

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 905

Chapter 905: You Can Only Cheer for Me

Xie Jiuhan, who was sitting in the master seat, was wearing a black sports suit. His slender white hands were gently placed on his thighs, and he was leaning against the back of the chair. He looked very lazy, but he gave off an indescribable pressure. The man's handsome face was covered in thin frost, and ice and snow seemed to be accumulating in every room. He was like a god who had walked out of ice and snow. He was so cold that no one dared to look at him directly, and he was so cold that no one dared to approach him.

Suddenly, a snow-white and soft hand landed on his head, instantly waking the man up from the ice and snow. His black eyes trembled slightly. Feng Qing's fair hand kept touching the man's head, and her five fingers slid up his hair. To the two of them, they were already used to 'touching heads'. However, the surrounding Xie family descendants and loyalists were so shocked that their jaws fell to the ground. Their Young Madam actually stroked the head of the family in public. That feeling was no different from touching a cat or dog. This scene was too shocking for them!

Most importantly, not only was Xie Jiuhan not angry, but he also sat there without moving and allowed Feng Qing to touch his head. There was even a hint of enjoyment on his abnormally handsome face. If not for the fact that they had seen it with their own eyes, no one would believe that this was actually true. That high and mighty, cold and arrogant man actually had such a side. He allowed someone to be so close to him and do whatever they wanted.

After messing up Xie Shihao's hair, Feng Qing bent down and smiled at the man. Her black seaweed-like hair rippled gently, making her snow-white skin look even more dazzling.

The next second, the man stretched out his long arm and wrapped it around the woman's thin waist. Then, he pulled the woman into his arms domineeringly. Feng Qing tripped and fell into the man's arms. She subconsciously wrapped one hand around the man's broad shoulder and sat on his thigh. Her clear and large eyes looked at the man in embarrassment and shock.

Hmph, this man actually pulled me into his arms in front of so many people. He's too bad! Feng Qing pouted in her heart.

There were people all around them. The people who swore loyalty to the Xie family and the collateral families sitting behind them had it difficult. They had clearly seen everything, but they still had to put on an expression that said, "I'm blind and didn't see anything." Some of the more talented performers even sat up straight and put on an expression that said they were focused on the competition. Their gazes subconsciously passed over the couple who were flirting on the main seat.

Feng Qing's soft face was flushed red. She bit her lower lip gently, and light swirled in her beautiful eyes. Now, she felt like she was riding a tiger when she was sitting in the man's arms. If she stood up, she would attract the attention of another wave of people. But if she didn't stand up, wasn't it a little too much to sit in the man's arms in front of so many people?

Feng Qing rolled her eyes at the man and whispered in his ear, "It's all your fault. Now, everyone has seen it."

Hearing her worry, the corners of Xie Jiuhan's mouth curled up. He leaned back in his chair and held Feng Qing's lower back with one hand and the armrest with the other. Then, he looked at the woman in his arms with a faint smile. He wanted to admire the kitten's shy appearance. His black eyes were filled with a teasing glow.

Xie Jiuhan opened his thin lips and said in a clear voice, "As the young madam, you have to behave like a young madam. How can you jump around while watching a competition? Since you can't watch the competition obediently, then sit on my lap and watch."

Upon hearing this, Feng Qing frowned and punched the man's chest unhappily. "Hey, aren't you being unreasonable? I'm naturally happy that Little Wu won the championship. Aren't others also jumping around? Can't I do it?"

Xie Jiuhan's nose spewed out cold air. "You can shout, but you can only cheer for me. Other than me, you are not allowed to cheer for anyone else. You are not allowed to praise anyone. Do you understand?"

Feng Qing was stunned at first, then she came to a realization. "Oh, so Little Jiu Jiu is jealous, and you're jealous of Little Wu. Little Jiu Jiu, you..."

Before the woman could finish speaking, her pink lips were blocked by the man's thin lips. Then, Feng Qing's eyes gradually widened. Her long and thick eyelashes kept fluttering like a butterfly preparing to flap its wings and fly. The woman's beautiful face was like the fiery clouds on the horizon, and the crimson color spread all the way to the darkness under her collarbone.