

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 231

Chapter 231: The Love-struck Feng Jianing

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Feng Jianing's face was suffused with a faint red blush, and her dull eyes were filled with love. The scene of Xie Jiuhan rushing into the bathroom with a murderous look on his face kept reverberating in her mind. That kind of unparalleled hero's heroic bearing that could pierce through the mountains and rivers—the more she thought about it, the more infatuated she became.

“Mom, believe me, I won't be wrong. I've met the Ninth Master once. The person who rushed into the bathroom to save me yesterday looked exactly like him, so it must be him.” Seeing that Fu Anlan didn't believe her, Feng Jianing hurriedly said.

Fu Anlan said doubtfully, “Then you mean... the person who killed President Liu was...”

Feng Jianing nodded. Her voice carried a hint of sweetness as she said, “He was angered for the sake of beauty. When I was bullied, the Ninth Master killed President Liu in his anger. Mom, do you think the Ninth Master is interested in me?”

The corners of Fu Anlan's eyes twitched. She felt that Feng Jianing could be crazy. What kind of status did that Ninth Master have? What kind of woman had he not seen before? How could he fall in love with Feng Jianing at first sight? And even kill someone for her?

Looking at the love-struck Feng Jianing, Fu Anlan didn't want to hurt her too much. After all, she was emotionally unstable now. If this could make her feel better, she would let her be.

With a thought, Fu Anlan asked, "If that's the case, what about your engagement with Cao Beining?"

At the mention of Cao Beining, Feng Jianing curled her lips and said disdainfully, "Who does he think he is? He's not worthy of being mentioned in the same breath as Ninth Master. If the Ninth Master really likes me, I'd rather be his servant than marry Cao Beining. They're not on the same level, alright?"

"Alright, alright, you're right. Hurry and eat some noodles, Little Madam." Fu Anlan coaxed her and picked up another mouthful of noodles to feed her.

This time, Feng Jianing was very cooperative. She opened her mouth and started eating. Thinking that Xie Jiuhan would take a fancy to her, the haze in her heart was swept away and she instantly had an appetite.

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Capital, Xie Manor.

After a night of intense romp, Feng Qing slept through the night in exhaustion. When she opened her eyes, it was already lunchtime. Just as she was about to get up, she felt pain all over her body. It was so painful that she gritted her teeth. The aftereffects of sex are getting worse.

Xie Jiuhan went to work early in the morning. It was said that there were many documents waiting for him to sign. Feng Qing moved her arms and legs a few times. After the pain subsided, she started to wash up.

Half an hour later, under the care of the servants, she had a sumptuous and nutritious lunch. After changing her clothes, she prepared to go to school.

As soon as she left the bedroom, Xie Qi said respectfully, “Young Madam, Little Aunt had sent someone to invite you to her place.”

Feng Qing frowned slightly, not knowing what Xie Yuhuan wanted to do again. Hence, she asked, “Did she say anything?”

Xie Qi shrugged, indicating that he didn’t know either. Feng Qing took a deep breath and turned around to walk towards Xie Yuhuan’s private territory. She would deal with whatever came her way. No matter what happened to her, she was the real madam of the Xie family. What could Xie Yuhuan do to her?

In fact, it was the same for her. She was a junior. Even if Xie Yuhuan deliberately made things difficult for her, it was not appropriate for her to say anything. After all, she still had to consider Xie Jiuhan’s feelings.

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In the garden, Xie Yuhuan was holding a pair of scissors to trim the branches of the flowers. She was also wearing a pair of reading glasses. Although she was only in her early fifties, her eyes had long turned blurry.

Seeing Feng Qing appear at the entrance of the small courtyard, she took the initiative to greet her, “Haha, you’re here. Quick, come and take a look. How is my newly grafted camellia?”

Feng Qing walked over and looked at the camellia that was half the height of a person. She smiled and said, "Yes, its shape is unique. There are many colors when the flowers bloom. This flower is really well nurtured."

Xie Yuhuan put down the scissors and pushed her reading glasses. She looked at Feng Qing and asked, "I asked you here today because I have something to confirm with you. I heard that Jiuhan fell ill in the mall yesterday, and it was because you agitated him. Is this true?"

Xie Jiuhan has had this illness since he was young. As his aunt, she was naturally very clear about it. In the past, she had been worried about this matter a lot. Later on, she realized that it couldn't be treated at all. In addition, she was busy with the company's matters so she slowly let go of it.. However, it didn't mean that she didn't care.