

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 1150

In the banquet hall, it was dazzling and brightly lit. Xing Wudi walked straight to 'Feng Qing'. His silver eyes were suffused with an oppressive aura as he locked onto 'Feng Qing' in front of him. Xing Wudi first sized Feng Qing up and after confirming that she seemed to be fine, he asked softly, "Did Potian do anything to you last night?"

Xing Wudi's voice wasn't loud, but it was filled with concern. 'Feng Qing' was stunned by his question, and her two fan-like eyelashes couldn't help but flap a few times. However, she didn't say anything and only shook her head slightly. Seeing that she had given an affirmative answer, Xing Wudi was slightly relieved. Feng Qing didn't look like she had been bullied. As for why Feng Qing didn't like him so much and couldn't even be bothered to talk to him, Xing Wudi felt that it was very normal because Feng Qing had always had such an attitude towards him. Moreover, he had even parted on bad terms with Feng Qing last time.

Xing Wudi's gaze shifted to the Boxing King again, and the temperature in his silver pupils rapidly decreased. Boxing King Potian exuded a cold and arrogant aura. He stood in front of Xing Wudi, but his eyes were filled with a cold smile and disdain. Xing Wudi frowned. Boxing King Potian actually dared to look down on him? If not for the fact that he didn't take good care of Feng Qing, would the situation have become like this? How could he have the cheek?

Xing Wudi frowned. Just as he was about to say something, the sound of the symphony orchestra rang out in the banquet hall. This indicated that the banquet was about to start tonight. After Long Jiuyuan, who was following beside him, sent out the guests, she turned to look at Xing Wudi and said, "Brother Wudi, can I invite you to dance?"

However, Xing Wudi acted as if he didn't hear anything. He didn't even look at Long Jiuyuan. Instead, 'Feng Qing' said, "Potian, why don't we dance?"

With that, 'Feng Qing' looked at Boxing King Potian seriously. There was a sweet smile on her lips. Her sweet appearance was simply about to melt everyone. Boxing King Potian gritted his teeth upon seeing his flawless act. Without waiting for him to say anything, he saw 'Feng Qing' pull his arm and pull him towards the dance floor. Boxing King Potian's gaze landed on the back of 'Feng Qing's head. There was an inexplicable smile on his lips the entire time. He wanted to see what other tricks Di Qianmo could play.

Seeing that 'Feng Qing' had taken the initiative to pull Boxing King Potian to dance, Long Jiuyuan couldn't help but smile. "Brother Wudi, did you see that? She'd rather dance with Boxing King Potian than with you. Why don't you dance with me? I don't think the two of us have danced together since we were young, right?"

Seeing that Xing Wudi had no reaction, Long Jiuyuan smiled and said, "How about this? If you're willing to dance with me, I'll do everything I can to help you after the auction begins. How about that?"

Xing Wudi's voice was cold and heartless. "No need."

After throwing down this cold sentence, Xing Wudi turned around and walked to a booth that could take in the entire dance floor. Then, he looked at Feng Qing and Boxing King Potian on the dance floor with scorching eyes. Xing Wudi's gaze did not shift away from 'Feng Qing' for a moment.

After walking onto the dance floor, 'Feng Qing' placed one hand on the shoulder of Boxing King Potian and interlocked her fingers with the other. 'Feng Qing' looked at Boxing King Potian and said in a sweet voice, "Mr. Potian, have you ever danced before?"

The corners of Potian's mouth curled up, and the inexplicable smile on his face did not disappear. "No, I rarely dance."

Staring at this man with a wild and arrogant smile, a hint of suspicion flashed across 'Feng Qing's' large eyes. She felt that the Boxing King's performance seemed to be a little...

"Aiyo!" Suddenly, Di Qianmo let out a cry of pain. The back of her foot was stepped on by Boxing King Potian.

The corners of Potian's mouth curled up into a naughty expression. "I'm sorry, I'm just a martial artist. Dancing is too difficult for me."

As he spoke, Boxing King Potian stepped on 'Feng Qing's' foot again. 'Feng Qing's' heart instantly twitched. 'Feng Qing' maintained a smile on the surface, but she was furious in her heart. She fiercely cursed the Boxing King for being a bastard. He actually dared to step on her foot and used so much strength. Boxing King Potian lowered his head and looked at 'Feng Qing's' feet. He asked indifferently, "How are you? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Although he said that she was very concerned, his eyes and expression did not contain any concern. 'Feng Qing' was dancing in such a big gown, and the hem of her dress covered her feet. When she was dancing, Boxing King Potian would even gently lift her skirt from time to time, as if he wanted to deliberately avoid stepping on her.