

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 827

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The woman didn't panic when Natalie noticed her. Instead, she waved and smiled, seemingly greeting the other woman.

At that sight, the latter could only return a smile instead of acting like she hadn't noticed.

Something's different about Jessie today.

Normally, she would wear a high ponytail, showing her smooth forehead and slender neck.

However, she had curled her hair and let it down.

Jessie was also wearing a pair of glasses which made her look smart.

Although she was puzzled by the woman's sudden change, Natalie didn't think much of it. A woman changing her style from time to time was a normal thing, after all, so it wasn't worth looking into it.

Natalie turned back to the front once she had returned the smile.

Jessie smirked as she stared at the back of the other woman's head. Then she reached up to adjust her glasses, and the lenses shone with an imperceptible blue light. A short while later, the competition started.

The host got on stage and announced the theme, which was a relatively easy one. All the designers needed to do was design a dress for their models.

The host didn't specify the type of dress they needed to design, so it meant that the designers could do whatever they wanted with it. Nonetheless, they were still required to come up with a dress that would show off the model's body shape and temperament.

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It meant that they shouldn't design the dresses like how they usually did. They couldn't treat their models as mere mannequins, not caring if the clothes suited them. Instead, they needed to treat their models as their clients.

Natalie knew all too well about Sally. She's just a nut job.

As for her figure, there wasn't much to say about it since she was a model.

That was why there were so many ideas for the dress that could work on Sally.

Still deep in thought, Natalie smiled at the model and started to sketch out her ideas.

Meanwhile, Jessie couldn't help but frown when she saw her sketching so soon, a sense of crisis slowly rising in her heart.

Then, she tapped on one of the earrings she was wearing.

Soon enough, a woman's hoarse voice sounded from the earring.

Jessie was the only one who could hear the voice. "Hold on. I'm drawing it out for you now."

Upon hearing that, her furrowed brows relaxed, and the sense of crisis she felt was instantly relieved. Right then, a glint of provocation flashed across her eyes as she looked at Natalie.

Natalie was finally done drawing her design after an hour. She had decided to make an asymmetrical waterfall dress with straps.

The dress was able to show both Sally's feminine and bubbly side.

Moreover, the train of the dress would make the model's leg seem more slender.

After drawing out the design, it was time to start making the dress.

Since there wasn't enough time, the dress couldn't be made into a ready-to-wear garment. Natalie could only put the pieces of fabric together with straight pins and have Sally wear them. Then, the panel of judges would announce the score after the model walked down the runway wearing the dress.

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Natalie quickly got up and went to the fabrics corner to get the stuff she needed.

Right then, Jessie appeared and stood beside Natalie. While she picked out her fabrics, she said, "Are you confident that you'll be assigned to Team A?"

Team A was the team with extremely talented participants who had the best results.

All the designers there wanted to be assigned to Team A. However, it was only wishful thinking for most of them.

After all, the fact that the designers were able to participate in an international competition meant that they were all equally talented and capable. That was why it was still unknown as to who would actually be assigned to Team A.

Natalie tilted her head slightly and answered with a smile, "I'm not sure either. We'll see what the judges say."

Jessie's eyes flickered before she said, "Well, I think you'll be able to get in, Ms. Smith. That talent of yours is rarely seen, after all."

"Oh, not at all. I am just slightly more talented. I'm not as good as you say," Natalie said with a smile. She could feel the hostile gazes directed toward her.

Seeing that she wasn't falling for it, Jessie's eyes turned cold, but she still maintained her smile. "You're too humble, Ms. Smith."

"I'm not humble. I was just speaking the truth. Alright then, Ms. Syke. The fabric I want isn't here, so I'll take a look there."

- [The Ultimate Husband](#)

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Natalie made her way to the other side once she finished her sentence.

Sally approached her and said, "Nat, Jessie's such a cunning woman! She complimented you in front of others and said you're going to make the cut for Team A! It's obvious she's trying to make you everyone's foe!"

It's everyone's dream to be a member of Team A. Since Jessie mentioned Nat is going to make it, others will definitely consider Nat a formidable foe. Maybe they'll try something to bring upon her downfall to ensure they'll get another chance.

Natalie found the infuriated Sally hilarious. She chuckled and asserted, "Why don't you take it easy? I have long figured out the things she has in mind. Therefore, I won't fall for her tricks."

Sally asked, "I don't get it! Have you offended her or something? Why won't she stop picking on you?"

Shaking her head, Natalie answered, "I have no idea as well. Maybe it's just a thing she has for her fellow competitors. At the end of the day, we're all foes. As long as she gets to take one of us out, she'll get to climb her way up the ranks."

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"I think there's more to the situation than that!" Sally gave it a thought and added, "Have you not seen her scrunched-up face when she walks past you? It seems as though she's holding a grudge against you! Ugh! It gives me a chill whenever I think about it!"

Natalie asked with her brows furrowed, "Are you serious?"

Nodding, Sally asserted, "I'm pretty sure I haven't been seeing things! Those who aren't aware of the things going on might think you have brought upon her demise or something! No ordinary persons would glare at others for no reason!"

Natalie went dead silent with her lips pursed when she figured out the sort of grudge Jessie had been harboring against her.

When the woman lost herself in a process of thought to figure out the truth, Sally handed a stash of fabrics to her and asked, "Are these the slub-women fabrics you have been searching for? I remember coming across something similar in your notebook."

Natalie snapped out of her bewilderment and glanced at the glistening fabrics Sally had with her. She responded with a smile and asserted, "Yes! Thanks, Sal!"

"It's not a big deal!" Sally dismissively waved a hand at her in return.

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A few seconds later, Natalie started gathering the fabrics she needed. Once she had everything, she started weaving the dress she had in mind.

Things got lively in the room as the sounds of sewing machines and fabrics being torn into pieces could be heard.

Natalie focused on completing the outline of the dress with the basic technique of draping different layers of fabrics together.

It took her a total of three hours to complete her masterpiece.

Shortly after she was done, she noticed most of the designers had their pieces ready. However, there were still a minority of designers working on their pieces. After a short glimpse around, Natalie noticed that Jessie was a member of the lattermost.

Jessie had chosen to employ a similar technique. However, she was drenched in sweat and seemed to be having a hard time creating the piece she had in mind.

Natalie couldn't fathom the reason behind Jessie's struggles.

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What's going on? Why can't a fairly renowned designer create the piece she has in mind? What's with her subpar skills? There's no way she'll be able to reproduce the masterpiece she has designed with those inferior skills of hers!

A glance was all it took for Natalie to figure out Jessie's design was a masterpiece. Nonetheless, the skills Jessie had demonstrated were subpar to the rest of the designers.

Is it because Jessie has focused on polishing her design skills and neglected the technical aspects? If that's the case, how is she going to complete her customers' orders?

Is she going to acquire someone else's aid to complete her design? If that's the case, she'll never become a top-notch designer with that inferior skills of hers!

Thirty minutes later, everyone had their piece completed for the show.

Sally and the rest of the models had long gotten themselves ready in the makeup studio backstage.

Natalie showed up with the dress she had completed and started dolling Sally up based on the image she had in mind.

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The rest of the designers had done the same because no makeup artist could come up with the makeup suitable for a dress that was fresh out of the oven.

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In other words, the designers of the dress were the only ones capable of coming up with the most suitable makeup to go along with their masterpiece.

Natalie managed to doll Sally up within a short period of time since the white dress of hers had a relatively simple theme. Thus, only simple eye makeup would do—no ostentatious makeup was required to complement the masterpiece.

As soon as Natalie finished dolling Sally up, she handed over her dress to Sally.

The model gaped at the sight of the dress. She exclaimed breathlessly, “It’s so pretty, Nat!” “You need to get going right now. Get yourself changed immediately! We only have fifteen minutes left until the show!” Natalie stuffed the dress in between Sally’s arms once she finished her sentence.

Sally nodded and sprinted over in the direction of the fitting room. Similarly, the rest of the models rushed over to the fitting room once the designers got their makeup done.

The sequence had been determined through drawing lots. Sally was the fortieth amongst the rest of the models. There was nothing special about it since she was in the middle of the rest.

However, Natalie was grateful that Sally wasn’t one of the last few for the show. Otherwise, it would be tough to please the judges after the countless ostentatious pieces portrayed.

The judges might be biased unless there was an exceptional masterpiece that could impress them by the end of the session.

Jessie, whose model was the eighty-fourth to show up, was irritated.

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Natalie noticed Sally had her eyes glued to the runway once she returned. Thus, the former urged, "Just take it easy and have fun."

In an attempt to calm herself, Sally clenched her fists with all her might. She then reassured Natalie, "I'm not nervous at all! Instead, I can't wait for my turn! I can't believe I have the chance to be part of this glamorous event!"

"Well, I'm glad you're doing just fine." Natalie heaved a sigh of relief and urged Sally for one last time, "Do your best! I'll return to the hall and join the rest of the audience."

As a fellow designer, it was a great opportunity for her to learn from her peers and get a grasp of her potential competitors' capabilities.

She wasn't the only one with that thought. In fact, most of the designers had departed. Only a mere few chose to stay behind with their models.

Sally beckoned Natalie to leave her and assured, "You need to get going already! I'll be fine!"

When Jessie caught Natalie making her way back to the hall after wrapping up the conversation she had with Sally with a smile, she swirled her eyes and followed suit.

A short while after Natalie returned to the hall, the show commenced. The moment the first model showed up on the runway, everyone had their eyes glued to her.

Natalie's eyes gleamed in excitement. She immediately reached for her notebook and started jotting down the details she deemed worthy of taking notes.

She could easily tell that Nolan's mentee, Caitlyn, was the designer of the dress — she had once encountered Caitlyn when the woman was better known as Mina back in the day.

A few days ago, Natalie encountered Caitlyn in the restroom, but Caitlyn seemed to have forgotten her.

When Natalie started jotting down the things she deemed worthy of taking notes, someone interrupted her and asked, "Ms. Smith, are you taking notes?"

Natalie responded with a frown and turned around to look at the one who had shown up behind her.

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It turned out Jessie had returned to a hall and was about to take a seat next to Natalie.

In return, Natalie nodded and answered, "I think it's quite important to get a grasp of our competitors' capabilities for the upcoming matches."

"Ms. Smith, you're such a hardworking woman!" Jessie ran her fingers through her hair, exposing the earring she had put on.

The glistening earring caught Natalie's attention. "Ms. Syke, that's quite a unique earring you have. They're glistening in the dark in spite of them being matte earrings."

When Jessie heard Natalie's remark, her expression changed. She stopped messing around with her hair and forced a smile in return. "These are obsidian earrings that have been coated with matte black paint."

"Oh?" Natalie answered with her brows arched in confusion. She found it unnecessary to coat obsidian earrings with matte black paint, but in the end, she decided to pay no heed to it.

After all, she wasn't in a position to pick on Jessie and her preferences.

Jessie's racing heart stopped pounding furiously. She secretly heaved a long sigh of relief as Natalie stopped getting to the bottom of her earrings.

Oh, God! That's so close! I need to be mindful of my behavior and stop playing with my hair in the future!

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