

## The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 943

Xie Jiuhan's back tensed up after being kicked firmly. He let out a muffled groan. His abnormally handsome face even revealed a painful expression. Feng Qing turned to look at the man. Although she knew that Han Jintian did not kick hard, her heart still tightened instantly when she saw the man like this.

Feng Qing frowned and looked at Han Jintian, giving him a warning look. Then, she stood in front of Xie Jiuhan and said angrily, "You can't bully Little Jiu Jiu. He's injured and he's my husband. You have to be friendly with him."

Feng Qing's voice was sweet. Although it was filled with warning and reprimand, it made one's ears itch no matter how they listened. It felt like a kindergarten teacher coaxing a child.

Han Jintian hugged his arms and curled his lips into a cold snort. He had already decided that when Feng Qing wasn't around, he would kick this man hard to relieve the hatred in his heart. Now, Xie Jiuhan had been labeled as a scheming man by him. He had only kicked him gently, yet he actually deliberately pretended to be in pain in front of Feng Qing. Wasn't he pretending to be pitiful and fighting for sympathy?

Ever since Han Jintian found out that Feng Qing was Madam Xie, he had been even more unhappy with Xie Jiuhan. Especially when he saw Xie Jiuhan's face, Han Jintian's hands were simply itchy. Even his toes were itchy. He wished he could press Xie Jiuhan to the ground and rub him. However, he didn't know why he had such thoughts.

Feng Qing ignored Han Jintian. After breaking free from Xie Jiuhan's arms, she returned to Han Jinlu's side. Her phone rang. The acupuncture time was over. After carefully checking Han Jinlu's legs, she

quickly pulled out all the silver needles. Then, she stretched out her two soft hands and massaged the important acupoints on Han Jinlu's legs. With the help of the green medicine, she helped Han Jinlu clear his meridians through the massage.

Xie Jiuhan quietly walked behind Feng Qing and pulled Feng Qing, who was squatting beside the wheelchair, into his arms. The man's voice was not easy to question. "You should hand this kind of physical work to Han Jintian and let him massage Han Jinlu. They're biological brothers anyway."

Upon hearing this, Han Jintian immediately roared, "D\*mn! Xie, what do you mean? Does your Xie family not have any servants? You actually want me to massage this cripple? Just find a strong servant and let him massage this cripple. I don't have the time to serve him."

Xie Jiuhan said coldly, "Of course I can let the servants in the Xie Manor massage Han Jinlu now. But after you leave, no one will continue to massage Han Jinlu. Moreover, the servants in the Xie Manor never lend it to outsiders."

If it was anyone else, he might consider sending a servant to the Han family to help massage Han Jinlu's legs. However, if the other party was the Han brothers, he would not have such good intentions.

Xie Jiuhan hugged Feng Qing with one hand. He stood in front of Han Jintian and said coldly, "Second Young Master Han, I advise you to learn Feng Qing's massage technique properly. When you go back, you can teach your Han family's servants."

When he said this, Xie Jiuhan had an expression that said, "I'm doing this for your own good." Han Jintian originally firmly disagreed, but he suddenly thought of something. The expression on his face changed from dissatisfaction to a wicked smile. Seeing him like this, Han Jinlu, who was sitting in the wheelchair, felt his heart palpitate for no reason. He had a faint bad feeling.

Han Jintian squatted in front of Han Jinlu. Under Feng Qing's guidance, his hands gently pressed on Han Jinlu's legs. Han Jinlu's eyes couldn't help but narrow because he could clearly see that Han Jintian wasn't massaging at all. He was completely beating his legs. The nerve signals in his legs were blocked, so he didn't feel any pain at all. As expected, Han Jintian wasn't so kind. He was obviously taking this opportunity to bully him.

Han Jinlu looked at Feng Qing and suddenly said with tears in his eyes, "Qingqing, look, my leg seems to have been swollen by him."

Feng Qing frowned and looked at Han Jintian unhappily. "I've already told you to be gentler. You should press harder, not smash harder. Jinlu's leg won't be able to take it if you do this."

Han Jintian snorted coldly and said, "Hey, hey, you can't blame me for this. I don't know how to massage it to begin with. Moreover, I'm already massaging hard. It's his leg that's not good. It's swollen with a casual massage. If you don't believe me, look."

Upon hearing this, Han Jinlu gritted his teeth and said, "Han Jintian, you're f\*cking lying with your eyes open. Were you massaging? You were f\*cking pinching!"