmed and left.

After a while, two security guards came to escort Ashley out.

When she passed by Natalie, she whispered, “I’m sorry.”

The latter remained calm and gave no response.

She could not simply forgive Ashley for the damage caused.

She confronted Jasmine when they were alone in the room. “It was you, wasn’t it?”

“What do you mean?” Jasmine feigned innocence.

eyes at her and replied, “You know what I mean. You orchestrated

department after inspection two days

signal for Ashley to leave and steal

any evidence to prove that

have any evidence. That’s why I didn’t

did not participate in the action personally, and she

to be a

have any evidence against me, I can sue you for slander and defamation!” Jasmine countered with a

the case in court

Her encouragement stunned Jasmine.

was a moment of

that she did not notice Jasmine's embarrassment. "Logically, I should have called the police when my drafts went missing. I didn't do so to avoid any bad impression being made against Thompson Group. I have nothing to do with this since you made the

pointed at the door and roared with rage. She

Natalie was not bothered and replied with a smile, "It seems like you will not sue me. All right, I'll make a move now."

After she left the office, she stopped and took her cell phone out of her pocket to check the recording of their conversation.

It didn't yield any result. Nothing in their conversation could prove that Ashley was acting under Jasmine's instructions. The evil half-sister had been extremely cautious.

Natalie knew she had to be vigilant from now on. Jasmine would bid her time and strike again.

When that thought came to her mind, Natalie clenched her fists. However, there was nothing she could do except sigh and return to her workplace.

After three days, Natalie presented some new sketches to Shane.

Three days later, she presented a set of new drafts to Shan who then called the top-level management for a meeting immediately.

The majority concurred with the recommendation to appoint Natalie as the chief.

Chapter 53

Jasmine, who was also at the meeting, was green with envy. However, there was nothing she could do apart from watching Natalie win applause from the seniors.

Of course, Natalie felt her jealousy, but the former did not take it to heart and calmly carried on with her design concept.

Shortly afterward, the meeting ended and the crowd dispersed.

Jasmine rose and walked towards Shane, intimately entwining her arms around his. "Shane, shall we have dinner at my place tonight? My dad misses you."

She intentionally emphasized "my dad" and glanced at Natalie, savoring the satisfaction of seeing Natalie pause briefly from organizing her design drafts.

Natalie used to be the princess of the Smith family, while Jasmine was born out of wedlock.

Natalie could legitimately call "Daddy" but Jasmine could only do so secretively.

Now, Natalie was no longer the Smith princess and she could no longer call Harrison "Daddy". She could not even tell anyone about her relationship with the Smiths. Jasmine was most delighted by this!

were read by Shane instantly. He frowned slightly. "No, I can't. I'm busy

then pulled his arm away from

humiliated having been rejected on the spot. "What is it? Is it urgent? If it's not, do come. All

think? It's Grandpa's death anniversary." Shane glanced

words came out. She was scolding

invite Shane to dinner, what made her choose Grandpa Thompson's death anniversary?

I'm so flabbergasted!

herself from giggling. This had the

as he saw Natalie smiling like a little fox before quickly turning grave again. “When will the finalized designs be

finish the drafts very soon. Having said that, the fabric is the main concern.” Natalie stood up when she was done sorting her

the fabric?” Shane

the high-quality fabric we currently have in stock. The second chart shows the types and quantity of fabric needed for Project Rebirth. Unfortunately, we

see that the ‘color’ column next to your chart is marked with the word

“Yes. Since there are many colors, it is impossible to buy every color of every type of fabric. What we need is to order white fabric and dye it into various colors by ourselves,” Natalie nodded and answered.

Jasmine, who was standing aside, felt immensely threatened when she saw the two so close to each other that nobody could fit between them.

This sense of threat also reminded her that chasing Natalie away would not solve the problem. She needed to be proactive in order to have Shane for herself. The best way is to get intimate!

When that happened, her position as his fiancée would become solid and she would not need to worry about him being snatched away.

Deep in her thoughts, Jasmine clenched her teeth and left the conference room.

Naturally, Natalie and Shane were aware of her leaving, but they were unbothered by it and continued discussing the fabric issue.

“Looks like we need to redye a great deal of fabric.” Shane pointed at the laptop screen with his long and slender finger.

Natalie agreed, “Yes, Mr. Shane. That is why I need a dye room.”

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“Do you know how to dye fabric?” Instead of approving right away, Shane voiced his doubts.

To him, dyeing fabric was always the experts’ job.

Could she take on this responsibility? She’s still young in this business.

It would be impossible for him to let her experiment on such expensive fabric!

As if she could read his mind, Natalie closed her laptop and said, “Don’t worry, Mr. Shane. Since I have the courage to request a dye room, it means I can certainly handle it. I don’t take this lightly.”

Upon hearing this, Shane looked at her with a faint smile. “Since you sound so confident, I shall ask Silas to make the necessary arrangements.”

“Thank you very much, Mr. Shane.” Elated, Natalie quickly bowed to him.

Shane lifted his head slightly. “Don’t be too excited yet. Although I approved your request for a dye room, you will still need to pay up if you ruin the fabric.”

“Yes, I understand!” Natalie responded confidently.

It was only reasonable to compensate for ruining the fabric.

had confidence in her skills that such a situation

good that you understand, so...” The phone in Shane’s pocket suddenly rang

furrowed his brows and swallowed his remaining words as

Abruptly, his countenance darkened.

should not be hanging around, Natalie asked to leave the

Shane waved in acknowledgment.

the

babbling, “Hey Shane, what do you think about my suggestion last night? It definitely is a piece of precious land; you wouldn’t

like I said before, I disagree with relocating Grandpa’s grave.

brat. So what if you don’t believe in it? I do! The geomancy expert said that if we move your grandfather’s grave to that place, we Thompsons

Thompson, do you think I don’t know? You just want to

decided to cease his act and sneered. “Alright, you brat. Since you already know, I will

up the call,

to have something urgent to report, but after seeing

I want to go back to the Thompson residence!” Shane kept his phone

did

In no time, Shane was on the road to the Thompson residence.

He gazed dully at the landscape in reverse motion outside the car window.

Sam’s family suddenly wants the land on which Grandpa’s grave is—this must be Sean’s doing.

What exactly do they want with that land?

The car stopped while Shane was deep in his thoughts. Silas turned his head around. "Mr. Shane, we're here!"

Shane stopped pondering and walked into the house with a grave expression.

It was already 9:00 p.m. when he finished dealing with Sam and paying respects to his late grandfather.

Silas brought Shane back to his villa. When Shane walked in, he detected a sickening scent of perfume and immediately frowned.

"Shane." Overjoyed that he was home, Jasmine briskly walked up to him. "Oh, did you drink?"

Shane stepped away to avoid her and asked in a gloomy manner, "Why are you here?"

"Isn't today Grandpa's death anniversary? I was worried about you so I came to check on you." Jasmine explained while receiving his suitcase as if she was the mistress of the house.

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Still avoiding her, Shane called out coldly, "Mrs. Wilson!"

The maid, Martha Wilson, quickly rushed out from the kitchen. "Mr. Shane, you're back."

"Who let her in?" he demanded as he pointed at Jasmine, "Haven't I told you before not to let anyone in if I'm not at home?"

Mrs. Wilson looked at Jasmine. "Sir, I thought that since Ms. Smith is your fiancée, you two would be married eventually, so..."

"I will cut your bonus for this month!" He did not want to hear her explanation and punished her directly.

Mrs. Wilson smiled nervously. "Yes, Sir."

“Shane, what do you mean by this?” Jasmine was displeased.

It is evident that he doesn't want me here; that's why he's punishing Mrs. Wilson for letting me in.

Shane did not intend to reply. Instead, he rubbed his brows in fatigue and ordered her to leave. “You may go now!”

“No, I will not.” Jasmine stepped right in front of Shane. “I came not only to see you but also because of my dad. We've been engaged for so many years and my dad wanted me to ask you when you plan to get married.”

Hmm?

and looked at Jasmine for a few seconds. Then, he said bluntly, “I
face turned

engagement went so

become Mrs. Thompson, yet

this thought crossed her mind. “Shane, I have waited five years; how
you don't want to wait, then don't!” Tugging at his tie, he walked past
her and

lips while watching his back

mean? He wants me

I'll never do

left the villa

his room and the disgusting perfume

Wilson, did you let her into my

did not. Ms. Smith said she wanted to

was about to explode. Closing the door of his bedroom with a sour look, he headed downstairs

you going?" Mrs.

coldly, "Get someone to clean the villa thoroughly tomorrow. I'll come back

he opened the door, walked out, and drove

Blue

After putting her two children to sleep, Natalie massaged her sore neck and walked out of their room. Suddenly, she heard a loud thump outside her main door.

What's going on? Natalie was astounded. Thinking something had happened, she hurriedly opened the door and saw a tall man lying on the floor of the hallway.

The loud thump came about when he collapsed.

"Hey, are you alright?" Natalie went closer and lightly nudged the man on the floor with the tip of her foot.

The man stayed still.

As Natalie bent down slightly to check on him, a pungent stench of alcohol overwhelmed her system.

Feeling disgusted, she scowled and turned the man over. A familiar face entered her sight.

Natalie went wide-eyed in disbelief. Why is he here?

Without giving much thought, she shook the man twice. "Mr. Shane? Mr. Shane?"

Shane instantly opened his eyes and sat up on the floor.

When he saw that it was Natalie, he let down his guard. "Oh, it's you?"

"Yes, it's me." Natalie helped him up. "Mr. Shane, how come you've passed out here

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There were only two apartment units on this floor. One was home to Natalie and her two children, while the other was unoccupied.

If it were not for her staying up late, Shane might end up lying along the corridor the whole night.

"I live here." Half-asleep, he shook his head to try to stay awake and replied hoarsely.

Natalie was startled. "Here? Right across?"

She pointed at the door to her left as she asked.

Shane affirmed and handed her a magnetic stripe card. "Please, my head is spinning."

"Alright." Having overcome her initial shock, Natalie quickly took the card.

Beep! The door opened and the whole apartment lit up.

After helping Shane in, she placed him on the sofa and looked around his apartment.

His place was much bigger than hers, but it seemed deserted as there was nothing else besides the essential electronic appliances.

"Did you just buy this apartment, Mr. Shane?" Natalie stopped glancing around and asked.

“No.” Shane rubbed against his temples. “I bought it a long time ago but never stayed here.”

made you come here tonight, Mr. Shane?” Natalie was

and lowered his eyelids

fact, he also did not know why. He had many properties and

faces of Natalie and her children flashed across his mind. As

question, so she coughed

she left

the soup, Shane

like the soup is

was holding. She decided to leave it on the coffee table and went into the bedroom to find Shane a blanket. After covering him with the blanket, she

around, he gripped her

look, only to see he was still asleep. He must be

please let go?” Natalie bent

he showed no

no choice, she could only push away his hands and

she tried, the

looked at the man on the sofa in

letting

the phone in her

long sigh and checked her phone. Seeing the caller ID,

“Nat, were you asleep?” The tender voice of a middle-aged woman came through the phone.

Natalie looked at Shane frustratingly. “Not yet.”

She could not even go home given her hand was stuck in his grip, let alone sleep.

“That’s good. I was scared of waking you up.” Yulia chuckled.

Natalie sat next to Shane. “Mom, why are you calling me this late?”

“Nothing much. I just want to let you know that I plan to return next month to pay my respects to your grandpa and grandma,” Yulia replied.

Natalie was surprised. “Sure, I will pick you up at the airport by then.”

“Okay.” Yulia nodded. “Rest earlier, then. I won’t bother you.”

“Okay,” Natalie responded.

She put her phone away after the call ended. Then, supporting her head with one hand, she looked at the man helplessly and debated whether to wake him up.

At this moment, Shane’s lips twitched as if he was mumbling something.

Natalie did not hear what he said, so she leaned closer to his lips to get a better idea. “Mr. Shane, what did you say?”

“Mom...” Shane’s grip on Natalie tightened and he began to plead. “Don’t go. I’ll list

Chapter 57

Mom?

Natalie paused in shock as she never thought that Shane would be calling his mom in his sleep.

His parents had passed away when he was young.

However, the cause of their death was a mystery that had never been revealed to the public.

“Okay, I’m not leaving.” Natalie patted him gently on his hand and coaxed him as if he was a child.

As a mother, Natalie was deeply moved by the yearning Shane had for his mom. Initially, she planned to wake him up, but she dismissed the idea soon after.

Perhaps he is reuniting with his mom in his dream.

Perhaps Shane heard Natalie as he began to calm down. But he was still holding her hand tightly, not letting go of her.

Even the slightest bit of movement caused Shane to tighten his grip promptly. It was as though he was afraid that she would disappear the moment he loosened his grip.

Natalie chuckled bitterly and had no choice but to wait. She repeatedly yawned until the wee hours of the night, but Shane was still holding her hand tightly. Finally, weighed down by exhaustion, Natalie fell asleep on the sofa.

that she was lying in Shane’s embrace. A chill ran down

she managed to calm herself down. With a sense of guilt, Natalie hopped out of his arms slowly, trying not to make a noise because she didn’t want to wake Shane up. She knew that she

breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, she was on the

long after

held his forehead. Then, looking at the pink blanket that had slid off, his gaze

the blanket up and walked toward the bathroom as

shower, the phone

reached out to his phone and placed

Shane, you got it right. It was indeed Sean's idea to claim the land

into a slit on hearing

seems like there are crystals to be mined beneath

paused for a second. Then he sneered, "I see! Send someone to spy on them. If

never allow anyone to destroy

"Got it!" Silas answered.

and asked, "Is there

spy on Sean said they couldn't find any trace of him these days. I'm guessing maybe he has returned back to the country, but

ray of light flashed across Shane's eyes. "Find him then!" he

"Yes, Mr. Shane!" Silas answered.

After the phone call, Shane picked up the blanket on the sofa and walked toward the opposite apartment.

Ring! The doorbell rang. Natalie heard it, but she was helping Sharon to wash her face at that time. "Connor, I can't leave right now. Help me to open the door please." She turned towards the bathroom door and spoke to Connor.

“Okay,” Connor answered obediently and put down his Rubik’s Cube. Then, after jumping off the sofa, he ran toward the door and opened it.

When he looked up at the man standing outside, he was so surprised that his jaw dropped. “Mr. Shane, what makes you come here?” Connor asked in astonishment.

Shane lowered his head and looked at the little guy. Then, his gaze softened as he asked, “Where’s your Mommy?”

“Mommy is inside. Please come in, Mr. Shane.” Connor pointed to the living room and moved aside slightly so he could enter.

Shane nodded in response and said, “Sorry to bother you.”

On entering the house, Connor faced the direction of the bathroom and called out, “Mommy, Mr. Shane is here.”

Instantly, Natalie’s voice came from the bathroom. “Connor, help me attend to him.”

“Okay,” Connor responded. Shortly after, he patted the sofa and said, “Mr. Shane, please.

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“Alright,” Shane put the blanket away and sat down.

Connor looked closely at the blanket and asked inquisitively, “Mr. Shane, how did you end up having my mommy’s blanket?”

Shane looked a little surprised and awkward. “This is your mommy’s blanket?”

“Yes,” Connor nodded.

Shane pursed his thin lips and remained silent, but deep in his heart, he was overwhelmed by a wave of complex emotions.

He thought the blanket was brand-new and did not realize that it had actually been used by Natalie.

What surprised him more was that he was not a bit repulsed with this finding. He was puzzled. Anything related to Jasmine feels disgusting to me, yet when it comes to Natalie...

“Mr. Shane,” Conner called and interrupted his contemplation. Shane turned to look at him. “Connor, what is it?”

“Here comes Mommy,” Connor reminded him.

Once Shane turned to follow his gaze, he saw Natalie walking out of the washroom carrying Sharon in her arms.

“Mr. Shane, I’m sorry to keep you waiting. It took me some time to comb my little girl’s hair.” Natalie smiled at him embarrassingly.

all right,” Shane stood up

momentarily dazed when she noticed he was

throbbing pain in her wrist, she would have

no matter how mighty a person was, he or she would still have vulnerabilities not visible

you’ve sobered up, right?” Natalie

towards Shane once she stepped

interrupt when their mother was in

up,” Shane nodded

next time. I’m worried that you will collapse

“It was my grandfather’s death anniversary yesterday so I

no one knew was that it was also

I'm really sorry. I don't

of sincere apology, Shane raised his hand and cut her off. "It's

still feeling guilty. After thinking for a while, she changed the topic and asked, "Mr. Shane, have you taken your

anything to decline her

Connor and Sharon in the dining room; their eyes

Shane's leg. She raised her head and looked into Shane's eyes sweetly. "Mr.

miss me?" Shane raised

Sharon really misses you a lot. She kept asking Mommy about you these few

surprisingly. He seemed delighted as his thin lips lifted into a slight

"What exactly have you been asking?" Interested to find out more, he bent down and carried Sharon.

Connor blinked his eyes and replied, "Of course she's asking when she can meet you again!"

"Only Sharon has been asking about me? How about you?" Shane lowered his head and looked at the little boy in front of him. The man did not even realize the glint of eagerness in his own eyes as he queried again, "Have you ever asked?"

"Yes!" Connor admitted sportingly.

The corner of Shane's lips lifted higher as his smile widened. He was usually feeling cold and indifferent. Conner's words had warmed him up and softened his heart.

"Sharon, bring two eggs for Mommy," Natalie called out from the kitchen.

“Alright, Mommy,” Sharon responded, patting the back of Shane’s hand. “Mr. Shane, I need to get down.”

Shane put her down without hesitation. She tugged at her little dress to make sure she was presentable and ran towards the fridge.

His gaze only shifted away from the girl after she took out two eggs and went into the kitchen. He asked Connor curiously, “Your dad is not in?”

He only just realized that he had not seen Stanley since he entered the apartment.

“Dad?” Connor replied doubtfully, “I don’t have a dad.”

Shane was stunned, “Stanley is not your dad?”

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“No,” Connor shook his head and explained, “He’s our godfather. Only Sharon likes to call him Daddy.”

Godfather?

Shane’s eyebrows lifted, surprisingly.

Does this mean Stanley is not Natalie’s husband?

Instantaneously, his heart was filled with an indescribable joy.

However, he did not think further on this. With narrowed eyes, he asked again, “So, where is your father?”

Connor shrugged his shoulders and said, “No idea; we’ve never seen him.”

“Never?” Shane asked again in disbelief.

“That’s right!” Connor nodded again.

Shane was lost for words and started to ponder.

Natalie must already have broken up with the man with whom she eloped before Connor and Sharon were born.

No wonder the kids have the same last name as hers.

about?” Connor waved at Shane

he recollected

following behind her. As the girl walked joyfully towards the dining table, she said excitedly, “Connor, Mr. Shane, come!

hold of Shane’s hand to lead him to

was actually very simple——just omelet

as tasty as the one prepared by Mrs. Wilson but it gave him indescribable

eating could be an enjoyable activity instead of being just a way to fulfill

had a great time having breakfast with Natalie and the twins. It was really a

offered

the twins to kindergarten first before heading for Thompson

hundred meters away from the Thompson Group building, Natalie requested Shane to let

anyone saw her in Shane’s car and spread the rumor, she did not dare to imagine how Jasmine

decided to

moment she put her handbag down, one of her colleagues from the procurement department approached her. “Ms. Natalie, regarding the matter on fabric

her the

papers

each type there are also different models. We’re not sure which exact ones you really need, so we did not manage to collect the

in embarrassment and apologized, “I’m really sorry for my carelessness. I’m so

select the most suitable fabric

Hence, she had totally forgotten to label the model numbers for the fabric she required.

Her colleague smiled and replied, “Never mind, Ms. Natalie. As for this fabric...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Natalie cut him off, “Let me handle this. Even fabric of the same model number has slight differences. To avoid potential problems later, I will go to the supplier and select myself. May I have the address?”

He immediately gave her a business card.

She looked at it and asked, “Moore Group?”

“Yes, the Moore Group is not solely a fashion company; they also run a fabric business. Because of our relationship with Mr. Moore, all the fabric needed by our company is supplied by them,” he explained.

Natalie nodded in acknowledgment. “I see. Thanks for the information.”

“You’re most welcome,” he waved at her.

After he left, Natalie put the business card into her handbag and went to see Jasmine to seek her permission before heading out.

She thought Jasmine would surely grab the chance to humiliate her. Unbelievably, she was being very understanding and granted her approval without saying anything.

Natalie was not used to Jasmine being so sporting.

She looked at Jasmine doubtfully for a while but did not dwell on her thoughts before heading straight for the textile mill owned by the Moore Group.

As fiber dust was hazardous to health, the textile mill was located in a rural area a gr

Chapter 60

By the time Natalie reached the textile mill, it was already noon.

She got out of her car, took a look at the surroundings, and walked towards the guardhouse. "Hi, I'm the designer from Thompson Group. I'm here to collect the fabric I have reserved earlier. May I see your supervisor?" she asked the guard.

"He is inspecting the mill," the guard answered. He let her enter after verifying her identity based on her staff ID.

Natalie thanked him and took back her staff ID.

After that, the guard led her to the supervisor.

After knowing why she had come, he told her in embarrassment, "Ms. Smith, I'm sorry to tell you that the fabric you need is out of stock."

"What?" Natalie frowned and asked, "Out of stock?"

"Yes," he smiled and nodded.

Natalie was beginning to feel a little pissed. Her red lips pursed as she asked, "Excuse me, if I'm not mistaken, my colleague was here yesterday to collect the fabric. However, he did not manage to do so due to the issue of model numbers. By right, the stock should still be with you. Why are you saying it's out of stock?"

"We're really out of stock now. The fabric was taken by another fashion company which is also in need of it," he explained casually.

at him in disbelief.

tell you. We're not supposed to disclose confidential details of our clients," he

too much! How can you let another client take away the fabric reserved

a woman voiced arrogantly all of a

toward the voice and saw a familiar figure in a pair of red heels strutting towards

"You may leave now. I need to have a talk with

noded obediently before he

at Natalie. Standing unusually tall in her high heels, she raised her chin deliberately and

her eyes, "I really didn't expect it's you. Why did you do that? Do you know what the

only know that you won't be able to

coldly, "You gave the fabric away to another company just to

Isabelle laughed smugly. "You were lucky previously to have Mr. Shane help you out. Let me see who else can come to your rescue

to you clearly that I didn't steal it,

If you didn't steal my necklace, how did it end up inside your handbag?" Isabelle pointed at Natalie's

"Fine, let's put aside the necklace matter and focus on the current issue. Let

don't have to tell you!" Isabelle was reluctant

Natalie gazed closely at her. "It's Jasmine, right?"

Isabelle's expression changed instantly.

Natalie clenched her fists and mumbled, "So, my guess is right..."

Other than her colleague from the procurement department, Jasmine was the only person who knew that she had gone to the textile mill.

No wonder Jasmine was so sporting when I sought her permission to come here just now. She has actually set up a "surprise" for me here!

"Looks like it was also Jasmine's idea for you to give the fabric away to another fashion company." Natalie's tone was now ice-cold and her expression grim.

Isabelle was stunned and stuttered, "H-how did you find out?"

Natalie took another look at her. What a dumb and wicked woman!

It is so obvious. Anyone could have guessed correctly!

"Ms. Moore, you don't need to know how I found out about this. I'd advise you to spare some time thinking about how you will be punished for giving away the fabric. I don't feel like arguing with you anymore; it's just a waste of my time!" Natalie said sternly.

The next moment, she took out her cell phone and was about to call Alfred.