

Chapter 155 A Favor

Celia's concerned tone warmed Tyson's heart. He was afraid that she would be worried, so he immediately said, "It's nothing serious. I guess I just didn't tuck myself well last night, so I caught a cold. Don't worry about me, and go to work."

"Last night?"

Celia became even more confused. Last night, he held her in his arms the whole time. Shouldn't he feel warm by the temperature of her body? Besides, last night didn't seem to be too cold since she didn't get sick. How come Tyson caught a cold?

She concluded that maybe his body was weak from the aftermath of the car accident.

She thought that she must have been blind not to notice that he caught a cold in the morning. But he didn't tell her about it until this moment.

A few more questions had been bugging her mind and she was about to ask, but Brea took her hand and dragged her away. She said understandingly, "Let's go to work. Since your husband is sick, it doesn't matter if I don't see him this time. I am sure there will be plenty of opportunities in the future. It's not too late to introduce myself to him next time anyway."

Celia felt a little awkward to see that Brea was especially understanding. She said apologetically, "I don't know why my husband acted like that either. It seemed that he didn't want to get off the car today. Don't mind it. He must have been feeling really unwell."

Brea waved her hand and joked. "It doesn't matter. He is not my husband. I don't have to know him."

Chuckling, Brea turned around and took a glance at Tyson's side profile through the car window. For some reason, she felt a little familiar with that sight. She tilted her head and was about to think deeper about it, but Tyson drove the car away.

"I'm really sorry, Brea. You guys can meet next time."

The apology of Celia drew her attention back. Brea shook her head and smiled. "Really, I don't mind."

Suddenly, a thought occurred to her. She said playfully, "I think I know why your husband didn't get out of the car!"

Celia asked in confusion, "What do you mean?"

With a gossiping look on her face, Brea made a guess. "Your husband most likely has a social phobia like our mysterious Mr. Reyes!"

Celia was amused by her words. She shook her head and countered, "I don't think my husband looks like a person with social phobia."

Brea smiled and patted her shoulder. "He probably just doesn't express it when he is with you. After all, you are his wife. What kind of husband would want to show their weak side? On the contrary, he seems to be timid in front of me."

Celia thought of how his character and attitude were different in front of her and others. She thought that maybe what Brea said was right. It could be that he did have social phobia, and he would rather not let her know that.

After accepting this possibility, she didn't think too much and followed Brea into the company.

"By the way, Cece, I need you to help me with something. Please come with me."

Saying this, Brea dragged Celia directly to the performing arts department.

"What is it?" Celia asked while following along.

"You'll know when you get there," said Brea with a mysterious smile.

Celia had no choice but to follow Brea curiously.

Brea took Celia to the clothing room of the performing arts department, where there were a variety of dresses hanging in rows.

Brea said, "I've been preparing for an endorsement of a jewelry company recently. I've tried several dresses, but I still haven't found one which suits my taste perfectly. I asked the photographer and he said it might be about the styling. I will try on a few more clothes, but I need your help in styling."

In fact, seeing that you just came to the company, you don't need to take part in the shooting and styling right away. But this endorsement event is what my agent, Foley won for me through painstaking effort. Both of us attach great importance to it, so I need you to make it perfect. You just have to help me check the collocation of clothing. We are going to have another trial shooting after that."

Hearing the explanation of Brea, Celia immediately said while smiling, "How can this be called a favor? I'm your full-time designer and naturally, I'm responsible for your clothing design and styling. This is my job. You should come to me whenever you need help with it."

"I know. It's just that you are busy with designing my dress for the cocktail party that will be held by Semshy Group every day and what's more, you have your own difficulties because of people like Kiley. I just feel sorry to increase your workload."

"You give me such a high salary. It's not a big deal to increase my workload, alright?"

Celia's good mindset made Brea happy as she said, "Anyway, it's good that you don't mind doing the favor for me."

After that, she called the other stylists in the clothing room over and introduced Celia publicly. "Let me introduce to you. This is my full-time designer, Celia Kane. She is the one who helped me in modifying my dress which gathered much attention on the Internet last time. Although she doesn't have much work experience for now, her ability is very outstanding, I assure you. I hope everyone can respect her the same as you respect me."

