

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 328

Chapter 328: Take Your Hands Out

Translator: Henyee Translations Editor: Henyee Translations

Long Yuning was about to cry. She curled up on the ground and trembled. She, who was born into a wealthy family, had always considered herself a proud daughter of heaven. Today, her body was seen naked by 1,500 audience members. How could she bear this?

The second performance was forced to stop, and the band also stopped. Seven to eight staff members rushed onto the stage and wrapped a large cloth around Long Yuning, hurriedly sending her off the stage.

“Dear viewers, I’m very sorry. There was another accident just now, causing the dancer Miss Long Yuning’s ankle ligament to be torn. She will be absent for the rest of the show. Please understand.” Shortly after, the regiment commander took the microphone and apologized on stage. However, the response was boos.

Seeing that the atmosphere of the audience was no longer under control, the regiment commander made a decision on the stage. “After discussion with the team, we have decided to end the performance early. Everyone, please stand in an orderly manner. I hereby represent all the members of the Sun Dance Troupe to apologize to everyone again.”

“Get lost. The Sun Dance Troupe? I think it’s just a useless dance team!”

“She made two mistakes in a row. How dare she call herself the Light of Dance in Xia country? I’m not sure whether she danced well, but I’m sure that she has a thick skin.”

“That’s it? If I had known, I wouldn’t have come for free. What kind of crappy thing is this? Why don’t the Siren Goddess hold a violin concert alone?”

The audience's curses were endless. Many people held the tickets tightly and threw them onto the stage. The scene was instantly in chaos.

At this moment, Xie Jiuhan stood up and walked straight towards the backstage passageway. His face was ice-cold the entire time. Instantly, the audience's curses stopped and they started discussing with interest.

"Tsk tsk, I dare to bet that Ninth Master has taken a fancy to that woman playing the violin."

"No way. Didn't the Ninth Master come to watch Long Yuning dance? He probably went backstage to visit her!"

"Logically speaking, he should visit Long Yuning. Rumor has it that Long Yuning is the goddaughter of his aunt, Xie Yuhuan, who is also his god cousin."

Amidst the discussions, Xie Yuhuan stood up and followed. Her old face was ugly. Long Yuning had embarrassed herself on the stage just now, so she naturally didn't feel good.

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Backstage.

Looking at the chaotic backstage, Xie Yuhuan frowned and said, "Where is Yuning?"

No one answered. Helpless, the bodyguard pulled a dancer and asked again. That dancer said, "Why are you looking for her? If not for her today, we wouldn't have been able to end the performance early. The two major stage accidents were all caused by her alone. The regiment commander just

scolded her. She seemed to be hiding in the changing room and crying.” With that, the dancer even glared at Xie Yuhuan and the others before leaving without looking back.

Xie Yuhuan brought a few bodyguards and walked towards the changing room backstage. Just as she saw the words ‘changing room’, Xie Jiuhan brought his men into the dressing room from the other side.

Very quickly, the bodyguards chased out the dancers in the dressing room. Then, they blocked the door and did not let anyone in. The door of the dressing room was locked from the inside.

In the dressing room, Feng Qing smiled and turned around. Before Xie Jiuhan came in, she heard his special heartbeat. Xie Jiuhan walked up to her in large strides.

Feng Qing smiled and looked into Xie Jiuhan’s eyes. She secretly placed her hands behind her back. She had just returned backstage and had no time to treat her wounds. Her hands and forearms were covered in blood. She was afraid that the man would be angry.

The man’s eagle eyes were dark and shone with a cold light that made people not dare to look at him. “Take your hands out!”

Feng Qing lowered her head and obediently took out her hands. Her snow-white arms were dyed in a bewitching red, and a few blood marks exuded a sweet smell.

Xie Jiuhan’s expression was gloomy. The muscles on his face twitched subconsciously. The tragic scene of Feng Qing’s hands kept stimulating his brain, and the irritable genes in his body were restless.

“Little Jiu Jiu, can you not be angry? I promise I won’t do it again.” Feng Qing’s voice was soft. “Help me bandage it again.. The gauze has grown into the scab. I can’t get it off...”