

You Made Me This Way Chapter 13

Chapter 13

To be honest, if it weren't for my art teacher's attestations, I wouldn't believe that military gray would look this good on fabric! "What are we going to do? You made a scene yet you don't know anything about textile art. Let alone being shunned by Sally, I reckon the factory will have to shut down for bamboozling the government..." Nylah's voice gradually trailed off before she burst into tears as she crouched down. As I helplessly looked at her, I did not know how to comfort her as I had always been bad with his words, especially in front of her. Now that I was flustered, I was both tongue-tied and red in the cheeks. Thereafter, I simply squatted down next to her before pulling her arm lightly. Even though everyone called her 'President Scott', she was still a young woman at the tender age of 20. "Nylah, please... Please believe in me this time..." I nudged her arm while stammering in my words. "Just who on earth are you?! I don't know you! I must be crazy for believing in your words. And look what I got myself into? This has to be a joke!" Tears were evident in Nylah's eyes and her hopeless smile was embittering. In spite of that, she looked so gorgeous that the urge in me was goading me to hug her in my arms, showering her with love and affections. Suddenly, her phone rang. It was a call from Anton. While listening to him rushing her, Nylah sobbed as she was now in a bind. I gave myself a hard pinch on the arm so that the pain could relax my stiff tongue. Within the interval, I approached her and whispered into her ears. In a split second, her brows arched up as she gazed at me in disbelief. Yet, she couldn't rein back her curiosity. "Is that true?" I nodded in response. She suppressed her laugh and gave me a light punch. "You're so mean! Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Having said that, she rose to her feet and made her way to the meeting room. I followed her at heel while reminding her, "It must be iced water and the temperature must be at a constant 32 degrees Fahrenheit." A smiling Nylah gave her secretary a call before we went inside the meeting room. "How is it? Where's the fabric? Let me see!" Anton stood up as soon as he noticed us. I delved into my pocket and fished out a one-foot-long cloth. Truth was, the cloth wouldn't match one's beauty standards, for its color was similar to a used diaper's. "Pfft!" Sally snickered as she covered her mouth, revealing only her foxy eyes. "This is the so-called 'military gray'? Mr. Lowe, how could you be fooled by a kid when you're already a veteran in your 50s?" Everyone in the room guffawed uncontrollably upon hearing her words whereas the disappointment on Anton's face morphed into rage. He slammed his palm on the table with a loud bang. "Damn it! Stop horsing around! And you, Nylah Scott. Can't you be serious for once? You have disgraced your mother's name!" Right when Nylah was about to explain her stance, Sally laughed while saying, "Mr. Lowe, I guess we should call it a day and wrap things up about the government's project. You've been protecting President Scott overtly and secretly, and I didn't utter a word about it. Now that we're going to purchase Papillon Enterprise, if you keep that act up, I will have to tell Mario about this." Anton gritted his teeth and shot glares at Nylah. "Useless brat. Just buy the factory at this instant before she dishonors her mother's name further." "Are you done? Who's useless and who's dishonoring her mother?!" Before I knew it, I snapped the moment someone insulted Nylah. I could accept any insults and reproach hurled toward me. However, I could never condone to anyone reprimanding Nylah, who was my savior, right in front of so many eyes. Regardless of their identity and status, no one could slander her as long as I was present. "And you!" I turned toward Sally. "Whose factory are you purchasing? Who gives you the right to do so? You're just a small fry from a clothes factory who can't even squeeze into the big market! Who gives you the right to do that when your brand is selling at a low price in the countryside?! You're quite jumpy considering your short height. You think you stand out in this entire meeting, don't you?" "You... You..." Now that I had pricked her sore part, Sally's face was suffused with red in agitation. "What? Did I get the facts wrong?" In retrospect, I had worn clothes from Rose Fashion when I was a kid. My brother wore them a few days before consigning them to me. They were of shoddy quality as colors faded easily. As the atmosphere in the meeting room reached a stalemate, Anton clenched his fist. "Fine, I'll stop telling her off in front of everyone. We'll judge the matter as it stands. Nylah, if this is the military gray you've been mentioning all this time, I will have to hand over the government's project to Sally." Right then, Nancy brought over a bottle of cold water and a basin. "President Scott, here's the water you needed." Upon hearing that, I went over and grabbed the items before striding toward Anton's place. "Open your eyes wide and take a good look whether this is the military gray you need or not." After throwing the yellow cloth into the basin, I shook the water bottle and twisted the cap open. The moment I poured the water onto the cloth, a miracle happened. The dampened part of the yellowish cloth started to change from dark yellow to light gray; the more water the fabric absorbed, the darker the color became; once the whole cloth was completely dipped into the water, the thick and dim color appeared with a tad of bright bits on it. "Y-Yes! Yes! This is it! This is the color I saw when I was young!" exclaimed Anton vehemently as he stammered slightly. His widened eyes and the excited expression on his face proved my success on my first trial. "Wow! Amazing, Mr. Hushton. How did you do it? This is impossible. If I didn't see it with my own eyes..." Andrew, the tailor from Rose Fashion, kept rubbing his eyes in disbelief. At that moment, he couldn't even believe his eyes. Sally's expression fell. It was this piece of cloth that threw her arrogance, affronts, and last chance out the window. Meanwhile, Nylah smiled as she bit her lips with tears brimming in her eyes. This time, not only was her dignity saved, but I also helped her to gain the right to handle the government's project, which meant she could save her company from demise. "Ladies and gentlemen, do you have anything else to say?" Anton raised his head and took an accusatory glance at Sally. "I have other company affairs to attend to, so I shall take my leave first. But mark my words—we're not done yet!" She glowered at us before leaving in a fit of pique with her bag. In spite of that, Andrew was reluctant to leave. He was particularly persistent in getting my contact number, saying that he wanted to be friends. At the thought of his decent demeanor, I relented and gave it to him. After all, the more friends one had, the more options one had in one's life. Now that the project had been settled, there were only us and a few of the bosses from the government side in the meeting. Anton, who was leading the group, gazed at Nylah before heaving a sigh of relief. "Nylah, you've done a great job today and didn't put your mother's name in disgrace. But still, you must be careful. Sally Jones isn't someone easy to deal with. She wouldn't let you off the hook that easily after the embarrassment she suffered today. You must be wary of her." Nylah pursed her lips as she nodded meekly. "Uncle Anton, I know. And I would like to thank you for everything you've done for me for the past two years." "Don't be such a stranger. Oh right, who is this fellow here? Everything went well thanks to his help. Aren't you going to introduce him to me?" Anton shifted his gaze onto me with anticipation and admiration. "Oh... He's..." Nylah looked at me in confusion.