

## Chapter 163 Confession

Brea directly handed the dress to Celia without hesitation.

"Cece, forget about it already. Don't bother to investigate. I don't lack money anyway. I'll ask Foley to tell the client that we will buy the dress to smooth things over."

However, Celia didn't think this way. She said to Brea, "Brea, Emory is right about one thing. No matter how rich you are, you can't pay for someone else's mistakes. You are my good friend, and I can't let you take the blame. I must find out who ruined the dress."

Brea rarely saw Celia look so serious. Knowing that Celia was doing this for her own good, she was moved. She couldn't help admiring Celia's courage.

However, Emory didn't take her words seriously at all. She just waited to see Celia make a fool of herself. She snorted coldly and said, "I want to see how you investigate it. You will only embarrass yourself if you can't find anything."

Several stylists who disliked Celia also mocked her.

"What can she find out? I think she doesn't even know our names."

"She's still young, but she's already arrogant. She really thinks too highly of herself because Brea is backing her up."

"Maybe she's the one who ruined the dress. She just wants to distract our attention."

They laughed at Celia wildly. Brea found their words annoying, so she frowned and said, "You all shut up! Don't disturb Cece!"

It was only then that they shut up sulkily.

On the other hand, Celia was not affected by their words at all. She laid the ruined dress on the table and began to carefully observe the hole in it.

After observing it for a while, she smiled. She finally found what the problem was.

"I see it now. Look at the cut in this dress. It is very neat. Obviously, the dress wasn't torn by accident. Someone did it using a sharp tool."

Emory's eyes flashed, and she looked a little guilty. But she quickly calmed down. She rolled her eyes and sneered, "Is that what you only found after looking at it for a long time? Even an idiot can tell that the hole was cut with scissors."

She didn't realize she had said something wrong.

Celia keenly noticed the loophole in Emory's words. She smiled and said, "How do you know that this dress was cut with scissors? I only said it was ruined by a sharp tool. Don't your words sound like a confession?"

She carefully observed the changes in Emory's expression.

Emory was obviously guilty. She avoided eye contact with Celia, but she still pretended to be calm.

"So what?" She took a deep breath, raised her head, and continued confidently, "I'm a professional. What's so strange if I can tell the tool used to ruin it? Didn't you also see at a glance that it was a hole made by a sharp tool?"

"Yes, but I didn't specifically say it was a pair of scissors." As Celia spoke, her eyes became sharper. It was as if she wanted to see through Emory's disguise.

"Can't I make a guess?" Emory asked stubbornly. "Besides, everyone in this business knows only scissors can make such a neat cut. If you can't even see it, then we can say that you're incompetent."

Celia smiled and said, "Okay, then. I'll listen to you. I'll take that the sharp tool that ruined this dress was scissors."

She glanced at the crowd and added, "So the focus now is on the scissors. Let's search everyone here to see who has brought scissors. We'll narrow down the list of suspects first. Then we'll gradually find the culprit who ruined the dress."

Celia strode over to Emory, looked down at her, and said, "Do you dare to let me search your clothes?"

