

# Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 627

“Natalie, would you believe the arrogance of some people to want to fight you for the top spot in such a manner?” Joyce pursed her lips in displeasure.

Natalie was not particularly bothered. It was just a title; her craft was more important to her.

Being called the most promising designer meant little to her. What she prized was to become as prominent a designer as Mr. Moore. Now that was something worth boasting about.

In other words, she did not mind that this title was robbed off her. What she did not like was this type of provocative challenge.

“Apparently, the challenger is someone called Tiffanie. I have never heard of her when I was abroad,” Natalie said in a low voice while she squinted at the screen.

Joyce rolled her eyes. “Neither have I. I did some digging and found that this Tiffanie had appeared abroad this month. She’s a countrywoman of ours; her real name is Jessie Syke. she had made a name for herself with her keen fashion sense.”

“Jessie Syke?” Natalie’s frown deepened. Two other names appeared in her mind: Jasmine and Susan.

The name of Jessie Syke happened to be an amalgamation of Jasmine’s and Susan’s initials.

“That’s right.” Joyce nodded. “Why are you asking such strange questions? Is this Jessie Syke someone you know?”

Natalie shook her head. “I don’t know a Jessie, but I knew a Jasmine.”

Joyce was stunned but pulled herself together, though her eyes remained wide in disbelief. “Nat, are you implying that this could be Jasmine?”

Natalie nodded. “That’s right. Don’t you think that J.S. is an amalgamation of Jasmine and Susan?”

“You’re right! Good eye.” Joyce exhaled sharply. “I did not notice that. But we have already established that Jasmine had died from jumping off a building.”

Natalie thought for a second. “Was a photograph of her body ever taken?”

“Not as far as I know.” Joyce shrugged. “Tiffanie currently does not have any outstanding pieces of work, hence the lack of coverage regarding her popularity. But her work had been featured on the cover of the Vernais,” Joyce said as she searched for the previous issue.

Soon, the issue she referred to appeared. The cover featured an extravagant dress. Tiffanie’s signature had been inscribed at the bottom right corner.

“Look, Nat. The design is actually really good. I heard that an heiress from a prominent family had paid for it to be tailor-made for her to attend a wedding with. It shouldn’t be Jasmine as her skills were mediocre at best.” Joyce snorted with disdain.

Natalie did not respond. Rather, she kept her gaze fixed on the magazine cover.

She had to admit that the dress was indeed stunning. Even Natalie’s eyes shone with admiration when she first laid eyes on it. Her design looked so sophisticated, perhaps even classifying as haute couture. Joyce was right; Jasmine did not have the skill set to replicate that.

She was overthinking it. Jasmine was dead. This was an innocuous coincidence that was blown out of proportion.

At that comforting thought, Natalie’s worries dissipated.

Before long, another doubt arose in her mind.

“That’s strange. I haven’t even heard of her until five minutes ago. Why would she want to challenge me?” Natalie muttered as she bit her lip.

Joyce closed the image containing Tiffanie's design. "I have given it some thought. Maybe she wants to return to the country and expand her influence and thought that she could leverage her talent with the favorable reviews of her in foreign fashion media platforms to climb her way to the top. However, you remain an obstacle to her ambitions."

Natalie furrowed her brow. "Do you think that my existence is a threat to her progress?"

"I'm positive of that." Joyce gave a resolute nod. "There is only room for one at the top, and Tiffanie is determined to occupy it. Your existence makes her insecure. You may be sure that if she gets the chance to beat you in a competition, she will use it to proclaim to the country that she is the most promising designer of our generation."