

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 910

Little Wu put down his arm and said, "Young Master, after I send you back later, I'll rub it with the liniment. It should be fine tomorrow."

When she said this, Little Wu's expression was expressionless, but she was very emotional in her heart. She sighed at the fragility of the rich and powerful young master's body. He started to shout loudly with just a while of restraints. Moreover, the red marks on his skin were so serious. Little Wu did not know any medical skills and only knew some simple emergency treatment measures for wounds. She was especially good at dealing with such strangulation injuries and contusions. The best thing was that she and her companions had suffered these kinds of injuries on the training ground many times.

Little Wu raised her head, and the emotions in her eyes were slightly indifferent. She noticed that Xie Shihao's ears couldn't help but turn red. She tilted her head expressionlessly and asked in confusion, "Young Master, what's wrong with you? You seem to be very hot."

Xie Shihao hurriedly came back to his senses and said in a panic, "Uh, no, nothing. Perhaps it's because the weather on the Sacred Island is too hot..."

Little Wu said, "Do you want me to help you take off your clothes?"

As she spoke, Little Wu reached out her 'sinful little hand' to Xie Shihao's collar. The next second, her cold and thick calloused fingers touched the skin on Xie Shihao's chest. Xie Shihao couldn't help but tremble. He subconsciously covered his collar with his hand. His handsome face was instantly dyed red, as if he had just applied a layer of red paint.

Little Wu frowned slightly and asked in confusion, "Young Master, you..."

Looking at Little Wu's aggressive gaze, Xie Shihao murmured in embarrassment, "Little, Little Wu, aren't we developing too fast?"

Xie Shihao was extremely embarrassed. In order to prevent Little Wu from stripping him naked on the spot, he endured the pain and did a flip with all his might. In the end, he fell off the stretcher.

Little Wu : "???"

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Just as the misunderstanding between Little Wu and Xie Shihao was getting deeper and deeper, Feng Qing was being carried in Xie Jiuhan's arms. As the number of people around her decreased, she gradually became more daring. She was like a flower blooming in the man's arms. A fair arm was gently placed on the man's shoulder. Feng Qing's eyes were clear and innocent, like a fairy that was untainted by the mortal world. She looked at the man with a smile on his lips and secretly glanced in the direction of the boxing hall.

Feng Qing asked doubtfully, "Little Jiu Jiu, did you hear that? The scream just now seemed to be from Xiao Hao."

Xie Jiuhan snorted coldly. "Who cares?"

Feng Qing asked curiously, "Don't you care about Xiao Hao's safety at all?"

Upon hearing this question, Xie Jiuhan did not say anything. Instead, he revealed an indifferent expression. Seeing the man like this, Feng Qing quickly reacted. With Little Wu escorting Xie Shihao, other than Xie Jiuhan and her, no one else on the Sacred Island could hurt Xie Shihao.

The man took clean clothes from the cloakroom and wanted to change Feng Qing's clothes. She was wearing sports clothes and her hair was stained with a lot of mud. She had gotten it when she jumped into the mud pit to save Fatty in the competition just now. However, after such a long time of wind, the mud had long dried up. There was even a small piece of yellow mud on her clothes. As the man was hugging her, some mud was also stained on his body.

Xie Jiuhan carried Feng Qing back to the villa and placed her gently on the bed. Then, he raised the woman's chin with one finger and said, "You're all dirty. Why don't I help you bathe?"

Feng Qing pulled her long hair from behind her back to her front and dodged the man's fingers that were holding her chin. She said shyly, "I don't want to. I can wash myself."

The man placed his hands on the bed on both sides of the woman's body and pressed his abnormally handsome face into the woman's. He said in a low and sexy voice, "Are you sure you can shower? Why don't you let me check your injuries first? If you recover, I'll allow you to shower yourself."

Feng Qing : "..."

An hour later, Xie Jiuhan carried Feng Qing out of the bathroom. The man placed her on the sofa and picked up the hairdryer to blow her hair. The warm wind steamed the water droplets on the woman's hair. The woman closed her beautiful eyes and revealed a look of enjoyment.

After bathing, Feng Qing's entire body was surrounded by a faint water glow. There was a faint pink under her snow-white skin, and a few black hairs stuck to her face, making her as pure as a hibiscus and as sexy as a mermaid. Purity and charm was displayed at the same time.