

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love

Chapter 1168

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One of them pulled Lucy aside, while the other pressed the button on the elevator. "Ms. Moore, here you go. Mr. Thompson is waiting for you upstairs. Regarding this random woman, please don't mind her. She's sick and in love with Mr. Thompson. She's dreaming of being his lover. All of us in the building know this. The reason why the two of us are guarding the elevator is to prevent her from sneaking up to harass Mr. Thompson."

Upon hearing this, Isabelle recalled something.

There has been a series of discussions among the employees of the design department recently about the lady from the janitorial department. It was rumored that she had feelings for Shane. So it's her!

Isabelle looked at Lucy, clearly repulsed by what she had just heard.

Meeting Isabelle's gaze, Lucy could feel her sense of inferiority intensify.

However, she was more infuriated!

It turned out that the bodyguards were there specifically to stop her from going upstairs!

This is too much! When I meet Shane, I'll get him to fire all of you!

Isabelle could not figure out what Lucy was thinking about. She walked toward Lucy and sized her up contemptuously.

She pursed her lips and said, "So you are the shameless janitor who has no self-awareness. You're not pretty or sexy! You're just a janitor! How dare you even dream of being with Mr. Thompson? This is preposterous! Don't you have a mirror? Even I, the daughter of the Moore family, cannot be with Mr. Thompson! Dream on!"

Comparatively, Isabelle was more willing to accept Natalie being with Shane.

At the very least, Natalie was a gorgeous and pretty woman.

Besides, she had won third place in an international competition!

Isabelle was a changed person. She was no longer the spoiled brat she used to be.

Having been mentored by Alfred for half a year, she had come to understand many things, and her mentality had changed.

She knew how stupid she once was, and that if she continued down the same path, there would come a day where the Moore family would perish under her leadership. As a third-generation descendent, she would be hated and blamed by many, including her grandfather and her parents.

Now, although she was still slightly arrogant, she would never act rashly like before. In fact, before every decision, she would exercise an abundance of caution to avoid tainting the name of the Moore family.

Besides, she had moved on from Shane because she knew that it was an impossible fantasy. Shane would not develop feelings for her. Despite her obsession with Shane, she would never get to be with him. Hence, it would be wise to move on.

Furthermore, Natalie was compatible with him and her two children were also his, to begin with. She never imagined herself becoming a stepmother.

Alfred had also mentioned that Natalie had the potential to be one of the best designers in the country. On the flip side, the Moore family had started to fall off. If the Moore family wanted to survive in the industry, they had to build connections with prominent designers. In other words, the Moore family might need help from Natalie in the future!

Isabelle understood clearly that Natalie was better off as a friend than a foe. However, the same would not be applicable to those who did not have any self-awareness. Isabelle would not exercise the same amount of restraint.

She lifted Lucy's chin and teased her, "Look at you. What makes you think you're worthy of being with Mr. Thompson?"

"You..." Lucy's face blushed in embarrassment.

She wanted to retaliate against Isabelle but couldn't find the right words.

Isabelle let go of Lucy forcefully and retrieved a piece of wet tissue from her handbag. "All right, send her back to the janitorial department, and make sure she stays there. If an argument breaks out between the CEO and his wife, you people will be in deep trouble."

The two bodyguards panicked upon hearing what Isabelle said. "Don't worry about it, Ms. Moore. We know what to do." They nodded fervently.

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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?"

"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."

"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.