

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 1092

The guests saw that the person who shouted 400 million the moment he opened his mouth was actually a child. He was even wearing an Ultraman mask, but the guests couldn't tell how old he was. They could only tell that he was a child of eleven or twelve years old from his figure. However, this child was slender and thin. The small suit he was wearing was very exquisite, and there was a blue enchantress in his chest pocket. Sitting beside the little boy were two women, but they weren't wearing any masks. The guests were very clear about the rules of wearing them. If they weren't wearing masks at the auction, then these two women should be servants.

The guests could see very clearly that these two women's looks were barely passable, but they both had black hair, black eyes, and yellow skin. They looked like typical Xia countrymen. A guest smiled and said, "Little fellow, why did you spend 400 million to bid for that woman?"

The child replied, "Of course I want her to be my servant."

Upon hearing this, the nearby guests all laughed. Another guest wearing a poker mask said, "Little friend, it's a waste for this beautiful woman to be your servant. At your age, I'm afraid you'll have to wait a few years to enjoy this woman's body."

A tall guest on the little boy's right snorted coldly. "You should be disqualified from the auction. A brat who hasn't even grown his hair actually wants to buy women to play with. Do you know how to play?"

However, in the face of everyone's doubts and cold words, the little boy couldn't help but snort coldly. "The host lady said just now that only men are allowed to participate in this auction. Although I'm young, I'm a man after all. Moreover, they didn't have any age restrictions, so as long as I can afford it, I can naturally participate in the auction."

While this child was bickering with everyone, Xing Wudi increased the bid by another 100 million. Now, Feng Qing's price has already reached 500 million. The host shouted excitedly, "500 million going once!"

The boy in the Ultraman mask immediately raised the bid card in his hand and shouted in a very tender voice, "I bid 550 million!"

This little boy's participation in the competition for Feng Qing undoubtedly made this auction especially eye-catching. The other guests were guessing the background of this little boy. He could spend a few hundred million easily.

"Little kid, tell me, what does your family do?"

"Little brother, are you in such a hurry to bid for this woman because you want her to be your stepmother? Hahaha..."

"Why are you so rich? That's 550 million. Does your family know that you spend money like this outside?"

Everyone around him was laughing at him, but the little boy was steady. Then, he slowly took out a black gun from a Tom cat furry toy in his arms. The boy moved his two hands forcefully and loaded the gun.

The next second, the little boy held the gun with both hands and aimed it at a man wearing a mahjong mask sitting in front of him on his right. This man had laughed at him the loudest just now.

Pa! A gunshot rang out. The boy decisively pulled the trigger. Then, the bullet shot out of the gun barrel and flew past the right earlobe of the mahjong mask man with a terrifying air explosion. The copper 4.5mm bullet flew past more than a dozen people like lightning before hitting the wall of the auction house, instantly leaving a sinister bullet hole in the wall.

After the shot, the entire auction fell silent. Only the little boy blew on the muzzle of the gun and said, "How I want to spend money is my business. It's none of your business. If anyone continues to talk, be careful that I'll shoot him to see God!"

At least half of the people present were desperadoes who had played with guns before. They could all tell that the little boy had definitely not missed his shot just now. Instead, he had deliberately held back and missed. Otherwise, the mahjong masked man's head would have already been blown up. What was even more terrifying was that from the final landing of the bullet, the moment the little boy fired, he had actually calculated the best time to shoot. The bullet could actually cleverly avoid everyone behind him. This ability to play with guns was definitely not something anyone could practice.

No one dared to laugh mockingly this time when they heard the little boy's tender warning. Everyone looked at him much more restrained. Not only was this child rich, but he was also proficient in guns. Whose young master was this?

The two maids applauded. One of the maids praised, "God Fu, your shot was simply cool. You have to successfully bid for that Feng Qing. That way, us sisters can have another companion."