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Chapter 12: Clothes were torn by cuts

-Miss Solis is here!

Before Mariana could finish her words, the staff next to her interrupted her.

When she turned to look, Andrea, with her representative, came striding in surrounded by her assistants and bodyguards. Her exquisite makeup, fresh dress and between her red lips a soft smile, were a far cry from her acrimony of the night before.

Mariana secretly sighed with relief. "Fortunately, this woman hasn't caused any trouble."

He hid his emotions and greeted her with a smile:

-Miss Solis, your clothes are ready, you can change whenever you want.

Although it was still early, Andrea had left in a hurry with her anger last night and hadn't rehearsed anything, so she could save some time by changing clothes and doing her makeup in advance.

Andrea glanced at him and her smile became more evident,

-All right, you bring her to me.

Suddenly he became so benevolent that Mariana could not help but be surprised, but it was not convenient for her to say anything more at this moment.

-Well, Miss Solis, please wait a moment.

Soon, he had the staff bring in the clothes rack.

Mariana opened the smock and asked Ana to bring the box from the jewelry box, not noticing Andrea raising her lips in a smile to the side.

The dust cover zipper was unzipped.

When Mariana looked at him, her pupils contracted sharply and her expression changed drastically,

-God... why did this happen?

All the clothes that should have been hanging on the racks were gone, only a pile of messy and miscellaneous pieces of fabric remained, and to the naked eye, they had been maliciously cut and torn by someone!

-Mari, what's wrong?

Ana hurried to check and her face paled then:

-Ah! Who did all this?

This shout alarmed the people around and they all gathered here.

Ana squatted down to check the messy fabrics on the floor and the hands that held them trembled,

-We've been preparing these clothes for so long! Who the hell was bad enough to cut up all the clothes?

Cut to this state, there was nothing that could be done to even attempt to repair it.

-Our turn is coming, what are we going to do?

-It's over, how are we going to explain this to the boss?

Everyone in the group panicked, scratching their hair with desperate expressions.

Ana was so anxious that she stomped her foot,

-Mari, how about I go to the person in charge of the room. We left the clothes here, but they didn't put them away properly.

-Yes, they have a responsibility too! Miss Lopez, I'll go with you.

-Anita, wait!

Mariana tried to stop them, but it was too late.

The most important thing now was not who was responsible, but what to do to solve the problem.

Andrea sat next to them watching what was going on, propping her chin up with a rueful face and mockingly saying with fake excitement:

-Miss Ortiz, what do you think should be done now?

-At first I just thought your aesthetics weren't very good, but who knew that your ability is also like that? It was originally a good parade, but you've ruined it.

-I will be on stage in a short time, tell me, what should I bring?

Speaking, he randomly picked up a piece of cloth,

-You wouldn't want me to wear this crap to the show, would you?

Mariana rubbed her forehead, desperately trying to calm down and find the best solution as soon as possible.

But the people next to him were talking all the time, which prevented him from calming down.

"What should I do now?"

If I didn't fix things immediately, the consequences would be unthinkable!