

Chapter 168 Exasperated

"Again, what does it have to do with me if you don't have money? I gave you a chance just now. I said I would pay for it, but you insisted on framing Cece. Don't think that I'm against you. If Cece was the one who deliberately ruined the dress, I would also make her pay for it.

Emory, you only reap what you sow, so you deserve it. You wanted to frame Cece, but now you suffer the consequences. This is all your fault, so don't expect me to sympathize with you," Brea said to Emory indifferently.

At this point, Emory had no other choice but to hold on to the last glimmer of hope. She pulled Brea and cried, "Brea, you are so rich. Why do you have to ask me to pay for it? I'm just a humble poor woman. Eighty thousand dollars is just a small amount to you. But to me, it's something enormous.

I have been a stylist for many years, but I have never made such an amount of money. My family is poor, and I am the only one supporting them. You know all this. Brea, please, I beg you. Forgive me. Don't sue me, and don't make me pay for it. I will do everything for you for the rest of my life. I'm serious."

However, Brea was not even moved. With an unchanged expression, she looked at Emory coldly.

"You are daydreaming,"

Brea snorted coldly. "Now you're begging for my forgiveness. But earlier, you were arrogant and aggressively slandered Cece for destroying the dress."

Emory was silent for a long time. Then she said pitifully, "I was blind before. I was worried that Celia would steal my limelight, and then you wouldn't put me in a significant position in the future. I only did this because I was afraid of losing your trust. Brea, please don't be mad at me. No matter what, I'm always on your side."

"Enough! What's the point of saying all that to me now?"

Brea shook Emory's hand off and said, "But you don't have to worry about it anymore. I don't plan to use an inferior stylist like you again."

What she meant was already obvious.

Emory suddenly felt that everything around her turned black, and she was on the verge of falling into pieces. She couldn't accept her fate. And the more she cried, the more miserable she looked. "Brea, I beg you. Please give me another chance. You know how important this job is to me. This is my bread and butter. If I leave Semshy Group, I can't survive at all."

But no matter how much she pleaded, Brea didn't soften.

"I'm not a philanthropist, and I don't give second chances to incorrigible people like you. Besides, I will never cooperate with you again in the future. So it's either you pay me for the dress, or we will meet in court."

Everyone could see that Brea, who had always been generous, was serious this time. So no one dared to help Emory plead.

What was more, Emory always thought highly of herself and often bullied others. These attitudes were not welcomed in the first place, and many stylists were eager to see her leave. So how could they intercede and plead for her to stay?

No matter how much Emory cried, Brea remained unmoved.

Finally, she realized that there was no way to turn things around. She was so exasperated that she rushed in front of Celia and cursed, "You jinx! This is all your fault! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have lost my job and money for the dress. I'm telling you, since I'm having hard time, I won't let you live a good life either!"

She clenched her fists and made threatening gestures, trying to vent all her anger on Celia.

She waved her sharp fingernails, wanting to scratch Celia's face.

Fortunately, Celia was quick to dodge.

Since Emory didn't succeed, she got so angry that she wanted to fight with Celia more.

"Damn you, Celia! You're a bitch! You deserve to die!" Emory screamed and rushed forward.

How could Celia just tolerate it? She grabbed Emory's wrist and pushed Emory to the floor.

"I'm warning you. If you keep attacking me, I will personally send you to prison. I barely know you, so I will do what I say."

