

Chapter 161 The Conflic

Celia realized that Emory was determined to be against her. She wasn't the type to swallow the insult, so she immediately stood out to defend herself.

"Emory, I haven't touched this dress for a while now. Don't put the blame on me blindly like this. If you don't believe me, you can check it yourself. I didn't destroy it."

"How are we supposed to believe you based on your words?" Emory sneered. "I have warned you before that these dresses are all high-end. I told you to be careful, and yet you didn't listen to me. Now, look what happened. I'll see how you can solve it."

She looked at Brea and put on the considerate expression as she said, "Brea, I know you don't care about this small amount of money. But it's a taboo in the industry if you damage our clients' products. If it affects your reputation, it won't look good. Your reputation can't be bought back with money, you know.

I think we have to apologize and show some sincerity to solve the problem. That way, the client will understand that we hold the utmost importance for this matter. In my opinion, the best way to do that is to fire the person who ruined the dress!"

She spoke with decisiveness, leaving no room for anyone to interrupt her.

Celia wasn't frightened by her blunt suggestion at all as she asked calmly, "How come you are directly reaching to the conclusion? How are you so sure that I ruined the dress? I have told you that if you don't believe me, you can investigate. There are CCTVs everywhere. I am sure the truth will be exposed. I won't admit what I haven't done! I have a clear conscience. If you want to accuse me, bring me the evidence."

With a gloating smile on her face, Emory retorted, "I didn't accuse you. I can't help it if you think so. Anyhow, this dress was picked out by you. You are the only person who has touched it. Isn't it obvious who the culprit is?"

When Celia was about to refute her claim, Patti walked up to them and explained in a low voice, "Brea called Cece over in the fitting room just now. When Cece went over, she asked me to take care of these two dresses, but I didn't touch them. I don't know how this dress got ruined like this."

She looked at Celia and continued, "But I don't think it was Cece who ruined it. The dresses were still as good as new when Cece left."

Emory was not pleased with her behavior of defending Celia. She folded her arms and asked, "Why should we believe your statement? Do you have any evidence to prove that they were still good at that time? Besides, it's your first time to meet Celia. You don't know her well, do you? How could you be sure that she isn't the culprit? Or do you have any other intention for taking her side? Could it be that you are deliberately speaking up for her since you think that Brea likes her? You seem to want to get close to her with whatever method."

Patti was a timid and honest woman. She bit her lip and didn't know how to retort besides repeating with wet eyes, "I don't have such an intention."

At this time, Brea stepped forward with a solemn expression on her face. "Stop arguing. I'm a good friend of Cece and I believe that she didn't damage the dress. She has no reason to do that."

Emory didn't back down as she still tried to convince her. She offhandedly commented, "Maybe she accidentally damaged it, or maybe she did it on purpose to slow down the progress of this commercial shoot."

Brea was very irritated by her blind accusation towards Celia. "Don't talk nonsense. Cece is not that kind of person!"

Seeing that Brea was angry, Emory retreated a step in her words as she smiled apologetically. "Brea, I know you are kind-hearted. I'm just afraid that you will be cheated by such a scheming person like Celia. I am just looking out for you and the company's image."

Celia took a deep breath as if she was adjusting her mood to face the quarrel. She spoke in a calm tone. "I'm not rich. And who doesn't know that this dress is very expensive? What would I get by damaging it on purpose anyway? Besides, I'm Brea's designer. Of course I only wish for her work to go on smoothly. Why would I try to slow down her shooting progress?"

Saying this, she took a few steps forward towards Emory, looked down at her and continued sharply, "Your words aren't making sense at all. This whole time, you have been annoying me and targeting me again and again. Just what's your intention?"

