

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 439

Chapter 439: Seeing Netherworld Again

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Feng Qing and March enjoyed each other's company for a while before she put away her thoughts and prepared to fight again. She sized up the entire scene. She couldn't be sure how many enemies were still in the shooting range, but there must be a lot of people outside, because she heard at least fifty

heartbeats.

Although there were many opponents and they had strong firepower, she did not care much. If she performed well, she could finish all 50 shrimp soldiers in three minutes.

However, she didn't want to be the first to stand out. Firstly, the other party wasn't here for her, so she didn't have to risk her life like this. Secondly, if she really killed more than fifty assassins alone, she would be targeted by various forces in Country F. This was a foreign country. Although she wasn't

afraid of anything, it was better to avoid trouble.

Fortunately, she still had Little Wu and March by her side, especially March. It was unknown what kind of training it had received. In such an environment, it was like a God of War among dogs. It ran rampant in the shooting range. Sometimes, it would hide in the dark and suddenly attack. Sometimes, it

would pounce on the enemy from behind and bite them. However, its favorite thing was to blind the enemy with two dog claws.

Under Feng Qing's command, March killed the people inside and went to kill the enemies outside. Along the way, everyone only saw a thing with a big yellow tail jumping up and down. Every time it attacked, it would definitely finish off an enemy. Madam Mingxue, who was hiding behind the bunker, also

noticed March, Although she didn't want to admit it, March was indeed the best in combat.

suddenly, three enemies shot at March at the same time. However, March's sense of danger was too strong. He rolled on the ground and hid behind the corner. A few seconds later, he pounced on one of the killers with a beard. The bright red dog's mouth bit the killer's neck and pulled hard.

Seeing that their companion was dead, the other two killers raised their guns again and prepared to kill March. Before they could pull the trigger, their heads were shot by Feng Qing and Little Wu.

At this moment, hundreds of armed people rushed over from the surroundings. These people were all wearing standard equipment and cooperated well. They moved quickly and killed the remaining dozens of killers on the spot in minutes.

Accompanied by a burst of machine gun, blood gathered into a small river. Feng Qing walked out from behind the bunker and looked at the mess. There was no change in her expression. She was too used to such a scene.

"Woof, woof!" Suddenly, March's shrill cry sounded. Feng Qing suddenly looked to the left and found March standing on a large tree. Its two front feet hung on the branch, and its two hind legs were struggling in the air.

March said in dog language, "Mommy, save me quickly. I'm stuck!"

Feng Qing smiled bitterly. Although March was an animal, like humans, it was also afraid of heights. It must have been because the firepower was too strong just now that it had no place to hide, so it jumped straight into the tree. Aren't you coming down? Where did the combat dog go?

Looking at March's shocked and helpless appearance, Feng Qing personally climbed up the tree to save it. Fortunately, the tree branch and the ground weren't too high. She grabbed March's two front claws and pulled it into her arms.

Crack! A crisp sound rang out. Perhaps because March was too heavy, the branch under Feng Qing's feet broke. She subconsciously hugged March and fell down the tree.

"Ah!" Feng Qing exclaimed.

"Roar!" March shouted as well.

Duke Raymond ran towards Feng Qing and wanted to catch her, but the speed of her descent was too fast and it was too late. He could only watch Feng Qing fall to the ground.

Looking at the ground inches away, Feng Qing closed her eyes. The muscles on her back tensed up as she prepared to bear the heavy fall. All she could do was protect her head as much as possible.

Accompanied by the fallen leaves and branches, a black figure appeared where Feng Qing had fallen. In the next second, Feng Qing landed steadily in the black figure's arms.

Feng Qing opened her eyes in confusion. What greeted her eyes was a golden mask, but there were no patterns or patterns on it. It looked very strange.

"Netherworld?!" Feng Qing recognized the man. It was her instructor, Netherworld, who had the title of King of Killers..