

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Fierce

Chapter 121: Xie Jiuhan, Are You Polite?

His gaze pierced through the crowd and collided with Xie Jiuhan in the air. In an instant, two completely different temperaments clashed, and it was as if even space had frozen.

With just a look, the Sword God knew that Xie Jiuhan, who was killing crazily, was definitely one of the few powerful figures he had seen. Ever since he stopped going to the battlefield, it had been a long time since he had encountered such a powerful expert. He felt that he could have a good fight today.

The Sword God rubbed his palms together in excitement. All his muscles were jumping, and the blood in his body was already boiling. He was born fond of fighting, and he yearned to fight, especially in life and death battles.

“Mr. Qingyi, I know you’re here. We’re all members of the organization. Why don’t we kill Xie Jiuhan together? As long as you’re willing, I can give you a billion.” The Sword God was in no hurry to make a move. Instead, he shouted loudly.

He didn’t know who Mr. Qingyi was, but he knew that Mr. Qingyi was very good at using poison. If he could pull him in, the two of them could deal with Xie Jiuhan together. It would definitely be safe.

“I’m a poison expert, not a fighting expert. The Ninth Master is so powerful, I won’t fight him,” Feng Qing replied in a man’s voice.

The Sword God shook his head, feeling a little disappointed. He was disappointed for Mr. Qingyi. It looked like Mr. Qingyi didn’t have the life to get rich. This time, he had come with the confidence to kill Xie Jiuhan. In order to get him to make a move, Xie Weiting had taken out all his wealth. After taking someone’s money, he had to help them get rid of the disaster. No matter how he looked at it, Xie Jiuhan had to die.

“Hahaha, Xie Jiuhan, the Sword God is here. Just wait to die! Xie Jiuhan, I want to chop off your four limbs and make you into a pupa to soak in the medicinal wine. I want you to beg for death. As for your delicate wife, she ruined my happiness, so I want to violate her again and again in front of you. I want you to watch helplessly as I torture her.” Xie Weiting shouted crazily like a lunatic.

Xie Jiuhan had no time to pay attention to him. He was surrounded by more than a hundred mercenaries. He jumped, hid, and counterattacked. His movements were natural and smooth, filled with an artistic feeling. It was as if killing was a very enjoyable thing for him.

There were countless injured and dead mercenaries. They had tried many methods of assault, but they were all useless. Xie Jiuhan was like a loach that slipped until they couldn't touch him.

A mercenary took the chance and threw a grenade at Xie Jiuhan. As long as the grenade exploded nearby, thousands of steel balls could shoot Xie Jiuhan into a sieve.

“Hey, you dropped your things!” Xie Jiuhan's cold voice sounded.

The mercenary's expression froze. He raised his head and met Xie Jiuhan's eyes. That bone-chilling gaze made his mind blank. In the next second, Xie Jiuhan released his grip and the grenade that was thrown just now returned to the mercenary's hands.

Bang!

The mercenary's idea succeeded. Someone had become a sieve, but it was him. Because the location of the explosion was relatively narrow, the steel balls from the explosion instantly killed dozens of mercenaries nearby.

Xie Weiting was anxious. He didn't expect that so many people couldn't kill Xie Jiuhan, in the end, most of his people were killed by him. Xie Jiuhan, are you polite?

“Trash, a bunch of useless people. What international mercenary? I have to do it myself!” Xie Weiting roared.

Before he could finish his sentence, he picked up a rocket launcher and bombarded Xie Jiuhan regardless of the number of mercenaries in front of him.

Bang, bang...

Several rockets exploded in succession, and dozens of mercenaries received their bentos without even letting out a scream. The places that had been bombarded were all burning with flames.

Looking at the fallen mercenaries, the Sword God and the other mercenaries looked at Xie Weiting with ugly expressions. Their brothers had been killed by their employer, and it had touched their bottom line.

Xie Weiting didn't care about the mercenaries' attitude. It was just a few mercenaries who had died. He would just give them another sum of money.

“Is Xie Jiuhan dead? That was a rocket, he must have died. I succeeded, hahaha...” Xie Weiting smiled sickly.

Amidst the flames, a slender and elegant figure slowly appeared. Under the contrast of the flames, it was as if a demon had walked out of hell. Xie Jiuhan coughed lightly and

removed his burning clothes. Seeing that he was not dead, Xie Weiting's laughter stopped abruptly as if someone had strangled his neck.

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 122: The Feelings of His Beloved Dying in Front of Him

Swoosh! A silver sword beam flashed past. The thin sword body was silent and moved at a shocking speed. In the face of danger, Xie Jiuhan raised his eyebrows and dodged the sword.

The Sword God was not surprised that his attack did not hit. He swung his wrist and a beautiful sword flew towards Xie Jiuhan's throat. In the next second, the forward momentum of the ancient sword came to a halt. Two slender fingers clamped the tip of the sword tightly.

"Old Sword God, your sword technique has regressed!" Xie Jiuhan teased.

The Sword God's expression froze. The surrounding flames shone on his face, making him seem a little down and out. His gaze moved across Xie Jiuhan's body. He wanted to see what this powerful young man looked like.

"Fire, Fire Phoenix's... Eye, you, you are..." Sweat rolled down from his temples. The Sword God's pupils constricted violently. There was a blood-red Phoenix eye tattooed on Xie Jiuhan's right waist.

Xie Jiu sneered. With a flick of his finger, the ancient sword flew out of his hand and pierced into the wall beside him. The Sword God's legs went weak and he fell to his knees.

"Feng Xiaotian..." The Sword God was in disbelief, his eyes filled with admiration and excitement.

In an instant, the mercenaries knelt down. All their weapons were adjusted to their safe states, and they crossed their arms in front of their chests to show their submission to Xie Jiuhan.

Xie Weiting was dumbfounded. He rubbed his eyes. The scene of the mercenaries kneeling Xie Jiuhan was too shocking. He didn't understand what was happening.

"The phoenix desires fire and looks down on the firmament!" The Sword God said excitedly, and the surrounding mercenaries repeated.

Faced with the worship of the Sword God and the mercenaries, Xie Jiuhan stood proudly. The familiar slogan made his blood boil. Images of him crossing the battlefield surfaced in his mind.

“Crazy, crazy. You’re all crazy. I spent so much money to hire you because I wanted you to kill him, not because I wanted you to worship him!” Xie Weiting shouted.

Xie Jiuhan walked to the railing of the third floor and looked down at Xie Weiting coldly. “You lost again!”

Hearing this, Xie Weiting seemed to have been stimulated by something. His sickly eyes became more neurotic as he looked at Xie Jiuhan and laughed hysterically.

“Hahaha, Xie Jiuhan, do you think you’ve won? The woman you love is still in my hands. Do you see that? As long as I press lightly, she will die without a doubt.” Xie Weiting took out a remote control and shouted ferociously.

Xie Jiuhan’s expression was cold. His entire body was filled with killing intent. The metal railing had been pinched into cotton by him. Seeing him like this, Xie Weiting laughed and danced. His appearance was as perverted as it could be. The feeling of making Xie Jiuhan grovel under his feet was too pleasurable.

“Gentleman’s Town, the grave of a hero. Xie Jiuhan, women are your greatest weakness. We’re brothers, so I’ll give you a chance. As long as you jump down from the third floor, I’ll let go of your woman,” Xie Weiting said smugly.

“Ninth Master, don’t listen to his nonsense!” Feng Qing said anxiously.

With the Sword God present, she could not use her original voice. Otherwise, many of her identities would no longer be secrets. If Xie Jiuhan knew that she was from A Dark Organization, what would he do to her? She did not dare to take the risk.

Feng Qing was at a loss. *How could she tell Xie Jiuhan that the woman being hung was not her?*

“Just press the remote control!” Xie Jiuhan said coldly.

Xie Weiting was stunned for a moment. He looked at Xie Jiuhan in disbelief. He was extremely surprised that he didn’t succeed!

Xie Jiuhan looked at him as if he was an idiot. “You’re the real idiot when you think that others are stupid. Haven’t you heard of this saying?”

No matter how similar they looked, she’s not Feng Qing. As Feng Qing’s husband, how could he not know what his wife looked like? He knew clearly how many pimples Feng Qing had and which hair was longer and shorter.

“I suggest that after you’re born in your next life, go to the hospital and get a brain checkup. If you really can’t do it, dig out your IQ and spray some alcohol to disinfect it. Finding someone to impersonate Feng Qing and fool me, are you sure you’re not stupid?” Xie Jiuhan teased.

Xie Weiting was stunned for a moment before he gave Xie Jiuhan a thumbs up. “Xie Jiuhan, you are indeed amazing. However, even if she isn’t your delicate wife, she still looks eighty to ninety percent similar. If you say that they are twins, I think everyone will believe that. I’ll let you experience the feeling of having your loved ones die in front of you.”

Before he could finish his sentence, Xie Weiting pressed the remote control. There was a cruel and perverted expression on his face. Even if he couldn’t kill the real Feng Qing, he had to disgust Xie Jiuhan.

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 123: The First Time He’s Risked His Life for a Woman

Sizzle... Electricity rang out as several blue electric arcs flashed on the iron hook. The suspended woman’s body tensed up, and her hair stood on end. The electric current exploded on her body, and her skin turned black. A nauseating smell of human flesh filled the air.

Watching the woman’s tragic end, Xie Jiuhan’s eyes shone with a bloody glow. The girl looked too similar to Feng Qing. Although he knew that she wasn’t Feng Qing, the visual impact she gave him was fast and violent.

“Phoenix Lord, you...” The Sword God spoke with difficulty. The killing intent released by Xie Jiuhan made him feel like he was at the edge of a cliff and could fall to his death at any moment. A fear he had never experienced before made his heart cold.

The Sword God’s vision blurred. In the next second, Xie Jiuhan strangely appeared in front of Xie Weiting. A large hand strangled Xie Weiting’s neck. The terrifying killing intent was so substantial that Xie Weiting couldn’t even struggle.

Xie Jiuhan exerted strength on his fingers, and Xie Weiting’s eyes started to turn white. Without any oxygen infusion, his lungs quickly deflated. At the critical moment, Xie Weiting’s strong will to live made him choose. He took out an exquisite transparent box from his pocket. There was a pair of artificial retinas quietly placed inside.

Xie Weiting used all his strength to throw the transparent box away. The box leaped over the railing and fell to the ground floor. His plan had succeeded. Xie Jiuhan released his grip, turned around, and flew over the railing towards the box. This was the

first time in his life that he had risked his life for a woman. Before he met Feng Qing, he would never do this even if he was beaten to death. How could he risk his life for someone else?

Unlike when he jumped from the third floor to the second floor, Xie Jiuhan did not care about his own safety this time. He held the transparent box tightly to his chest. He knew that the box contained Feng Qing's light. What he protected tightly was the excellent genes of his descendants.

The Health Center was 30 meters tall, and every level was 10 meters tall. Xie Jiuhan's back hit the ground under the pull of gravity. Feng Qing's eyes were red. She could hear very clearly that when Xie Jiuhan fell to the ground, he could not help but cry out in pain.

Feng Qing ran down the stairs frantically. She didn't forget to turn around and order the Sword God, "I'll go look for him. You guys catch Xie Weiting!"

The Sword God pulled the ancient sword off the wall and walked towards Xie Weiting with a dark expression. The international mercenaries turned their guns around and countless red spots covered Xie Weiting's body. All of them were murderous.

Xie Weiting roared, "Are you guys f*cking crazy? I'm the employer. Don't forget, the remaining three billion hasn't been paid yet. If you want the money, listen to me obediently!"

"Don't waste your breath on him. I'll give 10 billion!" Feng Qing's cold voice sounded from the first floor.

A hint of ruthlessness flashed across Xie Weiting's eyes. He raised his gun and pointed it at the Sword God. When one was in a desperate situation, they would do anything. The Sword God was the leader of this group of mercenaries. After killing the Sword God, the mercenaries were without a leader. Naturally, they would listen to him.

The next second, Xie Weiting's pupils constricted violently and became the size of two soybeans, and the gun in his hand was actually split into two. The Sword God brandished his sword and ordered, "Take him down!"

Xie Weiting was controlled by the two mercenaries. He said viciously, "A bunch of useless people. What kind of bullsh*t international mercenaries are you? Just Xie Jiuhan alone can scare you to this extent. Go home and suck milk!"

The Sword God sneered. "The ignorant are fearless! He is a living legend of our mercenary world, our Phoenix Lord. Trash like you will never understand."

In the hall on the first floor.

The Sword God asked concernedly, "Mr. Qingyi, the Phoenix Lord..."

Feng Qing said in a low voice, "There's no danger to his life. It's just that his brain suffered a violent concussion and he's temporarily in a coma."

The Sword God heaved a sigh of relief. It was good that his life was not in danger. He sized up the transparent box in Xie Jiuhan's hand and saw two densely packed things. Xie Weiting had never leaked the matter of the artificial retina to them, so the Sword God did not know what these things were.

Feng Qing wanted to pull out the box, but it was held tightly by Xie Jiuhan. The ancient sword was pressed against Feng Qing's neck. The Sword God said aggressively, "Mr. Qingyi, it's not yours. You'll lose your life if you take it."

The Sword God knew very well that something that could make Xie Jiuhan hug tightly even when he fell into a coma could not let anyone take it away easily. Otherwise, he would not be able to explain it to Xie Jiuhan.

Feng Qing ignored the ancient sword and whispered in Xie Jiuhan's ear, "Jiuhan, I'm Feng Qing. Let go, I'll take care of it."

In the next second, Xie Jiuhan's aura dissipated. He lowered his hands to his sides as if he had given the transparent box to Feng Qing. The Sword God looked at all of this with a strange expression and finally retracted his ancient sword.

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 124: I Want to Ask You for a Favor

Feng Qing looked at the transparent box in her hand and turned to the Sword God. "Let's go and leave this place first!"

The Sword God frowned. "What about the Phoenix Lord?"

"Don't worry. Mr. Qing Er has just informed me that Ninth Master's men have rushed over. They will leave with the Ninth Master immediately. If we continue to stay here and let the other forces know that the Ninth Master is cooperating with A Dark Organisation to steal the artificial retina, then when the Ninth Master wakes up, he will face the suppression of the various forces domestically and abroad." Feng Qing shook her head.

Seeing Feng Qing disappear, the Sword God knelt on one knee in front of Xie Jiuhan and said eagerly, "Phoenix Lord, I miss your days in the mercenary world. I really hope that I can get drunk with you!"

The mercenaries left with Sword God. After a while, Su Yu and Xie Qi brought a group of people and rushed into the Health Center. When they saw Xie Jiuhan lying on the ground with his upper body naked, the two of them were scared out of their wits and hurriedly got people to transport him away.

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Zhe City, International Hot Spring Hotel.

Su Yu booked the entire hotel. Xie Jiuhan was recuperating in the presidential suite while Xie Qi personally led people to guard the first floor hall. Even the hotel staff were chased out.

Looking at the unconscious Xie Jiuhan, Su Yu's eyebrows twitched. After following Xie Jiuhan for so long, this was the first time he had seen him like this.

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On the other hand.

Mr. Qing Er looked at Feng Qing with admiration. "Qingqing, seeing you, I finally understand what it means to mesmerize everyone. No wonder the Ninth Master is willing to hug a box and fall down. You're really too beautiful."

Feng Qing smiled slightly, and it was like the spring wind blowing past. Just by standing there was a scenery. Her beautiful and exquisite facial features, fair and smooth skin, a white dress, and a pair of white shoes that exuded a youthful aura. Her legs that were exposed were long and straight, and especially at the Achilles tendon area of her ankle, there was a mesmerizing outline.

Her high ponytail was tied with a pretty blue headband, making her look full of liveliness and playfulness. She had a youthful and cute aura, and she was carrying a pink bag on her shoulders. She completely looked like a harmless girl-next-door.

"Are you ready? Do you want a day off?" Mr. Qing Er asked.

Feng Qing shook her head and said firmly, "It has to be done today, in case anything happens over time. I also want to see the light again sooner!"

Mr. Qing Er didn't say anything. He turned on the computer and typed for a while. The corners of his mouth curled up. "Let's go. That person is here. Let's welcome him!"

Feng Qing smiled and nodded. She took the lead to walk out of the hotel. Mr. Qing Er opened his bag and quickly checked the various medical and surgical instruments inside before he chased after her with a big bag of things.

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At dusk, at Zhe City Hospital.

The chief physician of the Ophthalmology Department and the specialist in the domestic optic nerves had just finished a surgery. He had specially rushed over from the Capital to perform the surgery for a certain big shot in Zhe City. The surgery was very successful, and he had also received a big salary.

“The target has appeared!” Mr. Qing Er said into his earpiece.

“Drive over in 30 seconds,” Feng Qing replied.

Mr. Qing Er sat in the car and looked at his watch while waiting for Feng Qing to perform. On the side of the road, Huang Yu was waiting for the car that the hospital had sent him. The harmless Feng Qing walked towards him.

“Hi, Professor Huang Yu, nice to meet you!” Feng Qing greeted.

Huang Yu was slightly stunned and subconsciously turned to look at Feng Qing. “Who are you? What do you want?”

Feng Qing smiled sweetly. “Professor Huang, I want to ask you a favor...”

The next second, Huang Yu fell straight into Feng Qing’s arms. At the same time, a black van stopped by the side of the road. Feng Qing threw Huang Yu into the van and the black van disappeared down the street. The entire process took less than twenty seconds.

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Zhe City International Hot Spring Hotel.

Just as Feng Qing was kidnapping people, Xie Jiuhan finally woke up. His lips were very dry. The moment his senses returned, a sharp pain came from his back.

Realizing that he was awake, Su Yu hurriedly said, “Ninth Master, how are you feeling?”

Xie Jiuhan did not say a word. He supported himself with both hands on the bed and stood up forcefully. Su Yu clapped his hands and two subordinates walked in. One of them was holding a brand new suit, and the other was holding medicine to treat injuries.

Xie Jiuhan’s face was pale. The intense pain on his back caused a layer of cold sweat to appear on his forehead. Blood oozed out of the bandage. Xie Jiuhan said in a hoarse voice, “Where’s the box? Where is the box in my hand?”

Su Yu said nervously, “Ninth Master, the box you said, I think... it’s lost...”

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 125: You'll Love Me Then

"Speak clearly. What do you mean by 'I seem to have lost it'?" Xie Jiuhan's tone was cold.

Su Yu and his two subordinates lowered their heads, not daring to look Xie Jiuhan in the eye. His gaze was like a cold laser, freezing them on the spot.

Su Yu braced himself and explained, "Ninth Master, we didn't lose the box you were talking about. You should have lost it yourself. When we rushed over, you only had a piece of paper in your hand." Su Yu took a step forward and handed over a pink slip of paper.

Xie Jiuhan took the note and looked at it. He frowned. In his memory, this note had never appeared. In other words, this note was given to him after he fainted.

"Ninth Master, I'm sorry. The artificial retina belongs to me. Please believe that I have no ill intentions. The day we meet will be the day I give you the answer. At that time, you will fall in love with me—God of Thieves, Phantom."

Xie Jiuhan was speechless. *What God of Thieves, Phantom, and what does he mean by falling in love with him? He didn't even know if it was a man or a woman.* Xie Jiuhan was furious and shredded the note.

The temperature in the room obviously fell by a few notches. However, Su Yu and his two subordinates were sweating. The thing that Xie Jiuhan had tried his best to steal was stolen by someone else. One could imagine his mood. Now, whoever dared to anger him would definitely die miserably.

"Su Yu, inform everyone to mobilize all of Zhe City's men and search for the whereabouts of the God of Thieves, Phantom. I want to know where he is hiding before dawn!" Xie Jiuhan said coldly.

This time, he was truly angry. Regardless of whether it was to restore his dignity or to restore Feng Qing's eyesight, he had to make the God of Thieves Phantom pay the price.

"Huh? Why aren't you going?" Seeing that Su Yu didn't react, Xie Jiu snorted coldly.

Su Yu shuddered and said with difficulty, "Ninth Master, let's... solve the problem now."

Xie Jiuhan raised his brows as an abnormal feeling rose in his heart. He endured the pain and walked to the bed to look down. He realized that the hotel was surrounded by people. Every alley and exit were filled with people.

“Ninth Master, I’ve already contacted the Capital’s main camp. As long as we can last for four hours, the reinforcements will be able to arrive,” Su Yu reported.

The corners of Xie Jiuhan’s mouth twitched as he sneered. “Four hours? I’m afraid it’s too late. The guests are already here!”

Before he could finish his sentence, Su Yu and the rest saw a Black Eagle combat helicopter flying towards the presidential suite. The door was opened, and a blond man with blue eyes had a smile on his face. He was controlling a reinforced Gatling heavy machine gun with both hands, and his black gun was aimed at Xie Jiuhan.

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At the flower sea villa in Zhe City.

In the front yard of a three-story villa, Mr. Qing Er was walking back and forth with a worried look on his face. The bubble gum in his mouth was blowing up one after another. Those who knew him knew that whenever he was nervous and anxious, he would habitually blow up the bubble gum.

“It’s been so long. Why isn’t it over?” Mr. Qing Er said to himself.

He had rented the villa at the last minute. Huang Yu was here in the villa performing an artificial retinal replacement surgery for Feng Qing. Up until now, more than four hours had passed since the surgery. Huang Yu had specially instructed that no one was allowed to disturb the surgery during this period. Otherwise, he would not be responsible for the failure of the surgery. Mr. Qing Er could only wait outside.

Two figures suddenly appeared outside the courtyard door. Mr. Qing Er stopped in his tracks and looked over warily. He only relaxed his guard when he realized that one of them was the Sword God.

“Who is he?” Mr. Qing Er asked.

Along with the Sword God was a man who had wrapped himself up tightly. Out of consideration for Feng Qing’s safety, he had to ask.

The Sword God said, “He was also at the scene today and even sent you a message. Who do you think he is?”

Mr. Qing was stunned for a moment. He sized up the man carefully. “You’re the Night God?”

The man wearing the black peephole nodded at him calmly, admitting his identity. The Sword God looked around and his gaze landed on the second floor of the villa.

“Where’s Mr. Qingyi?” The Sword God asked.

Mr. Qing Er said awkwardly, “Brother Yi... He’s injured and is doing surgery inside. It’s not convenient to disturb him now.”

The Sword God glared at him. “Surgery? That’s not right. Why don’t I remember him being injured?”

“Why are you looking for him?” Mr. Qing Er changed the topic and asked.

The Sword God said coldly, “The Phoenix Lord is in a very dangerous situation now. The hotel he’s in is surrounded by several major factions. The enemy has a lot of people and has strong firepower, so I want to find Mr. Qingyi to help us save him. If I had known that he was also injured and was undergoing surgery, I wouldn’t have come for nothing.”

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 126: Here to Perform?

With that, the Sword God didn’t say anything else and left with the ancient sword on his back. Since Mr. Qingyi was injured, not only would he not be able to help if he went, but he would also become a burden.

On the second floor of the villa, Feng Qing’s ears twitched. Although Huang Yu had given her anesthesia, she could still hear the Sword God’s loud voice. *Jiuhan was in danger...*

Outside the villa, the boss of the hacker alliance, Night God, who was dressed in black, was staring at the second floor of the villa, as if his gaze could penetrate the wall.

Under a black mask without facial features, Xu Mingqian’s face was filled with guilt and regret. The scene of Xie Jiuhan falling heavily to the ground to protect the artificial retina in the Health Center had deeply shocked him.

“Qingqing, I’m sorry. I can’t compare to Xie Jiuhan...” Xu Mingqian blamed himself.

His phone rang. Xu Mingqian took it out and took a look. Without a word, he turned around and disappeared into the night.

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At the International Hot Spring Hotel.

Xie Jiuhan stood in front of the french window with his clothes on. His gaze was fixed on the man in the black eagle helicopter through the window. The man was holding a night vision telescope and looking for Xie Jiuhan's location.

"Ninth Master, why don't you leave first? I'll find someone to impersonate you," Su Yu suggested.

Xie Jiuhan was injured. Although it was not fatal, he could not reach his peak combat strength. There were thousands of people surrounding him. It was obviously not a wise move to fight head-on. As long as he was alive, there was hope.

Xie Jiuhan said coldly and arrogantly, "Ha, they're just a bunch of ants. Do you think I'm afraid?"

"Ninth Master, that's not what I mean. You're heroic and peerless, so you naturally aren't afraid of them. But you're injured after all. It's best if you don't fight. The reason why these people dare to come at this time is because they want to take your life when you're sick," Su Yu said boldly.

As the most powerful man in the Capital, he had overcome all obstacles to reach the peak, so he naturally had many enemies. These people wanted to kill him at all times and pull him down from his divine altar.

Su Yu wanted to continue, but Xie Jiuhan raised his hand and interrupted him. "Speak no more! Although I'm injured, I'm not someone that any Tom, Dick, or Harry can boast about in front of me. Go and make me a cup of coffee and find a sun chair. I want to see who dares to pull out teeth from the tiger's mouth today."

After he finished speaking, the muscles on Xie Jiuhan's face twitched. The wound on his back hurt again, but he still stood straight. His elegant and noble temperament did not decrease at all. If it was an ordinary person, they would definitely lie on the bed and cry loudly after suffering such a serious injury. However, he was the King of the Capital and the person in charge of the Xie family. He did not allow himself to reveal such a weak side.

Su Yu looked at Xie Jiuhan and admired him greatly. He was still in the mood to drink coffee at such a time. As expected of the god-like Ninth Master!

In the air, the black eagle combat helicopter flew rapidly and quickly locked onto Xie Jiuhan's position. The blond man looked into Xie Jiuhan's eyes through the night vision telescope.

"Hehe, Ninth Master, you really made me look for you. Let's go over to the second floor-to-ceiling window on the left of his top floor. I heard that he's injured. We have to give him our condolences," the blond man said with a naughty smile.

As soon as he finished speaking, he slipped and almost fell off the helicopter because he saw Xie Jiuhan sitting on a wide sun chair. He was wearing a black coat and smiling at him as he drank his coffee. He could even see the flowering on the surface of the coffee cup.

“D*mn! What the heck? You useless people, where did you get the news? Didn’t you say that he was seriously injured and unconscious? Why is he still in the mood to drink coffee?” The blond man shouted into his earpiece.

Although Xie Jiuhan was smiling, his eyes were filled with endless killing intent. With just a look, he felt like a dead person. The terrifying aura seemed to be able to shatter glass.

Downstairs, in front of a surveillance screen, dozens of leaders of the forces were standing together. The scene observed by the blond man’s night vision telescope was transmitted to the screen in real time.

They had also seen Xie Jiuhan. His eagle eyes, which were filled with killing intent, could see through them even through the screen. The joyous atmosphere had disappeared.

“Ninth Master is fine. Then are they here to perform?” The same thought appeared in the hearts of everyone.

Looking at Xie Jiuhan, who was sipping his coffee leisurely, a dark cloud hung over everyone’s heads. For a moment, everyone fell silent. No one knew what choice they should make.

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 127: A Cup of Coffee Shook the Crowd

In the presidential suite, Su Yu stood respectfully behind Xie Jiuhan. His mouth moved slightly. “Ninth Master, I’m impressed. You’re too daring. You’ve scared them silly with a cup of coffee!”

Xie Jiuhan took a sip of coffee and tasted it. “Don’t be happy too early. They’ve mobilized so many people to kill me. They won’t be stopped by a cup of coffee. Let’s prepare for battle.”

Although he despised the people downstairs, these leaders had been in the underworld for their entire lives after all. Moreover, things had already progressed to this point, so how could they retreat easily? They could scorn their opponents, but they could not look down on their enemies.

Su Yu said in a deep voice, "Don't worry, Xie Qi has already reported to me. The brothers are mainly concentrated on the first and second floor. All the entrances have bombs installed. As long as they dare to charge in, they will explode as many as they come."

Xie Jiuhan nodded. He was still at ease with Xie Qi's work. Otherwise, he wouldn't be in charge of protecting Feng Qing usually. This time, there weren't many people brought along, but everyone was an elite. Moreover, everyone was equipped with enough weapons and ammunition. In the corridor with limited space, they had the ability to fight against the other party.

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In front of the surveillance screen, the leaders were discussing fervently.

"No matter what, we have already bared our fangs to Xie Jiuhan. Even if we retreat now, our lives will not be good in the future."

"That's right. Regardless of whether he's injured or not, with so many of us joining forces, we could definitely take him down."

"We'll hit the nail on the head. Before I came, I went to the Health Center to take a look. The battle at that time should have been very intense. It's impossible for Xie Jiuhan to not be injured at all. This is an excellent opportunity for us."

"Hmph, don't panic, everyone. We have nearly ten thousand people here. Even the officials don't dare to control us. How can we be scared off by Xie Jiuhan alone? Why should we boost other people's morale and diminish our own?"

"Well said. Why don't we give the order now to end the battle this morning? I've long wanted to meet this legendary Ninth Master."

After discussing for a long time, the dozens of leaders finally reached an agreement. They decided to attack Xie Jiuhan. Being able to beat Xie Jiuhan down from the altar was enough to let them brag for a lifetime. Moreover, they would obtain countless benefits. At the very least, they wouldn't have to live in Xie Jiuhan's shadow anymore.

Following the orders, countless forces fought their own battles and rushed towards the hotel from different directions. After discussion by the leaders, they decided to use the simplest and most violent method.

Just as a few forces were about to reach the hotel's door, an ancient sword streaked across the night sky and pierced straight into the ground. The marble tiles cracked into a few pieces, and the Sword God arrived in time with his mercenaries.

“How dare you! The Sword God is here, whoever dares to cross the ancient sword will be killed without mercy!” The Sword God said coldly.

“Sword God, we’re dealing with Xie Jiuhan. What has this got to do with you?”

“How dare you bring such a small group of people out to mediate things? Do you really think you can kill all of us with a broken sword?”

“Sword God, you’re already so old. Why didn’t you stay at home and retire? Why did you come out to tread in muddy water? Hurry up and get lost with your people, or else I’ll beat all of you into a hornet’s nest.”

Seeing the Sword God appear out of nowhere, the leaders all scolded him. They did not even take the Capital’s Ninth Master seriously, much less a Sword God over 50 years old.

Before the leaders could finish, thousands of subordinates pointed their guns at the Sword God and his men. Although their movements were messy, the scene was very spectacular.

The Sword God frowned. There were seventy-two factions today, and even he felt the pressure. If it was just one or two factions, he and the mercenaries behind him could easily destroy them, but with so many factions attacking together, they would have no chance of victory.

“In that case, I can only fight you guys. If you want to touch the Ninth Master, step over my corpse first,” the Sword God said coldly. As he finished speaking, he flicked his toe and the ancient sword returned to his hand. The mercenaries loaded their guns and looked at him prepared to fight at any moment.

“Eh, what the heck? Why is it snowing?” said a leader.

Hearing his words, the dozens of leaders raised their heads to look at the sky. It was like snow was really falling in the night sky of the abyss. What shocked them was that the snow was actually blood red.

“Yo, everyone, long time no see. Is my Crimson Snow good-looking? What’s so important that it’s worth the seventy-two factions of Zhe City to move out at the same time? No one informed me. Do you not think highly of a weak woman like me?” Suddenly, an enchanting and mean woman’s voice sounded out, and everyone turned to look.

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