

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Fierce

Chapter 2: Jiu, Look at Me

“Ah!”

She did not know how long she had slept, but a scream suddenly rang in Feng Qing’s ears, waking her up instantly. Feng Qing touched the sweat on her face and gasped for air. Everything was still dark. The unfamiliar environment made Feng Qing a little flustered. Even if she could see, she would probably feel uncomfortable because this was a black villa with no other colors. There was an oppressive dark aura everywhere.

“Ninth Master, please spare my life. I don’t dare...”

“I really don’t dare anymore... Please... Ah!”

Another scream came from afar as Feng Qing got off the bed gently. The moment she landed on the ground, the excruciating pain almost made her unable to stand up. Fortunately, the wound on her leg had already been bandaged and she could still walk after enduring it for a while.

Feng Qing limped towards the source of the sound.

At this moment, the painful screams seemed to have changed because begging was useless. They started to curse like mad dogs.

“Xie Jiuhan, who do you think you are? You’re just a little bastard!”

“And a bastard who won’t live past 25 years old. Do you think the Xie family will be handed over to you? Even if you kill me, you’re still a bastard!”

Upon hearing those words, Feng Qing, who was standing beneath the wall, felt as if her acupoints had been struck. She was completely dumbfounded, and her eyes were wide open.

Xie... Xie Jiuhan? She was really blind. Otherwise, why would she end up in Xie Jiuhan’s hands?

Xie Jiuhan was known as the Ninth Master, the ruler of the Capital. Most importantly, he had a gloomy personality and was stubborn and ruthless. It was said that he was bloodthirsty...

Isn't he a lunatic!

Bang!

A gunshot rang out, and the screams and curses disappeared.

"Who?" As the person beside Xie Jiuhan, Su Yu sensed that someone was there and instantly raised his gun again. The bodyguards followed Su Yu's gaze and happened to see Feng Qing, who was leaning against the wall and trembling non-stop.

Feng Qing was wearing a white nightdress that did not fit her at all. Her long hair covered half of her exposed shoulders. Although she was afraid, she still limped towards Xie Jiuhan, who was beside the pool of blood.

Xie Jiuhan sat on the pitch-black sofa, his expression murderous. There were even a few drops of blood at the corner of his mouth. He looked even more bloodthirsty, but Feng Qing could not see it.

"Get lost!" Xie Jiuhan's heart was filled with violence. He couldn't control his rationality. The entire house was either black or bright red. Only she was white. It was as if a little rabbit had come to hell. It made him want to strangle her to death!

Feng Qing heard the man's cold roar and her body trembled again. She stumbled and fell into the man's arms.

Su Yu was stunned. He didn't know whether he should continue or keep the gun.

Listening to the sound and positioning, Feng Qing knew that she had fallen into Xie Jiuhan's arms. She simply followed the position of her fall and sat on the man's legs. Her voice was still trembling slightly. "Jiu, quickly control your emotions. Follow me to do deep breathing. Hu... hu..."

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In the hall, Su Yu and his bodyguards did not dare to look around. They wished they were dead.

1

"Who are you calling?" Xie Jiuhan asked emotionlessly.

“Huh?” Hearing Xie Jiuhan’s words, Feng Qing tilted her head. “Who else could it be but you? I’m calling you Jiu. Do you think it’s a bad idea? What about Hanhan? Xie Xie? Or Jiuhan? If you think it’s not acceptable, how about Hubby?”

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Xie Jiuhan looked defeated. He frowned, but his emotions calmed down strangely. “Why are you calling me Jiu? Xie Xie... Wait, who’s your husband?!” The man’s voice was hoarse. He felt that he had been led astray.

“You! Xie Jiuhan is my husband!” Feng Qing endured the pain on her feet and tried her best to smile warmly.

“Ha, you really dare!” The man sneered in disdain and leaned back on the sofa, as if ignoring the little girl sitting on his lap.

“Jiu, do you believe in fate? This is fate’s arrangement.” Feng Qing reached out her hand and touched Xie Jiuhan’s face. Regardless of the reason, since Xie Jiuhan didn’t throw her out and even tolerated her tyranny, she could be a little impudent.

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Su Yu and the bodyguards had completely lowered their heads. The Ninth Master hadn’t even killed her. This girl was different!

Xie Jiuhan’s body trembled when someone suddenly held his face. His eyes were filled with danger. “Ever since I was young, those old men and women have always said that I will have a good life and be lucky.. I’ll give you all the good fortune. Do you want it?”

Thank you for reading on

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