

Chapter 165 The Frisking

Celia's gaze sent a chill down Emory's spine. She took a few steps back again and asked in horror, "What... What do you want?"

Celia was still smiling, but the look in her eyes became more and more oppressive. "It's just a simple frisk. You don't have to be so scared, right? We have to find the real culprit, so please cooperate with me."

When Celia took a step closer to her, Emory was so scared that her legs became weak.

"Hey, take it easy. You don't have to be nervous."

Celia held Emory's wrist and continued to frisk her.

Emory struggled frantically in fear and desperately asked Brea for help.

"Brea, help me. Please..."

But Brea didn't seem to care about Emory's reaction. She just said coldly, "Stop moving. Just let Cece finish frisking you."

Even though Brea had given the order, Emory still refused. She struggled desperately, not wanting Celia to get close to her.

"Celia, I'm warning you. Let go of me!"

At this moment, while Celia and Emory were struggling, the scissors fell out of Emory's trouser pocket.

Upon seeing the bright scissors, the crowd burst into an uproar.

"My goodness! Emory really has scissors."

"No wonder she didn't allow Celia to frisk her just now. And she looked so guilty."

"Could it be that she was really the one who ruined the dress and slandered Celia?"

Everyone began to express their opinions. Emory was so flustered that she pointed at the people who were talking and scolded, "What nonsense are you talking about? Why do you slander me? Do you have any evidence? I think you are colluding with Celia to frame me."

The stylists were rendered speechless. They could just roll their eyes.

"Oh, come on! We've just met Celia today. Why do we collude with her to frame you?"

"You're just paranoid."

"When you suspected Celia just now, we were on your side. So what do you mean by that now?"

At this moment, Celia picked up the scissors and asked the others, "Does anyone else have scissors with you?"

Before the other stylists could say anything, Brea looked at Kelley and said, "Go search everyone here."

"Okay,"

Kelley quickly replied and went to frisk everyone there. Since they all cooperated, the frisking was done in a short while.

None of the other stylists had scissors with them, so it was only Emory.

Celia shook the scissors in front of Emory. "Do you have anything else to say now?"

Emory didn't want to give up. She still tried to defend herself. "Can a pair of scissors be used as evidence against me? I am a stylist. Isn't it normal for me to bring scissors with me? Besides, can any of you here prove that I was the one who cut the dress? Bring out your evidence!"

Emory still refused to admit it stubbornly.

Celia pulled Brea to her side and whispered something.

Soon, Brea raised her head and said aloud, "Has any of you seen Emory get close to that dress? Anyone who can provide any clue will receive a ten-thousand-dollar reward from me."

As soon as she said this, a stylist named Lara Pearson stepped up.

"Brea, I saw Emory approach the clothes rack. At that time, Kelley came and said you wanted to treat us to drinks. We were all discussing what to order. Only Emory walked to the rack."

When everyone heard this, they exchanged glances and recalled the scene just now.

"Did you see Emory when we ordered drinks?"

"She ordered a coconut latte, right?"

"I remember she was the last one to order. She came after everyone finished ordering. Who among you saw her before that?"

All the stylists thought carefully and soon shook their heads.

Lara continued, "I was dealing with something at that time, so I also ordered my drink later than the others. I was sure Emory really stayed beside the clothes rack for a while."

