

## Chapter 174 Embroidery

Celia sat at her desk and picked out the thin threads of the same color as the dress from the box. She threaded the needle and stitched the dress silently.

She attended hand-stitching training in college, and her teacher said she had a gift in this aspect.

Although she seldom sewed clothes by herself after graduation, her skills hadn't regressed until now.

She had cut this dress before, and she believed that her cutting skill was good. The traces of the cuts were almost invisible.

But she still hoped she could make it more perfect. After all, imperfect things were not worthy of her efforts and Brea's beauty.

Celia held her breath and focused her attention on the dress.

She folded the edges of the dress inward with needle and thread and sewed it in. Then she changed several colors of threads in succession to embroider delicate and small flowers on the hemline.

Several colleagues came over and asked her curiously, "Cece, what are you doing?"

Without raising her head, she said with a smile, "I'm helping Brea modify the dress."

One colleague exclaimed, "Oh, my God! Cece, you are just a designer, but you also know hand embroidery. And your embroidery skill is excellent. You won't reach this level without years of hard training, right?"

Celia smiled. "I just took an embroidery class and learned it for a while."

The colleague was even more surprised. "Your embroidery skill is excellent. An ordinary person can't master it in a few years. While you only took an embroidery class, you have already reached this level. Was your teacher an international expert?"

Being praised like this, Celia couldn't help blushing.

"I'm really not that excellent. If you are also interested in embroidery, we can learn from each other in the future."

Several colleagues saw that Celia was very modest and friendly. So their bad impression of her vanished, and they were willing to make friends with her.

However, not everyone was easy to get along with. At this moment, Celia heard a discordant voice.

"Aren't you exaggerating too much? Her skill is just average. Everyone can do that. What's the big deal?"

The person's voice was very low and didn't incite the people around to attack Celia verbally. It was just a complaint in a low voice.

Celia didn't mind it and just smiled.

She couldn't please everyone, so why should she care about this?

In his office, Derek was working on something. But through the glass wall, he saw that many people surrounded Celia. Afraid that she would get into trouble again, he rushed over to have a look.

But this time, the situation seemed different. Everyone was complimenting Celia.

He squeezed into the crowd. When he approached Celia, he saw her embroidering.

Derek breathed a sigh of relief. It turned out that Celia was surrounded by the crowd because she was doing hand embroidery.

His eyes were full of admiration as he watched her holding the needle and thread, swiftly moving her hands around the hem of the dress.

When they were in college, he knew that she would make great achievements in the future. And seeing her now, he could say that he was right all along.

Derek wanted to stand behind Celia and silently watch her doing the embroidery. But one timid employee noticed him and said aloud, "Manager... I'm going back to work now."

After saying this, he ran away as if he was afraid of being caught, and his salary would be deducted.

It was only then that everyone realized Derek was there. They immediately dispersed and returned to their desks one after another.

Only Derek and Celia were left at her desk now.

He looked at her admiringly, with tenderness and attachment in his eyes. If only he could stop the time and stay at this moment forever.

This was a moment for the two of them.

Celia felt a little uncomfortable. And when she looked up at Derek, she was startled by the gentleness in his eyes.

The way he looked at her, it was as if he was looking at his beloved lover.

She was so frightened that she accidentally pricked her finger with the needle. Blood dripped on the dress.

When she was about to take a tissue to wipe the dress, her hand was held by him.

