

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 276

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?"