

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 276

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Mr. Blackwood pouted. "What do you mean, 'choose'? Do you think you're picking cabbages at the supermarket? I can't just produce one of my pieces when you ask me to!"

Shane's lips curved into a smile. "I heard from my sources that you still have a Blossoming Prosperity teacup that you haven't sold yet."

Mr. Blackwood's face twitched. "Who—who did you hear that from?"

Shane turned around to look at him. "Oh, does it really matter? Come on, hand it over. I have some land in the capital that I can rent out to you for peanuts. You can build your kiln there."

Mr. Blackwood looked as though he was about to protest. His mouth opened uncertainly before he clamped it shut and sighed. "I've lost to you again! Alright, then, I'll go and get it for you! Jeez."

Mr. Blackwood stuck his hands behind him and tottered into the storage room.

That night, Natalie showed up at the Moore Residence with the teacup in hand. After asking one of their servants, she was informed that Mr. Moore was in his study. She decided to make her way there herself.

However, just as she had taken two steps, a woman dashed out from the crowd and ran right into her, bumping so heavily into Natalie that she stumbled a little.

Natalie recovered her balance quickly and didn't fall. However, there was a throbbing pain in her shoulder that made her frown in agony.

The woman wasn't as lucky. She was wearing ten-inch stilettos. When she bumped into Natalie, she stumbled backward pathetically before falling onto the ground on her bottom. The glass of red wine in her hand shattered onto the floor with a loud crash. In an instant, the floor was covered with glass shards and red wine.

Natalie didn't bother to see who it was. Seeing that they had bumped heavily into each other, she quickly bowed to the woman and apologized. "I'm sorry! Are you alright?"

However, the woman was completely livid. A look of rage flashed across her beautiful face. She struggled up from the floor and raised her hand to slap Natalie across the face.

Noticing that the woman hadn't replied to her, Natalie thought she was in so much pain that she could barely speak. She looked up at her in concern.

She never expected to see the woman's hand swinging down towards her.

Her eyes trembled a little. Natalie reached out to grab the woman's hand instinctively and took a curious look at the woman's face. When she realized who it was, she felt a little stunned. "Ms. Moore?"

What a coincidence. She had bumped straight into Isabelle.

Isabelle's was contorted with rage. She tried to shake her hand free, but Natalie's grip was simply too strong. Instead, the woman hollered, "Let go of me!"

Natalie refused to obey her order. Looking up at Isabelle, she said, "I'll do that if you promise not to get physical again."

Isabelle would never agree to that. Laughing coldly, she replied, "How dare you knock me onto the floor and make a fool of me in front of all these people? I have a good mind to give you a good beating!"

Hearing this, Natalie frowned with displeasure. "My apologies, Ms. Moore, but I can't let go of you then. Although I was wrong for knocking you over, I've already apologized. Shall we just let this matter go?"

"Who cares if you did? I never accepted your apology!" Isabelle snapped, glaring at her.

Natalie pursed her lips. "Well, how do you want to settle this, then?"

Isabelle pointed at the mess on the floor and smiled cruelly. "Kneel on the floor and clean this up for me. I'll let you off the hook then."

The last time in the boutique, she had fallen for Natalie's tricks and bought a bunch of gowns, maxing out all her credit cards in the process. When her grandfather found out, he grounded her at home and reduced her pocket money by half. Isabelle had been the laughing stock of her circle of friends since then.

Isabelle would never forgive Natalie for this. Every night, she dreamt of getting revenge on her. However, she had never found an opportunity to do so, and she was too afraid to go to the Thompson Group to look for her. Now that the time had come, at last. I will make sure to humiliate Natalie in front of all these people and send her home in disgrace!

Upon hearing Isabelle's conditions, Natalie's face clouded over. A steely look appeared in her eyes as she looked furiously at Isabelle.

Kneeling on the floor and cleaning up this mess was way too humiliating!

Natalie flung her arm away. She noticed the look of self-satisfaction on Isabelle's face and realized something. Narrowing her eyes, Natalie asked, "Did you do that on purpose?"

"What?" Isabelle asked, rubbing her arms.

Natalie clenched her hands into fists. "You bumped into me on purpose so you could have a perfect opportunity to humiliate me, didn't you?"

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Isabelle froze in the middle of rubbing her arms. A look of panic and guilt took over her face as she tried to avoid Natalie's eyes. "What sort of nonsense is that? You think I bumped into you on purpose?"

She said that very loudly, as though she wanted to prove her innocence to the people around her.

However, Natalie could tell that she was just being stubborn. Laughing coldly, she said, "Ms. Moore, you know perfectly well whether I'm spouting rubbish or not. Since this is your grandfather's retirement party, I won't start a fight with you here. However, if you think I'm going to do as you say and kneel down to clean this mess up, you can dream on!"

With that, Natalie turned to leave.

Isabelle was so furious that she stamped her feet. "Stop right there! This is the Moore family's residence and my territory! Who allowed you to leave? You'd better do exactly as I say and clean this up, or else..."

A cold, indifferent male voice rang out from behind her. "Or else what?" Natalie couldn't help but shiver at the voice. She turned around instantly.

When she saw the expressionless face of Shane, Isabelle froze with fright. Her face turned white as a sheet as she greeted him. "Mr—Mr. Shane!"

Natalie was quite surprised to find him here too. However, she wiped the shocked expression off her face immediately and nodded at him by way of greeting. She then turned and looked away.

Noticing how coldly she was still behaving towards him, Shane couldn't help but purse his lips in unhappiness. He turned his gaze to Isabelle and said, "Were you just telling her to kneel on the floor and clean up the mess? You sounded very confident when you said it, so I was just wondering if you had some experience in it. Why don't you get down on the floor now and show her how it should be done?"

Hearing this, the bystanders laughed mockingly.

Natalie couldn't help but let out a smile either.

When she heard their laughter, Isabelle couldn't stand it anymore. Her face went completely scarlet, and she started screaming her head off as she stamped her feet.

Her screams attracted the attention of her grandfather, who came hurrying along with his walking cane to see what was going on. He pushed past the crowd and demanded, "What's happening here?"

When she saw that he had arrived, Natalie let out a sigh of relief and bowed politely at him. "How do you do, Mr. Moore."

Shane nodded at him, too. "Good evening, Mr. Moore."

Mr. Moore looked pleasantly at them and welcomed them into his home.

Next to him, Isabelle stamped her feet indignantly again. Grabbing hold of her grandfather's arm, she whined, "Grandpa, they're bullying me!"

She pointed straight at Natalie and Shane.

Natalie raised an eyebrow.

Shane felt a little surprised. He didn't think Isabelle would bring this matter up by herself when she was clearly in the wrong.

"Bully you, you say?" Mr. Moore asked, patting her on her head. He looked curiously at Natalie and Shane. "How did they bully you?"

Isabelle gritted her teeth angrily. "This woman bumped into me and caused me to fall down. Mr. Shane then told me to kneel on the floor and clean up the broken wineglass!"

"What?" Mr. Moore asked in shock. "Is this true?"

"Yes, it is..."

Before she could finish speaking, Natalie interrupted her. "Mr. Moore, it's true!"

This shocked Isabelle so much that she fell silent and stared foolishly at Natalie. She wondered why Natalie was admitting to it instead of defending herself—was she tired of living or something?

As she thought of this, Isabelle laughed silently to herself in self-satisfaction.

Shane looked at Natalie. Although he didn't know what she was thinking, he knew she had her own way to dig herself out of this mess. Hence, he didn't say anything to help her.

Mr. Moore, who was in the dark about what had happened, looked extremely furious. It was one thing for his granddaughter to complain, but Natalie herself had admitted to the accusations!

Just as he was about to explode in rage, Natalie ran a finger through her hair and continued, "Although Ms. Moore is correct about her facts, there were a few things she conveniently left out in her explanation."

There we go...

Shane's lips curled into a smile. He knew she had a plan somehow.

Isabelle's heart sank violently as her expression froze. She grabbed hold of her grandfather's arm, her grip around his sleeve tightening instinctively.

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Alfred noticed Natalie behaved oddly. He took a deep breath and stared sharply at her. "Tell me. What do you mean by that?"

"Grandpa..." Isabelle tugged at his sleeve without uttering a word.

Her anxiety caused him to narrow his eyes. "Shush!"

Isabelle shuddered and quickly buttoned her lips.

Natalie observed her reaction and swept a gaze over her. "Ms. Moore deliberately knocked into me," she explained. "She tripped and broke the glass. Then, she asked me to clean them on my knees. Mr. Shane was just trying to stand up for me."

Disbelief crossed his face as he listened to her. After a while, he lowered his head to look at her granddaughter. "Belle, is that so?"

In that instant, Isabelle's face turned pale as a sheet. "Nonsense! That's not true. Grandpa, don't listen to her. I'm your granddaughter, trust me." She refused to admit it.

"Very well, then. Let's check the security footage, shall we? Mr. Moore, are you fine with that?" asked Shane while he fixed his eyes on Alfred.

Natalie nodded an agreement.

Alfred twitched his lips but made no response. Suddenly, Isabelle let out a shriek like a cat on a hot tin roof. "No, you can't!"

In fact, that is the drawback to her absolute spontaneity ploy. She didn't have the time to tamper with the footage. That was why she was anxious that it might disclose her action to humiliate Natalie.

However, it was obvious to everyone in the room that she was trying to hide the truth.

It is clear now. There's no point getting agitated if she is innocent. Alfred was as much disappointed as angry at his granddaughter.

He pushed her hand away, walked over to them, and bowed in apology.

"Grandpa!" Isabelle genuinely surprised by his reaction.

Natalie too. She immediately reached out to stop him. "Mr. Moore, what are you doing?"

He continued to keep his head bowed. His action left her with no choice but to turn to Shane. She shook her head slightly.

Her sincere gaze made it extremely hard for him to reject. He rubbed his temples in frustration and grabbed Alfred's arm. They helped him up together.

"My bad. I shouldn't spoil her rotten. Leave this to me. I will discipline her." Alfred felt ashamed.

He let his gaze fall sternly on Isabelle's face and said, "Come! Apologize to them!"

"Never!" she refused while biting her lower lip.

Alfred's face grew darker. He then thwacked her back with a cane. The sound of the cane whooshing through the air left Isabelle stupefied for several seconds.

On the other hand, Natalie and Shane stood rooted to the spot. They were astounded to see that Alfred, who always adored his granddaughter, would punish her severely.

Isabelle stared at his grandfather as the tears continued to roll down her cheeks. "Grandpa, how could you?"

Alfred certainly felt bad after hitting her. Despite that, she refused to apologize, even when she was clearly in the wrong. He had no choice but to raise his hand to her. "You should be

grateful that I'm not using any strength, you spoiled brat! How dare you lie and deny your wrongdoing! And worst, you even planned a scheme on someone! From now on, I will cut your allowance and I want you to write a self-reflection! Until you complete it, you're grounded!"

With that, he sighed heavily, "Shane, Nat, what do you think of this punishment?"

"You decide. It's up to you," Shane said to Natalie, with his gaze fixed on her.

His words flattered her, and her blush rose immediately. Her eyes flickered to him before drifting to Alfred. "That's fine."

"Great. Thanks for being reasonable." Alfred expressed his gratitude with a smile on his face. Yet, deep down, he was disappointed and mentally drained.

Natalie could sense his disappointment at his unfilial granddaughter.

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Natalie had a rough idea why Isabelle had set her up that night. She assumed it was because of the incident at the high-end boutique back then. Yet she couldn't believe Isabelle would ruin his grandfather's retirement dinner. On top of it, she had embarrassed and disappointed him on his last day in the fashion industry.

With this train of thought, she shifted her gaze to Isabelle, who stood still beside Alfred with her head down.

Isabelle hid behind her hair, which made her expression unreadable. However, it was evident from her body language that she was furious. She balled her fists tightly; it won't be long before she lost it.

Natalie paid no heed and turned to Alfred. Then she handed over her gift. "Mr. Moore, I hope you like my little present for your retirement."

Shane took one look at the shopping bag she held as a ray of light flashed across his eyes.

Alfred grinned. "Thank you. I'm guessing it's a teacup from the Clarkes?"

"Yes." Natalie nodded.

He then glanced at Shane and said, "Look at the chemistry between you two. Who would have thought that you'll bring the same gift?"

"Oh?" Natalie exclaimed in surprise.

"It's a mere coincidence," Shane murmured.

Alfred chuckled. "You two just click." With that, he reached out for the present.

Natalie clasped her hands excitedly. "Mr. Moore, open it."

"Alright. Let's see what you've brought for me. Shane gave me the one with an exquisite floral pattern design, and you..."

"Mine has a lotus design," she replied with a smile.

Alfred's anticipation grew when he heard that, so he swiftly unboxed the packaging.

Just when he was about to open the box, Isabelle, who had kept her head down until then, suddenly snatched it from his hands. Glaring at Natalie, she roared, "I hate you! You disgust me! You stole my necklace and always humiliate me in front of my grandfather. Now you want to flatter him? No way!"

As soon as she finished, the crowd erupted in chatter. She raised the box high and wanted to smash the cup. Before she could do that, Alfred stopped her. "Belle, what are you trying to do? Stop it!"

He narrowed his eyes threateningly when he saw his granddaughter's action. A cold aura enveloped him.

Isabelle snorted. She was not threatened. Then she let go of her grip.

"No!" Natalie's eyes widened in surprise. She tried to reach out and saved the box before it hit the ground, but it was too late.

The box fell to the floor and a shattering sound was heard from inside the box. The porcelain teacup broke into pieces.

Natalie froze in her place, dumbfounded. She stared at it for a few seconds before she snapped back to reality. She went down on both knees to check, but Shane grabbed her arm.

She ignored him, opened the box, and saw the teacup laying lifelessly in the box in pieces. She turned pale.

Alfred crouched down and picked up the pieces. Heartbroken, he looked at it again. However, the cup was shattered beyond repair.

Alfred put the pieces down. He trembled as he tried to get up on his knees, but Shane helped him up. He turned to Isabelle and slapped her on the cheek, wiping the smug smile off her face. She quickly left the room to sob her heart out.

Natalie closed the box and grasped it in her arms as she stood up. She forced a smile onto her small face. "I'm sorry, Mr. Moore. I can't give you this gift."

He waved his hand weakly. "It's fine. I appreciate your intention." His words were soft.

On the other hand, Shane was not thrilled about this. He fixed his eyes on Isabelle as she left the room. After a while, he cast an icy stare at Alfred.

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"Mr. Moore, your granddaughter has a terrible attitude, and this can't be fixed with just a little punishment. I hope that you can inculcate some morals and values into her all over again and send her away if she cannot be taught. Otherwise, she will attract even more trouble for you in the future."

These were extremely rude remarks without any consideration to Alfred at all.

Even though Alfred felt a little embarrassed, he knew that it was the truth. Therefore, he could only nod with an awkward smile.

"Let's go. There is no more reason to continue this ceremony today." Seeing that Alfred had agreed to teach Isabelle a lesson, Shane immediately switched his gaze back to Natalie.

"Okay." Natalie understood that too and walked listlessly behind him.

Just as Shane had said, this ceremony could not be continued now that things had turned out this way.

At first, Alfred had organized this ceremony to spot some talents for the Moore Group. He also wanted to take in some talented designers as his students.

However, these thoughts all disappeared after that ruckus just now. After apologizing to everybody, he announced the end of the ceremony before having his butler arrange for their departure.

When Natalie and Shane walked out of the Moore residence, they were met with a torrential downpour.

Natalie did not have an umbrella with her, and she did not drive either. On top of that, she was wearing a flimsy skirt with short boots that were not water-resistant. One could only imagine how troubled she was now.

Just when Natalie was caught in that conflicted situation, Shane spoke while unbuttoning his jacket, "Let me give you a lift since it's raining so heavily."

Natalie could not find it in herself to reject him, so she nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Shane."

They were in a villa district. If she rejected his offer, she would have to brave the rain to leave this neighborhood before she could get a cab by the roadside.

By then, she would be soaking wet. Even if she were able to get a cab, the driver might not necessarily take her if he saw the state that she was in.

Shane's face relaxed a little upon Natalie's acceptance of his offer. He then removed his jacket and placed it over her head. "Hold up the jacket yourself."

Natalie blinked with apparent confusion.

Shane said softly, "Silas can't drive all the way to the doorstep. He can only stop at the gate. We are about ten meters away from the gate, so this can take the place of an umbrella to protect you from the rain."

I see.

Natalie could feel her heart warming up. Then, when she saw that he was in only a thin shirt, she removed his jacket from her head and handed it back to him. "Thank you for your kind gesture, Mr. Shane, but I won't need it. It's quite cold now that it is raining heavily. What if you catch a cold after giving me the jacket? It's better that you put it back on."

"I won't catch a cold. Just put it on." Shane shoved the jacket back to her with a hint of annoyance in his eyes.

Natalie understood what he meant. She knew that he would be unhappy if she insisted on returning the jacket. Hence, she gave in and obediently held the jacket over her head.

When Shane saw that, the annoyance vanished from his eyes.

At this moment, a black Bentley came into view amidst the rainy scene, and it stopped at the villa entrance about ten meters away.

Shane held onto the dumbfounded Natalie's wrist and said, "I'll run there together with you. Come on!"

With that, he ran into the rain while dragging Natalie with him.

The rain splashed onto the jacket on Natalie's head. The pitter-patter of the rain was deafening, which showed how heavy the downpour was.

In merely a few seconds, Shane and Natalie had reached the car.

He opened the door to the backseat and released Natalie's hand. With a little shove on her back, he gestured for her to get into the car first.

Meanwhile, he stood outside the car and allowed the rain to pour over him, only getting into the car after Natalie was seated inside.

By then, Shane was practically soaking wet. His hair was drenched and had gathered into unkempt strands. His expensive shirt clung tightly onto his body while his brows furrowed deeply due to the cold and discomfort.