

Chapter 166 The Real Culpri

When everyone heard Lara's words, they got more convinced that Emory was the one who ruined the dress.

Emory had thought that since everyone's attention was on ordering drinks, no one had noticed her.

She thought her plan was seamless. But unexpectedly, there was a loophole. Someone saw her approach the clothes rack.

Emory felt so bad, but she still tried her best to defend herself. "That can't prove anything. I just passed by the clothes rack when I went to join you ordering drinks. I even asked Kelley to order coconut latte for me."

She pointed at the stylists who were talking about her and said, "You guys just said that you saw me ordering coconut latte. Help me explain it!"

They all looked at her contemptuously. Then one of them said, "We heard you order it, but you were the last one to order, right? Who knows what you were doing before that?"

"That's right. So maybe it was really Emory who cut the dress. She looks gentle and nice. Who would have thought she is so bad?"

Emory didn't expect to get such treatment from these people. She thought she had a good relationship with them. She was in disbelief, and she was rendered speechless for a long time.

This time, Celia spoke again. "It only takes a few seconds to cut a dress. And Lara saw you approach the clothes rack with her own eyes. Moreover, you are the only one with scissors among so many people here. With these evidences, you should know the real culprit at a glance."

But Emory still refused to admit it. She grabbed Celia's arm and said, "You're just slinging mud at me! What reason did I have to cut the dress? I'm not insane."

"Neither am I. But why did you suspect that I deliberately cut the dress?" Celia glanced at Emory scornfully, shook her hand off, and pointed at the surveillance camera.

"Well, since you are unsatisfied with the evidences, let's check the surveillance video. It won't lie after all."

Everyone also stood up to support Celia's suggestion.

Emory got even more flustered.

She had come up with the idea of cutting the dress secretly because the rack where the dresses were placed was far from the surveillance camera. But it couldn't guarantee that the camera didn't capture it when she reached out her hand.

Emory was in a moment of desperation now, so she said without thinking, "What's the use of checking the surveillance video? That rack is the farthest from the camera. How can the camera capture anything?"

She only realized that she had said something wrong again after she finished speaking. She quickly covered her mouth.

But everyone had already realized that.

Celia sneered, "Emory, you're confessing again."

The way she looked at Emory, it was as if she was looking at a dying trapped beast.

"You found that the dresses were placed on the rack farthest from the camera, so you thought it wouldn't be captured even if you cut the dress secretly. So you did it. Am I right?"

Although everyone knew this was the truth, Emory still refused to admit it. "Who do you think you are? Sherlock Holmes? Why are you doing this after all?"

She looked at everyone, pretending to be calm. "She doesn't have any substantive evidence at all. Do you really want to listen to her one-sided words and wrong me?"

"Wrong you?" Brea was so angry that she sneered, "You still want to deny it? Then let me tell you. The camera in this room has recently been replaced by a high-definition one. You don't have to worry that the camera didn't capture your secret movements."

Her tone was not harsh, but her imposing aura frightened Emory so much that she slumped to the floor.

"Brea..."

Emory reached out, wanting to grab the hemline of Brea's dress and plead for mercy.

But Brea saw through Emory's intention. So she walked away directly and said to Kelley with a cold face, "Go to the monitoring room to get the video during that time."

