

The Wife I Picked Up Is Too Chapter Chapter 540

Chapter 540 Mr. Qingyi Is Actually...

Night God looked at Mr. Qing Er and their eyes met through the mask. "You just said that only Mr. Qingyi lives on the 25th floor..."

The Sword God at the side was dumbfounded when he saw that the two of them seemed to be talking in riddles. Looking at Mr. Qing Er's meaningful smile and Night God's shocked expression, he couldn't understand what was going on.

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The Sword God reached out his large hand and patted the Night God's shoulder. "Hey, Night God, don't be angry with Qing Er. Didn't he say it very clearly? Only Mr. Qingyi lives on the 25th floor. As for Qingqing, she doesn't seem to live on that floor."

Upon hearing this, Mr. Qing Er couldn't help but roll his eyes at the Sword God. He really couldn't understand how the Sword God, with his intelligence, could practice his sword techniques to the extreme with just brute force?

The Night God did not hear the Sword God at all. He was in shock and almost forgot to breathe. After a while, he looked at Mr. Qing Er and mumbled, "Mr. Qingyi, Qingqing, Feng Qing..."

When he was at Capital University, he had seen Mr. Qing Er look for Feng Qing many times. Although he suspected Feng Qing's identity at that time, he didn't think that she was Mr. Qingyi at all, nor would he link her to the number one Miracle Doctor Healer in the world. After all, these two identities were really difficult to match with Feng Qing's image.

Later on, when he found out that Mr. Qing Er was Li Shaofeng, the younger brother of the superstar Li Shaoqun, he thought that Mr. Qing Er had been interacting with Feng Qing as Li Shaofeng. Firstly, Li Shaofeng might have feelings for Feng Qing. After all, Feng Qing was beautiful and cute. Secondly, Feng Qing had the Capital's Xie Manor behind her, and Li Shaofeng had the Li family in Zhe City behind him. These two families were top-notch wealthy families, so even if they didn't fall in love, it was normal for them to be good friends.

However, after finding out from Mr. Qing Er that Feng Qing was actually Mr. Qingyi, Night God was first too shocked, then felt relieved. No wonder Mr. Qing Er looked so calm. So that was the reason.

If Feng Qing was Mr. Qingyi, Feng Qing would not have been injured in the explosion because the explosion was designed by her and Mr. Qing Er. However, she was also in greater danger because of this. The Night God said in a worried voice, "You and Qingyi are really daring. Now, the forces and assassins from all over the world are in Bali. There are no less than 500 people living in the hotel. Are you sure she can handle it alone?"

Hearing him say this, Mr. Qing Er sat on the sofa and crossed his legs. "You don't understand. Our Little Qingqing has a big appetite. She did this on purpose, do you understand? She wants to gather everyone together and start a slaughter feast to warn the various countries and forces so that they can better dispel those unreliable thoughts. After all, she, the new Madam Crimson Snow, is not a good person!"

While Mr. Qing Er was talking to Night God and the rest, the battle on the 25th floor of the Capra Hotel was intense.

Boom! Someone threw a grenade and created a deep pit in the corridor.

At the same time, under a series of machine gun fire, countless bullet holes were punched in the hotel door. Wherever the bullets hit, countless sand and stones flew everywhere.

The entire 25th floor was like a living hell. On one side were burning flames, and on the other side were life and death battles. Corpses that had died with remaining grievances were everywhere.

A few leaders from unknown forces had long been covered in dust from the explosion in the corridor, looking very miserable. They were very experienced in combat and knew that if they wanted to live in such an environment, they had to crawl on the ground. One reason was to avoid the black smoke rising up, and the other was to avoid the bullets flying in the air.

Under the lead of a few leaders, the four of them crawled rapidly on the ground. They used their hands and feet, and their movements were fast and nimble. They had killed their way up from the 23rd floor. Now, the entire hotel was filled with killers. If they encountered some forces that had grudges in the past, they naturally had to fight.

Suddenly, in the black smoke in front of them, an assassin ran in the opposite direction. Because the assassin's attire was completely different from theirs, it was still very easy to recognize him, so a few leaders shouted at the assassin and asked, "Hey, friend, you want to go in?"