

Chapter 7

He rushed forward, grabbed Yun Churan's arm, and ordered coldly, "I didn't ask you to come here. Leave quickly. Don't make any more trouble."

Yun Churan glanced at him calmly and said, "Of course, I came here to participate in the competition."

She quietly pulled back her arm, turned sideways, and was about to walk forward.

The uneasiness in Shen Mufeng's heart grew stronger and stronger. He shouted angrily, "Yun Churan, stop right there. This is not the place for you to mess around."

Yun Churan sneered and said, "Mr. Shen, since you all know this is an important occasion, please behave yourself and don't talk nonsense."

As she spoke, she walked up to the stage step by step.

Shen Mufeng was completely stunned. In his eyes, Yun Churan had always been a obedient, sensible, and easy-going woman. She always followed his instructions. When had she ever spoken to him in such a provocative tone?

Why did she look like a completely different person?

"Dear guests, good evening. I'm Yun Churan, the guardian of Nirvana. I made this Wind-burning perfume myself," she said word by word.

Under the stage, Lan Yinmeng gritted her teeth and glared angrily at the woman on the stage, trying to figure out what she was up to!

Why did he suddenly become a Nirvana Cultivator?

Nirvana was just a small company that had not been run for a long time, but after all, it was backed by the Flourishing Age Group, and not everyone could enter it at will.

Could it be that Yun Churan had tricked them?

"Yun Churan? Why do I feel that this name sounds so familiar?"

"I remember. She won the Best New Artist award in the National Fragrance Contest, but there was no news about her later."

"That happened a long time ago! In the previous competition in France, she made a big joke and lost her face abroad."

"So it's her. I thought some big shot was coming out!"

In an instant, the expressions in everyone's eyes changed when they looked at Yun Churan. Most of them looked like they were waiting to watch a good show.

The scale of this competition was not big. There were not many famous big companies in the industry that came to participate, but the small and small companies were very popular.

The popularity of the pilgrims needed an award to expand, and at the same time, it could promote the reputation of the

company. It was a win-win approach.

For example, Nirvana Company, although it had the support of the Flourishing Age Group, after all, it was just a newly established company and did not have the support of high-level pilgrims. Therefore, this match was fair.

Hearing everyone's sarcastic remarks, Lan Yinmeng, who had just been scared out of her wits, came to her senses and walked calmly to the stage.

In front of everyone, she picked up the microphone and said in a serious tone, "I'm Lan Yinmeng, a medium-level perfumed master of Xiangmei Company. I'm very sorry to delay everyone's time to deal with this medical treatment case."

"I haven't been in this industry for a long time. Most of the people here are my seniors. A new perfume needs too much time and energy to study. I didn't expect that my work, which took me three months of hard work, would be copied."

As she spoke, Lan Yinmeng gave Yun Churan a meaningful look.

It was no wonder that the two of them had the same style of talking. They liked to convict others without any evidence and put on an innocent look as if they were innocent victims.

Yun Churan had never discovered before that her best friend was so thick-skinned that she could turn black and white in a self-righteous way.

You really can't judge a book by its cover!

Lan Yinmeng glared at her with disdain and said in a strange

tone, "On stage today, I have to thank some people who have copied it. What she has done can also be regarded as recognition of my work."

Yun Churan was amused by her words. "Your work?"

"He can even produce a work of art even if he's half an illiterate man?"

If it weren't for the information about the Wind-burning perfume, Lan Yinmeng wouldn't even be able to tell how many spices there were in the wind, right?

This woman was also good at seducing men in bed. As for the others, they were both tough-tongued and thick-skinned.

The host opened his mouth at the right time and said, "It seems that both sides are reasonable. Is it an creative car crash?"

"That's impossible. How could it be possible that the perfume formula is exactly the same? Even the name is the same!"

"That's right. If it's just a simple name, it's fine. How can it be exactly the same in the front, middle, and back? Isn't it a naked copy?"

"It's shameless of you to copy. You must drive the Rats out of this industry!"

Lan Yinmeng held the microphone very confidently. "I hate people who copy like everyone else. I believe that the host of the show will definitely give me justice."

Her fearless look successfully attracted the attention of the

audience.

In comparison, the silent Yun Churan was even more suspicious. Was he feeling guilty?

"What about Miss Yun?" the host asked.

"I also believe in the committee. Some things should be mine, and they should be mine. If others want to snatch them, they must have the ability." Yun Churan smiled calmly, and his eyes were full of firmness.

The host nodded and said politely, "Both of you have agreed to cooperate, then..."

As soon as he finished speaking, a strange smell suddenly came from the stage. The host frowned. His good professional ethics made him bear with it and did not make any exaggerated expressions.

Not only the host, but also the audience under the stage soon smelled a strange smell that was hard to describe. It was like the rotten and moldy food in the sewer, mixed with a strong fragrance.

The combination of these two smells was so disgusting that it made people want to vomit.

"Why is there such a strange smell in the venue? Which child didn't take care of it and run away?"

"Who would take a child to such an occasion?"

Soon, everyone realized that the source of the stench was Lan Yinmeng.

The others immediately looked at Lan Yimeng differently. She instinctively wanted to explain, but everyone avoided her as if she were a plague.

Lan Yimeng was so anxious that she was about to cry. What was wrong with her?



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