

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 280

“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.