

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 325

Never would she have thought that the Design Association would help her resolve the issue so easily.

Jasmine then noticed Natalie's gaze on her. For some reason, she felt a little uneasy.

Before she had a chance to speak, Liam began to host the competition, getting the sixteen models to stand on the stage as he announced the competition details.

Jasmine could only glare back at Natalie as she mouthed the question, "What are you looking at?"

Natalie read her lips but remained silent. She simply gave Jasmine a meaningful smile before turning her attention back to Liam.

The theme of the competition was 'Spring'. Designers had to create a blueprint for their design, select the fabric, then create the outfit on-site. Models would then wear the outfit and walked down the runway.

Thus, as soon as Liam stopped talking, aside from Natalie, the rest of the designers all rushed forward to select their model.

A good model would not only inspire the designer but also carry an impact on the competition results.

The model's aura, physical appearance, and runway walk could steer the designer in a certain direction on their designs. Even if the final product was not especially brilliant, as long as it suited the model well, there was still a chance of winning. Therefore, the designers were so actively picking their desired models.

At the same time, Shane was watching the live stream in his office at Thompson Group. Silas stood behind him, pushing up his glasses as he asked, "Everyone else is rushing to choose the models. Why isn't Ms. Smith doing anything?"

Looking at the designers snatching models on the live stream, Shane got annoyed. He fixed his eyes on Natalie who merely stood there calmly and said lightly, "She doesn't need to. With her abilities, she can definitely design the most suitable outfit no matter which model she gets."

"That being said, the theme this time is spring. Its representative quality is its gentleness. Everyone else picked the model they wanted and Ms. Smith is only left with a tanned-skinned model. It won't be easy for her," said Silas worriedly as he watched Natalie walking toward the model in question.

Local designers had the tendency to design clothes that were more conservative and delicate. Since most of them felt that tanned-skinned models were more suited to modeling prominent, fashionable clothes, they rarely hired such models.

Such models' visual styling also leaned more towards the wilder, more unrestrained side, making them unable to express the subdued softness of the spring season.

Shane understood Silas's concerns but he was not the slightest bit worried about Natalie. He simply leaned back in his chair and made himself comfortable. "Look at her. Does it look like she's flustered?"

Silas studied Natalie's face.

Just as Shane said, there was no sign of tension on her face. In fact, she even had a smile.

The corner of Shane's lips turned upward as he looked at Natalie's grin. "For a prodigy like her, participating in a competition too simple would just be pointless. It's definitely better if there's some difficulty. That way, she would win against all odds and that is more significant."

Silas looked at Shane, who was fully confident in Natalie's abilities and grinned.

If Mr. Shane, who loved Ms. Smith, is not even worried for her, why should I be?

Back at the competition venue, under the eyes of a gloating Jasmine, Natalie led the tanned-skinned model back to her table and started taking her measurements.

When she was done, Natalie got the model to take a rest before moving to check out the fabrics the Design Association had prepared.

All the fabrics prepared were of ordinary quality and were in basic colors. This restricted the designers' creative limits even further. The other designers had all begun to scratch their heads over the situation.

"Ms. Smith, aren't you worried?" An ordinary-looking female designer had walked up to Natalie, striking up a conversation as she chose her fabrics.

Natalie took a piece of white chiffon and placed it over her arm, before asking back, "What's there to worry about?"