

The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon

The Substitute Bride And The Mysterious Tycoon by Irita Sarka

Chapter 15 A Free Lesson

Tyson's house was located in a remote area. Celia waited a long time for a cab and rushed to the firm.

Right after graduation, she began working at a clothing design company named Davina. The benefits were excellent, despite the fact that it was a tiny firm, far smaller than the Kane Group.

She came in and was going to complete the design draft she had started the week before, but the department director, Freda Olson, summoned her. Freda, who was Celia's senior in college, had always been kind to her. So Celia thought it was just an ordinary talk and did not take it seriously.

However, she noticed something odd about the mood as soon as she walked inside the room.

Freda was a happy person who smiled a lot. However, she seemed solemn today. "Celia, there's something you need to know. Boss wants me to terminate you," Freda said. Celia came to a halt. Freda informed her privately last week that she was on the promotion list. It had only been a few days. Why was she being let go? "Have I done anything wrong, Freda? Why am I getting fired?" Freda became shaky. "Unfortunately, the boss has made the decision. I have no other option. Don't bother asking any more questions. Go ahead and fill out the resignation form." Celia was unable to accept it. "She can't simply dismiss me without cause. It's just absurd! If the corporation fails to provide me with a plausible explanation, I will use all legal methods at my disposal to safeguard my rights." When she finished speaking, a familiar voice said, "I requested that your supervisor terminate you. Is this explanation satisfactory to you?" Celia turned her head around and saw Lina Pierce, the company's president, and Cerissa strolling in side by side. She was taken aback. Cerissa started to criticize her as she looked at her. "The evening gown you designed for me is unattractive and garish. It does not satisfy me. It makes me look cheap. You don't deserve to be a designer if you're only at that level." It was only then that Celia remembered that the company asked her to design an evening dress last month. It was said that a wealthy woman had particularly requested that she design it. They informed her of the lady's preferences and needs.

She made the outfit to meet these specifications. Everyone agreed that the final gown was stunning and that the wealthy woman would like it.

WAS

However, she had no idea that the wealthy woman that ordered the gown would be her stepsister, Cerissa.

Cerissa obviously knew Celia was working at this firm since she requested Celia to make an evening gown for her. As a result, Cerissa could bully her today. "Get out of this firm immediately, or you'll have a hard time working in this industry, Cerissa stated arrogantly. Lina said, "Go ahead and fill out the resignation form as soon as you can. Miss Kane will destroy your future if you anger her." However, Celia refused to give in. "How can she render me unable to continue working in this industry?" Since joining the workplace, she had never had a disagreement with anybody. However, she

suddenly appeared to be intimidating. Celia approached Cerissa and gazed down at her. She said in a callous voice, "My design has never been questioned. You stated it made you look cheap. Have you ever considered that no matter what you wear, you seem cheap?" "You!" Cerissa was furious and wanted to smack Celia. But when she lifted her hand, Celia easily stopped her. They were locked in a deadlock, Cerissa suddenly sneered and remarked, in hushed tones, "I'm aware that you're in a terrible mood. This is something I'm going to overlook. After all, sleeping with a deformed guy must be a nightmare. Now you're stuck with him for the rest of your life. You're going to kiss him and have s*x with him. You are a pitiful woman." She suddenly reached out and opened Celia's collar. Her gaze was drawn to the hickeys on her neck. "You really enjoyed having s*x with those two men, right? They must be better than your feeble husband." Shocked and enraged, Celia lifted her hand and smacked Cerissa across the face. "Mabel hasn't disciplined you enough. Now I'll give you a free lesson. You don't have to thank me."