

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 404

Chapter 404: I'm Sorry, My Husband Is Here

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"No, no. The champion is mine. None of you can take this trophy away." Feng Jianing hugged the trophy tightly and kept retreating.

Angus was a little impatient. He walked towards her and prepared to snatch the trophy back. Although it was only the preliminary round, the champion wasn't someone Feng Jianing could bear.

"Miss Feng, please face the truth. Everyone has to pay the price for their actions, even if you're Feng Yiru's niece. Give me the trophy." As he spoke, Angus reached out to snatch the trophy.

"No, this is my trophy!" Feng Jianing hugged the trophy and refused to let go. Even if she died today, she wouldn't hand the trophy over. How could she return it to them?

"Miss Feng Jianing, you're no longer the champion. It doesn't belong to you," Angus said coldly.

"Ah!" Suddenly, Feng Jianing stepped back and missed a step. She lost her center of gravity and fell off the stage.

Angus turned around and looked. Just as he snatched the trophy out, he realized that the audience was shocked. Feng Jianing, who was standing behind him, had disappeared.

Below the stage, Feng Jianing fell to the ground on her back, looking very pitiful. In the audience, the Feng couple and Cao Beining stood up one after another. They looked at Feng Jianing, who was lying on the ground, and frowned.

Without waiting for everyone to react, Feng Jianing crawled up unsteadily. She didn't seem to be injured. Feng Jianing looked at the Feng couple and Cao Beining with watery eyes. In the end, she realized that none of them had the intention to help her up. Her nose turned sour, and Feng Jianing turned around and rushed out of the venue.

Along the way, although the audience didn't stop Feng Jianing, the way they looked at her was very unfriendly. Angus walked back with the trophy. "According to the rules of the competition, as contestant Feng Jianing's ranking and qualifications are revoked, the contestants ranked behind will automatically advance by one..."

On the other side, seeing that the matter had ended and Feng Jianing received the punishment she deserved, Feng Qing exited the game and walked out of the venue with the equipment she brought. Her goal today was very simple. As long as she could enter the finals and go to Country F, it was fine. As for the champion of the preliminaries, it was not important at all.

"Miss Qingqing, I really didn't expect you to know how to mix perfume. It's too surprising." At the entrance of the venue, Duke Raymond appeared in front of Feng Qing and greeted her with a warm smile.

Feng Qing did not shake hands with Duke Raymond. Instead, she smiled and said, "I'm sorry, my husband is here. It's not convenient to shake hands with you in case my husband misunderstands."

Before she could finish her sentence, a cold air swept over. Xie Jiuhan walked over with an ice-cold face. Two incomparably cold eyes were like two ice cones that wanted to pierce Raymond on the spot.

Raymond's lips curled up slightly as he sized up the man curiously. Like the others, although Xie Jiuhan had covered his face tightly, Raymond could tell that Xie Jiuhan had an extremely handsome face.

Seeing Xie Jiuhan staring at Raymond with an unfriendly expression, the bodyguard took a step forward and scolded coldly, "How dare you look at the Duke like this? Also, take off your mask immediately to show your respect to the Duke." This had happened before. Every time this happened, it was a chance for bodyguards like them to show off.

Boom! Before the bodyguard could finish his sentence, the cold aura on Xie Jiuhan's body exploded, as if they could hear the sound.

The bodyguard's face turned pale and he subconsciously took two steps back. Just now, he felt like ten thousand knives had pierced through his chest. He even had the illusion that he would die at any moment.

Duke Raymond stared intently at Xie Jiuhan. He naturally could tell the abnormality of the bodyguards. Those who could be his bodyguards were all carefully selected experts. However, the man in front of him scared the bodyguards two steps back without making a sound. This man was getting more and more interesting to him.

Xie Jiuhan raised his head and looked at Duke Raymond coldly and arrogantly. His sharp eagle eyes exuded a dignified aura that no one could question.

Duke Raymond was the first to speak. "Hello!"

The man did not speak to him.. Instead, he wrapped his arms around Feng Qing's thin waist and said calmly, "Let's go home."