

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 279

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.