

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 327

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..