

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 305

Chapter 305: Injured Kitten

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Xie Jiuhuan continued walking while he carried Feng Qing. The man was dressed in a suit and looked handsome. The woman was beautiful and gentle, like a beautiful oil painting.

Su Yu and the other two all turned their heads to the side. Although they were forced to watch a display of affection, the scene was too beautiful and they didn't dare to look anymore.

Feng Qing laid in the man's arms, her pretty face pressed against the man's chest. She was like an injured kitten, rubbing against her master. The man's throat rolled. He had an instinctive reaction from being rubbed by the kitten. However, Ji Yunchen's words just now made him forcefully suppress the urge in his heart.

"Little Jiu Jiu, are you angry with me?" Seeing that the man was ignoring her with a cold face, Feng Qing asked softly.

"You still know?!" The man gritted his teeth.

Feng Qing looked up at the man with a blissful expression. "Don't worry, I'll be fine. I'll definitely take my medicine and change the bandages on time. I guarantee that I won't leave any scars, in case Little Jiu Jiu doesn't feel good when you hold my hand in the future."

Although Feng Qing was in the man's arms, the man could feel her hot breath mixed with her fragrance drilling into his ears, making his ears burn.

Seeing that the man was still not speaking, Feng Qing puffed up her cheeks and bit the man's chest. Her pink tongue brought about a wet heat and instantly soaked the shirt. She even licked that spot unintentionally. In an instant, a boiling desire ignited from his abdomen and rushed straight to his heart and brain. Finally, it turned into two fire snakes that spewed out of his ears.

When he walked to the car, the kitten was still licking the man's chest. The man's breathing had already become heavier. He had no choice but to open the back door and throw the kitten in.

Before Feng Qing could climb up from the backseat, the man's tall body pressed against her, completely covering the woman beneath him. Fortunately, this car was a stretch Bentley, and it was divided into three sections. The front section was mainly the driver's seat and the front passenger seat. The middle section was usually empty, and it was separated from the back section. There was also specially added soundproofing and bulletproof glass.

The little female kitten cried out in heat, her moans getting louder and louder, but the people sitting in the front and middle section could not hear a single sound.

Su Yu and the other two realized that when Xie Jiuhan carried Feng Qing out of the car, their clothes were a little messy. However, the Ninth Master's mood seemed to have improved a lot. Instead, Feng Qing looked pitiful. Her collarbones and neck were covered in red and swollen kiss marks.

The corners of Ji Yunchen's mouth twitched. He wanted to say something, but when he saw Xie Jiuhan's energetic look, he ultimately suppressed it. This man was really beyond anyone's control!

After entering the Xie Manor, Xie Jiuhan carried Feng Qing and walked straight to the bedroom. On the other side, Xie Yuhuan received the news and walked out of her courtyard. There was a servant behind her, and the servant was holding a bouquet of flowers that had just been cut.

Xie Yuhuan was the standard career woman, but deep inside her, she still had a little girl's heart. Other than being interested in earning money, what she liked the most was raising flowers and grass. For this reason, she had specially studied flower arrangement with a master abroad.

The three of them happened to meet in front of the bedroom door. Xie Jiuhan was walking in the Xie Manor with Feng Qing in his arms. Xie Yuhuan frowned. Was this still the Xie Manor? Where were the rules?

Xie Jiuhan asked, "Little Aunt, what's the matter?"

Xie Yuhuan's expression darkened. "Isn't Qingqing's hand injured? Could it be that her feet aren't working well too?"

She could understand that Xie Jiuhan liked Feng Qing, but she could not accept or understand how he doted on Feng Qing. He was the King of the Capital after all. How could he be controlled by a woman like this!

Although her tone was already very restrained, Xie Jiuhan could still hear the disgust she had for Feng Qing in her words. She had been brooding over the fact that Long Yuning had been kicked out of the Xie Manor. Now that she saw Feng Qing being so fearless, she was naturally extremely unhappy.

"I'm sorry, Little Aunt. It's my fault. I shouldn't have let Jiuhan carry me, but I had a cold and fever today, so my legs are a little weak now and I can't walk." Feng Qing pretended to cough.

Before she could finish her sentence, Xie Yuhuan's servant took a step forward and stood in front of her, looking afraid that Xie Yuhuan would catch a cold from Feng Qing.