

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 1113

Without cleaning up the corpses or cleaning up the battlefield, the second match started. This time, a tiger walked out of the cage, and the person who went on stage was an Asian with black hair and black eyes.

Di Qianmo asked, "Who are you choosing this time?"

Feng Qing replied without hesitation, "I choose that tiger this time."

Di Qianmo only sneered at Feng Qing's choice and did not say anything else. In his opinion, Feng Qing's choice was because she was afraid and it was the start of her surrender to him.

Compared to the first match, this match started quickly and ended even faster. After a bloody battle, this very thin asian man actually used a dagger to kill the tiger that was at least twice his weight.

Seeing that the asian man had finally survived, Feng Qing's face was expressionless. She couldn't help but sweat for him. However, at this moment, Di Qianmo took out her gun and aimed it at the asian man in the field. This time, Feng Qing's reaction was very fast. She immediately pounced on him and wanted to slap him away. However, just as her hand touched Di Qianmo's hand, an ear-piercing gunshot entered her ears. Immediately after, Feng Qing was stunned. Di Qianmo didn't shoot, so where did the gunshot come from?

Feng Qing subconsciously turned to the side and saw a bodyguard of Di Qianmo retracting his gun. Then, Feng Qing turned to look at the competition venue in confusion and saw a black bullet hole between the asian man's eyebrows. He was already deadlier than dead.

At the same time, Di Qianmo put away his gun. Then, a cold laugh that made people shiver came from behind the mask. It felt like he had just succeeded in teasing his female classmate. It was really shameless and hateful. Di Qianmo's laughter was not loud, but it spread throughout the entire Beast Fighting Arena.

Feng Qing's face was incomparably gloomy, and her large eyes were filled with anger. In the end, she squeezed out two words from the corners of her mouth. "Childish!"

Di Qianmo knew very well that in order to protect the life of the asian youth in the second round, Feng Qing would definitely say that she would bet on the tiger to win. Although Feng Qing had the initiative, he still wanted someone to interfere and change the outcome of the competition. No matter what, Feng Qing would not be satisfied. To put it bluntly, no matter the outcome, he wanted Feng Qing to always be on the losing side. He wanted to torture Feng Qing and keep attacking Feng Qing psychologically. He wanted to see Feng Qing cry and break down, or even kneel down and beg for mercy. However, he had already killed two people. It could be said that these two people had died because of Feng Qing, but Feng Qing had no intention of crying. What was going on? Hadn't he killed enough people?

This was also the first time Di Qianmo had interacted with Feng Qing. He didn't understand Feng Qing at all. His understanding of Feng Qing only stopped at the cold investigation report. If he had to say what was special about Feng Qing, it would be that she was Xie Jiuhan's woman. However, through this period of probing and observation, he realized that Feng Qing was definitely not as simple as the investigation report. Feng Qing definitely had another secret that no one knew.

She was not afraid of poisonous snakes, able to break out of the cage and escape, and having the skills to fight him, as well as the various poison powders and poisons hidden in her hair, Feng Qing's combat strength was no longer something ordinary people could compare to. Di Qianmo believed that she was a professional assassin. Her strength far exceeded the well-trained mercenaries under him. Moreover, he was even more uncertain how Feng Qing had obtained this terrifying strength. Could it be that Xie Jiuhan had specially nurtured her? Or was there a force behind Feng Qing? If it was the former, Di Qianmo wanted to personally destroy Feng Qing. Only then could he take revenge on Xie Jiuhan better. Therefore, not only did he want to attack Feng Qing psychologically, but he also wanted to anger Feng Qing and force her to fight him again. He wanted to personally experience how powerful Xie Jiuhan's woman was.

Looking at the asian man lying in a pool of blood, Feng Qing's face was covered in a layer of frost. The cold aura made the surrounding temperature drop a lot. However, sitting on the luxurious VIP chair, her entire body exuded a delicate aura. The red dress made her look like a rose blooming in the night.

Seeing Di Qianmo turn to look at her again, although Feng Qing's expression was still very cold, there was a hint of sweetness in her voice. "How boring. Don't ask me in the future. If you do, I won't play with you anymore."

Anyone who heard Feng Qing's voice at this moment would be attracted by this voice. Anyone with a little boyfriend power would involuntarily want to protect her and please her, but her move seemed to be useless against Di Qianmo.