

You Made Me This Way Chapter 11

Chapter 11

When we returned to the meeting room, the rowdy scene instantly fell silent. Anton extinguished his cigarette and glanced at Nylah with a frown as he asked, "Did you bring your design over?" "Oh, yes, we brought it over!" She looked at me in a fluster. As she didn't know my name, she awkwardly added, "Um, you should quickly—" "Sure, President Scott." I immediately nodded at her before raising the draft in my hands. It was only at that moment did I realize that everyone's design was drawn using a computer and could be projected on the screen. Mine, on the other hand, was hand-drawn, so I couldn't enlarge it to show the crowd on the screen. "Pffft!" The female director of Rose Enterprise broke into a fit of laughter. She pointed at the draft in my hands and mocked, "Mr. Lowe, President Scott is making a fool of herself. How dare she use a hand-painted work to participate in the bidding! She really doesn't take our local government seriously." Anton's expression instantly sank and I started to feel anxious as well. What she said was right—we really didn't look quite professional. Fortunately, Nylah walked up to me and placed my drawings under the equipment. I only knew after the fact that the equipment was called a laser projector; its function was to project printed documents on the screen. When I was still in awe that there were such high-tech things in our world, the entire room fell silent. It was a pin-drop silence that even the sound of breathing was audible. I turned around and gazed at my design on the draft. I never expected that the design would look so beautiful after being enlarged so many times. The menswear made the wearer look composed and dignified while the womenswear looked noble and graceful. Although the design was not flamboyant, there was an indescribable charm to it. "Nylah, is this really a design by your company?" Anton was stunned. Clothing was just like a relationship between a man and woman. Sometimes one could tell whether that the other person was the right one by just a glance. "Impossible!" A voice broke the silence—it was the woman from Rose Enterprise. She rose up with a scowl and pointed at my design angrily. "Papillon Enterprise is only a textile factory, so how could they possibly come up with this design? They must have plagiarized someone else's work. Mr. Lowe, we have to thoroughly investigate this matter so that we won't become a joke." The woman had a sharp tongue. I suppressed my nervousness and pointed at the design as I explained, "Miss, I drew the design earlier. You may come over and take a look at the wet paint if you don't believe me. The woman stomped her foot furiously, pointing at me as she bellowed at me, "Who the hell are you? Who allowed you to enter this meeting room? Besides, I think that your design is just ordinary. It's a tunic suit! It's so old-fashioned! Aren't you aware how high the standard of this Economic Conference will be?" "Sally Jones, that's enough. You are not in the position to comment on their designs." At that moment, Anton stood up before he looked at Nylah and heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he turned to the crowd and commented, "Papillon's design looks nice. Although it looks rather modest, as officials who serve the people, we shouldn't dress flamboyantly in a high-profile manner and it would set us apart from the ordinary people." "Their design looks flamboyant as well! Mr. Lowe, look at their design—they even added gold patterns! This doesn't coincide with our political leaders' image that emphasizes diligence and endurance!" The woman named Sally sure was good at picking on the flaws! Anton started to hesitate upon hearing that as he also noticed the problem as well. If they were to remove the pattern formed using gold thread, it would negatively affect the aesthetic of the design. However, if they were to keep them, it would contradict the political leaders' image. Upon seeing how Anton remained silent, Sally felt extremely complacent at that moment. With both arms folded across her chest, she glared at me with her nose in the air. Nonetheless, if it was a problem that even they were able to realize, there was no reason for me to fail to take notice as someone who had spent four whole years with political criminals! I said to Anton, "Sir, I deliberately drew a thicker gold thread to allow everyone to see it, but there will only be a thread as fine as a hair on the actual outfit. Anyone who has knowledge in color will know that a gold line hidden between black and blue will only be vaguely visible. The greater something is, the more unassuming it seems. The gold thread not only accentuates the beauty of the outfits but also displays the rich diversity of our country to the foreign business representatives! We should welcome our friends from afar with open arms!" "Good! We should welcome our friends from afar with open arms indeed! This is a good theme and it coincides with this year's conference! I shall now announce that the bidding this time—" "Hold on, Mr. Lowe!" It was Sally's annoying voice again. She pulled the foreign tailor up and anxiously uttered, "Mr. Yole, you said that this design doesn't make sense, but which part, to be precise? You have to explain it clearly to Mr. Lowe now!" The foreigner named Andrew Yole, whose hair was slicked back, scratched his head while replying in a broken Tresalan, "It's a good design, something out of the ordinary. If I were to make a choice, I would lean toward this design as well." Sally's expression became dark when she heard that. Gripping Andrew's arm tightly, she growled, "Whose side are you with now? Go straight to the point now!" Andrew hissed in pain and playfully stuck out his tongue. "Erm, sir, may I know what your name is?" "It's Hushton. Annon Huston." "Mr. Hushton, if my guess is correct, what really makes your design, especially the menswear design, stand out is neither the cutting nor the patterns outlined with gold thread, but the color, right?" I narrowed my eyes and slightly nodded. I never expected this foreigner to be quite a talented fashion designer; he immediately pinpointed the crux of the design. He continued with pursed lips, "Am I wrong to say that your design won't be able to bring out this sort of temperament without using this color as the base? In other words, if you use another color—even if it's just a slight difference in its hue, your design will still look nice, but it definitely won't be a match to ours!" What he said was right, after all. This design, which I had come up with in the only 10 minutes I had, was indeed incomparable to his design in terms of the details. "Mr. Andrew, what are you trying to say?" I questioned him in puzzlement. He shook his head and laughed. "This color can only be shown on drawings and it will be impossible to dye a cloth with this color—at least no one has ever dyed any fabric with this color as far as I know. It's an extremely harmonious dark gray. Without fabric of this color, you won't be able to make it into clothes, am I right?" Upon hearing that, Sally burst into laughter. "I see. Mr. Lowe, in that case, the design and the actual product will be very different! If you use their design and it turns out that the color of the final product doesn't match the initial design, won't you be embarrassing yourself in front of your superiors?!" However, Anton kept staring at my design and after some time, he finally uttered, "Young man, if I'm not mistaken, the color you used is military gray, right?"