

You Made Me This Way Chapter 12

Chapter 12

I never expected Anton to be so knowledgeable that he was able to immediately recognize the color. However, I didn't know how I should answer him. Before I left the prison, my master exhorted me that I should never expose my relationship with the people in the prison. After all, my masters were mostly political criminals. They had no idea who they had offended and who still held grudges against them. If other people discovered that I was their disciple, it would bring trouble to me or even worse—they might take revenge on me. Seeing how I refused to reply to his question from him, he followed up with another question, "Young man, what's your relationship with the Spencer Family? Could it be that you have mastered the garment dyeing technique called 'Mermaid'?" "No. I don't know about the Spencer Family, nor do I know about the 'Mermaid'." I took a deep breath and tried my best to conceal the truth. "Mr. Lowe, since nobody is able to dye the garment, the design submitted by Papillon Enterprise is nothing but mere decorations. You should quickly make a decision; all of us still have work to do." Sally urged, folding her arms across her chest. However, Anton shook his head and took a deep breath before he explained, "This color is called military gray, and there was once a brand that managed to dye fabrics with this color. I was fortunate enough to see it once with my own eyes as a child. It was beautiful—no, the term beautiful couldn't be used to describe it. The fabric had a calm vibe but it also looked magnificent. If our political leaders are able to make an appearance in clothes made using this fabric, the investors will definitely be in awe. Who knows, we may even regain the title of 'Capital of Textile!'" Upon hearing that, Nylah immediately looked at me with stars in her eyes; Sally, who was standing opposite me, sneered with a scowl, "What are military gray and mermaid? Why have I not heard about those terms before?" "It's natural that young people like you have never heard of it because this brand disappeared from the market decades ago." After he had said that, he let out a sigh and resignedly asked me again, "Are you really not related to the Spencer Family?" "No!" I firmly shook my head. "Alright, since the time is tight, I'll have to announce Rose Enterprise the winner of this bidding," interrupted him, "why? Is the design submitted by Papillon Enterprise incomparable to Rose Enterprise's?" Anton shook his head with a slight smile. "Mr. Yole here is right. If you are unable to dye the fabric with this color, it will be useless no matter how fabulous your drafts look." "Who says that we can't dye fabric with this color? Mr. Lowe, although I don't know what Military Gray is, I'm sure that I'm able to recreate the color on fabric!" I raised my head and looked him in his eyes confidently. "Young man, how old are you? Are you even 23 years old? Stop boasting! Recreating the dye is not an unattempted effort when there are plenty of textile factories in Milch. Even veterans in the textile industry failed to even come close to achieving the same result, let alone you?" I turned to glance at Nylah and I noticed that the excitement in her eyes had dimmed. When I saw how rejected she seemed, I somehow felt heartbroken for her. Nylah, you have saved my life, so how could I let you down? With my head raised, I firmly declared, "Mr. Lowe, let's not waste time talking about it. I hope that you can give me 30 minutes. I will personally place this garment named military gray right in front of you!" "Do you mean that you know how to dye the fabric with that color? May I see the process?" After he said that, he immediately found his words from her inappropriate, so he quickly explained, "Do n't misunderstand me. I'll not peek if it's a confidential technique." "Sure!" I said. I was able to tell that Anton was related to Nylah and he was quite a decent guy. More importantly, allowing him to view the process would make it seem more persuasive and prevent Sally from accusing that the garment was obtained elsewhere. Thereafter, Nylah brought me and a few VIPs to our factory while the representatives from other competing firms naturally didn't tag along. After all, we were all in the same industry and fabric dyeing technique was a firm's most important asset, so only an idiot would allow them to view. Besides, even if we allow them to view the process, I doubt that they would be able to learn. When we arrived at the fabric-dyeing workshop, it had ceased operation as the company was unable to pay the employees' wages. And so, Nylah had to make calls and tried her very best to persuade a few employees, who were skillful in dyeing fabric, to help me to get all the necessary dye out and activate the dyeing machines. To be honest, it was rather embarrassing for a factory employer to go to such length in order to get her employees to work for her. After everything had been prepared, she carefully approached me before I started the dyeing process and awkwardly asked, "C-Can you really do this?" I stifle my laughter. This silly girl. She still can't recognize me now? To me, she was my goddess and my savior, but I was probably just an ordinary poor kid at that time, so it was natural for her to not remember me. "What are you laughing at?" She pouted, looking at me with suspicion in her eyes as she whispered, "I just asked the human resource—we didn't hire any new designer! Who are you?" "Young man, stop chit chatting. Just kick start the process!" Anton and the others could no longer hold back their eagerness. Instead of replying to her question, I maintained a smile on my lips. I felt especially blissful at that moment for being able to stand so near to her and even talk to her! Therefore, I had to help her to resolve this predicament no matter what, just like how she had helped and encouraged me back then. There were eight mixing tanks in total before me with some water in them. After I put on my gloves, I added the single-color dyes in my hands into the tanks while attentively observing the changes in the color. Anton couldn't help but to ask out of curiosity, "Annon, what are you doing? Why do you need to mix eight colors?" I explained as I continued with my task at hand, "Mr. Lowe, do you know why so many people failed in mixing the color military gray no matter how hard they try?" "Why?" My question further piqued his curiosity, "Because the usual dyeing methods usually use primary colors to dye the garments, but the dye to create military gray requires all transitional colors—a combination of eight transitional colors, to be precise." Anton was stunned. "That's impossible! Eight transitional colors? How are you going to control the color difference? This is too tough; ordinary people won't be able to do it!" I smiled and said nothing because what he had said was right—it was no easy task to accurately determine the color difference using naked eyes, but the crux of this technique did not lie on the color difference. I looked behind and smiled at Nylah. "President Scott, please get me the 80% woolen fabric here. I don't need a huge one; just one foot will do." After that, I turned to Anton and the others and said, "Erm, sir, do you mind leaving for a moment?" Although their eyes were still filled with astonishment, they were embarrassed to continue looking when the key technique was involved. After they had left, I started pouring the mixture into another mixing tank according to a certain sequence. As I had mentioned, the color difference was not the key, so a little deviation would not affect the outcome. crux here was actually the sequence. If the eight dyes were poured in the wrong sequence, even God couldn't make the dye for military gray. After adding the dyes into the tank, Nylah handed me the cloth. I looked behind and checked the temperature stated on the machine before asking the machine operator to increase the temperature. The mixing tank started to heat up. When the temperature reached 124.34 degrees Fahrenheit, I shouted, "Stop! Maintain this temperature!" Then, I quickly placed the cloth into the dye and added some additives and started to dye the cloth. To be honest, this was the first time I tried to dye the cloth hands-on. Although I followed the method and sequence exactly, I still felt a little unconfident. 20 minutes later, after I took the piece of cloth from the washing tank and dried it, I finally healed a sigh of relief. "President Scott, it's a success!" However, she was stunned. She incredulously pointed at the cloth and snapped, "Is this the military gray that you meant? Why is it yellowish? It looks just like a used diaper! Annon, are you helping me or screwing my work?"