

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 511

The models headed over when they heard that.

Hannah clenched her fists and glared at Sally and Natalie before she warned, "Just you two wait. I will get you both back for this!"

Natalie scoffed before she ignored Hannah completely and continued chatting with Sally.

Hannah felt like she had just thrown a punch in the air. Her threat didn't give her any satisfaction, and she ended up stomping on the ground before leaving.

"You know, Sally, she had been trying to get under my skin ever since we signed the contracts with the same company. It's like college all over again, and that's so annoying," said Sally with a grouchy expression on as she glared at Hannah's back.

Natalie tapped on Sally's shoulders to offer some comfort before saying, "I honestly had no idea that the two of you are in the same company. It'll be fine. You can be rid of her once your career moved you to another country."

"That's easier said than done. There are so many models in the country and only a handful of them made it big and became international models. Most are just featured in local magazines," shared Sally before she chuckled bitterly.

Natalie's eyes shone differently. No one knew what she was thinking, but she later got a name card out of her possession and handed it to Sally. "This is my contact number," said Natalie.

"Okay, I'll keep it safe. Let's talk again soon. I have to head over now," informed Sally as she pointed at the site where the models had gathered. "I am busy, as I might go overseas for training tomorrow."

"Just go ahead. Bye!" said Natalie as she nodded slightly.

"Bye!" replied Sally, before she waved at Natalie and ran off to join the other models.

Natalie watched as Sally merged into the crowd. After that, the former head over to her car and left.

That night, Natalie returned to her room to pack her things after she had her dinner.

Shane, on the other hand, went into the washroom to shower.

He was drying his hair as he exited the washroom, and that was when he saw Natalie crouching on the floor. She had her arm under the bed and it looked like she was trying to reach for something.

Shane walked over silently and only stopped when he was right behind her. His gaze shifted downward, and the glow in his eyes turned ambiguous as he stared and asked, "What are you doing?"

Natalie was frightened. She jumped and her entire body trembled after hearing him.

That, in turn, got her to hit her head against the bed. She yelped in pain and teared up a little.

Shane knew that it was his fault, and an apologetic glow flashed past his eyes. He crouched down and pulled Natalie out from under the bed.

"Why aren't your footsteps audible?" complained Natalie unreasonably as she sat on the floor and rubbed her injured forehead. She was also glaring at the man.

Shane grinned and apologized, "Sorry about that. Let me see how bad it is."

After saying those words, he got closer to her and slowly parted her hand.

His heart ached when he saw the red mark on her otherwise radiant forehead.

"It's sore, isn't it?" guessed Natalie, who could tell what was going on after seeing his expression.

"Yeah, I'll go get you some medicine," replied Shane.

He got up and left the room after that.

Natalie massaged her injured forehead a little more before she crouched down and crawled under the bed to retrieve the item that had rolled over.

Shane was back by the time she finished doing all that.

He couldn't help but narrow his eyes at her when he saw how messy her hair was and how tired she looked as she panted. "You crawled under the bed again, didn't you?" asked Shane.

Natalie nodded shyly.

Shane walked over and got her off of the floor before leading her to the bedside and forcing her to sit down. "Why did you crawl under the bed?" asked Shane.

"To pick something up," answered Natalie, while pointing at the luggage bag on the side. She informed, "I was packing earlier, and my lipstick rolled under the bed."

Shane's eye twitched upon hearing that.

So she went through all that hassle just to retrieve a stupid lipstick?

"What are you thinking, Shane?" asked Natalie when she noticed that he was in a daze. She even reached out to wave her hand in front of his face.

The guy blinked and held her hand before placing them on her lap. After that, he said, "Don't crawl under the bed again, okay? Not even if something rolled under it. Just ask Mrs. Wilson to get something to help you retrieve it. If you hit your head again..."

"I got it, I got it, Mr. Most Caring Husband," interrupted Natalie as she caressed his face.

Shane didn't like how she interrupted him, but he didn't complain because he was rather pleased to hear her call him her "husband".