

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 804

Chapter 804: Don't Let Go of My Hand, Alright?

"I-I'm in pain," Feng Qing explained with a trembling voice. Other people couldn't see, but the man could definitely see that she was crying. She wanted to tell the man that she was crying because of the pain, not because she couldn't suppress the man's illness and felt useless.

Xie Jiuhan gritted his teeth. His fingers trembled slightly. He was hesitating between letting go and not letting go. However, in the end, he still held the woman's fingers tightly in his palm and reached out his other hand to wipe away the tears at the corners of Feng Qing's eyes.

"Tell me, where does it hurt? I'll rub it for you," Xie Jiuhan said coldly.

Upon hearing this, Feng Qing's face heated up again. Then, she heard the man say, "When you can hold a needle, I'll let you treat my head. You can treat it however you want."

The nurses and doctors at the side looked at Xie Jiuhan and Feng Qing in shock. They never expected that this cold and heartless man in front of them would actually dote on a woman so much. It simply overturned their worldview! He even allowed her to put needles on his head. Could this be casually done?!

Feng Qing stuffed her palm into Xie Jiuhan's. She raised her soft and snow-white face and asked cutely, "Little Jiu Jiu, don't let go of my hand, alright?"

Xie Jiuhan : "..."

Feng Qing said, "Little Jiu Jiu, can you promise me that you'll never leave me and will always be by my side?"

Even though her voice was very weak and as ethereal as smoke, as if it would dissipate with the wind at any moment, everyone present could still hear her clearly. Xie Jiuhan tightened his grip on his hand. He did not answer or look at Feng Qing. Instead, he followed the bed and walked into the elevator with everyone.

When the elevator door opened again, everyone had already arrived at the VIP rehabilitation center on the top floor. Under the professional and meticulous care of the nurses, the bed was pushed out of the elevator and entered the largest ward of the rehabilitation center. Although it was called a ward, it was actually a luxuriously decorated hotel room. It was just that there was much more emergency equipment than ordinary hotel rooms.

Xie Jiuhan personally carried Feng Qing to the soft double bed. The man felt that the woman in his arms was like a leaf, so light that she was weightless. The man's movements were slow and gentle. He placed Feng Qing on the soft and luxurious bed and even covered her with the blanket. A young nurse instructed him on detailed care requirements, such as how to take the medicine.

At this moment, the back of Feng Qing's hand was on an infusion. She had been tortured too fiercely by Xie Jiuhan. If she didn't replenish her body with some nutrition, her body wouldn't be able to take it.

The nurse said, "The wound on Young Madam's body has just been sutured. Although it has been disinfected, there's a chance of triggering inflammation. If you feel that her temperature's high, you must call us immediately."

With that, the nurse turned around and left. The room instantly fell silent. Xie Jiuhan brought a chair over and sat at the head of the bed. His black eyes stared at the woman on the bed without blinking. The dark shadows landed on his deep eye sockets and nose bones. The man did not speak, and his body did not move. He was like a statue.

Feng Qing moved her head and found a comfortable position in the pillow. She fluttered her slender eyelashes and looked straight at the man's face. This man had no blind spots even from his chin up. He was simply impeccable.

Feng Qing realized that Xie Jiuhan's personality seemed to have returned to the year they first met. At that time, Xie Jiuhan was cold, unruly, and heartless. He sealed himself in an iceberg and completely isolated himself from the outside world. He was like an emperor who lived alone in a dark abyss. He never allowed anyone to approach him or let himself walk out of the darkness.

At the thought of this, Feng Qing gently placed her hand on the man's thigh and said in a sweet voice, "Didn't we agree just now that you won't let go of my hand again?"

Upon hearing this, Xie Jiuhan immediately reached out and held Feng Qing's soft and fair hand tightly in his palm. He lowered his eyes to look at the woman. Then, he gently raised the woman's hand and leaned down to kiss the back of her hand. The man's kiss was gentle and serious, as if he was worshipping a god.

The man kissed her very seriously and greedily. He kissed her from the back of Feng Qing's hand down, his thin lips following the green blood vessels under her skin to her fingertips. Then, his index finger, middle finger, ring finger...