

## You Made Me This Way Chapter 10

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### Chapter 10

My sudden appearance at the meeting room caused the scene to burst into an uproar. Nylah raised her head blankly and stared at me in puzzlement. I immediately explained, "Everyone, please don't misunderstand me. I'm a fashion designer from Papillon Enterprise. President Scott took the wrong design draft earlier as I've locked the real design draft in the office. President Scott, I forgot to bring the key. Could I trouble you to help me to open the door?" "Who are you? How could you get the wrong design draft when it's such an important meeting like this?" The seductive woman was displeased. She pushed forward her chest, emphasizing her cleavage under the low-cut attire, and indignantly grumbled to the manager. "Mr. Lowe, President Scott is too careless. She should be disqualified from bidding!" I was certain that Anton dared not revoke our qualification because his purpose this time was to obtain a better clothing design. It was apparent that there were some flaws in the design that the Rose Enterprise had submitted, so he was not satisfied with it. As Anton rubbed the spot between his brows, he cast a glance at Nylah in displeasure. "Why are you so careless? Go and get it now! If you are not back within 10 minutes, your company will be shut down!" Although he spoke in a harsh tone, it was apparent that he was still willing to give them another opportunity. However, Nylah suddenly acted like a silly girl and opened her mouth in an attempt to say something, but she said nothing in the end. Instead, she rose up and walked in my direction. At that time, she was about five feet eight in height on her high heels, wearing a light blue long-sleeved blouse that accentuated her plump breast, and below it was a formal short skirt that revealed her pair of long, fair, and delicate legs. After leaving the meeting room hastily, I immediately explained, "Madam, time is tight; we only have 10 minutes. Quickly get me a pencil, paint and a palette. I need all 7 primary colors; the most common one will do." "Who are you? Who are you calling madam?!" She suddenly grabbed me by my collar and pinned me against the wall, furiously questioning me, "Where the hell did you come from?" "I—" She was so close to me at that moment that her breast was pressed against my chest, and I was able to smell the familiar magnolia scent on her. With my face flushed, I tried my best to calm my racing heart and explained, "I'm a new designer recruited by one of the associate directors of the firm." "Nonsense! Why did he recruit new people when the company is in such a state?" With gritted teeth, she peered at me with a complicated gaze, ranting at me with tears in her eyes, "Why did you play along with it? Do you know how high the government's requirements for this design are? If we can't show them anything, not only will I offend them but I will also become the joke of the year!" I leaned back against the wall and tried my best to not look at her fair cleavage and her exquisite face. After taking a deep breath, I replied in a fluster, "President Scott, I've bought you 10 minutes so our hope will completely rely on these 10 minutes. Let's not waste any more time, okay?" She was stunned at first, but she quickly let go of me and walked away hurriedly. "You're right. There's still hope; I can't give up just like that! If we are unable to win the project, our company will be bought over by Rose Enterprise. This is my mother's firm, so I can't allow it to be ruined in my hands!" She paced away in quick steps and her high heels made a loud clacking sound as she walked. I followed her from behind, admiring her straight, fair, stunning legs as well as her beautiful, graceful high heels. Then, she entered her office; there was a lady inside. "Nancy, get me the drawing tools. I need to use it now!" she instructed while pacing back and forth in a fluster. I supposed that the lady was Nylah's secretary. She was not tall but she seemed rather capable and she managed to place all the tools on the desk in less than a minute. Sitting on the desk, Nylah grabbed a pencil and fiddled it in her hand as she mumbled to herself, "What design should I come up with? The design submitted by Rose Enterprise is very outstanding and it was designed by a French designer." I stifled my laughter and secretly took a piece of paper from underneath her butt, then grabbed a pencil and ruler and quickly started to draft my design. My design concept was simple—I used a tunic suit as a base and slightly altered the appearance so that it would look less old-fashioned but at the same time, I made sure that it didn't look too flamboyant, which would deviate too much from our traditional outfit. After that, I used gold thread to outline the mountains and rivers of our vast country on certain parts of the outfit. Since there would be foreign businessmen participating in the event, a simple design like this would not only accentuate our grace but also reflect our country leader's poised image. As for the womenswear for female leaders, I used gold thread to outline our national flower—Peony—at the back of the outfit and patterns of mountain and ocean at the cuffs. The designs not only looked stunning but complemented the design of the menswear and also emphasized the strength and national heritage of the Tresal. After drawing the outlines, I started mixing colors, while Nylan continued to lean against the table and rambled non-stop. "You jerk, where did you come from? You are really screwing me up this time. If I make a fool of myself later, I'll never forgive you for this!" As I was mixing the colors, I wiped my sweat, and intermittently glanced at her stunning back. Her long, black, shiny hair gently cascaded over her shoulder; her butt, which was tightly wrapped in her formal skirt, was plump and firm. After mixing all the other colors, I focused my full attention on my task at hand because the color that I was going to mix next was called 'Military Gray'. It was a color that was between dark grey and black and it was very difficult to grasp the ratio. The formula to mix the color had been passed down in my art teacher's family for a century and it allowed no room for any mistake. Three minutes later, after I added the last color and diluted the mixture with water, the color on the palette instantly transformed from black to a very restrained gray—the military gray! I grabbed the paintbrush, and despite feeling anxious, I tried my very best to carefully paint the color on the design draft without making any errors. "Alright, this will be it! It is better than nothing. I will just give it a shot," Nylah declared after making up her mind before turning to me. "Give me a pencil and—" she paused, but I ignored her. I continued to meticulously dip the paintbrush in the ruby blue color and started to paint colors on the womenswear's design. "I-Is this your design?" A shocked Nylah leaned in at me. Her head was so close to mine that her hair brushed against my ears; it felt itchy and it carried a woman's fragrance. My paintbrush continued to slide across the design and after I painted the last color on the design, I gently blew at it. "President Scott, I think that this design should be fine. Let's hurry over. The 10-minute time limit is ending. Let's not let them wait for too long." "No, you—" She continued to stare at me in astonishment, and her eyes were filled with incredulity. "Let's talk after this." With that, I took my design and headed out of the office, while she quickly followed up behind me in her high heels. I noticed that she kept staring at me from the glasses in the corridor, which made me feel a little complacent. I used to feel inferior and bashful in front of the beautiful Nylah in the past to the point that I dared not raise my head to look at her, but now, I was actually able to help her out. It had been so long since I last saw her, but she still looked the same—she was still as beautiful as she had been in the past, and even more breathtaking and feminine. Similarly, she was still a kind soul. Although her company had gone bankrupt, she still tried to figure out some ways to pay her employees' salaries. Nylah, you really are a special lady.