

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 604

### Chapter 604: Meng Xiaodong's Invitation

Everything was afraid of comparison. People were like this, and so was dance. When they recalled Long Yuning's dance just now after Feng Qing's exciting performance, everyone instantly compared them in their hearts. It was clear at a glance who performed better and who performed worse. Compared to Feng Qing's dance, Long Yuning could only say that she knew how to dance, but there was no emotion or mood in her dance. The first two sections did not have the same visual impact from before. Moreover, everyone could not help but automatically replay a scene from Feng Qing's dance just now.

Long Yuning froze on the spot after hearing Feng Qing's words. She wanted to leave this place immediately and escape all of this, but she could not control her legs. She was very regretful now. If she had known earlier, she would have listened to Imperial Concubine Anna. She wouldn't be embarrassed like now. Now, she couldn't even find an excuse to treat her wound because the wounds on her body were no longer bleeding. Some of the blood had even dried.

When she was watching Feng Qing dance, her disdain had gradually turned to horror and panic. She never expected that not only did Feng Qing know how to dance, but she also danced so well. The last two sections that she couldn't arrange no matter how hard she tried were actually casually danced by Feng Qing. Moreover, Feng Qing was very right, she really danced much better than her.

Long Yuning felt her face turning red and hot under the scrutiny of everyone. An indescribable embarrassment and guilt rushed to her head. It was laughable that she had used that gaze to provoke Feng Qing just now. It was laughable that she thought Feng Qing didn't know dance at all. It was laughable that she thought she was the Light of Dance in Xia country, but now, Feng Qing had used her actions to slap her face. Moreover, she had hit her so hard that it made a cracking sound!

Long Yuning felt inferior for the first time in her life before Feng Qing's almost perverted dance talent. She had studied dance since she was young and insisted on stretching her legs and waist every day. Her

body was injured countless times, but what she had always insisted on was not worth mentioning in front of Feng Qing. It seemed extremely laughable. Feng Qing had easily defeated all her pride and dignity with her absolute dance skills.

Her dance talent that she was proud of, the chief position of the Sun dance troupe that she had spent a lot of effort to win, and all sorts of honorary names, even the identity of Meng Xiaodong's beloved disciple. All of these seemed so weak and laughable in front of Feng Qing.

However, what shattered the last bit of pride in Long Yuning's heart was the last section that Feng Qing had danced just now. It was definitely an existence that could crush others. It was something that she could not learn and do with her twenty years of dance foundation. She could not even imitate that kind of beauty, that aura, and that kind of perfect body movements.

Long Yuning couldn't accept this reality, but she had no choice but to accept it. Feng Qing had used just two sections to counter her and shatter everything.

When Meng Xiaodong realized that Feng Qing was unwilling to pay attention to her, she lowered her stance and asked, "Can you tell me which dancer taught you to dance?"

Feng Qing replied, "A dancer? You're mistaken. No one has ever taught me. I just danced for fun because I had nothing to do."

"No one taught you? How... how is this possible?!" Meng Xiaodong said in shock.

“That’s the truth. It’s up to you to believe it or not.” Feng Qing shrugged and replied indifferently.

Actually, she could understand Meng Xiaodong’s feelings. If it was her, she would also not believe it. If one was able to master dance without anyone’s guidance, it does not mean that they only have talents, it also means that they are born to be a dance master. Such a person had only existed in her imagination.

Meng Xiaodong continued asking, “You created the dance ‘High Song and Widow’ at this age, which is enough to prove that your dance talent is rare in the world. I heard that you’re a perfume maker, but have you ever thought of entering the dance world?”

Feng Qing shook her head. “I’m sorry, I’ve never thought of being a professional dancer. Dancing is just leisure entertainment to me.”

Meng Xiaodong asked again, “Do you want to join my dance troupe? With your abilities, you will definitely become the Chief without a doubt.”

Listening to her teacher begging Feng Qing humbly, Long Yuning, her ‘beloved disciple’, was about to cry. Her red and hot face turned pale. She wished that everything that had happened was just a dream.

Meng Xiaodong's dance troupe was one of the three largest dance troupes in the world. There were only twenty people in the entire dance troupe, but each and everyone of them could shock the world. The other large troupes would like to poach them too. Therefore, not just anyone could be chosen.