

## Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 277

Isabelle froze in the middle of rubbing her arms. A look of panic and guilt took over her face as she tried to avoid Natalie's eyes. "What sort of nonsense is that? You think I bumped into you on purpose?"

She said that very loudly, as though she wanted to prove her innocence to the people around her.

However, Natalie could tell that she was just being stubborn. Laughing coldly, she said, "Ms. Moore, you know perfectly well whether I'm spouting rubbish or not. Since this is your grandfather's retirement party, I won't start a fight with you here. However, if you think I'm going to do as you say and kneel down to clean this mess up, you can dream on!"

With that, Natalie turned to leave.

Isabelle was so furious that she stamped her feet. "Stop right there! This is the Moore family's residence and my territory! Who allowed you to leave? You'd better do exactly as I say and clean this up, or else..."

A cold, indifferent male voice rang out from behind her. "Or else what?" Natalie couldn't help but shiver at the voice. She turned around instantly.

When she saw the expressionless face of Shane, Isabelle froze with fright. Her face turned white as a sheet as she greeted him. "Mr—Mr. Shane!"

Natalie was quite surprised to find him here too. However, she wiped the shocked expression off her face immediately and nodded at him by way of greeting. She then turned and looked away.

Noticing how coldly she was still behaving towards him, Shane couldn't help but purse his lips in unhappiness. He turned his gaze to Isabelle and said, "Were you just telling her to kneel on the floor and clean up the mess? You sounded very confident when you said it, so I was just wondering if you had some experience in it. Why don't you get down on the floor now and show her how it should be done?"

Hearing this, the bystanders laughed mockingly.

Natalie couldn't help but let out a smile either.

When she heard their laughter, Isabelle couldn't stand it anymore. Her face went completely scarlet, and she started screaming her head off as she stamped her feet.

Her screams attracted the attention of her grandfather, who came hurrying along with his walking cane to see what was going on. He pushed past the crowd and demanded, "What's happening here?"

When she saw that he had arrived, Natalie let out a sigh of relief and bowed politely at him. "How do you do, Mr. Moore."

Shane nodded at him, too. "Good evening, Mr. Moore."

Mr. Moore looked pleasantly at them and welcomed them into his home.

Next to him, Isabelle stamped her feet indignantly again. Grabbing hold of her grandfather's arm, she whined, "Grandpa, they're bullying me!"

She pointed straight at Natalie and Shane.

Natalie raised an eyebrow.

Shane felt a little surprised. He didn't think Isabelle would bring this matter up by herself when she was clearly in the wrong.

"Bully you, you say?" Mr. Moore asked, patting her on her head. He looked curiously at Natalie and Shane. "How did they bully you?"

Isabelle gritted her teeth angrily. "This woman bumped into me and caused me to fall down. Mr. Shane then told me to kneel on the floor and clean up the broken wineglass!"

"What?" Mr. Moore asked in shock. "Is this true?"

"Yes, it is..."

Before she could finish speaking, Natalie interrupted her. "Mr. Moore, it's true!"

This shocked Isabelle so much that she fell silent and stared foolishly at Natalie. She wondered why Natalie was admitting to it instead of defending herself—was she tired of living or something?

As she thought of this, Isabelle laughed silently to herself in self-satisfaction.

Shane looked at Natalie. Although he didn't know what she was thinking, he knew she had her own way to dig herself out of this mess. Hence, he didn't say anything to help her.

Mr. Moore, who was in the dark about what had happened, looked extremely furious. It was one thing for his granddaughter to complain, but Natalie herself had admitted to the accusations!

Just as he was about to explode in rage, Natalie ran a finger through her hair and continued, "Although Ms. Moore is correct about her facts, there were a few things she conveniently left out in her explanation."

There we go...

Shane's lips curled into a smile. He knew she had a plan somehow.

Isabelle's heart sank violently as her expression froze. She grabbed hold of her grandfather's arm, her grip around his sleeve tightening instinctively.