

Chapter 550 Changing Seats

Tyson's words surprised Celia.

She kept her face hidden against Tyson's neck because she was too shy to look at him.

Tyson found this behavior endearing.

He dotingly brought Celia's pretty face into view and said, "Don't get all shy on me, darling. Come, let's get you cleaned up. You've had a long day and you even had to pick me up from the bar. I am sorry for all the trouble. You must be exhausted."

Celia agreed but in her heart she was still feeling a little disappointed.

She was surprised that he was letting her go so easily. She had been convinced he would want to get intimate before going to bed.

It didn't matter, of course. They had their whole lives ahead of them.

Celia put her arms around Tyson's neck and gave him a peck on the cheek, before she got up to go to the bathroom to prepare for bed.

The next day, Celia went to the garment making department in search of the manager, Effie Graves. She gave Effie her designs as soon as they came out so that the outfits could be made at the earliest possible time.

Celia thought that she would have to wait a long time as the garment making department of Semshy Group was

always snowed under. They not only assisted in-house designers to make samples but also mass-produced products that were already on the market. They also had contracts with many independent designers so the monthly orders kept them very busy.

Effie surprised Celia however, when she said, "We'll prioritize your designs. We should have them done for you before the end of the day."

Celia felt flattered at this privilege.

She thanked Effie profusely and promised her a coffee after the outfits were finished.

Celia had just stepped out of the garment making department, when Effie made a call and said to the person on the other end, "Mr. Reyes, as per your instructions, we will deliver Celia's designs as soon as possible."

He simply said, "Okay."

Celia was in a good mood because of how smoothly the garment-making had gone. She was humming a song as she returned to her workstation, when she saw Derek.

Derek gave her a gentle smile.

Celia returned the smile.

Derek had a list in his hands. He addressed the office. "Okay, everyone, we need you to take a break. We need to make some seating adjustments. Please set up your seats according to this plan."

Everyone looked at each other doubtfully but said nothing. Silently they saved their files, packed their things and began to move to their new seats.

Derek helped Celia tidy up her workstation. He spoke in a

low voice so that they would not be overheard. "Your new location is far away from Kiley's workstation and both of your workstations are covered by surveillance cameras. Happy? Let me know if you aren't satisfied with the new arrangements and we will continue to see what we can do."

Celia whispered, "That's great. Thank you very much, Derek. I am sorry for the inconvenience but I'm glad it's sorted now."

Derek said no more but continued to help her pack up.

Kiley suddenly approached them. She asked curiously, "Mr. Watson, what is the purpose of changing our seats? What was wrong with the previous seating arrangement?"

Derek was stunned for a moment. His cold reply was, "Have you been watching too many TV dramas? Seat changes and their motivation are at the discretion of the company."

Kiley was annoyed but because his official rank was higher than hers, she dared not cause trouble. She could only say, "I'm just not used to it."

Derek continued, "Then you better get used to it as soon as possible because you will be changing your workstations every month from this day onwards."

Kiley gave him an awkward smile. "Don't worry, sir. I'll adapt."


Not wanting to further embarrass herself, Kylie left them.

Derek wanted to take this opportunity to talk to Celia about something but now, unexpectedly, Brea appeared.

Before Derek could say anything, Celia had already stepped forward to greet Brea.

Brea smiled and yawned. "I've been so busy these past few

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days. I need my bed!"

 +120 Points at most

"That's because you are going to be very famous. You can't complain!" Celia hesitated before continuing, "Brea, I have something to tell you..."

Brea pulled her into the pantry. "What's up? Just tell me."

Celia made a cup of black coffee for Brea before asking solemnly, "Brea, can you think up a reason for me to see Nolan?"

