

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 438

Chapter 438: Block

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Looking at the pale yellow smoke slowly surging around her, Feng Qing's eyes flashed with surprise. She didn't expect that these people had prepared a backup plan. If she didn't guess wrong, this yellow smoke should contain cyanide and sulfur. If she was really swallowed by this smoke, she wouldn't be

able to live.

At this moment, Duke Raymond's trusted aide rushed over with a group of bodyguards. Duke Raymond heaved a sigh of relief. With his bodyguards here, he and Madam Mingxue would be safe.

"Mother, Qingqing, come with me. My men are here," Raymond shouted.

Seeing that the assassins' firepower was not as strong as before, Feng Qing grabbed Madam Mingxue's shoulder and pushed her towards Raymond.

Boom! Just as Raymond gestured for Feng Qing to come over, an explosion suddenly happened not far away from them. In an instant, sand and stones flew, and his ears went deaf. A huge wave with flames formed a barrier between Feng Qing and Raymond. In order to protect Madam Mingxue, Raymond

could only choose to bring them away.

Boom boom... Another few explosions rang out. Hiding behind the table, Feng Qing slowly straightened her upper body and shook the dust and sand off her head. Only then did she carefully observe the situation.

"Hmph, what a good plan!" After seeing the situation clearly, Feng Qing couldn't help but snort coldly. If she wasn't wrong, the reason why the enemy had installed so many bombs was to force Madam Mingxue and Raymond to go out. She estimated that there would be more enemies outside.

Feng Qing rolled on the ground and fired two consecutive shots, instantly killing another assassin. Now that she was the only one left here, she naturally went all out. Not only were her movements simple, but her marksmanship was also so accurate that it made one's scalp tingle.

At this moment, Feng Qing's ears twitched. She heard a very familiar heartbeat. This heartbeat was very slow, but every beat was very strong. Moreover, the person who came had a very heavy aura. It was her secret guard, Little Wu. This time, she came to Country F to participate in the competition, so Xie

Jiuhuan naturally had to let Little Wu follow her the entire time.

"Madam Qingqing, are you injured?" Little Wu's voice sounded in her ear.

Feng Qing shook her head. "I'm fine, but there are too many enemies. Are you the only one who came with me this time?"

"Other than me, there are other secret guards," Little Wu replied.

At this moment, a killer saw Feng Qing at a very tricky angle and pulled the trigger on her back. With this gunshot, Little Wu's face turned pale. Although she didn't see this enemy, her intuition told her that something was going to happen to Madam Qingqing.

Compared to her, Feng Qing felt the strongest. In an instant, her entire body felt cold, her back felt cold, and all the hair on her body stood on end. She instinctively wanted to dodge, but it was too late. She could only try her best to avoid her vital points.

Right at this moment, a yellow figure suddenly appeared behind Feng Qing, and it was so fast that it left a string of afterimages in the air.

Bang! The bullet hit the yellow figure, but it only made a light sound. The yellow figure actually blocked the bullet for Feng Qing.

The next second, a yellow figure appeared in front of the killer. The killer did not manage to hit him after firing a few shots. The yellow figure pounced on the killer. After a scream, a hideous wound

appeared on the killer's neck, and red blood gurgled.

Feng Qing was dumbfounded as she fell to the ground. She thought that it was the secret guard, but she realized that it was March, the guide dog that she had not seen for a long time.

After dealing with the assassin, March ran back with a mouthful of blood. His furry head kept rubbing against Feng Qing. Looking at March, who was wearing a special bulletproof suit, Feng Qing felt like she was in a dream.

Feng Qing looked at Little Wu and smiled bitterly. "Could the others you're talking about be March?"

Without waiting for Little Wu to answer, March circled around Feng Qingai's magic and even barked deliberately. "Mommy, I'm no longer the March of the past. I'm amazing now. I'm a combat dog now. As long as I'm here, no one can hurt Mommy."

Looking at its smug dog face and proud bark, Feng Qing had the illusion that she could really understand it..