

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 839

- 840

Natalie tried to sense something awry from Jessie's countenance, yet to no avail. When the competition started, she finally turned away. The moment she looked away, Jessie heaved a sigh of relief. Even so, she was overcome by a wave of uneasiness as alarm bells started to ring in her head. Natalie seems to have sensed something. She's starting to be suspicious of me!

Jessie bit her lips as something crossed her mind. She raised her hand to tap lightly on her earring and uttered softly, "There's something I need you to settle for me first. If not, I will not be able to perform during the competition."

"What is it?" a hoarse voice sounded from the earring.

Jessie looked around cautiously and cupped her hand over her mouth before she gave her instructions. She was at ease after the person on the other side agreed to help her.

After a while, the host announced that the competition had officially started. Apart from that, the elimination rounds would replace the previous preliminary round. In other words, twelve out of the designers would be eliminated on the same day itself. Thus, the spacious competition hall was engulfed by a tense atmosphere. By hook or by crook, all the designers wished to proceed to the next round – none of them wanted to be the ones eliminated.

The rules of the competition were the same as the previous round. All the designers had to come up with their own designs and sew the outfits accordingly. After that, models would put on the outfits and showcase them on the runway.

The only difference was the theme. Instead of being given the freedom to set their favorite themes in the previous round, it was now standardized. Thus, it was fairer for the designers – they would be working on the same theme.

'Love' turned out to be the standardized theme. It was definitely of a higher difficulty than other themes of concrete nouns such as 'flowers' and 'starry sky.' As 'love' was an abstract noun, designers could not start designing right away without capturing the hidden meaning

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first. If not, they would not be able to score well if their blueprints were out of topic and the designed outfits were out of tone.

It was a highly challenging theme for those who were single and had never entered into a relationship before.

“Ah! That is what we call an international competition. Even for the first round right after the participants are classified into different groups, they are already assigned such a challenging theme!” Standing right in front of the television, Connor stroked his chin and commented analytically, looking as though he was an adult.

Shane was holding Sharon, who had almost dozed off in his arms. He glanced at his son and asked inquisitively, “How do you know it’s very hard?”

“Look at their expressions. Most of the designers have knitted their brows and have not yet started on anything. This implies that the theme is really tough for them,” Connor commented as he pointed at one of the designers.

Shane chuckled and complimented, “Not bad. You are very observant.”

Connor replied complacently, “Of course. I’ve been watching detective types of movies lately. Microexpressions are simply interesting.”

Shane raised his eyebrows and asked in surprise, “Oh! Since when you are interested in this?”

Connor blinked his eyes and replied, “I’m thinking of becoming a criminal profiler.”

Initially, he was thinking of becoming an omnipotent and assertive person just like his father. Nonetheless, it occurred to Connor that he was not supposed to have such wishful thinking since he was not the flesh and blood of Shane. Thus, he made up his mind for a change.

Shane’s eyes darkened as he gazed at Connor, looking as if he was trying to deduce how truthful the boy was being. He then stroked Connor’s head and uttered casually, “You’re still young. It’s too early to talk about this.”

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Connor nodded and switched back to the topic earlier. "Will Mommy be able to attend to the theme?"

In an instant, Shane shifted his gaze back to the television again. There was no sign of Natalie on the screen at that moment. Even so, he was convinced that she would be able to cope with it.

Things turned out to be as expected by Shane. When the other designers were still racking their brains, Natalie had already started to draw her blueprint with a relaxed smile.

To Natalie, 'love' could be defined as fantasies of the adolescents, the passionate moments of the adults, the nonchalance of the middle-aged, and the reliance on each other for the elderly. The love between a couple would develop from time to time at different stages and ages. Furthermore, every couple had their own unique pace in their relationship. Nevertheless, one thing remained the same — a marriage that was acknowledged worldwide.

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In Natalie's eyes, marriage did not necessarily signify love, but it was defined as the most beautiful moment of true love.

It did not take long for her to get her blueprint done. Basically, everything was in black and white. Next, she proceeded to choose her fabrics.

The other designers were dumbfounded. Most of them had either just started with their design or were halfway through. There were even designers who were yet to begin drawing their blueprints. They could not resist but gape at her high efficiency. We are all designers, yet why are you so excellent?

On the other hand, Jessie started to panic as she had not started with anything yet. Will I have enough time to sew the outfit later?

She bit her lips apprehensively and tapped on her earring again. "Are you back?"

"Yeah, I'm back." There was unmissable haste in the hoarse voice on the other end of the line.

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Jessie let out a deep breath and urged the person, "I'm too far behind. Start drawing now and get it done soon. You must scan me the blueprint within half an hour, understand?"

"Got it," the person replied at once.

Jessie patted her chest in relief and ended the conversation.

In the meantime, Connor squinted his eyes as he fixed his gaze on Jessie, who appeared on the screen. He pointed at her and commented, "Daddy, this woman looks weird."

Shane caught a glimpse of Jessie and looked away swiftly. He was clueless about her identity and asked in bafflement, "What's so weird about her?"

Connor shook his head and explained, "I don't know how to describe my feeling, but I'm sure that I've seen her before somewhere. She looks familiar to me, yet I can't recall where I have seen her earlier."

Shane raised his brows before telling the boy, "I'll find out her identity from the committee later." Connor sure is observant.

Connor nodded and added, "We must find out. Somehow I can sense her hostility toward Mommy."

"What do you mean?" Shane's face turned grim on the instant.

Connor gazed at Jessie and explained, "When Mommy was on the screen just now, I happened to see the way she gazed at her. I bet something was playing on her mind."

"Alright, I know what to do," Shane called a staff over and assigned him something.

The staff nodded respectfully, knowing that Shane was one of the investors for the competition.

Soon, Shane obtained a copy of Jessie's resume. After flipping through it, he did not sense anything amiss.

It seems this woman's hostility toward Natalie is due to jealousy. She must be green with envy of Natalie's talent and capability. I must keep an eye on her as she might turn into a

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risky person. She might be prevailed over by profound jealousy and stir up disastrous trouble for her opponents.

Little did Jessie realize that Shane was watching her closely. She was holding her pencil while waiting anxiously for the blueprint to be sent to her.

After about twenty minutes, Jessie spotted a holographic projection on her glasses. Her face lit up at the sight of the outstanding blueprint. In a split second, her lips curved into a smile.

With this blueprint, I'm pretty sure I can enter Team A. Even if my sewing skill is not up to standard, this blueprint is more than enough for me to get a high score!

Without hesitation, she imitated the blueprint from the holographic projection and proceeded with the fabrics selection. After she was back from selecting her fabrics, Natalie had roughly cut out the contour of her outfits.

Jessie stole a glance at Natalie when she walked past with selected fabrics. Her face fell in an instant. Natalie was still in the midst of sewing her outfit, yet the basic contour was enough to reflect the uniqueness of her design. Undoubtedly, it would turn out to be a masterpiece that would catch everyone's eyes.

"Ms. Syke, is there anything you need?" Natalie asked in sarcasm when she sensed Jessie gazing at her outfit.

Jessie's hands tightened the grips on her fabrics as she put on a smile and replied, "Nothing actually. Ms. Smith, your design looks great."

"Thanks! Yours as well." Natalie laid her eyes on the fabrics in Jessie's hands.

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