

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 574

### Chapter 574 The Man in Glasses

In reality, Xie Jiuhan was already considered lucky. It wasn't like there weren't other men who had designs on her in the past. In the end, those men's end was simply tragic.

"If I remember correctly, someone said before that she would only treat her husband's illness in that aspect. What are you waiting for now that I'm in front of you?" Xie Jiuhan whispered into Feng Qing's other ear.

Feng Qing said nervously, "Ah? Is-is that so? Did I say that? Why don't I remember?"

Xie Jiuhan's expression darkened when he saw that she was pretending to be stupid. "Tell me, how are you going to treat my little brother?!"

Feng Qing : "..."

There was a popular saying in Xia country. It was called "what comes around goes around". The trouble she left behind could only be resolved by herself.

Three hours later, Feng Qing stood in front of the dressing mirror in the bathroom. Her entire body was still in a state of withdrawal. In the mirror, her entire face was abnormally red. She had already washed her hands three times, but when she thought of the scene just now, she couldn't help but turn on the tap and wash them again. For some reason, she felt that she couldn't wash her hands clean anymore, nor did she know how many times she had washed them. Only when her hands were about to break did Feng Qing walk out of the bathroom.

Xie Jiuhan leaned on the sofa and crossed his legs. He was looking at a tablet in his hand. From time to time, his fingers would slide across the screen as if he was watching some important news. However, his expression was still very engrossed.

Feng Qing did not disturb the man and walked past the sofa softly. Just as she stepped into the bedroom, the man's voice sounded. "Tell me the truth, how long will it take for my little brother to completely recover his combat strength?"

Feng Qing couldn't help but sigh after hearing this. Her expression was slightly nervous as she said, "One more treatment and you should be able to recover fully."

The man said in satisfaction, "Your answer makes me very happy." Feng Qing turned around to look at the man and said weakly, "Um... Can I apply to sleep in separate rooms starting tomorrow?"

Xie Jiuhan's lips curled up. He ignored her suggestion and asked, "What do you want to eat for supper?"

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In Feng Qing's mind, those words were translated to, "Eat whatever you want before tomorrow. Otherwise, you won't have a chance in the future."

Feng Qing braced herself and said, "Seafood feast?"

Anyway, the man's little brother will regain his combat strength tomorrow. She would be taught a lesson no matter what. Instead of thinking so much, she should quickly replenish her nutrition so that she could have enough stamina tomorrow.

Xie Jiuhan nodded. "No problem. Give me another ten minutes. After I finish reading this piece of news then we can go out and buy some things."

As he spoke, the man lowered his head and continued to look at the tablet. The next second, Feng Qing gently walked over and sat on the man's lap.

Feng Qing wrapped her arms around the man's neck and stared at him with her big bright eyes. She also put a pair of good-looking glasses on the man's face. This was the first time she had seen him wearing glasses since she regained her vision.

The glasses were resistant to fatigue and blue light. They were used to prevent short-sightedness. She had specially gotten someone to customize them for Xie Jiuhan. However, Xie Jiuhan rarely wore them. Feng Qing was the one who wanted him to wear it. The frame of the glasses was made of special materials. It is resistant to fall and press. When worn on the neck, it would not form strangulation or pressure marks. Although the materials were very advanced, the style of the glasses was very retro. When Xie Jiuhan wore it on his face, he instantly exuded a strong aura, like a medieval noble in the Western world.

The Xie Jiuhan who wore glasses was no longer the man who stood at the pinnacle of the Capital. He no longer had that cold and arrogant aura, nor did he have that cold and violent aura. He had become warm and refined, looking very cultured.

Xie Jiuhan raised his eyebrows. "What are you doing?"

Feng Qing said, "Little Jiu Jiu, don't worry about me. Continue to do your stuff."

Xie Jiuhan's lips curled up, but he did not say anything. Instead, he continued to look at the tablet. Feng Qing looked at the man's side profile without blinking, as if she was admiring a famous painting.

What Xie Jiuhan did not know was that at this moment, Feng Qing's little head was filled with imagination. The man in her imagination was wearing good-looking glasses and a pressed straightened suit. He did not have a smile on his face, and there was a hint of nobility in his coldness. He was standing

on the Capital University podium to share the path of the president. All the teachers and students in the Capital University were crazy about him.