

Chapter 164 Guilty Conscience

Emory didn't expect that Celia, who looked gentle and harmless, was a clever woman. With just a few words, Celia did not only bring everyone's attention to her but also put her in the teeth of the storm, making her unable to retreat.

If she had known it earlier, she wouldn't have used this trick.

She suddenly regretted hiding the scissors in her pocket.

If Emory only found a place to throw it away earlier, she wouldn't be in a dilemma now.

She became more and more flustered. She quietly took a few steps back, trying to get the scissors out of her trouser pocket and throw them under the clothes rack on the side.

She thought no one would notice them under the dresses.

But unfortunately, Celia followed her closely. So when she stepped back, Celia suddenly grabbed her.

"Why are you retreating? Do you feel guilty?"

Emory bit her lower lip, glared at Celia, and said stubbornly, "I'm warning you. Don't sling mud at me. Who says I'm retreating?"

Celia remained calm. She smiled and said, "Since you don't feel guilty, let me check if you have scissors with you."

She stretched out her hand, intending to touch Emory's body.

Emory panicked at once. She stepped back and said anxiously, "How can you be so impolite to frisk me? Who do you think you are?"

Celia still smiled. "I just want to find the real culprit who ruined the dress. I hope you cooperate with me. If you have nothing to do with it, you don't have any reason to be nervous. After all, I can't wrong you in front of many people, right?"

Emory became more and more flustered. Of course, she wouldn't allow Celia to touch her no matter what. She was so nervous that her legs and stomach trembled, and she almost fell to the floor.

Celia took the opportunity to hold Emory and fumbled on her body.

"We are all women here. You won't suffer any loss even if I touch you for a while. If you want, I can let you touch me back later."

Celia's hands were very fast. She was about to touch Emory's pocket that had the scissors inside.

Emory was so flustered that she pushed Celia away and ran out of the clothing room. "I need to go to the restroom. I can't bear it anymore. You can search the others first."

However, Celia stopped her, looked at her firmly, and said, "No, you can't leave. Everyone is here. How can you leave at this critical moment? What if you only want to go to the restroom to throw the scissors away?"

Emory felt a little embarrassed being seen through in public, so she tried to divert everyone's attention. She shouted, "I don't have any scissors. Why are you so aggressive? Just because I doubt your ability, you are targeting me like this?"

"No, this is nothing personal. I'm only focusing on the issue. Besides, you also doubt me. Can't I do the same?" Celia retorted with reasonable grounds.

"I really have a stomachache. Why are you stopping me? Do you want me to make a fool of myself in public? I'm not running away, okay? I'll be right back after going to the restroom."

After successfully distracting everyone's attention, Emory ran away.

But how could Celia let her go just like that? She had learned martial arts before, so her reflexes were much faster than Emory's. She easily caught up with Emory.

Emory was caught off guard and almost bumped into Celia.

"Why are you running away? Do you have a guilty conscience?" Celia sneered coldly.

Emory quickly took a step back. When she looked up, she saw a playful smile on Celia's face.

The arrogance and disdain in Celia's eyes made her feel like she was trapped in a dark swamp, and her body could not help trembling.

She finally realized that she had offended a terrible opponent.

