

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 1131

After the battle just now, there were no more people and wild beasts on the Divine's Light that could be used as opponents for Boxing King Potian. He could not find any so-called experts to compete with Boxing King Potian.

Looking at Boxing King Potian and Feng Qing being lovey-dovey, Di Qianmo's slightly evil voice sounded from behind the mask. "Boxing King Potian, come to my banquet tomorrow night. The second auction will be held at the banquet. You're a second-class person after all. At that time, you'll be bid for by everyone as an auction item. Only the person who successfully bid for you has the right to return you your freedom. As Feng Qing is your spoils of war, her freedom will naturally be determined according to your situation."

Hearing Di Qianmo's words, Feng Qing turned to look at him and shouted, "The rules of the beast competition aren't like this, right? Moreover, you told me that anyone who participates in the beast competition and wins the championship can not only obtain an honorary title, but they can also leave the Divine's Light with their spoils of war. Leaving behind to auction themselves is just another choice. Have you forgotten so quickly?"

Seeing that Feng Qing was anxious, Di Qianmo smiled teasingly and said, "Then do you remember that I also said that the life and death of Boxing King Potian depends on my mood at that time. What I want to tell you now is that I'm very unhappy at this moment, so I don't intend to let him off the ship so easily. I want him to be an item at the auction tomorrow night and give him an explosive belt. At that time, if the person who won him doesn't intend to give him back his freedom, as long as he presses the remote control, that belt will immediately explode. Although the power of the explosion isn't great, it's enough to blow his body into two."

When Di Qianmo said this, although his voice was filled with mockery and disdain, his speed of speech was very calm. He even had a feeling that he was taking his time, as if everything was under his control. After saying that, Di Qianmo even raised one hand and deliberately made an explosive gesture, looking as evil as possible. However, in Feng Qing's eyes, she felt that he was very childish, like a child who deliberately wanted to show that he was very bad.

Seeing that Feng Qing was looking at him without saying a word, especially with Feng Qing's angry cheeks, Di Qianmo's interest was piqued. He continued to tease Feng Qing. "Tomorrow night, I'll also participate in the auction. At that time, if I accidentally won the bid for Boxing King Potian... Ha..."

At this point, Di Qianmo took out his hands from his pockets and placed them on the railing. He lowered his upper body and looked down at Feng Qing with his black skeleton mask. Through the mask, one could feel his emotions that wanted to destroy everything.

Feng Qing's good-looking eyebrows pricked up. Di Qianmo would definitely not let her and Boxing King Potian go so easily. The auction tomorrow night would definitely not be peaceful. Perhaps it would be the moment she fought alongside Xie Jiuhan.

Feng Qing looked at the silver soft metal belt on the waist of Boxing King Potian and knew that this was the explosive belt that Di Qianmo was talking about. She had only heard of this kind of thing before, but this was the first time she had seen it in person today. Seeing this, Feng Qing turned around and walked out of the colosseum. She even let out a delicate cry. Seeing this scene, Boxing King Potian hurriedly chased after her and shouted in a very indecent voice, "Hey, my dear spoils of war, you already belong to me. Where are you going? I've been tired for the entire day. You have to serve me well tonight."

At this moment, Xing Wudi was walking in a staff passageway on the Divine's Light. This passageway led straight to the rooms of all the second-class people. When Xing Wudi saw a waiter, he asked, "Where's that second-class person called the Boxing King?"

The waiter did not hide anything. "If I remember correctly, the Boxing King lives in Room 109 in District A on the fourth underground floor."

Xing Wudi nodded and looked at the label on the wall. He turned around and walked in the other direction. Just as he turned a corner, Long Jiuyuan caught up and asked, "Brother Wudi, where are you planning to go?"

Xing Wudi said without turning his head, "Find the Boxing King!"

Long Jiuyuan's beautiful eyes darted around. "Brother Wudi, are you planning to snatch Feng Qing back from the boxing champion?"

Xing Wudi glared at her and chose to ignore her. Wasn't this equivalent to talking nonsense? He didn't sleep at night and instead, came down to look for the Boxing King. If not to snatch Feng Qing back, could it be that he wanted to look for him for a long talk?