

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 175

Chapter 175: Help Me Throw the Trash

The green bean cake was squarish and very small and exquisite. There were beautiful patterns on it. After taking a bite, Feng Qing commented, "Oh, Miss Long's cooking is not bad. The green bean cake suits my taste very well, but the bird's nest soup is not very good."

Long Yuning's face turned green and white. She forced a smile and said, "Since Qingqing likes to eat it, I can make it for you often in the future. It would be great if you could see it. Then, I can teach you step by step."

Who was Long Yuning? Even though she was at a disadvantage, she still had to be sarcastic. If Feng Qing dared to comment on her cooking, she would then speak of her blindness.

Feng Qing placed the remaining green bean cake into her mouth and mumbled, "Miss Long, you've misunderstood. I praised your food for being delicious, but I didn't want to dampen your enthusiasm. You can consult the pastry chefs in the Xie manor. They know what flavor and sweetness I like."

Long Yuning : "..."

She finally realized that in Feng Qing's eyes, she was no different from a servant.

"Hah..." Long Yu's brows twitched violently. Anger surged in her, and her fists were clenched so tightly that her veins had popped up.

Feng Qing smiled. "Miss Long, is there anything else?"

Long Yuning controlled her temper and said, "No, I'll go back first."

Feng Qing and Xie Jiuhan looked at each other, their eyes filled with amusement. Long Yuning was really too injured tonight. She tried her best to please him and was even despised. It was obvious how she felt.

“Wait!” Just as Long Yuning reached the door, Xie Jiuhan’s voice sounded.

Long Yuning was elated and turned to look at the man. If he stopped her at this moment, could it be that he had changed his mind or discovered her beauty?

Xie Jiuhan stood up and picked up a trash can. “Miss Long, please help me throw out the trash. This thing is too dirty. Just throw away the trash can.”

With that, he handed the trash can to Long Yuning and she subconsciously took a look. Long Yuning’s expression froze and her mind went blank. Wasn’t the familiar violet color the dress she gave Feng Qing?

“This...” Long Yuning was speechless.

Xie Jiuhan said in a dull voice, “I heard that this dress is your gift to Feng Qing for the first meeting. Now, I’ll return it to you on Feng Qing’s behalf. We won’t take such a beautiful and unique dress from you. Miss Long, keep it for yourself.”

Long Yuning pulled up a corner of her dress, her eyes trembling. “Why, why is it torn?”

The corners of Xie Jiuhan’s mouth curled up. “There was no time to take off her clothes, so I tore it off. However, this dress is very good-looking. Be it the color or the craftsmanship, it’s outstanding. However, if you’re going to give any gift to Feng Qing in the future, show me the things first. I know what to accept and what not to accept.”

Long Yuning's face was pale. She hugged the trash can and lowered her head, not daring to look Xie Jiuhan in the eye. The matter had already escaped her control. Not only did Feng Qing not embarrass herself, but she had also completely offended Xie Jiuhan.

Raising her head slightly, Long Yuning wanted to explain herself, but her gaze landed on Xie Jiuhan's chest and stopped. There were scratches and hickeys on Xie Jiuhan's chest. Erotic scenes appeared in Long Yuning's mind, and her expression was extremely ugly.

"There was no time to take off her clothes, so I tore them apart!" She finally understood what he meant. It turned out that Feng Qing had seduced Xie Jiuhan with this dress.

"Oh? Aren't you leaving?" Xie Jiuhan's expression turned cold.

Long Yuning retreated. Xie Jiuhan's aura was too strong, like a huge wave covering the top, making her feel suffocated. Looking at the dress in the trash can, Long Yuning gritted her teeth and said in her heart, "Ninth Master, are you so angry because Feng Qing did not wear anything beneath the dress?" Seeing Xie Jiuhan's eyebrows sink, she hurriedly said, "If that's the case, Ninth Master, you might have misunderstood me. When I gave it to Feng Qing, I specially instructed her to wear inner linings."

Just then, Feng Qing's fingers touched the play button as she sat on the sofa and looked at her with a smile on her face. The next second, a recording of the two of them in the cloakroom was played.

Long Yuning's expression froze. As she listened to the recording, her eyes darted around. She couldn't care less about being shamed. Facing Xie Jiuhan, she had to give a reasonable explanation.

Feng Qing's lips curled up. It wasn't that she wanted to be a villain, but that there was a recording device in the cloakroom. Xie Jiuhan had personally installed it. As for why, even she didn't know.

Listening to the recording, Long Yuning pretended to be shocked and covered her mouth. “Oh my, thank goodness there’s a recording. Otherwise, I thought I had warned her. It turns out that I was careless. Ninth Master, Qingqing, I’m really sorry. I forgot.”