

## Tycoon 43

### Chapter 43 Disturbance During The Interview

Celia really cherished this opportunity. After all, she would have a promising career if she got employed by the Evans Group. "Excuse me, how long are we going to be stuck in traffic?" She observed the clock as it ticked away. She seemed to be in a world of trouble. The cab driver, helpless, responded, "I'm not certain. There was a collision up ahead. Road closures have been put in place. As far as I can tell, it won't be over anytime soon." Celia was on the verge of breaking down. It would be wiser to try to run there instead of waiting in the vehicle. She paid the driver, activated the navigation system in her phone, and sped off. On this particular day, she made an effort to dress appropriately for the interview in a business suit. For her, running was inconvenient. She got to the Evans Group's headquarters just in time, thankfully.

The Evans Group had a lofty structure. It was about 500 meters tall and had 110 floors, in stark contrast to the adjacent structures that had thirty to forty stories. Various design features were included in the building's external construction. The glass curtain walls made the building look exquisite. She had always wanted to work for this corporation. Having been led to the 18th floor by the receptionist, she waited patiently for the interview to begin. There were a large number of interviewers, including several well-known designers. Feeling the atmosphere, Celia encouraged herself inside.

Her turn came up quickly in the interview. She made herself presentable, grabbed her CV

and strode into the interview room with confidence. She said, "Hello, everyone, I'm Calia Kane. I am here for an interview for the senior fashion designer post." There were three interviewers in front of her. The woman on the left posed a few clarifying questions. Celia's response was seamless, despite her nervousness. She had to present her works next. Her designs and inventions were praised by the interviewers. She was instructed to return and wait for notification. Celia believed she most likely cracked the interview based on the faces of the interviewers. Sighing with relief, she made her way out of the room. However, her eardrums were filled with the sounds of conversation and laughter the moment she opened the door. Gwen Blakely was sitting in the center of the room when an employee rushed in and shouted, "Miss Blakely, something urgent just came up." Everything shifted, and they all bolted for the door. Celia followed them there, only to see numerous Evans Group workers encircling a tall woman in a black dress. The looks of the staff were a mix of excitement and apprehension. "How come it's Brea Duffy again?" Then, with a sigh, Gwen smiled and approached her. "Why are you back here, Miss Duffy?" who was this Brea Duffy, exactly? Celia had heard Alita mention this person before. Alita said that Brea was well-known in the entertainment industry for her extensive

network. Her family was very rich. Because she was fascinated by the entertainment industry, she decided to join it. In the preceding several years, she had been in many high-profile films and television shows, but fans remained unimpressed with her. "Should I stop expecting an explanation from you, Miss Blakely?" Gwen looked around when she heard Brea's voice. Calia stood amid the throng and squinted at Brea. Brea's hair was styled in a marcel wave, and her features were delicate and alluring. Her curvy form was highlighted by the black outfit, rendering her a stunning beauty. If she had to point out a flaw,

she would suggest that her clothing design had the flow Exactly the next second, Brea pointed at the outfit she was wearing with a melancholy expression. "Which "major designer' from your Evans Group created this dress for me? Ask her to come out and provide her side of the story."

#### Chapter 44 The Big Star Caused Trouble

Brea's entire attitude displayed arrogance, and her face at the moment was filled with fury. "Brea is such a b\*\*\*h!" Someone whispered nearby, and then their discussion drifted into Celia's ears. "I heard that she's known for being difficult to handle and that only a few people in the industry dare to take her on." "I heard about that, too. She doesn't like wearing haute couture. She prefers dressing in specially tailored clothing to walk the red carpet." Meanwhile, Brea's agent had been trying to mediate between her and Gwen, but it was to no avail. "My big star, you should go back first and walk on the red carpet. The film festival is about to start. Your popularity with the audience isn't good to begin with. If you don't go there, the media will take advantage of this and declare that you're being arrogant," he told her meekly. However, Brea refused to listen to him and continued to shout at Gwen. "Tall Mr. Evans to come here. I want an explanation from him in person! Take a look at this dress yourself! Can the color combination be any uglier? The fabric is so cheap-looking. Haven't I paid you enough money?" Her complaints coincided with Colie's thoughts, but Celia didn't think those were the biggest problems here. It was the rose on the chest area of the dress that ruined the whole dress. Brea was still complaining loudly as she pointed at the rose on her chest. "And this flower has ruined the attire fashion! Does the Evans Group have any designers with good taste? Does no one understand my request? This is what I get after you worked on it for a month? How can you expect me to walk the red carpet while wearing such an ugly dress?" At that moment, Wayne came up and walked over in their direction. Everyone bowed and greeted him respectfully. "Mr. Evans." He didn't notice that Celia was among the crowd. He stared at them and asked in confusion, "Why are all of you here?" Foley Avila, Brea's agent, began explaining hurriedly. "Brea isn't satisfied with the dress designed by the Evans Group. She is now refusing to walk the red carpet and is demanding an explanation from Mr. Evans." Wayne nodded slightly and turned to Bros. "If you want an explanation, then I'll try my best."

He looked at Bran's face and was instantly stunned by her beauty. "Are you the CEO of the Evans Group? Isn't the CEO supposed to be an old man? Since when did they change the head to an inexperienced young boy?" The words snapped Wayne out of his trance. He immediately came to his senses and sighed internally. How could such a beautiful face belong to someone like Brea? "Can you speak more politely? The CEO of the Evans Group is my father." "So you're the successor of the Evans Group," Brea said, her voice dripping with contempt. She snorted in disdain, not taking Wayne seriously at all. "I'm looking for the president. A more successful one like you isn't qualified to talk to me."

Wayne rolled his eyes, barely managing to restrain his anger. "You are just an F-list celebrity. What right do you have to judge that I'm not qualified enough?" Brea's features contorted into annoyance. "I may be an F-list celebrity, but I am far better than you. I built up my career myself. You, on the other hand, are nothing without your father!"

"Built it up yourself? Don't make me laugh. Every movie you participated in was a failure. Even an Oscar-winning actor couldn't salvage the film for you. You're not famous for your acting skills, but for your

scandals. Are you working to build a career in the entertainment circle or are you just using your fame to play around with different kinds of men?" "Are you jealous of my luck when it comes to love affairs? No wonder you're still single at your age. You must have a psychological problem." The two of them kept engaging in personal attacks, and it didn't seem like their argument would end anytime soon. Celia didn't expect that the young successor of the Evans Group would actually bicker with a famous star in the entertainment circle. It was so childish to see. Meanwhile, the agent looked like he was on the verge of tears. He tried to stop Brea and kept begging, "Brea, please stop arguing. Let's solve the issue first, okay? You can't just miss the red carpet at the film festival, right?" Bree scoffed and pointed at Wayne rudely. "Then let him solve it for me! Ask the designer of the Evans Group to change the dress and bring me one that suits me, otherwise I won't walk the red carpet! If you still want me to get out there and walk in this disgraceful dress, you might as well just kill me!"