

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 236

Chapter 236: Late Arrival

“It’s worth three million and it’s the only one in the world. Only Miss Long can wear it.” Feng Jianing continued to flatter.

Feng Jianing couldn’t feel any desire to compare as she looked at Long Yuning who was blooming like a tulip. She only felt envious. She wanted to possess clothes of this level even in her dreams. Unfortunately, with the Feng family’s strength, even if they could afford it, they wouldn’t be able to buy it. It was something that couldn’t be bought with money.

“Haha, Jianing really knows how to talk. Eh, where’s Feng Qing? Why isn’t she here yet?” Long Yuning asked.

“Oh, don’t worry. She’ll be here in a while. When I came, there was a traffic jam. I reckon she’s about the same.” Feng Jianing said obediently.

Seeing that Long Yuning was so concerned about Feng Qing, she felt very uncomfortable. She was clearly the protagonist, and Feng Qing was just a bystander, but Long Yuning cared so much about Feng Qing.

“What? Traffic? That can’t be. Ever since the Eight-Nine Loop was built, the traffic in the Capital has become very smooth. Even if it’s a morning rush hour, there won’t be any traffic jams in the inner loop.”

“Stop acting cute. You have never experienced any traffic jams because you drive a Bentley every day. When 95% of the cars on the road meet you, they will consciously stay away from you. After all, they’ll lose their entire family fortune if they rub off the paint.”

“You’re right. Whether there’s a traffic jam in the Capital or not has a lot to do with what car you’re driving. I drove here in a Lamborghini today. The journey was smooth and I could even race with others.”

At the mention of traffic jams, a few rich ladies started discussing at the side. Feng Jianing smacked her lips secretly. These people were too capable. Compared to them, she was simply a child's play.

When Feng Jianing was in a daze, a young lady with long gray hair said, "Miss Jianing, I didn't expect you to come too. I'm your little fan. I've even participated in your offline mini birthday party before."

Another young lady in a black gown also said, "Miss Jianing, I've heard of you in the past. You're the piano princess of the Capital University's Music Academy, the dream goddess of countless boys!"

"Miss Jianing, Miss Long also invited your sister. Why didn't you come with her?" A young lady with very full breasts asked curiously.

A few ladies took the initiative to talk to Feng Jianing. Feng Jianing was both excited and happy. Before she came, she was afraid that she would be ostracized. She didn't expect that she would be so popular.

"Oh, my sister doesn't usually stay at home, so I came first." Feng Jianing explained.

"If I had to say, as a younger sister, you should have warned her earlier. If you knew that there was a traffic jam, you should have informed your sister's driver in advance to let them leave earlier to avoid the peak." The big-breasted lady said.

Feng Jianing's eyes darted around and she pretended to be innocent. "My sister doesn't have a car and doesn't have a driver. She'll probably take a taxi or bus when she attends the banquet."

"What? A taxi!" The ladies were collectively dumbfounded.

Long Yuning glanced at Feng Jianing without leaving a trace and smiled secretly in her heart. The banquet had yet to start, but Feng Jianing had already started to spread malicious rumors about Feng Qing. Presumably, today would definitely be a very interesting day.

Unlike the rich ladies at the horse ranch in Eastern Suburbs a few days ago, the people who came to attend the banquet today were all young ladies and young masters from wealthy families. They had only heard of Feng Qing before, so they were all curious.

Just as Feng Jianing was chatting fervently with the ladies, the elevator door opened and a beautiful figure walked out. It was Feng Qing, who arrived late. Unlike other ladies, who had service personnel accompanying them when they came, Feng Qing came alone, no service staff welcomed her the entire time.

“Miss Long, Feng Qing is here!” Feng Jianing said.

All the ladies looked over. At the entrance of the banquet hall, Feng Qing walked in in a black dress. She was slender and had snow-white skin. At the bottom of her exposed thigh, there was a red rose. A pair of silver high heels that were reflecting the light wrapped around her mesmerizing feet. Every step she took exuded a mysterious and charming aura.

Under the bright lights, Feng Qing walked calmly onto the red carpet. With every step she took, it was as if a lotus flower could bloom under her feet. Her figure was elegant and her temperament was outstanding. Pure and seductive combined perfectly on her body. Coupled with her perfect face, she instantly attracted everyone’s attention.

Feng Jianing was stunned. When she regained her senses, she realized that her hands couldn’t help but clenched into fists...