

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 333

Chapter 333: Your Auntie's Fan

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The 1,500 audience members and the millions of viewers watching the live broadcast on all the platforms only remembered Feng Qing. No one noticed her, the piano princess of Capital University. They didn't even know that she was there.

However, she felt relieved after thinking about it. After all, even Long Yuning, who was supposed to be the protagonist, was suppressed by Feng Qing. In the end, she still relied on her exposed body to attract the audience's attention.

"Mom, let's go. We won't be able to see Feng Qing later. She's famous now and doesn't care about us at all. Moreover, she won't return to the Feng family. Otherwise, she would have returned long ago, so there's no need to spend so much effort on her," Feng Jianing said.

Fu Anlan glared with her thick eyebrows. She stared at Feng Jianing coldly. "Jianing, are you jealous of Qingqing? After all, you did not become famous, but she did."

"Mom, what are you talking about? When did I..." Feng Jianing couldn't continue.

Fu Anlan snorted coldly. "I raised you single-handedly. How can I not know what you're thinking? Qingqing has the Feng family's bloodline flowing in her. She's my biological daughter. If you're jealous of her, then you have to reflect on yourself."

Before she could finish her sentence, Feng Jianing finally couldn't hold it in anymore. She was already angry that Feng Qing had stolen her limelight, and now Fu Anlan was also being aggressive. She was usually spoiled, so how could she bear it?

“Since you like Feng Qing so much, wait for her yourself. I don’t have the time to deal with her.” Feng Jianing said coldly and turned to leave.

Fu Anlan’s face was flushed red from anger. Feng Jianing rarely contradicted her and made her feel embarrassed in front of everyone. She could only curse.

Feng Jianing’s face was gloomy. She couldn’t hear a word of Fu Anlan’s accusation. Just as she walked out of the backstage passageway, she bumped into someone.

“Aiyah!” Feng Jianing cried out in pain and sat on the ground.

Feng Jianing was a little stunned from the collision. Although she had bumped into a person, that person’s chest muscles were too hard, causing her to see stars. Wait, chest muscles?

Feng Jianing rubbed her head and looked up. Her face was instantly stunned. There were actually two foreigners in front of her. Moreover, they were dressed very exquisitely. Clearly, their identities were extraordinary.

One of them said apologetically, “Miss Feng, I’m really sorry. We left in a hurry and didn’t notice you. Are you injured?” The person’s voice was as mellow as old wine, and his tone was as gentle as water. There was a faint smile on his face, giving off a very gentlemanly and refined feeling.

Feng Jianing wanted to curse, but the other party was two foreign people. She swallowed back the dirty words that were about to come out of her mouth. She wasn’t afraid of embarrassing Xia country, but she was afraid that the other party wouldn’t understand even if she scolded.

The man helped her up. Feng Jianing rubbed her head and asked, “Who are you? This is the passageway to the backstage. The audience is not allowed to enter.”

Charles and Angus looked at each other and smiled. "Miss Feng, you're mistaken. We're not going backstage. We came specially to look for you."

Feng Jianing was stunned and said in confusion, "Looking for me? I don't think I have any foreign fans, right?"

Angus smiled. "Miss Feng, you're mistaken again. We're not your fans, but we're your aunt's fans. Unfortunately, she's no longer around."

Before he could finish his sentence, he took out a business card and handed it to Feng Jianing. The four corners of the business card were covered in gold powder. On it was the name of Douglas Angus. Under his name was a line of gold-plated words, 'Vice President of the International Fragrance Alliance.'

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Two hours later, only a small portion of the people backstage had not left. Xie Jiuhan brought Feng Qing out of the dressing room. The man was only wearing a gray shirt, and his coat was draped over Feng Qing.

Along the way, when everyone saw Xie Jiuhan, they couldn't help but bow and greet him. Many of the female dancers' eyes turned into hearts as they stared at Xie Jiuhan, wishing they could immediately throw themselves into his arms.

Xie Jiuhan was expressionless the entire time. He did not want to look at these ordinary people at all because in his eyes, they were all ants. If he hadn't controlled himself just now, they would have all died. This was a cold arrogance that came from deep within him..