

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 326

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"Your model, of course. Previously, designers were eliminated based on the blueprints of the outfits. There was no runway segment at all. Now, you've got a tanned-skinned model, and the fabrics are so plain and ordinary. How are you going to win?"

Although the designer had said that she was worried for Natalie, her tone did not carry even a hint of worry. Instead, she sounded like she was mocking Natalie.

Although Natalie could clearly smell the mockery in her tone, she remained calm and smiled faintly, grabbing a red piece of chiffon. "I don't know if I can win, but I know I don't want to lose."

The designer froze for a moment before asking in surprise, "Does that mean that you've already found inspiration for your design?"

"Yup!" Natalie admitted carefreely, not in the mood to act modestly.

She had already come up with a basic idea for her design while taking the model's measurements.

The female designer gulped, realizing that Natalie's gaze now looked different. The designer no longer acted proudly as she laughed, embarrassed. "Ms. Smith, you really live up to your name."

"What name, she's just acting as if she's that great." Jasmine had silently wheeled herself over and interrupted their conversation.

When the designer heard Jasmine's words, her eyes lit up. "Do you mean that Ms. Natalie doesn't actually have any inspiration and is just talking big?"

"That's right!" Since the microphone was far away, Jasmine was not afraid that her words would be captured and broadcasted on the live stream.

Thus, she sneered at Natalie openly. "Everyone knows that spring has to do with gentleness and softness. Even if she managed to design something, do you really think that that tanned-skinned model could pull it off well?"

"Makes sense," the female designer replied, nodding in agreement.

Natalie grabbed her final green piece of chiffon and smiled. "You two don't need to worry about me. Why don't you worry about yourselves? If both my design and model won, it would truly be a slap on your face."

"Really?" Jasmine rolled her eyes. "Let's see if you have what it takes to beat me!"

Jasmine then took a stack of fabrics and left.

The other female designer also left soon after her.

Natalie narrowed her eyes at them as they walked off.

If she was not mistaken, Jasmine did not choose her fabrics at all. She simply glanced at the rack and took an entire bunch out easily. It was the same with the model. Jasmine barely approached her before the model walked over to her willingly.

It was very obvious that Jasmine had heard about the competition theme and details long before this, and she even managed to strike a deal with that model in advance.

Frankly, it was somewhat admirable that she managed to accomplish all that in just a short week.

"Such cheating doesn't last long," whispered Natalie coldly as she lowered her eyes.

She then raised her head, put on a smile, and headed back to her table with the fabrics she picked. Natalie closed the curtains and began to work on her design.

The rest of the designers had also drawn their curtains. This way, except for those watching the live stream, the live audience could not see their designs before they appeared on the runway.

Shane clicked into Natalie's live stream, watching her draw up her blueprints. He then perked up, moving closer to the computer to watch her work.

Natalie was fast. In a mere seven or eight minutes, she had completed a general drawing of her design. She drew a long floor-length skirt with a deep V-necked top. It had transparent puff sleeves with a flared cuff.

The bottom was large and puffy. Although it was big, the skirt did not look heavy. Instead, it looked elegant and light. From the waist down, the skirt was decorated with flowers and leaves of different sizes. Any other dress covered in these many flowers might turn out to be cheese.

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However, the design of Natalie's skirt was out of the norm. It looked ethereal and carried an air of elegance.

Silas was captured by Natalie's drawing. As she started to color it in, he said in surprise, "Mr. Shane, Ms. Smith is indeed very creative. Her design is definitely worthy of first place at the finals. It would be the highlight even in a haute couture fashion show."

"You're right, but this is all just our opinion. We may think that this dress is the pinnacle of a designer's abilities, qualifies as a haute couture piece, and is worthy of winning the competition. However, it could just be an ordinary piece of work to her." Shane looked at Natalie with eyes full of confidence, he was very proud of her.

Silas replied with praises, "Then, Ms. Smith must be incredibly talented."

Shane simply raised his chin, neither agreeing with nor denying his words.

When Natalie was done with the color, she scanned the drawing into the computer and moved the dress form to the front of the table. She then started cutting the fabrics.

The Design Association had given them a limit of five hours. Designers who were only good at drawing but not good at actually producing the final product were short on time.

However, for Natalie, five hours was more than enough. This was all thanks to her mentor, Mercede.

Before Mercede had even taught her design, she first taught her the basics such as how to identify the different types of fabrics, dyeing, cutting, making a draft, then sewing the final

product together. Only when she had mastered them all did Mercede teach her about design.

Although Natalie had not practiced those skills in a long time, she had not forgotten about them. Therefore, her clothes-making speed was almost as fast as her designing speed. In only half an hour, she had finished cutting the fabric into its desired shape and pinned it to the dress form.

Viewers watching the live stream could clearly compare Natalie's progress and abilities with the other designers. It was easy to predict who would win.

"Nat's the best!" Joyce and Stanley had returned to the hospital and were also watching the live stream. As Natalie left the others far behind, they clapped in excitement.

Stanley rarely praised her, nodding as he said, "Yeah, Nat's always been great."

This was the woman he loved. She looked brilliant when she was serious at work. She was like a beacon lighting up the darkness surrounding him.

I must get her!

Stanley stared hard at the computer screen with the burning passion in his eyes. It was a look that was rather frightening.

Natalie had no idea that she had become Stanley's obsession and that he had started to desire her more and more. She sat in front of the sewing machine and started to work on the flowers and leaves of the skirt.

It was complicated to make the flowers. Furthermore, she had to make a lot of them. It was the most time-consuming part of her design. She had almost used up two hours on this section alone.

Only after she was done with the flowers did Natalie start to put together the rest of the outfit.

When the five hours were up, the dress had been completed.

"Phew..." Natalie took a long breath as she wiped off her sweat. She took a sip of tea before calling the model in.

As soon as the model saw the outfit, she froze for a few seconds before covering her mouth and suppressing her urge to scream. She then pulled Natalie into a hug.

At this scene, Shane's expression darkened and he almost broke the pen in his hand.

His expression further worsened when the model spoke to Natalie lovingly and said that she loved her. The air around Shane grew cold.

Silas who stood behind Shane pushed his glasses as he saw Shane's expression. He could not help but smile.

Mr. Shane is actually getting jealous of that woman!

Shane noticed Silas snickering and narrowed his eyes as he turned off the live stream and stood up.

Shocked at the sudden action, Silas composed himself and asked, "Mr. Shane, you're not watching it anymore?"

"No, this is not even the finals. She can't get first place anyway. It's just about getting into the top eight. There's no point continuing to watch it. Let's go, we'll have a meeting." Shane picked up a file on the table and left the conference room.

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"Okay!" Silas hurried after him.

At the site of the competition, Liam announced the end of the five hours and instructed the designers to begin dressing their models.

Without waiting for Natalie's help, her model had already eagerly taken the outfit to the dressing room.

Natalie was rather amazed by her enthusiasm. She simply shook her head as she entered the dressing room to help the model with the dress and make any final alterations needed.

Soon, the runway show began. It was still held in the long conference room. They had pushed the tables and chairs away and laid out a red carpet, forming a makeshift runway for the show.

The runway walk would determine the outcome of the competition and was also the most anticipated part of the competition for the live audience waiting outside the room.

Natalie's participant number was fifteen, so her model would be the second last to walk the runway. Jasmine's was the last.

The models took their places backstage as they prepared for the show. The designers were restricted from entering backstage and could only view the show from both sides of the stage. This prevented designers from ruining others' works out of jealousy.

"Are you afraid?" Jasmine had come up beside Natalie.

Natalie glanced at her lightly. "Why should I be afraid?"

"Because you'll lose," Jasmine said as she lifted her chin proudly.

Natalie narrowed her eyes. "All the models aren't even up on stage yet and you're already so sure that I'll lose?"

Jasmine scoffed, "Of course!"

This time, her design was one of Daphne's early works that very few people knew of. She had taken a lot of effort to search for that design. Daphne was one of the greatest designers of the last century. How could Natalie compare to her!

Moreover, the model she selected had a similar aura to the models that Daphne had used for her early works. With those two factors working together, she didn't think Natalie could out beat her.

"Is that so? But I don't think I'll lose." Natalie tidied her hair, then turned to Jasmine with a smile. "Don't forget, this isn't the finals. I don't need to worry about winning. I only need to make it into the top eight!"

Jasmine was stunned.

She had really forgotten about that and had regarded this as the finals.

Jasmine simply wanted to compete with Natalie and was so focused on her desire to win over her that she had forgotten this was merely about getting into the top eight. It was not even the semi-finals.

Judging from Jasmine's pale face, Natalie knew that she had hit the nail on the head. She laughed. "Looks like there's not going to be a winner or loser."

"So what!" Jasmine pressed her hands together, upset. "Even if this is not the finals and we're not competing for victory, we still have audience votes! As long as I have more votes, I'd have won."

"Okay, whatever makes you happy," replied Natalie as she shrugged and fell silent.

Jasmine gritted her teeth in anger. She had purposely come to cause trouble for Natalie, but instead of angering her, she was the one who became annoyed.

However, she did not bother Natalie after that, as Natalie's model had appeared on the runway.

The tanned-skinned model was originally already more eye-catching than the rest. Now that she donned such an ethereal-looking outfit, everyone's eyes were on her as they gasped in wonder.

The comments in the live stream paused for a second before the screen started to fill up with compliments for the dress.

Jasmine looked at the model in disbelief. She tightened her grip on the wheelchair, shaking with anger. "How... how is this possible!"

Natalie had actually managed to design such an elegant dress in such a short amount of time, only using normal fabrics. If she had used higher-quality fabrics, the dress would have been extremely beautiful!

Is this the extent of her talent? If Natalie was given another opportunity, she could squeeze a place as one of the world's top designers.

It was at that moment that Jasmine could clearly see the difference between herself and Natalie. Back during Project Rebirth, their differences had not been made this clear.

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Back then, she had thought that Project Rebirth had exhausted all of Natalie's talents. Looking back at it now, she was so wrong.

Jasmine stared at the tanned-skinned model posing on the red carpet. Her eyes were reddened and her hands were clasped tightly together.

God was so unfair. He had given Natalie such a good life and such amazing talent.

Sensing Jasmine's jealousy, Natalie raised her eyebrows and said, "What's so impossible about that? When we were choosing fabrics you said that my model could never exude the softness of spring. Does your pride hurt now?"

Jasmine turned and glared at Natalie.

She definitely had it coming. Never would Jasmine have thought that a model's clothes could influence her aura.

Although she was not good at design, Jasmine still had a good evaluation and appreciation for beauty. Nothing had changed about the model herself. It was the clothes that helped her exude a sense of gentleness.

"Why did Ms. Jasmine stop talking?" Natalie smiled faintly as she noticed Jasmine falling silent.

Jasmine gritted her teeth and snorted. "Don't be too happy about this. I admit I spoke too early. So what? This round's best design is still mine."

"Is that so," Natalie said as she narrowed her eyes, "I'll be looking forward to it."

Seeing as Jasmine was so confident of herself, the designer she plagiarized must be someone very famous.

She had to take a good look at Jasmine's copied dress.

Just then, the tanned-skinned model returned backstage. The music then changed and the final model stepped out.

“Wow!” The crowd was in an uproar.

Just like Natalie’s model, this model captured everyone’s attention as soon as she appeared. The live stream comments section was flooded once again by compliments for the dress.

It was a mermaid skirt dress in a pale green color, exuding both an ethereal and luxurious air around her.

Unfortunately, its glamour was once again reduced because of the fabric. If she used a more high-quality, suitable fabric, the dress would have looked even more luxurious. Then, it would have great commercial value and might even become a collector’s item.

Hearing the praise, Jasmine’s vanity instantly rose to the brim.

She lifted her chin triumphantly as she looked at Natalie, hoping to see her shocked expression.

Instead, what she saw were surprise and seriousness.

At this, Jasmine’s heart skipped a beat. She had a bad feeling about it and muttered to herself, “Don’t tell me she noticed something?”

That’s impossible. The design was from the last century when computers were not even common yet. It’s impossible to find similar pictures of the dress on the internet. There’s only one old museum overseas that carries a picture of a model wearing this dress. Natalie couldn’t have seen it before.

Thinking about it that way, Jasmine was no longer worried. She said smugly, “Not bad, right? Isn’t my design so much better than yours?”

“Indeed,” Natalie replied, nodding in approval.

However, she was not nodding in approval at Jasmine but instead for Daphne.

She had not expected Jasmine to plagiarize so boldly, copying Ms. Daphne’s design and shamelessly claiming it as her own.

Jasmine was unaware of the anger in Natalie. She simply became smug upon hearing Natalie admit that the design was better than her own. She felt as though she had finally won Natalie for once.

Looking at Jasmine, Natalie forced down her anger as best as she could.

When all sixteen models were done with the show, they came forward and stood in a row in front of the judges. The judges would score the designs, and the live stream audience could vote for their favorite design. The top eight would advance to the quarter-finals.

Natalie made it without a question, although she only placed second. The first place went to Jasmine, with over two thousand votes more than Natalie.

When Liam announced the vote count, Jasmine turned to look at Natalie and said with an unabashed arrogance in her voice, "What did I say? This round's best design would be mine."

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"Keep it up, then," Natalie smiled faintly as she replied, although there was no warmth to her smile.

Jasmine felt Natalie's coldness but did not think much about it. She thought that Natalie was just angry because she managed to win over her, but had to force out a smile in front of the cameras anyway.

Just then, Liam walked over. "Ms. Jasmine, Ms. Natalie."

"Is there a problem?" Jasmine rushed to ask.

Looking at Jasmine acting all high and mighty, Natalie did not feel angry and simply kept on a faint smile.

However, Natalie was not about to let her off so easily.

"Our president thinks that your designs are exceptional, and we want to buy over its copyright. What do you ladies think?" Liam asked.

"Of course," agreed Natalie as her eyes lit up.

She was coincidentally short of money and was trying to sell off some of her designs.

Since a buyer had come with an offer, there was no reason not to sell it.

Jasmine was also short of money but was interrupted by Natalie just as she was about to agree. She shot Natalie a dissatisfied look then turned to Liam with a smile. "Same here."

As soon as she heard Jasmine's words, Natalie's smile dissipated as her expression went cold and her eyes filled up with anger.

Not only did Jasmine plagiarize Ms. Daphne's designs, but she was also about to sell its copyright for profit. Natalie was determined to ruin Jasmine's reputation and force her to leave the fashion and design industries for good.

However, now was not the right time. Natalie had heard that many big shots would attend the finals. The National Design Association would also invite someone of high position. That would be the best time to expose Jasmine since even if someone wanted to protect her, those higher-ups would not take it lying down.

"That's great. Let's go to the president's office to do the negotiation," replied Liam happily.

Natalie hummed in reply and followed him out alongside Jasmine.

Natalie came out half an hour later, holding a contract worth three million as she left the Design Association.

On the other hand, Jasmine found the offered price of five million too low and was still negotiating in the president's office.

"Nat, you're really amazing. That flower fairy is really beautiful. Unfortunately, our company's not that rich. Otherwise, I'd definitely organize a fashion show just for you." Natalie had brought Connor over to the hospital and was hugged by an excited Joyce.

Natalie broke out of the tight hug and replied, "I'm only second place. Why are you so happy about it?"

"Nonsense, as if I don't know that the first place is merely a fraud," sneered Joyce.

"Nat, whose design did Jasmine copy?" Stanley asked, placing down the book in his hands.

Joyce looked at Natalie as well. "Yeah, Nat."

"It's Ms. Daphne's." Natalie placed Connor on the sofa and let him play with the cell phone for a while.

"Ms. Daphne?" Joyce was astonished. "Isn't that your mentor's mentor?"

"Yup." Natalie nodded in agreement.

Joyce frowned. "Damn, I can't believe she actually did that. She's nailing her own coffin."

"Yeah," replied Natalie with a smile.

Stanley pushed up his glasses. "Nat, when are you going to expose her? You can't just let her continue plagiarizing the work of other designers."

"Of course not. I'm going to expose her at the finals." Natalie walked over to get herself a glass of water.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Natalie put her glass down and took out her phone. She looked at the number skeptically but picked up anyway. "Hello?"

"Is this Ms. Natalie?" a voice asked.

Natalie hummed in reply. "That's me. Who is this?"

"I'm calling from the police station. This is regarding the two attacks on you. We've caught the culprit."