

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 481

Joyce heaved a sigh of relief. "Good. If she ever crosses your path again, just sass her back."

Beaming, Natalie nodded in reply. "Okay. Speaking of which, has she offended you before?"

She gestured at Hannah with her chin.

Joyce looked in the direction she left and nodded. "I met that woman once when I was having a business meeting with a company. She wanted to buy my work, but I refused, and she started to quarrel with me. How about you? What happened between you and her?"

"She was my roommate when I was studying at J University." As they walked to their private room, Natalie began to tell Joyce the story between her and Hannah.

After Joyce listened to the whole story, she narrowed her eyes, pondering. "I think I know why she doesn't like you."

"Oh, what is it?" Natalie wondered.

Joyce pursed her lips and gave her a look. "She's jealous of you. You're pretty and have a good family background. On the other hand, she has none of that except her model-like figure, so she's green with envy."

Natalie rolled her eyes. "No wonder. I thought it was because I have done something bad to her."

"Don't mind her. She's a crazy woman. Ah, let's not talk about her anymore. Everyone is waiting for you to go back and have a toast with you. After all, we have such a great performance this month, and we know that you've worked hard for it," Joyce said, pushing the door open.

As soon as Natalie entered the room, she was immediately swarmed by her colleagues as each of them toasted her.

Unable to reject them, she raised her glass and toasted them back.

After downing a few glasses, she became tipsy.

Looking at Natalie's dreamy eyes and flushed cheeks, Joyce gulped subconsciously and muttered, "Is this what Mr. Shane sees in bed?"

Natalie heard her talking but did not catch it. "Huh? What did you say?"

"Nope. I didn't say anything." Joyce waved dismissively.

"Oh." Natalie nodded and did not probe further, fishing out her phone from her bag.

Upon seeing that, Joyce grabbed her wrist and stopped her. "Nat, are you leaving so soon?"

"Yeah, I'm feeling dizzy. Besides, it's getting late. I need to go back first. I'll leave them in your hands," Natalie replied, massaging her temples.

"Sure. Let me call a cab for you. You can't drive like this." Joyce released her grip on her and nodded.

Natalie immediately shook her head and dialed Shane's number. "It's okay. Shane will pick me up."

"Alright. I'm going to sing karaoke then."

"See you." Natalie waved.

Just then, the call got through.

Natalie put her phone at her ear and heard Shane's deep voice. "Is the party over?"

"Not yet." The music in the room was too loud, so she went out of the room and continued, "But I'm ready to go."

Her voice was gentler than usual, and it felt like a feather tickling his ears.

Hearing a trace of slur in her voice, his gaze darkened. "Have you been drinking?"

"Yeah. I had a couple of drinks," she admitted.

“Alright. Just stay there. I’ll be right over.”

With that, he ended the call, took off his bathrobe, and strode toward his walk-in closet to change his clothes before departing.

Meanwhile, Natalie also put down her phone and went back into the private lounge.

After staying there for about twenty minutes, Shane texted her that he would be arriving soon and asked her to wait for him at the entrance.

With that, she bid goodbye to her colleagues, fetched her bag, and headed to the entrance of the entertainment hub.

When she arrived there, she realized that it was raining cats and dogs. Just then, a gust of cold wind blew past her, chilling her to the bone.

As she was rubbing her arms to warm herself, an unfamiliar male voice rang from behind.
“Natalie?”