

## Chapter 157 Stirring Up Trouble

Celia was grateful to Brea for defending her. So she looked at Brea and smiled.

Brea patted Celia on the shoulder. "I brought you here on purpose because I believe in your taste and ability. Don't listen to other people's words and doubt your own strength. How can my decision be wrong?"

"Don't worry about anything. Be bold enough to do what you want to do. If something goes wrong, I will take responsibility. No one has the right to judge you."

Brea deliberately raised her voice to warn those stylists who had made trouble for Celia.

Because of her strong aura and loud and confident words, no one dared to criticize and ridicule Celia again.

Emory also restrained her temper. She was still not convinced, but she didn't dare to mock Celia aloud.

She just pointed at the various dresses in the room and said coldly, "These are all provided by our client for Brea for the advertisement. You can choose by yourself."

Celia thanked Emory, ignoring her disdain. Then she immersed herself in her work. She carefully looked at the clothes provided by the client, wanting to pick the most suitable dress for Brea for this jewelry advertisement.

Each dress had different styles and details, and they were all very beautiful. It could be seen that the client had put a lot of thoughts into it.

After looking at several dresses, Celia picked a pure white fishtail dress and gently stroked the fabric.

When Emory saw this, she glared at Celia and reminded her, "I'm warning you, these dresses are all high-end and expensive. You'd better not touch them randomly. If they are ruined, I'm afraid that a small designer like you can't afford to pay for them."

She looked arrogant. It was as if she owned these dresses.

Celia was not in the mood to argue with Emory, so she just said coldly, "I know what I'm doing. You don't have to remind me."

Seeing her indifferent attitude, Emory snorted coldly, "I'm just being kind. Don't get me wrong."

Celia couldn't stand Emory's endless nagging anymore, so she said, "Thank you for your kindness, but you are too noisy. I need you to be quiet so that I can work, so please shut up."

Emory curled her lips and glared at Celia resentfully. Then she stepped back and sneered, "You are so arrogant!"

Then she turned to the other stylists and said in a low voice, "It's ridiculous that an unknown newcomer is actually showing off in front of us. Let's wait and see how she will make an awful fool of herself. I don't believe she can make any achievements."

"She is arrogant because Brea takes a fancy to her. But we know Brea well. Her partiality towards Celia won't last long. When she loses interest in Celia after a few days, let's see if Celia can still be arrogant."

When Brea heard their complaints, she shot them a cold glance and quickly walked to Celia's side to encourage her.

"Celia, don't mind what these people say. Just do what you want to do. I'll be busy with the shooting tonight, so I'll rest in the lounge first. If you need anything, call Foley. He will handle everything for you."

"Don't worry about me. I'll be fine here," Celia said with a smile.

"Okay. I'll go first then."

Brea gently patted Celia on the shoulder and glared at the annoying women before she turned around and went to the lounge.

As soon as Brea left, the stylists who hated Celia became even more arrogant. They walked directly to Celia's side and complained in front of her.

"Since the person you want to please is not here anymore, you don't have to pretend to be so hardworking."

"Have you picked a dress yet? Don't waste our time. We still need to use these dresses to create a new plan."

Celia's head began to hurt because of the noise. She really didn't know why she had to encounter mean people wherever she went.

"Please wait until I finish my work."

She showed them a tough attitude. After what happened to Kiley, she knew that it was useless to talk to these people kindly. They were all bullying the weak and afraid of the strong.

She could only solve the trouble when she was fiercer and more ruthless than them and suppressed their momentum.

"You are so arrogant. If you are working, so we are. Why does everyone have to wait for you?"

Emory once again took the lead in stirring up trouble.

But Celia didn't even spare Emory a glance. She said in her usual cold tone, "If you are not satisfied, you can go and complain to Brea. It's useless telling me about it."

Then she turned her attention to the dresses, ignoring the surprised looks on their faces. Finally, she picked three dresses and got ready to let Brea try them on one by one.

She carefully took the three dresses off the rack and looked at the stylists.

"I'm done picking. Please go ahead."

