

Chapter 102 Kiley Threw A Tantrum

In Celia's opinion, Derek was too near to her, their gap had narrowed beyond what she could tolerate, and there was too much room for misunderstanding.

She adjusted her position, but she bumped into Derek's arm.

Derek felt a bit discouraged despite explicitly keeping his distance from her and withdrawing his hands.

However, he immediately recovered from his disappointment.

After all, it had been so long since they had last crossed paths. It was understandable for her to maintain her distance from him.

Derek suppressed his feelings and made a couple more recommendations.

"You may highlight the waist's design. After all, Brea has a small waist. She is graceful and lovely, standing at five feet seven inches. She often seems too domineering as she walks the red carpet. Because of her unpopular physique and look in the entertainment industry, none of her previous styles has been really successful.

Actually, I believe that a moderately seductive design will lessen the effect of her tall physique. Your main design concept is great. However, I don't believe the cut's outcome is the best. Therefore, it would be ideal if the waist's design is improved."

His tone had a great sense of seriousness. He made several recommendations, and Celia gladly noted them down. "I'm thankful, Derek. Although I believed the draft needed improvement, I was unsure of how to proceed. I appreciate you giving me these ideas. I now understand how to modify it."

"I'm glad I can be of assistance to you."

Derek gave a soft grin. "I have to return to my office now. If you need anything, give me a call."

After some time spent conversing, Derek carefully returned to his office. Without realizing that Kiley, who was diagonal across from them, had taken a snapshot of them in secret, Celia instantly proceeded to make changes to the draft.

Kiley emailed the image to Alick in a furious manner, followed by a note.

"Mr. Juarez, it seems that Celia and Derek actually got together. They are very overt at the workplace. It seems like they never bother to hide anything."

After their last conversation in the canteen, the two of them made friends on an instant messaging app. Alick provided Kiley with several benefits even if they weren't romantically involved. Kiley was just required to assist Alick in keeping an eye on Celia.

She couldn't figure out why these two guys were so obsessed with Celia, however.

She then messaged Alick to inquire, "Why do you need me to watch over Celia, Mr. Juarez? What is her relationship with you?"

A frown flashed across Alick's face. There were hints of defiance and anger in his tone as he said, "I used to date her. She now wants to leave me and is dating Derek. I haven't found peace!"

Kiley acted as if she felt sorry for him.

"That's so sad, Mr. Juarez. Celia is a shameless whore! Even I find her revolting."

Alick also started speaking badly about Celia. After some time, he said, "Do you have tomorrow off? I want to treat you to dinner. There's something we have to talk about."

Kiley happily agreed. She placed her phone down and walked over to see Celia's draft.

"Cece, I just overheard the manager complimenting your draft. I want to pick your brain."

Everyone was captivated by her booming voice.

Despite her little annoyance with Kiley, Celia was unable to yank her out in front of so many witnesses. Celia could only point to the computer's screen and say, "It's just thoughts being exchanged. You may have a look."

Kiley snorted with contempt as she bent over and casually looked through the drawing.

"I find it to be great. It turns out that it is a little better than the work of fresh graduates. Despite being a good design, it has numerous flaws."

Kiley gestured at the monitor.

"Actually, I honestly can't figure out why you made the outfit so seductive. While it's true that it may draw attention to its owner at the high-end party hosted by the Semshy Group, its appearance isn't exactly acceptable. Why you placed so much emphasis on the waist's and chest's designs is beyond me. You designed this dress based on men's aesthetic preferences, didn't you?"

She appeared to have many views, but none of them was insightful.

Celia scowled. Kiley, in her opinion, was too chatty and inquisitive.

"I appreciate your advices, but I have my own opinions. Put an end to your finger-pointing."

She was going to stop the discussion politely. Unfortunately, Kiley didn't want to drop the issue. She scoffed, "Why didn't you say anything similar when the manager gave you advices just now? Do you believe that since I am at a low level, I am unqualified to provide you with advices? Or do you reject my counsel because you believe I'm beneath you and inferior to you?"

Celia had never encountered somebody as irrational as Kiley.

She faked a grin in order to keep from losing her cool. "I didn't mean that. Simply put, I don't think your advice is all that helpful."

Despite the fact that she thought her words were kind and harmless, Kiley was not happy.

"Fine. My fortune is the worst!"

Kiley started to weep, her tone and face showing her deep sorrow. "I assisted you out of compassion since I was worried you would struggle at first. But you mocked me and looked down on me. I wouldn't have talked to you if I had known it sooner!"

Some of her coworkers found it difficult to focus on their job because of how loud her voice sounded. They had to encircle Kiley in order to settle the situation.

