

Chapter 564 An Urgent Task

Celia never took her eyes off Kiley from beginning to end. It was only after Kiley left after taking the pictures that she returned to her desk.

A feeling of anger sat heavy in Celia's stomach and she knew for sure that Kiley was doomed.

Divulging confidential information of the company and plagiarizing were both serious offenses. A bead of sweat ran down her temple at the thought of the repercussions that awaited Kiley. She couldn't stay in the Semshy Group anymore.

If it spread, the situation would escalate and Kiley might not be able to engage in the design industry anymore. She would be blacklisted.

There was nothing for her to do now but wait for Derek to get the surveillance footage back to her.

The thought put her in a slightly better mood and she pulled out her phone, and thought for a moment, before sending a message to Alita.

"Alita, Vida came to try on the dress today." She divulged the information eagerly. "I don't think she's as bad as people say she is."

Alita read the message and pondered over it for a while.

She then typed back her response. "But people in the entertainment industry say she always acts like a stuck-up diva and that she is a hard nut to crack. I wonder why you had a different experience. You'd better be careful. Don't

offend her or it won't end well for you."

Celia sighed helplessly. Alita didn't see the way that Vida had smiled at her when she approved of the dress. She had even complimented her!

Celia had a feeling that Alita might have some kind of prejudice against Vida. She couldn't think of any other reason behind her warning.

She replied with another heavy sigh, "I know. Don't worry. Take good care of yourself. I have work to do. We'll talk later."

After sending the message, she put her phone on do not disturb mode and placed it in the drawer. She didn't want any distractions while she worked hard.

After working tirelessly for hours, she heard her phone buzz in the drawer and then pulled it out. She had received a message from Tyson right as she was about to get off work for the day.

"Honey, I'm here. I'm waiting for you at the same place. Let's go to buy a gift for Grandpa."

Celia's heart warmed and she smiled knowingly while picking up the stray documents that had been scattered on the desk. The scattered papers were a clear sign of all the hard work she had done that day.

She was looking at the message with a smile on her face when she heard Shirley's voice pipe up behind her.

"There's an emergency meeting. Cece, you need to come quickly."

Celia was stunned, but she abandoned her desk and followed her to the meeting room. She wondered what the reason for the emergency meeting could be.

As she followed after Shirley's quick steps, she secretly texted Tyson back and asked him to wait for a bit.

Tyson didn't complain and rather said, "That's okay. Work is more important."

They entered the meeting room and immediately Shirley spoke up. "I'm sorry to have to call you for a meeting right as you were about to get off work. I'll try to make it brief so that you can leave on time."

There were other staff members seated around the meeting room and Celia found a seat among them as Shirley directed everyone's attention to a document on the screen. "We have been urgently tasked to design an outfit for a play. The star's needs and requirements have been sent. You can have a look. The deadline for the draft is in two days."

She didn't give the staff members a chance to react before she was speaking again, addressing Celia. "Cece, I know you're good at designing clothes in this particular style. You will be the head of a temporary group, so I need you to take the lead. I will ask Alick to arrange an assistant for you."


She then turned her attention to the rest of the staff members and said, "As for the others, they will be responsible for searching for the relevant information and giving you support. Are there any problems?"

Celia was in a daze for a while. She didn't believe the words that were coming out of Shirley's mouth.

She never once expected that Shirley would give this kind of task and responsibility to her.

The last time they talked, she and Shirley had vastly different opinions which led to all the colleagues in the department to have a meeting with them. Even Nolan had

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 +120 Points at most

attended the meeting which ended in Shirley being publicly embarrassed. Had she already forgotten about that?

She thought Shirley would hate her for what had happened but clearly, that wasn't the case. This completely baffled Celia.

Shirley still gave her such an important role in this task. Had she completely misjudged her?

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Seeing Celia's stunned expression, Shirley guessed what was on her mind. She asked Celia, "Cece, are you willing to do the task? I know we've had our misunderstandings in the past but I think you are capable to do this."

This brought Celia back to her senses. She nodded her head and said, "I'm willing to do it."

This was actually a great opportunity for Celia.

The task required her not only to design the clothes but also to produce them. It was the perfect opportunity for a designer to gain more skills.

"Okay, then. In that case, the meeting is adjourned." Shirley turned to Alick and ordered, "Arrange an assistant for Celia, please."

After that, everyone left the meeting room but Shirley requested Celia to stay behind.

Celia tried to seem cheerful. She had no idea why Shirley wanted to speak to her privately.

Sensing her nerves, Shirley smiled and said, "Don't worry. I just wanted to tell you that you shouldn't be afraid to have your own opinions. I was thinking over what Mr. Reyes said last time and I think I really was too conservative. The biggest fear in the design industry is getting stuck in traditional concepts. Innovation is precious."

Her tone was very serious as she announced this.

As her senior, Shirley cautioned Celia, "You still have progress to make. While you are already an excellent member of the company, I still hope you will continue to improve yourself and move on to better things."

Celia felt guilty listening to how sincere Shirley sounded. Shirley clearly didn't hold a grudge.

Celia recalled the quarrel. Looking back, she realized that she had got very worked up at that time. She had just wanted to prove herself and hadn't paid heed to Shirley's feelings.

After this conversation, neither of them had any grudge against the other.

Celia nodded and gave Shirley a friendly smile. "What you are saying makes total sense. I will keep it in mind in the future."

Shirley patted her on the shoulder comfortingly and said, "Just keep it up. Let's get going now."

Celia bade goodbye to Shirley and left the meeting room also.

As soon as she exited the room, she bumped into a very cute girl who was standing outside.

As soon as the girl saw Celia, she introduced herself. "Hello, my name is Etta Lyons. Mr. Juarez appointed me as your assistant. It's lovely to meet you."

Etta looked young and energetic. She could easily be a college student fresh from graduation.

Celia liked her very much from first impressions. She smiled at Etta and nodded, "It's a pleasure to meet you too. I look forward to working together. I will send you a

document via e-mail later. I need you to help me check out the actor's background and information about the play. If there is any problem, you can give me a call any time."

After this, Celia left the company in a hurry.

She was worried that Tyson had been waiting for her for a long time.

When she found Tyson, he was asleep.

Hiding his identity was very tiring for Tyson. It meant that he rose early every morning and went to bed late. It was taking its toll on him.

Half asleep, he vaguely heard the sound of knocking at the car window. He opened his eyes to see the figure leaning down to look at him through the window.

A memory slowly rose up to the surface of his waking mind.

A scene from the past came flooding back. He was twenty years old. He had been involved in a car accident and he and his mother were trapped in the car. There was a girl standing outside the car, constantly rapping her knuckles on the window to prevent him from falling asleep.

The scene was the same. Even the girl's face looked similar.

The girl's beautiful eyes had brought this repressed memory back up to the surface for air. Tyson didn't want to recall it.