

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 130: Ninth Master and Madam Crimson Snow Went to Get a Room!

Xie Jiuhan raised his hand. The Sword God stopped in his tracks and his ancient sword stopped in midair. In the next second, Xie Jiuhan pulled off his coat and gently draped it over Madam Crimson Snow. Su Yu, the Sword God, and the rest revealed looks of surprise. They couldn't understand what this 'ancestor' was doing. Could it be that they were hallucinating?

Madam Crimson Snow covered her mouth and smiled lightly. "I've long heard that the Ninth Master of the Capital is suave and elegant with a dignified bearing. Seeing you today, you really live up to your reputation. I came all the way here to save you. Shouldn't the Ninth Master show some appreciation?" With that, Madam Crimson Snow stretched out a finger and scratched Xie Jiuhan's chest charmingly, like a clingy red kitten.

Su Yu was dumbfounded. Other than Young Madam Feng Qing, this was the first time he had seen other women dare to tease Xie Jiuhan like this. Was this woman tired of living?

Xie Jiuhan looked at the woman in his arms. "What do you want me to do?"

Madam Crimson Snow smiled lightly. "Then how about a kiss from the Ninth Master?"

Xie Jiuhan was stunned for a moment before he smiled. "Just a kiss?"

Su Yu, the Sword God, and the rest were dumbfounded. They thought that the two of them would fight, but in the end, they hugged and talked about love, feeding everyone a bunch of lovey-dovey ness.

"Why don't... I give you my entire body? How about that?" Without waiting for Madam Crimson Snow to speak, Xie Jiuhan continued.

Madam Crimson Snow trembled slightly, and her heart beat wildly. Xie Jiuhuan's magnetic voice aroused her emotions. Looking into his eyes, which were filled with stars, made her dazzled.

In the next second, Xie Jiuhuan reached out with both hands and carried Madam Crimson Snow. Madam Crimson Snow exclaimed and subconsciously wrapped her hands around Xie Jiuhuan's neck. Su Yu, the Sword God, and the rest's jaws almost fell to the ground. The scene before their eyes made their souls leave their bodies. Xie Qi slowly woke up and happened to see this scene. He reached out and pointed at Xie Jiuhuan and Madam Crimson Snow. His eyes rolled over and he fainted again.

"Hey, Sword God, am I dreaming?" Su Yu asked.

The Sword God slapped himself and replied in lip language, "My face hurts!"

"Ninth Master having an affair?" Su Yu wanted to dig his eyes out as his worldview broke.

Ignoring everyone, Xie Jiuhuan carried Madam Crimson Snow and walked into the hotel. However, when he went up the stairs, the corners of his mouth twitched because of the pain in his back.

Madam Crimson Snow said in a soft voice, "Jiu Jiu, your back is injured. Let me down."

Xie Jiuhuan ignored her words and carried her to the elevator domineeringly. She could feel the man's scorching chest. Madam Crimson Snow seemed to have melted. She no longer had the domineering ruthlessness she had when she faced ten thousand people.

Watching the two of them leave, Su Yu and the rest were confused. The Sword God revealed an expression that said, "I understand all of it." At this moment, Xie Qi woke up and asked in confusion, "Eh, where's Ninth Master?"

The Sword God looked at him and smiled. "Ninth Master and Madam Crimson Snow have gone to get a room!"

Xie Qi didn't faint again. He said in shock, "I really didn't expect our Ninth Master to be such a person. The red flag at home doesn't fall, and the colorful flags outside are fluttering. If Young Madam finds out..."

"Xie Qi, do you feel that Madam Crimson Snow's walking posture is so similar to... Young Madam?" Su Yu asked as he touched his chin.

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In the presidential suite, Xie Jiuhan threw Madam Crimson Snow onto the bed and looked at her with a cold smile. Madam Crimson Snow lowered her head and looked obedient, like a primary school student who had made a mistake.

Xie Jiuhan reached out and took off Madam Crimson Snow's hat and veil. Feng Qing was perfect. Her fair and smooth face came into view. Xie Jiuhan wiped the corner of her lips, and it instantly turned red.

"Yes, it tastes good, but this special lipstick needs a lot of makeup remover." Xie Jiuhan licked the lipstick on his finger.

In the next second, Xie Jiuhan pressed Feng Qing down and kissed her like raindrops. The intense attack made Feng Qing's mind blank and she even forgot to breathe.

Feng Qing stared at Xie Jiuhan with wide eyes. She wanted to engrave this man's face deeply in her mind, into her bones, and into her soul. Her gaze was fearless and especially greedy. She wanted to see through every inch of the man's face and every eyelash.

She did not know how long they had been kissing, but Xie Jiuhan finally stopped. Feng Qing was shocked and hurriedly closed her eyes. Her face, collarbones, and neck were covered in red lip marks.