

## Chapter 169 Jealousy Ruined You

Emory's eyes were red with anger. But she was suppressed by Celia, so she couldn't vent her hatred at all. She could only yell at Celia, "You ruined me! You ruined my whole life. I will never let you off."

Celia looked at Emory indifferently.

"No one ruined you but yourself. It's your jealousy that ruined you."

She let go of Emory's wrist, not wanting to waste time on such a person.

Moreover, Emory was also Brea's stylist. It was not proper for her to do anything more to Emory. She also believed in Brea's ability to handle this matter well.

When Celia let go of her hand, Emory looked at Brea. But when she saw the disgust in Brea's eyes, she felt like she had woken up from a dream.

She knew she was doomed this time.

Emory fell feebly to the floor, hugged herself, and cried desperately.

But no one walked up to comfort her. Even Patti, who had the gentlest temperament, ignored her.

The more Emory thought about it, the more she was not reconciled. She looked at Celia with eyes full of resentment. Although she couldn't do anything, she had already cut Celia into pieces in her heart.

Brea saw all this, so she said to everyone, "Okay, let's move on. Don't let people like Emory affect my shooting progress and everyone's mood."

She turned to Kelley and said, "Take her out of here as soon as possible and deal with the follow-up."

Then he looked at Emory and said unquestionably, "Transfer the payment for the dress to my account within three days."

Emory had been working for her for so many years, so Emory should know her temper.

If Emory didn't transfer the money on time, she would never let this matter go.

Emory was still crying when she was taken away. Then the room returned to peace.

Brea looked at the ruined dress and sighed. "This dress was damaged and can no longer be used. But Cece has also chosen a silver fishtail dress before. I'll try it on now."

"Brea, go to the fitting room and put on the silver fishtail dress first. Let's see what it looks like. As for this black dress, I can alter it. I'll see if you can still use it. After all, this is very expensive," Celia said.

Whether clothes or food, she didn't want to waste anything.

Brea looked at her in surprise and said, "Can this dress still be useful even in such a condition? Cece, you are so smart. I believe in you."

Celia's face flushed when she heard Brea's compliments. She said shyly, "It's nothing. I'll just try my best. Go and try that dress first."

Brea nodded, picked up the silver fishtail dress, and went to the fitting room.

Celia spread the ruined black dress on the table and began to alter it with Emory's scissors.

Everyone gathered around to watch. They saw how Celia boldly cut the dress from the hole and cut the hemline into an irregular pattern.

She was so skillful that the result was so neat.

Everyone was shocked and couldn't help praising Celia.

"Aside from other things, Celia's cutting skill is really good."

"I heard from a colleague in the design department that Kiley had found fault with her work. I thought she was not good. But now, I can say I was wrong."

Everyone recognized Celia's professional skills.

Someone exclaimed, "Look! The dress seems to be sexier after she modified it."

"Yes. And the irregular hemline makes the dress look more mysterious. It complements the color of the dress."

"The modified version is more beautiful than the previous one. But it still retains the most eye-catching part. I can say that she has kept the merits of the dress and replaced the less ideal part with better modification."

While everyone was discussing, Brea came over. She was already wearing the silver dress.

"Hey, what are you looking at? Why do you all look so excited?"

