

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 687

Chapter 687: A Hundred Million for a Piece of News

Feng Qing took the man's pajamas and looked at it. She looked at the bear pattern on it and smiled. Then, she put the man's fluffy pajamas on. She couldn't see the man or have any news of him, so she could only think of him in this way. She could clearly smell the man's smell on the fluffy pajamas.

Feng Qing hugged her arms and closed her eyes as she smelled the man's smell on the pajamas. It was as if the man was hugging her. Then, Feng Qing returned to the bed in the man's pajamas. She fell asleep in a short while as she was smelling the man's smell.

However, Feng Qing had a dream. In her dream, she was standing on the cliff of an island. Moreover, below the island was a battlefield filled with smoke. The deafening sound of gunfire rang out incessantly. Shouts, wails, and screams resounded across the island.

Boom! Black smoke rose after an extremely large explosion. Feng Qing saw someone walking out of the black smoke. That person was tall and slender. He was wearing a military green singlet and a pair of navy blue camouflage pants. His two arms, which had perfect muscles, were holding a heavy machine gun and he was carrying a rocket launcher on his back.

"Little Jiu Jiu?!" Although she was far away, Feng Qing still recognized the man at a glance. Even if Xie Jiuhan turned into ashes, she could still recognize him at a glance.

Xie Jiuhan's expression was cold and murderous. He walked out of the smoke like a god. Feng Qing felt that the man was looking at her, but she didn't feel like he was looking at her. His eyes, which were filled with killing intent, were looking at her. There was no longer any gentleness or love. Being stared at by

the man was like being stared at by a wild beast, making Feng Qing's entire body tremble involuntarily. What was even more terrifying was that before she could react, the man pointed the gun in his arms to her. The moment the man pulled the trigger, Feng Qing suddenly woke up from her dream.

"No, no!" Feng Qing sat up from the bed reflexively. It wasn't until she opened her eyes and saw the decorations in the room that she realized that she was just dreaming. Feng Qing's forehead was covered in cold sweat, and her face was a little pale. She took a few deep breaths before she recovered.

She took her phone from the head of the bed and took a look. It was already 3:30 in the morning. She was no longer sleepy after being woken up by a nightmare at this time. She opened her contact list and dialed Su Yu's number. Su Yu was Xie Jiuhan's special assistant and chief secretary. Not only could he enter and leave the Xie Manor at will, but he also had a lot of prestige and authority in the Di Hui Building. He was considered an incarnation of Xie Jiuhan.

To Feng Qing's surprise, Su Yu picked up the phone after three rings. "Young Madam, I'm Su Yu. Why are you calling so late?"

Feng Qing did not hesitate and asked directly, "I want to know where Little Jiu Jiu is."

After a few seconds, Su Yu replied, "I'm sorry, Young Madam. I might have to disappoint you. I don't know where the Ninth Master is either."

Feng Qing was silent for a while until Su Yu called her on the phone. "Oh, I'm fine. I just dreamed of Little Jiu Jiu. Continue to sleep. I'm sorry to have disturbed you."

Su Yu could clearly hear disappointment and uneasiness from her voice. Hence, he hurriedly said, "Young Madam, don't worry about the Ninth Master. According to the time he set before he left, he will be back in at most half a month. Although we don't know where he is, the Ninth Master should be back in five days. Moreover, the Ninth Master brought a lot of people out this time. There are people protecting him both openly and secretly, so Young Madam, don't worry too much."

Feng Qing nodded when she heard Su Yu's consolation. "Alright, I understand. Goodbye."

With that, she hung up the phone. Although Su Yu's words made sense, she couldn't fall asleep peacefully without any news of Xie Jiuhan. She held her phone and thought for a while before issuing a mission through A Dark Organization.

Mr. Qingyi: "I need the latest news about Xie Jiuhan. Every news is 100 million. The mission takes effect once it's released."

As the mission was released, a few minutes later, Mr. Qing Er sent a message. "D\*mn! A hundred million reward for a piece of news. Little Qingqing, do you have too much money to spend?"

Before Feng Qing could reply to Mr. Qing Er, she saw another message on her phone. "Mr. Qingyi, why are you looking for the Ninth Master? Do you still want to poison him? Could it be that the grudge between you two isn't over?"

Feng Qing took a closer look and realized that the person who had sent the message in A Dark Organization's discussion group was the Sword God. She felt that this Sword God's brain was really not useful. It had been so long, but he had yet to figure out what was going on between Xie Jiuhan and Mr. Qingyi.