

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 494

Chapter 494 Level Division

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Without waiting for Feng Qing to speak, Netherworld continued, "Now, everyone in the world knows that Madam Mingxue has handed Madam Crimson Snow's position and the Blood Demon Group to someone else.

Everyone in the world is investigating you. If they find out that you're Madam Crimson Snow, all sorts of assassinations will follow. You're not guilty, but you're guilty of possessing a treasure."

Hearing Netherworld's words, Feng Qing couldn't help but be a little surprised. Be it the red coral ring or the Blood Demon Group, she didn't take it seriously at all. She didn't expect that it would cause a monstrous

wave in the world. However, it was understandable when she thought about it. After all, who didn't want to have a keepsake that could command the entire Blood Demon Group?

In other words, Netherworld's concern for her was not fake. If anything happened to her, Netherworld would become a eunuch for the rest of his life.

Golden Mansion Hotel.

Twenty minutes later, Feng Qing and Netherworld got out of the car. If Tulip Square was considered a common spice exhibition area, then the Golden Mansion Hotel was the VIP exhibition area.

Feng Qing looked around and realized that the hotel was surrounded by security personnel and all sorts of surveillance cameras. There were also many police cars parked on both sides of the street and in the parking

lot. Luxury cars parked at the entrance of the hotel one after another and left after unloading the guests. Feng Qing successfully entered the hotel lobby and bumped into two old acquaintances when she pressed the

elevator button.

Feng Jianing was standing together with the young lady of the Presidential Manor, Tessa. Behind them was a tall and burly man who was sunny and handsome. He was Tessa's brother, the adopted son of the

residential Manor, Xing Yue. Before Feng Qing could retract her gaze, she saw Charles, the President of the International Fragrance Alliance, walking over to them.

Charles had his hands behind his back and was dressed in a neat suit. He stood there like a successful person. He noticed Feng Qing's gaze, so he turned his head over and frowned. The reason why he could remember

Feng Qing was entirely because of Feng Jianing. Firstly, Feng Jianing always whispered bad things about Feng Qing in his ear. Secondly, Feng Qing's performance in the preliminaries was average and she was the last

contestant to squeeze into the finals.

For a contestant like Feng Qing, who had barely made it to the finals, they would most likely be at the bottom in the finals, so Charles had never taken her seriously. If one had to say what value Feng Qing had in coming

to the competition, she was just Feng Jianing's stepping stone to the championship. Other than that, her existence was meaningless to Charles.

In the beginning, his impression of Feng Qing was not bad. After all, at the Hong Meng Theater, Feng Qing played the violin so well that it was intoxicating. Duke Raymond also favored her and praised her non-stop.

However, after listening to Feng Jianing's pillow talk and her saying all sorts of things about Feng Qing, Charles no longer had a good impression of Feng Qing. Instead, he had a hint of disgust.

Feng Jianing's eyes darkened after she saw that Feng Qing was here too. Her lips were suffused with disdain. Seeing Feng Qing made her feel like she was looking at the sea. It was as disgusting as being seasick.

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Xing Yue stood behind them. He was tall and had an imposing appearance. He was dressed in a dark blue suit and was mature and reserved. He was steady and dignified, giving off a very reliable feeling. His gaze

couldn't help but fall on Feng Qing. However, he didn't immediately go over to greet her. Instead, he turned his gaze to the luxury car at the entrance.

"Hmph, this Netherworld. I was wondering why he came to borrow a car so early in the morning. Turns out he drove to pick Feng Qing up? Could it be that this old pervert is interested in Feng Qing? Otherwise, why

would he be so solicitous?' Xing Yue scolded Netherworld in his heart.

The elevator door opened, and Feng Jianing and the others entered the elevator together. Charles skillfully pressed the button for the eighth floor. Feng Jianing couldn't help but raise her eyebrows. She realized that

Feng Qing had also followed in, so she shouted, "Qingqing, you came here today probably to participate in the International Spices Exhibition, right? However, it's really a little difficult for you. After all, you've grown up

in the countryside. You definitely don't know the rules of the International Spices Exhibition. Actually, the Exhibition is divided into three levels. A One to Three-star Fragrant Master can only go to the second to the

fourth floor. Four to Six-star Fragrant Masters can only go to the fifth to the eighth floor. Only those who are Seven-star and above are qualified to enter the highest ninth floor."

After hearing Feng Jianing's words, Xing Yue looked at Feng Qing with a heartache. He didn't expect that she was actually a child from the countryside and had wandered outside for many years. This meant that she

had never enjoyed the love of her parents. Then, how did she survive all these years alone?.