

Chapter 68 Professional Designer

Could Tyson have borrowed the palladium membership card from Nolan Reyes?

This was the small, lingering doubt at the back of her mind. After all, it was said that only very few people owned the palladium membership card of that restaurant.

But on second thought, there were so many people with the same surname, and Nolan was already such a mysterious figure. So how could Tyson possibly know someone like Nolan Reyes? It must be some sort of coincidence. She might just be thinking too much.

Moreover, Tyson had said that he borrowed the membership card from Wayne, so perhaps she had only misread it.

In the end, she decided not to dwell further on the matter. "I see. I'll make sure to be careful."

"You don't have to be so nervous," Alita said comfortingly. "I'm sure Mr. Reyes will get to know how talented you are."

Celia shook her head with a wry smile. "I don't think so."

Alita decided to change the topic. "By the way, how's Flavia doing?"

Celia hesitated for a moment. "She had a relapse. Fortunately, it's nothing serious."

After thinking about it for a while, she decided that it was better not to tell Alita that Flavia had been diagnosed with uremia.

Alita was a kind-hearted person. If she knew about this, she would definitely volunteer to help raise money.

Alita belonged to a normal, average family, and her salary also wasn't high. Celia didn't want to involve her into this kind of trouble.

At that moment, the taxi came to a stop before the Semshy Group's building. "Alita, I've arrived," Celia told her. "I'll talk to you another time, okay? Don't stay up all night working and try to get some rest."

"Okay, just send me a message if something happens. I'll be sure to call you as soon as I see it."

When she got out of the car, Celia was instantly shocked by the towering building in front of her.

She had thought that the Evans Group's building was magnificent enough, but this one was clearly far superior.

It appeared to be more luxurious than a royal palace itself, and although its height was slightly lower than that of the Evans Group, it covered an area twice the size of the latter's. The majestic sight was enough to take her breath away.

Celia stood in front of the glass window to check her appearance. Satisfied that nothing was amiss, she entered the doors and went straight towards the front desk.

The receptionist attending to her was a tall and beautiful woman. She even registered Celia politely with a friendly smile on her face.

However, just as Celia was about to ask the receptionist where she should go, she suddenly heard somebody exclaim from behind, "Miss Duffy is here!"

Yesterday, Celia had looked up Brea on the internet and found out that her family was involved in the real estate business. She was wealthy and also had a temper that was typical of those stuck-up rich ladies, so everyone who knew her made sure to greet her with respect.

Celia turned around and saw that Brea was walking towards her with several assistants trailing her.

Brea was wearing an exquisite black dress that showcased her perfect figure, drawing attention to her slim waist and the sensual curve of her hips. Coupled with her bold and glamorous makeup, she appeared elegant, wild, and charming at the same time. She became the center of attention in an instant.

Everyone greeted her politely as she passed. "Welcome, Miss Duffy."

Celia was carried along by the atmosphere and unconsciously called her "Miss Duffy" as well.

Brea suddenly stopped and turned to Celia, taking off her sunglasses with a charming smile. "Just call me Brea."

Celia was awestruck by this and couldn't help but feel flattered.

The people around them erupted into whispers.

"Who is she? What's her relationship with Miss Duffy? Why is Miss Duffy being so nice to her?"

Brea pulled Celia close and began introducing her to the crowd. "She's the designer that I just hired recently. From today on, she'll be in charge of designing all of my clothes."

