

## Chapter 77 Brea's Suppor

Derek was visibly embarrassed, but he quickly mustered a smile on his face and apologized. "It's my fault that I made you upset. I assure you that this kind of thing will not happen again in the future."

He turned to Kiley with a pointed gaze. "And you, be careful with what you say next time."

He then glanced at Celia with a look of concern.

Celia averted her gaze.

"But I'm only telling the truth. It's true that Celia didn't attend any interviews before she got the job. Doesn't that mean she only got here through connections?" Kiley snorted in disgust. "There's no point in denying it by now, isn't it?"

Brea scoffed and pinned her with a contemptuous stare. "That's because I recommended her to the higher-ups. She's talented and competent, so there's no need to conduct any interviews. Do you have a problem with that? It seems that you're dissatisfied with my decision."

"Miss Duffy, it's not that I doubt your judgment, but..." Kiley was quite stubborn and didn't want to give up just yet. She pointed at Celia almost accusingly. "She's talented? How? I can't even find anything special about her! Has she finished any designs before? If so, then I would like to take a look at them. If she really is talented, then I'll say nothing more on this issue."

Celia didn't want to argue with her. Brea, however, thought otherwise. "The dress that I wore on the red carpet is trending on the Internet. The credits for it go to Celia because she was the one who had done some refinements on the dress."

Kiley's eyes widened. She opened her mouth as if to make a retort, but found that she was lost for words. "That's not such a big deal," she muttered after a while. "She just got lucky."

Derek scowled, infuriated at his subordinate's stupidity. "How many times do I have to tell you this, Kiley? Gossiping isn't allowed in the company. If rumors start spreading outside of our department, what would other people think about us, then? I'm warning you for the last time. Focus on your work and stop with all the gossip."

Unfortunately, Kiley didn't seem to have any intention of obeying her superior. She stared at them stubbornly and attempted to make another retort.

Brea couldn't stand it anymore. "Do you want to get fired?"

Kiley immediately held back her words with a startled expression on her face. "I'm so sorry, Miss Duffy! I've always respected you the most. It's not that I'm dissatisfied with your decision. It's just that I don't want incapable people like Celia to lower your standards."

Brea frowned, clearly displeased. "I have always trusted and supported the people who work under me. I recognized Celia for her talent in designing. So, to whoever goes against her, I will take it as a disrespect towards me as well."

Kiley's face was filled with jealousy as she sent a scathing look Celia's way. "I won't do it again," she said quietly in a humble tone.

"Apologize to Celia right now for your insolence."

Kiley's back instantly straightened in response. She was mortified by this request. "What? Why?"

Brea gave her a frosty stare. "Because she is my personal designer. Like I said, disrespect her, and you disrespect me as well!"

Kiley bit her lower lip as though forcing herself not to refute. She had no choice but to apologize to Celia, albeit reluctantly.

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly.

Brea cocked an elegant eyebrow. "Louder."

Celia's heart warmed at Brea's display of protection.

Kiley had to apologize again, this time in a louder voice.

Brea was finally satisfied. But just as she was about to say something more, her assistant, Kelley, suddenly ran over to her in a hurry. "Miss Duffy, there's something in the acting department that you need to attend to. Please come back with me."

"All right."

When Brea was about to leave, she patted Kiley on the shoulder with an icy gaze. "I'll be going now. Don't let me catch wind of you coming after my people next time. If something like this happens again, you won't get off so lightly with a simple apology.

You'd be packing your things and leaving without another word!"

