

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 226

Chapter 226: Relapse of Illness

The killing intent on Xie Jiuhan's body dissipated, but his eyes were still red. When he rushed in just now, he saw Liu Changjiu exerting force on a woman. He didn't expect that it would be Feng Qing, after all, Little Wu had been protecting her secretly, so killing Liu Changjiu was easy for her.

At that time, he was so angry that he tore off Liu Changjiu's head and broke all his limbs, only then did he vent his anger. Later on, he realized that the woman who had fainted was actually Feng Qing's 'good sister'.

Xie Jiuhan thought that Feng Jianing was knocked out by Liu Changjiu, but he didn't know that she had fainted from his killing god-like heroic bearing. Who wouldn't faint from looking at the entire process of someone's head being torn off at a close distance?

Xie Jiuhan took out a tissue and wiped the blood on his face. He had long wanted to kill Liu Changjiu. He would die ten thousand times over since he dared to have designs on his woman.

Originally, if Liu Changjiu had stayed overseas, Xie Jiuhan might not have had the time to kill him to vent his anger. After all, he was only a smuggler and was not presentable at all. It was not to the extent that Xie Jiuhan would personally go overseas to arrest him. If he had to blame someone, he could only blame himself for having run out of luck and returning home to give up his life!

After wiping his hands clean, Xie Jiuhan reached out and closed Feng Qing's eyes. He didn't want Feng Qing to see such a bloody scene, nor did he want her to see him, who looked like a god of death. This was because he didn't want his woman to be afraid of him. If that happened, how could they live together in the future?

Although he had also killed people in front of Feng Qing in the past, Feng Qing couldn't see it then. Now that she could see it, he had to be careful in this aspect. He didn't want Feng Qing to think of him as a murderer.

“Lass, go out first!” Xie Jiuhan said, not daring to look at Feng Qing. He wasn’t afraid of Feng Qing. He was afraid that he would see fear and disgust in Feng Qing’s eyes. If that happened, he might raze this place to the ground.

After a while, there was no movement behind him. Clearly, Feng Qing had not left. Xie Jiuhan’s throat rolled, and he became a little nervous. He wondered if Feng Qing was scared stiff. If not for the fact that his body was covered in blood, he would have carried Feng Qing out immediately and let Little Wu handle the scene.

The more he thought about it, the more agitated he became, and the more afraid he became. Xie Jiuhan’s breathing started to become heavy, and his eyes became even more blood-red. There was a hint of ferocity on his face, and the restless genes in his bones seemed to have been activated.

Feng Qing frowned slightly. She knew that Xie Jiuhan was acting up again. As long as he acted up, he would become a demon. He couldn’t help but want to kill. He craved blood and the thrill of killing. It seemed that this was the only way to make him feel safe.

“Jiu Jiu!” Feng Qing said softly.

Every time Xie Jiuhan acted up, his heart would beat at a very strange frequency. He didn’t seem like a human at all. He had occasionally acted up all these years, so Feng Qing was not phased at all.

Seeing his chest rise and fall violently, Feng Qing immediately ran forward. She wanted to go up and hug Xie Jiuhan and use herself to bring him warmth. Only this could stop him from continuing to fall ill. Otherwise, the Keith Shopping Center would become a slaughterhouse.

As she ran too quickly, Feng Qing stepped on Liu Changjiu’s eyeballs. Her feet slipped, and she lost her balance and fell. Xie Jiuhan took a step forward and caught Feng Qing firmly.

The next second, two white arms wrapped around the man's neck, and her warm and fragrant lips gently landed on his forehead. Feng Qing didn't care if there was blood on the man at all. She only cared that the man could calm down again.

"Little Jiu Jiu, be good. Let's not be angry. Breathe with me... Breathe..." After a kiss calmed Xie Jiuhan down, Feng Qing's voice was gentle. Her small hands gently caressed the man's back rhythmically as she stroked his hair.

"No, don't leave me. Don't despise me. Don't be afraid of me..." The man kept repeating. He hugged Feng Qing tightly, but his body was trembling non-stop.

Even when he was faced with a magnificent army, he still pressed forward courageously. When he fell into a trap, he had never retreated. However, when faced with Feng Qing's unknown attitude, he felt extremely terrified and uneasy.

Feng Qing kept consoling him. She seemed to understand why he became like this. It turned out that this was what he was most afraid of. However, this time, she seemed to be unable to calm him down.