

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 792

Chapter 792: A Small Cut

The man's voice was sexy and low. When he reached the second half of his sentence, he even pretended to be fierce, as if he was complaining about the woman ignoring him. Hearing his words, the woman crawled into his arms and pressed her soft face tightly against Xie Jiuhan's chest.

"Little Jiu Jiu, are you hungry?" The woman asked softly.

"Now that you mention it, I'm a little hungry," Xie Jiuhan replied.

"Then what do you want to eat?" Feng Qing asked.

"How can supper be as fragrant as you? You have to be responsible for feeding me tonight," Xie Jiuhan said with a smile.

Feng Qing : "..."

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The next morning, Xie Jiuhan slept until he woke up naturally. He laid on the bed in high spirits. They were entwined with each other last night. A storm of love swept across him, making him feel comfortable all over. He looked to the side and did not see the woman. He touched the bed with his hand, and there was not even any warmth left.

The man got up from the bed and walked into the bathroom. He realized that Feng Qing was brushing her teeth. However, she was very careful and slow when she brushed her teeth. Xie Jiuhan walked over and gently pressed his hand against the woman's chin. He forced the woman to turn her face to him and realized that there was a cut beside her lips.

The man chuckled softly, and Feng Qing's face quickly turned red. Then, she was angry and embarrassed. She raised her leg and stepped on the man's instep. However, the slippers she was wearing were all soft. It would not hurt much even if she stepped on the man's instep.

Xie Jiuhan's fingers maintained the position of pinching Feng Qing's chin, not allowing her to turn to the mirror. He was still carefully sizing up the cut. That was his masterpiece last night. Not only did his heart not ache, but he also felt very smug.

Xie Jiuhan asked, "Where did you learn all these moves?"

Feng Qing glanced at him and said, "Hmph, you still have the cheek to ask where I learned it from?"

The man's fingers gently touched the soft flesh on the edge of her chin. He was very satisfied. There was a hint of excitement in his low and magnetic voice. "Yes, you've learned well. Keep it up."

Feng Qing: "???"

She was embarrassed and angry, so Feng Qing stepped on Xie Jiuhan's feet and bumped her head against the man's chin. "Oh..."

The man was caught off guard and his lower teeth bumped into his upper teeth. He felt dizzy, but he couldn't care less about the pain. He didn't want Feng Qing to do something like hurting herself in order to hurt others.

Feng Qing turned around and faced the sink. She rinsed her mouth and spat out the water. She repeated it a few times before she finished brushing her teeth.

Last night, the bedroom was so dark that she couldn't see her fingers. However, her vision was extraordinary, so she could naturally see the man clearly. However, the man couldn't see her. Therefore, in the darkness, she was bold for once.

Unfortunately, when she opened her eyes in the morning, Feng Qing wished she could dig a hole and bury herself. She thought that Xie Jiuhan wouldn't mention this again when she woke up in the morning. She didn't expect that not only did this man mention it, but he also praised her for doing well.

The more Feng Qing thought about it, the angrier she became. Her face was flushed red until now, especially when she saw the small wound on her mouth. Her face flushed all the way to her neck.

Feng Qing asked, "Is Little Jiu Jiu free?"

Xie Jiuhan raised his eyebrows. "What's the matter?"

Feng Qing said, "I invited Brother Mingqian, Xia Qianxue, Qing Er, and the Sword God. At first, I wanted to call God Slayer, but he was allergic to food last night and is still in the hospital."

Xie Jiuhan spat out his mouthwash. "Oh, about that. Of course I'm free." At this point, he asked, "Do you want to visit the God Slayer in the hospital?"

Feng Qing: "!!!"

Xie Jiuhan looked at her. There was no emotion on his face, but Feng Qing could see four words in his eyes — up to no good.

Feng Qing said, "He's just allergic. It's not like he's seriously ill. There's no need to visit him."

Xie Jiuhan acknowledged and said, "That's a pity. I wanted Su Yu to send a few wreaths to the hospital to express my concern for him."

Feng Qing: "???"

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Ten minutes later, Xie Jiuhan came out of the cloakroom. Feng Qing was sitting on the sofa, combing March's fur as she waited for the man. When the man came out, she was stunned. Her husband was already handsome to the point of being devilish without dressing up. Now, with just a little dressing up, he was so handsome that she almost forgot to breathe. She felt that he was so handsome that he didn't seem like a real person.

Xie Jiuhan was wearing a white sweater, raising his temperament to an indescribable level. Coupled with his abnormally handsome face and cold expression, he was simply showing what is elegant and low-key luxury to the max!