

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 390

Chapter 390: Competition Is Number One

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Under the black mask, Xie Jiuhan's lips curled up. This was the first time they had displayed their affection in public. He pinched the woman's chin and raised her pretty face. "Go. I'll wait for you here."

Feng Qing nodded and walked towards the competition area with a blissful smile. The audience was about to be choked to death by the display of affection, but their eyes were filled with envy as they looked at Feng Qing.

Faced with countless curious eyes, Xie Jiuhan sat in the last row. When Xie Shihao and Gu Qingye saw the two empty seats beside Xie Jiuhan, they hurriedly went beside the man.

Xie Shihao revealed a pug-like expression and sniffed Xie Jiuhan non-stop. He looked like he wanted to approach him but didn't dare to.

Xie Jiuhan's expression darkened as he glared at him coldly. "What are you doing?"

Xie Shihao smiled awkwardly. "Hehe, Little Uncle, don't be so stingy. We're family. Let me sniff some more luck."

The iron armrest was deformed by Xie Jiuhan's grip and Xie Shihao's face turned pale.

"Do you want to die?" Xie Jiuhan said sinisterly.

Xie Shihao : “...”

Xie Shihao felt that his Little Uncle was too cruel to him. Looking at the distorted armrest, he still retreated back to his seat obediently. He could only ask for warmth from Gu Qingye, but Gu Qingye pushed him away in disdain.

“He’s Feng Qing’s wild man outside?” Feng Jianing secretly glanced at Xie Jiuhan and thought to herself. She had also heard the discussions just now.

To her surprise, she didn’t expect Feng Qing’s husband to be so young. In her imagination, a man who could take out five billion at once and even like a trash woman like Feng Qing must be a greasy middle-aged man with a fat head, big ears, and a fat belly, or perhaps he was a rich second-generation heir who was born with illness and disability.

However, this man completely overturned her imagination. Although she couldn’t see his facial features and appearance, she could feel that this man must be very handsome. Moreover, from his figure and skin, he was a young man in his twenties.

When the man walked in, she also observed carefully and realized that not only was this man handsome, but his figure was also so good that it made people envious. He had a nine-headed body, long legs, and a figure comparable to that of a world famous model. Coupled with his elegance and noble bearing, he was simply a prince who had walked out of a fairy tale.

Hmph, what am I thinking? Although this person’s figure is not bad, he must be very ugly, or he might just have a disfigured face. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have covered his face so tightly. Feng Jianing puffed up her cheeks and thought.

In her worldview, no one was perfect, so she thought that Feng Qing’s husband had a good figure, was young, and had money. This was already very good, and it was definitely impossible for him to be so handsome. The reason why she felt that he was very handsome was because he was also rich and confident.

...

In the competition area.

“Hi, Qingqing. I didn’t expect you to register for the competition too.” Feng Jianing took the initiative to greet her.

Feng Qing didn’t raise her head and didn’t open her eyes. Her ears had already found Feng Jianing when she just entered the competition area. However, she was very busy now and didn’t have time to bother with Feng Jianing.

According to the rules of the competition, the contestants could bring their own perfume equipment and various instruments. Feng Qing had specially brought all the equipment she usually used to mix perfume from the Xie Manor and was doing the final check before the competition.

Feng Jianing swept a glance at the various equipment on Feng Qing’s table. Without exception, they were all equipment from Feng Yiru’s era. The corners of Feng Jianing’s lips curled up slightly with a hint of disdain.

Haha, could her husband have become a poor man after spending five billion? He can’t even afford a decent set of equipment for such an important competition? Feng Jianing sneered in her heart.

Seeing that the competition was about to start, Feng Qing ignored her. Feng Jianing wasn’t angry and took the initiative to stretch out her hand. “Qingqing, our friendship is first and the competition is second. I hope you can achieve good results.”

Feng Qing still ignored her. After checking all the equipment, she took out her phone and looked at the time. Then, she said calmly, “To me, the competition is number one. Forget about friendship.. At least, it doesn’t have anything to do with you.”