

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 384

Chapter 384: What Kind of Woman

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The directors frowned. Who was the person sitting opposite their boss? Why was he making food for that person? What kind of status did this person have? Was there such a person in the world?

Just as everyone was feeling puzzled, Xie Jiuhan said, "You have to match meat with vegetables to eat hot pot. You can't just eat meat. What vegetables do you like?" Xie Jiuhan's voice was extremely gentle, filled with magnetism and a low voice. Not to mention a woman, even the directors would be pregnant when they heard it.

Outside the camera, Feng Qing shook her head. "I don't want vegetables, I want meat."

In an instant, the directors were all shocked. This voice was sweet and soft, as if she was acting spoiled, but also seemed to be filled with charm. This was the president's office. What kind of woman could make Xie Jiuhan do this?

One of the directors' foreheads was covered in sweat. He poured out a few pills from a small bottle and swallowed them. He felt that his heart was not good. It was not because Xie Jiuhan and the woman had stimulated him by eating hot pot, but because of the desk where they ate hot pot. He had personally chosen and spent a high price to get the skilled craftsmen to make it. Just the wood alone had cost nearly four million.

Xie Jiuhan didn't know what they were thinking and didn't care at all. At this moment, in his eyes, nothing was more important than letting Feng Qing eat vegetables.

He picked up a vegetable from the plate and placed it in the hot pot. When the vegetable softened, he hurriedly scooped it out and placed it in Feng Qing's bowl. Feng Qing wanted to reject it, but after seeing the man's cold gaze, she still obediently ate the vegetable.

"Am I that good looking when I'm eating? Is it so good that you all forgot to continue reporting?" Xie Jiuhuan dipped a piece of beef for himself and glanced coldly at the camera.

The next second, the directors reported according to the order on the meeting list. A few directors who did not speak standard Mandarin were even scolded by Xie Jiuhuan and were asked to take their tongues out to dry.

"Hiss..." The directors gasped.

They were not shocked that Xie Jiuhuan was angry or that he had eaten another slice of meat. They were shocked because no matter which of them stood up to report the situation of the branch company, Xie Jiuhuan knew everything like the back of his hand. He could even point out a few people's mistakes who had read the data wrongly, scaring the directors until their legs went weak.

After all the directors finished their reports, Xie Jiuhuan said as he picked up some meat and vegetables for Feng Qing. When Feng Qing was full, she started to feed Xie Jiuhuan again. The man spoke with a clear mind, eating the food Feng Qing handed him from time to time. Anyway, he trusted Feng Qing unconditionally and would eat whatever she fed him.

The directors did not ask Su Yu the same question as last time. Instead, they all guessed that it was Feng Qing. They also knew that only the president's wife had the right to eat hot pot with the president in the president's office. However, it made them crave for hot pot!

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After the hot pot meal, Feng Qing burped and returned to the bedroom. She laid on the bed and fell asleep again in a daze. Xie Jiuhan had tortured her badly last night, so she would naturally be sleepy in the day. However, her current state was really like a kitten. She would only sleep and eat every day.

For the next few days, Feng Qing accompanied the man on the 95th floor. Xie Jiuhan was too busy. He had work almost all the time. People who looked for him to sign documents, report to him, and discuss business with him were endless.

Fortunately, there was everything on the 95th floor, and it was not inferior to the Xie Manor. Therefore, the two of them lived very comfortably here. Only Xie Yuhuan, a lonely old woman, lived in the Xie Manor.

At three in the morning on the fourth day, Feng Qing felt like peeing, forcing her to get up from the bed. After she went to the bathroom to pay the water bill, she realized that Xie Jiuhan had not come back to sleep. Hence, she walked out of the bedroom and saw Xie Jiuhan still sitting on the chair and typing on the keyboard.

In the entire 95th floor, only the office was lit. Behind the man was the dark night sky. Under the white light, Xie Jiuhan looked lonely. The light from the computer screen shone on his face, looking a little tired.

Xie Jiuhan was too elegant and cold. Even though he was alone, he was still expressionless.. He looked otherworldly, as if he was not a living being of this world.