

# The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 191

Chapter 191: Showing Off

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“Do you still want to drink?” Xie Jiuhan smiled coldly.

“I... I won't drink it anymore, alright?” Feng Qing said angrily.

Xie Jiuhan's lips twitched. “It's too late. Ji Yunchen has already gone to the wine cellar to get the wine.”

Feng Qing : “...”

Looking at Xie Jiuhan's burning gaze, Feng Qing swallowed her saliva with difficulty. She was extremely regretful now. Why did she have to drink? It was equivalent to digging a hole for herself.

“Then, then will you personally cook something delicious for me?” Feng Qing lowered her head and didn't dare to look at Xie Jiuhan, afraid that Xie Jiuhan would eat her up before she could eat.

Xie Jiuhan did not say a word. He rolled up his sleeves and stood up to walk to the kitchen. Although he had never cooked, that did not mean that he did not know how to cook or he did not do it well. He could even conquer the entire Capital, much less a few home-cooked dishes.

...

In the kitchen, Xie Jiuhan was looking at the tutorial on cooking on his phone as he quickly stir-fried the vegetables in the pot. Feng Qing looked at the man with a love-struck expression. No matter when or where, this man would always be so calm and elegant.

The fire surged and hot air rose. Xie Jiuhan cooked with a spatula with one hand. The dishes in the pot flew up and down, looking very beautiful.

“Wow, Little Jiu Jiu is so awesome!” Feng Qing clapped her hands.

Ji Yunchen walked in and held a bottle of red wine. “Ninth Master, this bottle of wine...” Before he could finish speaking, Ji Yunchen froze on the spot. He looked at Xie Jiuhan, who was cooking food, in disbelief. He rubbed his eyes hard, not daring to believe that this was real.

“You’re not allowed to say anything. Otherwise, your annual bonus will be confiscated!” Xie Jiuhan said with his back facing Ji Yunchen.

Ji Yunchen : “...”

He turned around and blinked at Feng Qing, meaning to say, “Did the Ninth Master take the wrong medicine?”

Feng Qing smiled and blinked at him. She seemed to be saying, “How is it? I’m amazing, right? Your Ninth Master, the domineering and mighty Ninth Master, can cook!”

Ji Yunchen secretly raised his thumb and whispered, “Young Madam, you’re a ruthless person!”

“Ji Yunchen, is that thumb of yours redundant?” Suddenly, Xie Jiuhan’s cold voice rang out. Ji Yunchen was so afraid that he turned around and ran. Like a frightened horse, he disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Feng Qing covered her mouth and chuckled. She felt that it was quite fun to have a funny player like Ji Yunchen around Xie Jiuhan.

Perhaps it was too hot, Xie Jiuhan unbuttoned all the buttons on his shirt, revealing a smooth and firm muscle. Under the cover of the shirt, his collarbones were vaguely visible, making Feng Qing dizzy.

Seeing that Xie Jiuhan was about to put on the apron, Feng Qing hurriedly went over and wrapped her arms around Xie Jiuhan's waist from behind. She said in a sweet voice, "Little Jiu Jiu, I'll help you put it on." With that, she picked up the apron and tied it. Her slender fingers gently touched the man's lower back, and a warm feeling flowed in their hearts.

Xie Jiuhan stir-fried the vegetables in the pot, his expression solemn. To be precise, this was the first time he had personally cooked since he became the master of the Xie family. Although he was a descendant of the Xie family, he was not a profligate young master who was revered.

Because he was Old Master Xie's illegitimate son, the people of the Xie family had always excluded and suppressed him. There were even more people who wanted to kill him, and throwing poison into his food had become one of the main methods. If he didn't want to be poisoned to death, he could only cook for himself. Later on, he became the King of the Capital and placed all his energy on work, so he no longer cooked.

After tying the apron, Feng Qing wrapped her arms around Xie Jiuhan's waist and pressed her face tightly against his back. She could feel the perfect muscles on the man's back and the indescribable tightness.

"Go to the dining table and wait. It'll be done soon." Xie Jiuhan said.

"Alright!" Feng Qing nodded obediently and walked out with the bottle of red wine.

At the dining table, before Xie Jiuhan came out, Feng Qing picked up her phone and sent Xie Shihao a video.

Feng Qing: "Xiao Hao, look what your uncle is doing?"

In less than a second, Xie Shihao replied, "The man who cooked was Little Uncle?"

Feng Qing: "Little Jiu Jiu is making stinky mandarin fish for me. Isn't he very handsome when he's cooking?"

After a moment of silence, Xie Shihao replied with eight shocked emoticons. "D\*mn! What the heck?! Little Uncle actually cooked for someone else in the kitchen?"

Feng Qing: "It's really delicious!"

Xie Shihao said, "Are you guys at Di Hui Building? Tell Little Uncle that his eldest nephew will reach the battlefield in ten minutes."

Feng Qing warned, "Do you believe that your uncle and I will give you a beating together if you dare to be the third wheel? Will you be able to handle the beating?"

Xie Shihao was flustered and exasperated. He wanted to blacklist Feng Qing, but he was also curious about how she would flaunt her husband later on.. After all, he was Xie Jiuhan's most loyal fan.