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Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 1169

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Isabelle grunted in assent and entered the elevator.

Lucy could not free herself from the bodyguards' restraint. She could only stare while the elevator door closed. She frowned, frustrated at how she was being treated.

I knew it! The rich will always look down on others. Just you wait! I'll make sure those who looked down on me regret their actions!

At the highest floor, Isabelle knocked on Shane's door.

When the door opened, Silas saw Isabelle and gestured her in.

She took a deep breath and calmed herself down before walking in.

Silas followed closely behind and he was utterly surprised.

In a short span of time, Isabelle's personality had changed drastically.

Half a year ago, she had been a stubborn and unreasonable woman. Now, her attitude was acceptable and, to a certain extent, pleasant.

Looks like Mr. Moore has spent a good amount of effort mentoring Ms. Moore.

"Mr. Shane." Isabelle arrived before Shane's office table.

Shane was going through his documents. Upon hearing her voice, he raised his head and asked, "What is it?"

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"It's about your wedding the day after tomorrow. My grandpa won't be able to make it, so he has sent me to speak to you and express our regret. This is our gift for your marriage with Natalie." Isabelle then fished out an invitation card from her handbag.

Shane retrieved it and saw that it was an invitation card to a fashion design competition in Aploth, and Natalie was invited to be the judge.

Although the competition paled in comparison with other international competitions, it was still an influential one. Natalie had always been a participant but not a judge.

Besides, not any Tom, Dick, or Harry could be a judge. Those who were invited must have some accomplishments in the industry. Since Natalie was invited, the organizers must have acknowledged Natalie's achievements.

More importantly, the experience of being a judge could hone a designer's analytical skills. Natalie would be thrilled to receive the invitation card.

Shane's eyebrows relaxed, and his stare was less glacial. "All right, I'll take note of this. Please help me convey my thanks to Mr. Moore. I like the gift a lot."

Mr. Moore must have played a huge role in this.

Isabelle heaved a sigh of relief and she was not as nervous as before. She nodded and replied, "Sure. I'll let my grandpa know. I'll get going then."

Shane hummed in response.

Isabelle turned away and headed out.

But at the thought of something, she stopped and looked back. "There's one more thing, Mr. Shane. There's someone by the name of Lucy Rivers in your company. I think she's a little delusional. It appears that she's trying to replace Natalie and win your heart. I think it's better if you fire her, you know, to avoid getting into an argument with Ms. Smith."

With that, she spun around and walked out.

Silas shook her head in shock. "I don't understand this. Ms. Moore is a completely changed person. Not only her temper is better, but she appears to be more intelligent. She's become politer now. Mr. Moore really is remarkable."

Shane chuckled. "It's not Mr. Moore's doing."

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"What?" Silas adjusted her glasses. "Mr. Thompson, if not Mr. Moore, then who else could it be?"

"Military school!" Shane replied. "Mr. Moore sent her to the military school three months ago. She's been like this ever since she came back."

And it was strictly because of her changes that Shane had agreed to let her come upstairs.

It turned out better than expected. In the past, Isabelle, Jasmine, and Jacqueline all had feelings for him.

Now, he could tell that Isabelle had moved on. She even cautioned him about Lucy's situation so that Natalie would not misunderstand him.