

CHOSEN 661

Chapter 661

With a game tomorrow, Chloe gave Princess Matilda a quick wave before she headed out.

“Chloe, are you confident you’ll win this time?”

Chloe nodded without hesitation, “Yes! But my opponents are tough, so I won’t underestimate anyone, not even myself. So yeah, I’m gunning for the gold.” Princess Matilda nodded approvingly, “You’re a smart and talented young woman. I believe you can do it. So... are you going to attend this year’s awards ceremony?” Chloe hesitated for a moment, understanding that Princess Matilda was asking if she would be attending as Star.

“I will.”

If she didn’t, wouldn’t Keira be disappointed at the ceremony? That was her battlefield, her chance to deliver a crushing blow to Keira.

Princess Matilda nodded, “Today is one of the most memorable birthdays I’ve ever had, and to thank you, I want to throw a special awards ceremony for you.” Chloe paused briefly, looking squarely at Princess Matilda, “Your Highness, you don’t have to thank me like this. Without you, I might not have made it to the finals.” “Don’t refuse, you’ve given me a surprise I’ll never forget. I love your intelligence and your honesty. To put it simply, I really like you. If it were up to me, I’d keep you by my side. You might want to reconsider. My sons are quite remarkable...”

“Your Highness, a gift has arrived...”

Just then, a servant’s voice interrupted, and Princess Matilda opened the gift box passed to her. Inside was a set of glittering gold hair ornaments, exquisite and gorgeous. “My goodness, so beautiful!”

Princess Matilda’s eyes filled with joy.

“This is absolutely amazing.”

She held her hands in the air for a moment before carefully lifting the ornaments out of the box. She was smitten.

"Your Highness, there's a letter as well," the servant reminded.

After reading the letter, Princess Matilda looked at Chloe with even more surprise.

"It seems my sons really don't stand a chance."

Chloe was confused, looking at the letter in Princess Matilda's hand.

"This is a gift from your fiancé," Princess Matilda murmured.

Chloe immediately understood. Of course...

"Happy birthday again, Princess Matilda."

Back in her room, Chloe immediately called Damon. But after several attempts, no one picked up.

She sent a text and soon got a reply.

"Can't talk now. How was today's competition?"

Chloe let out a sigh of relief.

"Great, finals are tomorrow. Flying back the day after. The award ceremony is in two weeks."

"Good, keep it up."

“Oh, by the way, did you send that jewelry to Princess Matilda today?”

“Yes. You’re so brilliant, I was afraid she might like you too much and want you for her sons.”

Reading this, Chloe burst into laughter, remembering Princess Matilda mentioning this twice today, almost the same words Damon used.

“You actually guessed it! But how did you know? You... were you almost roped into marrying Annick?”

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“You nailed it! But, how did you know? Don’t tell me... you, you almost married Annick, didn’t you?”

“Mhm.”

“...You’re really straightforward”

After a while, Damon’s message finally arrived.

“I miss you.”

For the past week, Chloe had been wearing an aloof expression. But now, a blush was slowly creeping up her cheeks.

Suddenly, she was filled with a longing for him.

She missed his familiar scent, the warmth of his embrace, the sound of his whispers in her ear, him...

Her heart started pounding wildly and it felt like her blood was getting hotter.

With her hand over her heart, Chloe stayed quiet for a moment before slowly typing out a reply.

“I miss you too.”

Damon stared at the message on his phone screen. The corners of his mouth curled up into a small smile, but his eyes gradually becoming more solemn.

The next day, the venue for the finals was a quaint town filled with European appeal. The competition was held in an adjacent hall.

The judges for the final competition weren't entirely unfamiliar to Chloe. After all, she had competed in two competitions before. Although the judges had changed, she was familiar with them.

For example, Allan was one of the judges during the domestic selection. And the other three judges also recognized her, since she was a two-time champion. They certainly knew who she was.

When they saw Chloe, the judges were somewhat excited. They were clearly anticipating what kind of amazing performance she would deliver this year.

Especially Allan, who was the most thrilled. Chloe's domestic performance had been enough to win his approval!

Perhaps he had heard about her identity from the other judges, which made him even more excited. Moreover, he was one of the people who knew her secret!

When Chloe entered the venue, she noticed Allan's reaction and nodded at him. Keira, following closely behind her, saw her interaction with Allan and couldn't help but frown.

She felt incredibly uncomfortable and worried.

She remembered how Allan had publicly accused her of being shameless back in their country, and Chloe's malicious translation that embarrassed her. She thought she wouldn't have to deal with a prejudiced judge in the finals. But there he was!

She couldn't help but worry, afraid that Allan would be biased against her when it was time to give the competitors scores.

But with so many judges and this being an international competition, it should be fair, right?

She didn't need any tricks now. The recipe she had in her hands was enough to secure her a good ranking.

The flow of the final competition remained the same. Like previous years, all she needed to do was complete her work.

The host excitedly introduced the competition process, and then officially announced the start of the competition.

Having conducted numerous experiments based on that formula, which her mentor had praised, Keira was full of confidence. Although the steps and process on the formula were very complex, she managed to finish her work before Chloe.

The formula Chloe mentioned earlier, barring any surprises, should be the same as her formula today, or slightly modified based on it. But the basic principle was always the

same.

Finishing her work before Chloe would be advantageous for her when the time came.

She turned her head to look at Chloe. Seeing her busy at work, a smirk appeared at the corner of Keira's lips. She held her head high, holding the product she had just made in her hand. She walked towards the judges' table...

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Seeing her finish her piece, the competitors next to her immediately turned their attention to her.

“Finished so quickly?”

“Looks like she’s pretty confident!”

“She’s Rosanna, right? She got fourth place the first time she entered the competition last time.”

“Yes! That’s her! Looks like she’s really got the chops!”

Chloe, hearing these words, just smiled slightly without looking up.

Of course, she knew why Keira was eager to finish her piece quickly, but was it really necessary to be that conspicuous? She only glanced at Keira for two seconds before focusing on her own work.

Allan, one of the judges, frowned at the sight of Keira’s confident and arrogant demeanor. When he saw that innocent smile on her pretty face, he was even more disgusted! This woman was outwardly weak but inwardly full of malice. She deceived people with just her looks. She was nothing but a scam artist!

If he hadn’t guessed that her sister would be trying to prove something at the international perfume competition, he would have eliminated her in the domestic preliminary round long ago. Such an evil-hearted person didn’t even deserve to participate in the preliminary round!

Keira walked up to the judge’s desk and stood still. A judge asked her.

“What’s your name?”

“Rosanna!”

Allan rolled his eyes immediately. Didn't she know what modesty was? Was she afraid that people wouldn't know who she was?

So annoying!

First impressions really were important. Once you disliked someone, it was hard to like them again!

Hearing the name Rosanna, several judges started to look up her formula: When they saw it, their eyes all bulged.

This is...

Even Allan was taken aback, staring at Keira in disbelief.

"Is this really your design?"

Keira, holding the perfume bottle, clenched her fist slightly, paused for only half a second, and answered decisively.

"Of course!"

Allan frowned and looked at the formula in his hand again, somewhat unconvinced. She plagiarized someone else's formula in the preliminary round. He was sure she couldn't come up with a stunning formula in the final. But against all odds, she really did come up with a formula they couldn't fault.

Such a big improvement. Did she really do this?.

He didn't believe it at all! But he had no evidence!

He initially advocated setting up an elimination round to eliminate those who were not capable. But now this woman stood here. Didn't it mean, she actually had the talent?

He signaled to Keira to hand over her work, who smiled and handed him the perfume.

The judges each dripped a couple of drops on a test strip and sniffed seriously.

A cool aroma instantly hit their faces, like a sudden gust of winter wind in the hot summer. The extreme contrast brought great pleasure, and the accompanying scent was refreshing.

Then in the middle note, the instant coolness slowly faded, leaving a fresh and elegant scent, as delicate as the first flower blooming in spring.

The following base note, the coolness of the top note completely disappeared, replaced by a soothing warmth, bright sunshine, melting snow, flowing streams, and blooming flowers.

A couple cuddled together in the flowers. This painted a peaceful and romantic picture.

The purest feelings, a hug, a reliance, a warmth.

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The purest of feelings: a hug, trust, and some warmth.

In this flashy reality, such innocent feelings were pretty rare. Not demanding the passion of summer, and just yearning for the calm warmth after the winter snow. This kind of feeling was long-lasting and profound and indeed very touching.

The judges were nodding in agreement, with satisfied expressions on their faces.

Allan looked at Keira with a complex expression, not wanting to admit it in his heart. This piece of work was indeed very perfect.

He turned his head to look at Chloe on stage, who was also looking his way. Her calm and confident smile made Allan breathe a little easier.

It seemed that she could bring some surprises this year.

He comforted himself. Let's focus on the work.

"What's the theme of your work?" Allan asked.

Keira remembered Chloe's "Pure Snow" from the night before. A glint appeared in her eye and a smug smile was plastered on her face. She softly said, "Pure Snow."

As she stood there announcing her theme, she gave a triumphant smirk to Chloe on stage. She wanted Chloe to know, that it was intentional! The theme Chloe wanted to use; she used it!

As for what Chloe was going to do next? How would she know what Chloe was going to do?

It's the same work, but she got to it first! When the time came, no one would believe Chloe, who had a history of plagiarism.

Their eyes met, and Keira saw Chloe raise an eyebrow slightly with a barely noticeable smirk on her lips. Her smile made Keira feel a bit uneasy.

Looking at Chloe again, her expression had returned to her usual indifference. She glanced at Keira, then lowered her head to continue with her own work. As if everything that happened just now was just in Keira's imagination.

Keira felt a bit relieved, then confidently continued explaining to the judges, "Pure Snow. The first snow on a clear morning, when the long-awaited love finally

arrives..."

Upon hearing Keira's words, the judges' expressions changed, their excitement and satisfaction gradually faded.

And Chloe, hearing Keira's words, had an obvious smirk.

She couldn't help but chuckle. Keira, how did you manage to jump into a trap all by yourself!

Allan also looked up, giving Keira a meaningful gaze.

Keira clearly saw the judges' changing expressions. Although she was a bit puzzled, she still kept her confident smile.

"Alright, now please score the contestants."

"Claudia – 9 points!

Marc–9 points!

Bartley – 9 points!

Roberto – 9 points!

Allan – 9 points! Wow, I didn't expect our first completed work to score so high! That's amazing! Congratulations!"

The host said excitedly, but Keira's expression changed slightly.

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The host was all hyped up, but Keira's expression darkened slightly.

Scoring this high from top-tier judges in an international competition, it was a real feather in her cap! However, today's scores didn't quite cut it for Keira.

"Can I ask why it's not a perfect score?" she asked the judges.

Claudia, the only lady on the judging panel, looking all dolled up, classy and sexy, her deep eyes hinting a bit of confusion, shrugged and replied, "Nothing's perfect in this world. We have the right to give a perfect score, but that's only because we ourselves are not perfect. We, as flawed individuals, claiming a work to be perfect, that's not really perfect, is it? And you, you're not perfect either, you get what I'm saying?"

Keira was a bit bamboozled by this/ All she knew was that there was more than meets the eye in what this female judge said.

Did she mean, what she thought was perfect, didn't quite hit the mark in the eyes of the judges? Yet, her mentor once said, her work was absolutely flawless!

If one judge gave a perfect score, she wouldn't be questioning what went wrong.

"Claudia, you don't always have to spare the contestants' feelings. They signed up for this, they gotta be ready to take the heat! Only by calling them out can we truly help them!" Allan chimed in, slightly exasperated.

He was the exact opposite of Claudia, impatient by nature and straight as an arrow. He believed, if you had something to say, you had to shout it from the rooftops! Claudia shook her head, "I can't find anything wrong with the work itself!"

Keira clenched her teeth, fuming inside!

If they couldn't find any flaws, why didn't they give her a perfect score?! Didn't they see the contradiction in what they were saying?!

Allan heaved a sigh, turned to Keira and said,

“If Claudia isn’t going to say it, I will!” He pointed at the recipe and scent paper in front of him, and said with a stern face, “This formula and the work, they’re flawless; at least I can’t find any faults. But... Rosanna, I think, your description of Pure Snow didn’t quite match your work!

“If we follow your logic, this piece should represent the last snowfall of winter. The mild temperature of early spring as the snow gradually melts. It represents warmth, modesty, generosity or extravagance, just enough to sustain life.

“It gives people warmth, which is completely different from your description of icy Pure Snow.

“Furthermore, it’s not the miracle you described of your loved one finally coming to you. It’s more about finding contentment in each other’s company, preferring a simple, quiet life over a roller coaster one. This is what this piece should convey.

“All in all, your work is beyond reproach, but your attempt to explain the intended message and initial intention of this piece was quite a stretch.

“Rosanna, I’m genuinely puzzled, how did a piece that’s completely opposite to your initial intention come out of your hands! Honestly, I didn’t want to score you! I just didn’t want to reject this piece, because it itself is absolutely perfect!”

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Keira’s face gradually turned serious. So, the issue wasn’t with the piece itself, but the theme was off.

Was Chloe’s last smirk meant to mock her?

Biting down hard, Keira was filled with anger and dissatisfaction! If she hadn’t listened to Chloe’s “Pure Snow” suggestion, she would have scored full marks this

time!

Chloe was messing with her again!

But how could she have predicted she'd use the name she suggested the night before last?!

Allan said a lot, took a deep breath and then said helplessly. "But still, congrats. This is undoubtedly one of the best pieces in recent competitions."

Hearing this, Keira finally lightened up. She didn't care what was wrong with the theme. As long as the result was favorable, that was enough. And her score was indeed higher than her fourth place in the previous competition.

"Wow, Rosanna never disappoints. Not only did she finish first, but also scored so high."

"Yeah, she must really have talent in this field. Born to be a perfumer."

"I wonder what kind of piece it is for five international judges to not find any faults."

Hearing the envious comments from the other contestants, Keira's face was full of pride and satisfaction.

"Thank you, judges."

Keira smiled and nodded to the judges. Her smug expression made Allan frown.

"Alright, you may leave now."

Keira asked in confusion, "Can't I stay and watch the competition?"

“No.”

“What about the results...”

“You’re welcome to attend the awards ceremony in half a month.” Allan answered mechanically.

Keira frowned and had no choice but to leave.

The judges started whispering,

“Such a perfect piece.”

“Too bad it fell flat on the theme.”

“But this is the most hopeful piece for the championship this year...”

Hearing this, Keira’s heart tightened. Champion!

Just as she thought...

She glanced at Chloe who was busy at work, sneered, turned around, and left the scene.

Michelle watched Keira leave and snorted disdainfully.

“Damn it, she’s dreaming of winning the championship!”

Time ticked away, and the contestants left one after another.

Some were happy, some felt hurt, some were sad, and some were disappointed...

The competition was intense. These international judges weren't easy to deal with. If you messed up in any part, there was no second chance! Michelle was the second highest scorer after Keira.

Claudia: 9.

Marc: 9.

Barley: 9.

Roberto: 8.9

Allan: 8.8

3 points behind Keira.

Currently ranked second.

"Why?" This was hard for the always arrogant Michelle to accept!

She joined the competition to win the championship, but ended up being surpassed by her junior.

"Michelle, you're too arrogant. Apart from the use of top-tier essential oils, your piece has nothing special about it! Over the years, you've been stuck on the 'elegance' theme! You've lost sight of your creative purpose!"

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“Michelle, you’re too full of yourself. Aside from using top–notch essential oils, your piece, ain’t nothing special! All these years later, and you seem to be stuck on this ‘noble’ theme! Forgotten your roots, have ya?

“Every time there’s an international competition, I look forward to your entry, but yet again you’ve let me down. I suggest you go back and take a good look at your previous work.”

Hearing this, Michelle’s face turned beet red. She clenched her teeth, but still felt defiant.

Over the years, she had spent every day thinking about how to improve and break through herself. And now she was being told to go back and look at her old work, what was that about?

What pissed her off even more was that she had actually lost to Keira?!

“Can I see Rosanna’s piece? At least let me admit defeat?”

“Hell, no!”

Michelle clenched her teeth and stubbornly stood her ground, refusing to leave.

Allan looked at Michelle’s stubborn refusal to admit defeat, furrowed his brows, but finally handed her a scent strip of Keira’s piece.

“Allan, that’s not right!”

“What’s there to be afraid of? All these pieces will be showcased at this year’s award ceremony anyway.”

Michelle quickly took the scent strip, sniffed it, and her face immediately changed.

Her resolve seemed to waver.

Then, she chuckled bitterly. “Rosanna said it embodies the first snow of the morning? Ha, she’s describing such a gentle piece with the cold, icy snow? I don’t get it,

how did she create such a perfect piece!”

The judges also shook their heads.

“You noticed too? We don’t get it either. How the creator doesn’t understand the gentleness and warmth it brings.”

Michelle put down the scent strip, scoffed, full of sarcasm.

In the end, she walked out of the competition venue with her head held high.

Chloe watched Michelle’s retreating figure, her eyes serious. mShe was indeed a strong competitor, but had some character flaws.

After two more contestants were evaluated, Chloe finally stopped what she was doing.

Looking at the completed piece in front of her, Chloe exhaled softly, dabbed a bit on her wrist, sniffed it, and finally a slight smile appeared on her lips.

Then she walked towards the judges’ table with her piece.

Seeing Chloe approaching from a distance, the judges all had anticipatory looks on their faces.

Allan looked particularly eager.

By the time Chloe stood in front of them, they were like obedient students waiting for their teacher, having already found her formula. There was no need to ask, just

had to look for the one marked “tar.

“Let me see it.” Allan clearly couldn’t wait any longer. He took Chloe’s piece from her hands.

The moment he picked up the scent strip and sniffed it, Allan’s expectant smile suddenly froze.

The other judges had almost the same reaction.

“This has a very strong scent, very... very warm, warmer than normal...” Allan murmured, his voice devoid of any emotion.

“This seems to be the complete opposite of Rosanna’s piece. Rosanna’s piece felt icy and refreshing at first, but this one... it’s not just warm, it’s like a fire, a fire that would burn your heart and lungs.”

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“That kind of feeling, like flames fiercely burning you to ashes...”

Chloe gave a small smile, nodded, and then quietly watched them.

The judges exchanged looks, a little nervous inside, worrying that the legendary “Star could be the biggest upset of the competition. But under Chloe’s gaze, they still waved the scent strips in their hands and continued to take a whiff!

After a while, the expressions of the judges began to brighten.

“Uh huh, that fiery feeling is slowly fading...”

“It really feels like something’s being incinerated, not really my cup of tea though...”

“Yes! But there’s this weird sense of exhilaration in my heart, yet also a bit of disappointment...”

The judges’ tone and facial expressions revealed a sense of repression.

Chloe’s expression was slightly down. Her smile faded, seemingly stuck in a sense of helplessness and sorrow.

After some time, Chloe raised her head again, looking at the judges who were watching her, their faces all displaying a suppressed look.

“This piece can easily stir up the user’s emotions, but these emotions...”

“This piece, it’s just too depressing. The only thing that gets my spirits up is the sheer intensity, the sacrifice...”

“I believe as perfumers we should create beauty, bring people happiness, not heartache! This piece...”

At this point, Chloe suddenly smiled, “Please, give it another shot!”

The judges frowned, but lowered their heads to smell the scent on the strips again.

In just a moment, their faces revealed expressions of shock and disbelief!

The shock drew the attention of everyone in the room; all eyes turned towards them,

“This is...” Allan stood up excitedly, looking at Chloe with a face full of excitement.

“This is a new life, new hope, endless possibilities! This scent... it’s just fantastic!”

“I can’t picture it! At first it was just a ball of fire, so intense it was almost suffocating. But now, it’s like soaring in the sky, regaining freedom, experiencing spring, summer, autumn, and winter, the rain, fog, wind and snow. How is this possible?”

Allan looked at Chloe excitedly, his eyes filled with admiration, even worship.

Chloe just smiled faintly, her voice ringing out calmly.

“The top note is the first impression, do you still remember the scent of it now?”

The judges nodded, “That scent was very unique, full of passion.”

Chloe continued, “But it evaporates very quickly, and it won’t linger for long! The middle note, although it’s the heart of a fragrance and lasts relatively longer, but for each user of a perfume, what they usually

care most about is the base note. As we all know, the base note is the last to evaporate and lingers the longest! The passion of the top note is fleeting, the ashes of the middle note is the lonely precipitation, and the base note is the unexpected miracle after the everything...” Allan nodded excitedly.

“Yes! Exactly, a miracle! It feels like endless possibilities! You’ve given the top, middle, and base notes all sorts of emotional changes, it’s just amazing! I absolutely love it! It’s given me so many unexpected surprises!”

“Uh huh, the scent is also very memorable!”

The other judges also nodded in agreement. Their satisfaction was clear.

Allan’s gazed at Chloe more eagerly.

“Can you tell me, what’s the name of this piece?”

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“Hey, what’s the name of this masterpiece?” Chloe looked up at Allan with a small smile playing on her face.

Then, she shifted her gaze to the perfume bottle on the table, lifting her head.

The judges watched with anticipation as she finally took a deep breath and said clearly,

“It’s called ‘The Firebird’.”

Her voice was cool and calm, but it sent shockwaves through the judges sitting in front of her.

“The Firebird?”

“The Firebird?”

They murmured, looking back at Chloe.

Chloe nodded, softly explaining, “The Firebird. It’s a mythical bird from Arabian folklore. When the sun ignites the aromatic woods that have been accumulating for six hundred years, the Firebird would flap its wings, plunging into the flames, burning itself. When the Firebird burns, it gives birth to a new little Firebird in the flames. The Phoenix reborn from the ashes!

“Legend has it, the Phoenix is a messenger of happiness. Every five hundred years, it would take all the unhappiness and hatred in the world, throw itself into the fire, and trade its life and beauty for peace and happiness in the world.

“Only after enduring great pain and trials, can they be reborn in a more beautiful form The Phoenix reincarnates from the flames with its feathers fuller, its voice clearer, and its charm more intense.

“Betrayal, hurt, sadness, pain, and helplessness, all become issues of the past.

“Rebirth from the ashes, is a new self. It’s new hope, and endless possibilities... it’s the happier soul we hope to have.”

Chloe finished speaking calmly. A gentle smile unknowingly appeared on her beautiful face.

The judges were enthralled. Their inner turmoil was unable to settle long after hearing her words.

“The Firebird! Rising from the ashes! Yes! That’s it! I finally understand the deeper meaning of passion, ashes and rebirth!” Allan was so excited he was practically jumping.

“I believe there’s no name more fitting for this masterpiece than ‘The Firebird’.”

“I have a feeling, once this work is released, it will definitely cause a sensation worldwide!”

“You’re really... incredible.”

All the judges couldn’t stop praising Chloe, and finally, it was time to score.

All five judges gave her top marks!

Chloe simply smiled again.

Without showing excessive excitement, she just calmly said, “Thank you.”

Seeing her so composed, Allan asked, “You don’t seem to care about this miraculous score. Why can’t I see any sign of you being over the moon?”

Chloe chuckled, “Because in my mind I’m imperfect, and I’m always pursuing the perfect. In my heart, every one of my works is perfect.”

Allan laughed, counter-questioning, “What if someone didn’t give you a perfect score today?”

“Then it would mean that what I think is perfect isn’t perfect. But I can accept that, because I’m not a perfect person to begin with.” Allan’s gaze towards Chloe became increasingly passionate, filled with admiration, excitement, and even a sense of worship.

He shook his head, telling Chloe, “In my eyes, you’re the most perfect person in this world.”

Chloe just shrugged helplessly, saying, “Don’t say that, I might get carried away.”

Then everyone burst into laughter.

Since Chloe was the last contestant, these five perfect scores were enough to prove, without a doubt, that the champion of this competition was Chloe.

Chapter 670

After the competition, Chloe stepped out of the venue. It was already late in the afternoon.

But right at the entrance, a familiar figure stood silently on the stairs.

Chloe’s pace faltered, then she decided to ignore it, trying to step down the stairs.

“Chloe!”

Seeing Chloe ignoring her, Keira suddenly shouted. But Chloe remained indifferent, so Keira hurriedly ran over to block her way.

Chloe had no choice but to stop and look up at her, cold as ice.

“What’s up?”

Keira bit her lip hard with disgust and resentment for Chloe in her eyes.

“You did it on purpose.”

Chloe pursed her lips, looking rather impatient.

“You deliberately told me the meaning of ‘Pure Snow’, didn’t you? Did you foresee that I would definitely use this name?”

Keira tried to keep her voice low, but couldn’t hide her inner anger. After hearing this, a smile suddenly appeared on Chloe’s emotionless face.

“Pure Snow? The first snow of the morning? Did I ever say that?”

“You...”

“You not only misunderstood, but also love to snatch my stuff.”

Keira was trembling with anger. Looking at Chloe’s sneering face, she wished she could tear her apart piece by piece.

But not long after, Keira suddenly started to laugh.

“So what if it’s true? Didn’t you hand in your work? Didn’t the judges give their comments? Why did you step out of the door with that cold look of yours? Is it because you’ve been insulted.”

The smile on Chloe’s face disappeared instantly, her voice icy cold.

“Keira, you’re now the Lead perfumer of the Olson Group. The Olson Group needs to constantly launch new products. Do you think you can fool Lance forever?”

Seeing Chloe’s face change and hearing what she said, Keira guessed that Chloe must have been severely criticized.

She couldn’t help but show a smug smile.

“Of course I can’t fool Lance forever, but by the time I take over Pulse Entertainment, I’ll be too busy! I don’t have time to create new products! Lance loves me so much, how could he let me work hard?”

Chloe slowly narrowed her eyes, “Aren’t you afraid I’ll make this public?”

Keira suddenly widened her eyes in fear, pleading with Chloe in a pitiful expression.

“You can’t do this, I’ll be done for!”

Chloe clearly saw through her acting, but still patiently responded, “So you’re scared now?”

Keira bit her lip, looking at her pitifully.

“Yes, please don’t do this! I’m really scared!”

But the next second, Keira changed her expression, covered her mouth, and suddenly giggled.

She slowly approached Chloe with her hands crossed over her chest. She was clad in a turquoise close-fitting dress that accentuated her curves. Swinging her slender waist alluringly, she stood in front of Chloe.

She stared at her. Her eyes were filled with blatant sarcasm and pity.

“But do you think anyone would believe your words? No one would believe you. Didn’t you try to explain this in the past? But... who believed you? I still remember you crying and begging people to believe you, but what was the result? After all these years, are you still not used to it? I mean, how can you be such a failure? No one wants to believe you.”