

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 377

Chapter 377: Qingqing Has a Fever

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“Secretary Su, what’s wrong with the Ninth Master? Doesn’t he not eat sweet food?” After the VIP elevator door closed, a few gossipy employees asked Su Yu.

Su Yu’s expression darkened. “Do you all have nothing to do? Are you all too free?”

A Human Resource manager said, “Brother Su, don’t be angry. Isn’t everyone concerned about the Ninth Master? Did you realize that the Ninth Master is in an especially good mood today? In all the years I’ve been in the company, this is the first time I’ve seen him smile.”

“That’s right. Just now, there was a meeting about the talent allocation of the major districts. The Ninth Master even smiled a few times and made the heads of the major districts dumbfounded,” the assistant manager of the Human Resource Department said.

Su Yu rolled his eyes at them and said unhappily, “You guys, you’re not energetic when it comes to work, but you guys are so energetic when it comes to gossip. Help me inform the secretariat. Tell them that from today onwards, no one can go up to the 95th floor casually without permission, not even Little Aunt Xie.”

The expressions of the few employees froze. They naturally knew the name ‘Little Aunt Xie’. Wasn’t that Ninth Master’s aunt, Xie Yuhuan? What happened? Why didn’t he let her in?

The Human Resource Director couldn’t help but say, “Miss Long isn’t allowed to enter either? Hasn’t her relationship with our Ninth Master always been good?”

Su Yu nodded without hesitation. "If Old Madam Xie wasn't even allowed in, who is she to go in? Everyone is not allowed." Su Yu thought through it thoroughly. Xie Jiuhan was already a man with a family. It was useless even if Long Yuning didn't give up. She was destined to have no fate with Xie Jiuhan.

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95th Level.

Xie Jiuhan brought the food and drinks into the bedroom, but he deliberately pulled a long face. He felt that Feng Qing had been spoiled by him. He wanted to treat her coldly for a while so that this woman would not push her luck. Therefore, he decided to pretend to have a cold war with Feng Qing for a few days.

However, the scowl he put on was useless because Feng Qing was sleeping under the blanket. They had not slept all night and had not stopped doing it until this morning. Not everyone was as energetic as he was.

Xie Jiuhan placed the things at the head of the bed and lifted the blanket. "Get up and eat!"

Feng Qing did not say a word. She only curled up under the blanket and looked at him with slender eyes. Her palm-sized face was flushed red. Seeing her like this, Xie Jiuhan was stunned.

"You drank the medicine again?" The man frowned.

Feng Qing did not speak, but her body was trembling non-stop. Xie Jiuhan frowned and reached out to touch her forehead. Feng Qing's body was very hot. Was this woman running a fever?

Xie Jiuhan took out his phone and called Ji Yunchen. The phone rang only once before it was picked up. Ji Yunchen's lazy voice sounded. "Ninth Master, did you miss me because you haven't seen me for too long?"

Xie Jiuhan was not in the mood for jokes. He said coldly, "Hurry up and come to the office. The lass has a fever."

Ji Yunchen was stunned and hurriedly said, "Alright, I'll be right there."

After hanging up the phone, Xie Jiuhan looked at Feng Qing and reached out to touch her again. Her body temperature was indeed very high.

Feng Qing laid under the blanket, her lips dry and pale. She was a little unconscious. She wanted to say something to the man, but she didn't even have the strength to open her mouth. The man didn't know what to do and could only think of placing a cold towel on Feng Qing's forehead to cool her down.

Fifteen minutes later, Ji Yunchen finally arrived. After giving Feng Qing a checkup, he prescribed her some medicine.

After feeding her a few times, Xie Jiuhan finally fed the medicine into Feng Qing's mouth. He placed her back on the bed and covered her with the blanket. The man looked at Ji Yunchen with an extremely ugly expression.

"In the past, her cold and fever weren't as serious," Xie Jiuhan questioned.

For some reason, he felt that Feng Qing's condition was not right. Even if she had a cold and a fever, she shouldn't be like now, unable to move at all. She didn't even have the strength to take the medicine. Moreover, her fever was too rushed. She was fine just now, but it was already 40 degrees.

Ji Yunchen took a deep breath. "From the moment I came in until now, Little Qingqing hasn't even coughed or snot. Other than a fever, she did not have other symptoms. I think she doesn't have a cold."

Hearing his words, Xie Jiuhan's expression turned cold. The aura of a snow mountain about to collapse exuded from his body, as if it wanted to freeze the entire building.

"You mean, someone poisoned her?" Xie Jiuhan said sinisterly.