

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 318

Chapter 318: Not of Our Clan

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What Xie Shihao didn't know was that Gu Qingye had also treated Xie Jiuhan as his life goal since he was young. He wanted to become a man like him, so he had been imitating Xie Jiuhan since he was young. However, imitations were always imitations and could never be surpassed.

"Xie Shihao, if you want to die, just say it. I don't mind satisfying you." Gu Qingye's veins twitched.

Xie Shihao curled his lips. "Pay attention to the occasion. My uncle is still here. Do you want to attract his special attention?"

Gu Qingye : "..."

Just as the two of them were quarreling, Xie Jiuhan finally walked to the center of the first row and sat down. Xie Yuhuan sat directly beside him. There was a smile on her old face. She enjoyed the feeling of being watched by everyone.

Immediately after, Old Madam Gu walked in as well, but it did not cause much of a reaction. After all, Old Madam Gu rarely appeared in public, so not many people knew her. Old Madam Gu sat beside Xie Yuhuan. She had a peaceful look on her face and was holding a Buddha Bead in her hand. She was dressed in a soap-green Daoist robe and had a jade hairpin in her white hair.

As soon as she sat down, Old Madam Gu said, "Ninth Master's appearance is extraordinary and is very welcomed and respected by everyone. Did you specially come to watch Miss Long's performance?"

“That’s right!”

“No!”

The first voice was Xie Yuhuan, and the second was Xie Jiuhan. The two of them answered a question at the same time, instantly making Old Madam Gu a little confused. She looked at them in confusion. Was it or not?

In the second row, Xie Shihao snorted. “Are you joking? Who is Long Yuning? Is she worthy of my uncle watching her performance personally?”

Xie Yuhuan’s expression turned cold. She was about to scold Xie Shihao for saying such arrogant words outside. He had no manners at all.

“Xiao Hao is right. I’m here to support Feng Qing. As for Long Yuning, do you think she’s worthy?” Without waiting for Xie Yuhuan to speak, Xie Jiuhan said calmly.

Xie Yuhuan whispered, “Jiuhan, I know you have some misunderstandings about Yuning, but outside, please respect Yuning.”

Xie Jiuhan said coldly, “Little Aunt, are you stupid? You actually asked me to do something for an outsider. Do you think any Tom, Dick, or Harry can be the face of the Capital’s Xie Manor?”

Xie Yuhuan wanted to flare up at Xie Jiuhan’s retort, but she had to be dignified on such an occasion. She definitely couldn’t fall out with Xie Jiuhan in public.

“Jiuhan, it’s not like you don’t know. Yuning has been by my side since she was young. I treat her like my daughter. Moreover, it wasn’t easy for her. She didn’t have parents since she was young and it wasn’t easy for her to finally reach such a big stage. It really wasn’t easy. For my sake, treat her as a younger sister...” Xie Yuhuan said.

Without waiting for Xie Yuhuan to finish, Xie Jiuhan interrupted again. "Don't say that she's my younger sister. I'm not related to her by blood. She's of a different clan so she is not to be trusted!"

Xie Yuhuan curled her lips and said, "What about Feng Qing? She doesn't seem to have the Xie family's bloodline, right? Does she have designs on the Xie family too?"

As if he had expected her to say this, Xie Jiuhan smiled coldly and said, "Don't compare her to Feng Qing because she's not worthy. Feng Qing is my legal wife. According to the ancient saying, when she married into the Xie family, she was already a member of the Xie family. After she dies, she will be buried in the Xie family's ancestral grave."

Xie Yuhuan : "..."

At the mention of the Xie family's ancestral grave, she instantly felt uncomfortable. As the daughter of the Xie family, she had no right to be buried in the Xie family's ancestral grave after she died. She could only combine her ashes with her deceased husband and bury them in the Long family's ancestral grave. However, ever since her husband died, the Long family had always ostracized her. They felt that she had jinxed her husband to death, so it was not easy to enter the Long family's ancestral grave after she died. How old was Feng Qing? She actually had her own grave in the ancestral grave.

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Backstage, in the changing room.

"Qingqing, how's your hand? I'll leave the performance to you today. I initially planned to ask the music arrangement teacher to reduce the content of the violin, but the music arrangement teacher said that it can't be changed." Long Yuning pretended to be apologetic.

The corners of Feng Qing's lips curled up. She said calmly, "Miss Long, you've really worked hard. I'll definitely do well and satisfy you.."