

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 686

Chapter 686: Feng Qing Had An Insomnia

Han Jintian's reputation had been cleared. He had been framed by Mo Yi. This matter had slapped the faces of those singers. There were even some famous singers who sincerely wrote a thousand-word self-reflection essay and posted it on Weibo. The content was almost the same. They all scolded Mo Yi, saying that they had also been blinded by Mo Yi and apologized for the harm they did to Han Jintian. They also expressed that they were willing to sing the movie theme song with Han Jintian for free.

The funniest thing was that many celebrities contacted Han Jintian and expressed that they wanted to sing it, but they were all rejected by Han Jintian. Han Jintian was unable to stand it so he finally posted a Weibo post and announced that the new movie theme song would be sung by the Internet celebrity, Siren.

Han Jintian hurriedly posted another Weibo post and reiterated it with nine photos of Feng Qing when he saw that many people were still suspecting the authenticity of this news on Weibo. However, the entire Internet trembled again as the nine photos were released on the Internet. The netizens were all captured by Feng Qing's immortal appearance in the photos.

"It's too amazing! I feel that any one of our Siren Goddess's photos is a photo of art."

"A blockbuster, an absolute blockbuster. A woman who can hold up the entire photo with her looks. Look at her face. She's simply born to be a celebrity."

"I love her. My little heart has already been taken away by the Siren, especially this side profile photo. I can't describe it with words. Could she be an angel who descended to the mortal world?"

Han Jintian couldn't help but smile smugly when he looked at the praises made by netizens for Feng Qing's beauty and cuteness. These nine photos were the ones he had casually taken for Feng Qing on the street. They were originally only eight photos, but when he came out of Yingyue Villa after dinner, he secretly took another photo.

Feng Qing was bathed in the sunlight like a shining body under the golden glow of the sun. Everything was so beautiful. She held her phone with both hands and watched as the netizens crazily forwarded the post and praised her beauty. The smile on her face had never disappeared. There was no woman in this world who did not love beauty, and there was no woman who did not like to be praised by others, so Feng Qing was no exception.

Although the name of the Siren had long spread on the Internet, there had never been any clear photos or videos of her on the Internet. When she was performing in the Hong Meng Theater, she was in the deepest part of the stage, so everyone could only vaguely see a young and beautiful woman playing the violin. Other than the app, she did not have any other accounts to publicize, let alone nine photos.

However, Han Jintian updated the third post just as the netizens were praising Feng Qing. It was a poster of Feng Qing. He had asked the production team's design department to design it as quickly as possible. He only hurriedly reviewed it and posted it on Weibo. The Feng Qing in the poster was youthful, sweet, and moving. The natural smile and expression on her face conquered all the netizens again.

"This is too much. Why is there such a good-looking girl in the world? Can't she let other girls live?"

“Her looks are too good. Looking at her is like seeing beauty. It’s as if she’s the combination of all the beauty in the world.”

“What do you mean by elf? The Siren Goddess is an elf. She’s an elf who lives in music. I wonder what man is worthy of her?”

Feng Qing was also quite surprised to see the netizens praise her again. She didn’t expect that nine photos and a poster would attract so much attention on the Internet.

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In the master bedroom of the Xie Manor.

After Feng Qing took a hot bath, she laid on the bed and prepared to sleep. She forwarded the nine photos that Han Jintian had posted on Weibo to Xie Jiuhan. Ever since the two of them sent a few messages that day, Xie Jiuhan had lost contact with her again. It was as if he had never appeared in this world. The man did not reply to any of Feng Qing’s messages these few days.

Although the man had lost contact for a few days from time to time in the past few years, Feng Qing knew that he would definitely be fine. Even she had to acknowledge this man’s strength. Every time the man went out, he would not say what he was doing, and she did not want to ask too much. After all, the two of them had their own secrets.

Feng Qing placed her phone at the head of the bed to charge it after she sent the message and saw that the man did not reply. Then, she crawled under the blanket and prepared to sleep. However, she felt lonely. When the man was home, she could still lean against the man's ribs, but now, she's lying on the bed alone.

Feng Qing turned on the bedside lamp after tossing and turning for a long time. She actually couldn't sleep. Since she couldn't sleep, she wouldn't sleep. She got up and went to the cloakroom, taking out a man's fluffy pajamas from the cabinet.